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OR

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.

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APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1830.

Vol. 27

PERIODICAL LITERATURE on the one hand affords employment to the public mind, and favors its tendencies to the pursuit of science and intellectual improvement; and, on the other, it gives a more general and freer spirit to literature itself than it would otherwise have, by bringing together the productions of every class of mind, displaying the main points of consideration in almost every question that can be started, opening the door to every inquirer whose talents entitle him to respect, and, in addition to this, offering something, which even in its lightness is elegant, for those who, were it not for the resources it affords, would live in a state of perfect intellectual sloth.—*Rev. Henry Stebbing.*

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P R E F A C E .

IN the few prefatory remarks which custom as well as courtesy requires to the Fourth Volume of the Third Series of the *ATHENEUM*, it will be unnecessary to say more respecting the management of the work for the last six months, than that we have been assiduous in our endeavors to render it entertaining and instructive ; and if our success has been in any degree proportionate to these exertions, the present volume will not be found wanting in variety or interest.

We have the pleasure of informing our readers that an important alteration in the size of the *Atheneum* will be made on commencing the next volume. The smallness of each number has been objected to by many, as not allowing sufficient space for the full discussion of a subject, or for entire stories unless they are short, without excluding that variety expected in a miscellaneous publication. Long articles cannot with propriety be always omitted in a work of this kind, as they are frequently the most deeply interesting ones which can be selected, and often will not admit of abridgment, nor of a division without destroying in a great degree the pleasure of their perusal. To remedy this defect, and to keep pace with the various improvements of the day, we shall add eight pages to our semi-monthly numbers ; and when our English Journals are received and are found to contain interesting matter which it is desirable to present to the reader in the next ensuing number, but which our enlarged limits will not permit, we shall issue a monthly number, or two numbers in one, which will consist of 96 pages. An addition will thus be made to the work of 16 pages a month—96 pages a volume—and 192 pages a year,—their size continuing the same as at present. The yearly subscription will remain at \$ 6,00 with, and \$ 5,00 without the Plates of the Fashions ; but the postage will be *lessened* by this change, as larger paper will be used, and the work will average but four sheets a month, instead of five as it now does.

In the Engravings of the Fashions we shall aim at the selection of those Dresses which are most appropriate, and which shall be considered most acceptable on this side the Atlantic ; and the style of their execution will not be neglected.—We have seen it asserted in a well-conducted paper of this city, that our mode of advertising these plates, on the second page of the cover, is one of those “petty tricks of trade” intended to deceive the public by means of “a harmless falsehood,”—inasmuch as we give notice of two or more whole-length portrait figures, thereby “leading the reader to suppose” there are as many lithographic prints ; “when the fact is, as he too soon discovers,” there is but *one*. Were it not for the respectability of the source whence this charge proceeds, and the apparent sincerity and good-will of the writer, we should have considered it as the production of some carping critic, and

unworthy of notice. It is an accusation which caused us no little astonishment ;—for it had never occurred to us that such an inference as that to which he alludes *could* be drawn from this “manner of announcement” ; nor can we now perceive in it anything to induce the reader to expect more than he actually finds. If it has given rise to such expectation, it has been wholly unintentional on our part, and we therefore plead innocent of the charge preferred against us. The suggestion of the same writer in regard to another subject connected with our periodical, has more reason in it, and may hereafter receive further attention.

The character which the *Spirit of the English Magazines* has for so many years enjoyed, will not be materially affected by the change above proposed. The reader is not to infer from what we have said respecting long articles that such only are hereafter to be made use of. On the contrary, brevity and condensation will be studied, and a great number of pages will be devoted to one article only when its superior interest or importance may seem to demand it. Several new English publications have been ordered, and we shall be enabled to commence the new volume with greater resources than we have hitherto enjoyed.

We would remind the reader that, in pursuance of the measure now to be adopted, the *Atheneum* will contain more than 1100 pages in a year, of the same size as those of the present volume, and in the type used for this Preface. We respectfully solicit from our present patrons, to whom our thanks are now due, and from the lovers of English literature in general, the patronage which it will be our constant aim to merit, and which alone will enable us to continue to contribute to the amusement and instruction of their leisure hours.

The double numbers may sometimes not be ready for delivery till a day or two after the proper time ; but we shall endeavor to be punctual, and when not so subscribers will understand the cause.

Boston, September 15, 1830.

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.]

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1830.

[VOL. 4, No. 1.]

FOOL'S DAY.

“ I am the first foole of all the whole nauie,
To keepe the Pompe, the Helme, and eke the Sayle;
For this is my minde, this one pleasure haue I,
Of bookes to haue great plentie and apparayle,
I take no wisdome by them, nor yet auayle,
Nor them perceaue not, and then I them despise;
Thus am I a foole, and all that sue that guise.”

So sung honest old Barclay in his “Ship of Fools,” somewhere about the year 1500. I know not whether he concluded his poem on fool’s day; but it seems from his honest chronicle that the lack of fools was as little to be complained of then as now. Indeed, I know no era more appropriate, no time when the day has more claim to be celebrated with due pomp and circumstance. The Romans kept a stival in honor of Venus, on the 1st of April; whether intending to imply hereby that lovers are more fools than other people, it is not now practicable to determine. If this were the case in the days of Augustus, of which there can be no doubt, nature being the same in all ages, we have the pleasure of reflecting that, in one thing at least, we rival the masters of the world in the zenith of their glory;—would to heaven we were as great imitators of them in some other things which I could name! From the Romans, the early Christians, who lost no opportunity of turning to account the superstitions of the Pagan worship, transmuted the observation of the day into a Christian festival. It is singular, however, that we have no St. Fool. We have saints of every other name in our calendar; but St. Fool,

it is to be feared, stuck in the throats of the popes and councils, to whom we owe most of these characters. The nomenclature was an unlucky obstacle. When the day consecrated to the Goddess of Beauty was thus transferred to another creed, it is to be lamented that the sprigs of myrtle, the flowers, and the lively and joyous part of the ceremonies of the day, were forgotten. The church perverted it to mummary. The Bishop of Fools officiated in old St. Paul’s; and the absurdity of the rejoicings and mountebank trickery displayed there, rendered more awkward by northern barbarity, ill replaced the elegance of Pagan ceremony. Boys were mitred and crosiered, and preached sermons full of buffoonery at the very altar; the clergy, more interested in temporal matters than zealous for spiritual decency, either assisting, or shaking their sleek and plethoric sides among the tumultuous and jeering spectators. These abuses were done away with afterwards, I believe, by royal interference.

The French, who are the first people in the world at a joke, not only for its wit but its application, have long enjoyed fool’s day. Among them ridicule is the most successful weapon

for correcting folly and holding vice *in terrorem*. A Frenchman of the capital is more afraid of a successful *bon mot* at his expense than of a sword, and the 1st of April is a day, therefore, of which he can make a double application; he may gratify his love of pleasantry among his friends, or inflict a severe wound on his enemies, if he possess the art and wit to invent and perpetrate a worthy piece of foolery upon them. *Un poison d'Avril* is the name given to the unlucky party who may be fooled—I rather think originally derived from *poison*, mischief, and not as commonly taken, from *poisson*, a fish. The best trick of this sort I recollect among them is the well-known trick of Rabelais, who fooled the officers of justice (when he had no money) into conveying him from Marseilles to Paris on a charge of treason, got up for the purpose, and when arrived there, showing them how they were hoaxed. For this purpose he made up some ashes in different packets, labeled as poisons for the royal family of France. The bait took, and he was conveyed to the capital as a traitor, seven hundred miles, only to explain the joke.

It is but a little singular that the custom of making fools on the first day of April, still practised with much zest in England, and in several other countries of Europe, should be also practised in the East Indies: but such really appears the case; for we find, in vol. 2 of the Asiatic Researches, the following account of the custom as observed by the Hindoos, given by Col. Pearce.

“During the Huli, when mirth and festivity reign among the Hindoos of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent. The Huli is always in March, and the *last day* is the general holiday. I have never yet heard any account of the origin of this English custom; but it is unquestionably very ancient, and is still kept up even in great towns,

though less in them than in the country: with us it is chiefly confined to the lower class of people, but in India high and low join in it; and the late Surajah Dowlah, I am told, was very fond of making Huli fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank. They carry the joke here so far as to send letters, making appointments in the name of persons, who, it is known, must be absent from their houses at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given.”

The tricks commonly played off on fool's day have been current coin everywhere, and are for the most part of the most miserable character, without wit or meaning. It would be more desirable, were the day in future dedicated to rivalry in repartee round the fire-side, and to family or social emulation in the art of *bon-mot*. Punning is the lowest and meanest grade in the same order of rhetoric, and may be safely left to Theodore Hook, who is unrivaled in the art. Repartee of the species to which I allude is much more intellectual, and demands faculties very much superior to the punster's. It may be ill-natured, jocose, or serious; the means of punishing folly and vice, or the gentle corrector of ill-manners; it may amuse or wound, scatter mirth or provoke anger. “Pray where did you get your education?” said a prelate to a sectarian clergyman. At such an academy, my lord, was the reply; “May I ask where your lordship received yours?”—“At Brazen-nose College,” replied the prelate.—“I thought so, my lord,” answered the sectarian.—Of the same severe character also is that attributed to a young officer, in reply to a sneering question of Pope—“Pray, Sir, what is a mark of interrogation?” “A crooked thing that asks questions,” was the answer.—Such, however, are the class we recommend not, unless our readers will first take the advice the late Lord Coleraine (better known as Colonel Hanger) gave to his brother, who had got into a quarrel, to

soap their noses before they make them. There is an endless field for an April day's innocent recreation, without having recourse to wounding the feelings of others. Complimentary repartees alone are an extensive branch, and always please; and good things may be said on almost every incident that occurs. We entreat our readers to think of the march of intellect as affecting fool's day, and bring some use out of it, leaving the old usage of it to the clown in the pantomime.

"What a large spider is crawling on the window-frame!" said a pretty-faced child belonging to a Scottish friend of mine, on fool's day last year, just as I had seated myself in his parlor during a morning call. Though the little sawny looked very arch as she made the speech, I dreamed not of the day, but turned my head involuntarily towards the supposed object, when the little thing broke into a laugh, crying out, "A gowk, a gowk!" the meaning of which I could not comprehend. Her little heart was exulting at the trick she had put upon me, as she told me I was the third "gowk" she had made that morning. It was not until her mother entered the room and explained the thing, that I found a "gowk," in the Scotch brogue, signified a cuckoo, or silly bird, and is used in the north to designate what a cockney would call an April fool.

There is a very common practical joke on Fool's Day in the metropolis: it consists in despatching a letter by an unlucky dupe, who is to wait for an answer. The answer is a second note, to a third person, "to send the fool farther." A young surgeon, a greenhorn in practice, fresh from St. Bartholomew's, his instruments unfleshed on his own account, and his surgery bottles full to repletion, was called a few years ago from the Strand, to a patient in Newgate-street, very rich, named Dobbs. It was the 1st of April, and it was his first patient. The young Esculapius was ushered into the presence of the sup-

posed patient, who was busy writing in his counting-house. The surgeon explained his errand, and Mr. Dobbs, having an excellent mercantile discernment, soon saw through the affair. He bowed and said, "It is a mistake, Sir; my name is Dobbs, but I am, thank God, hale and hearty. It is my brother, the sugar-baker, on Fish-street-hill, that has sent for you—he is subject to illness. I will give you a line to him." The young surgeon bowed, expressed his thanks, and walked off to the sugar-baker on Fish-street-hill, (carriage or horse he had none,) three-fourths of a mile farther; entered among the pyramids of snowy sweets, and found Mr. Dobbs the sugar-baker of Fish-street-hill as hale as his brother of Newgate-street. The refiner of saccharine juice understood his brother's note, stammered out a pretended apology for his mistake, and said he supposed, as the young man's directions were to Mr. J. Dobbs, that it was Mr. John Dobbs, and not Mr. Jeffry Dobbs, that was intended; that his name was Jeffry, but his brother John, a third member of the family, and in his business, lived at Limehouse, whither he thought, if our surgeon proceeded, he would find the person he sought. An address was handed the young tourniquet at the extreme end of Limehouse, which address, it is needless to say, was false. What will not a surgeon do to obtain his first patient, and a rich one too! Away he posted to Limehouse, and soon found how far he had traveled for nothing. Tired and disappointed, and scheming vengeance on the authors of the hoax, he set off on his return home, cursing the Dobbs family every step he went. As he passed along Upper Shadwell, he saw a horse gallop furiously down Camomile-street, and fling its rider a heavy fall on the pavement. He ran and lifted the fallen man, whom he found insensible. He conveyed him to a shop hard by, bled him, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes. It suffices to say, that on being convey-

ed home our young surgeon attended him until he was restored to health ; and so gratefully were his exertions taken by the stranger, who was a rich East India merchant, far advanced in life, that he took him into his house as a medical attendant and friend, and ultimately left him the bulk of his property. Thus, out of an intended Fool's Day hoax, by the inscrutable caprice of fortune, a frolic led its dupe to wealth. This anecdote may be depended on as true, nothing in the story but the names adopted, to conceal the real actors in the drama, being fictitious.

Sacred to fooling as the 1st of April will be for a long series of years to come, (unless the march of intel-

lect goes on much more rapidly than at present,) I would honor it by restricting within its limits the usage of a large majority of those fooleries, which now occupy other times and seasons, so that the useful, in the short span of human life, may claim a larger share of the other days of the year. A great proportion of the military parades, anniversaries, exhibitions, processions, public dinners, &c. &c. which now occupy so much precious time, during the rest of the year, might, for instance, very properly be concentrated on the 1st of April, to which alone they are relevant, and much space be thus assigned for new pursuits or healthy recreations.

MOORE'S NOTICES OF LORD BYRON.*

ALL the world, talkers, readers, blue-stockings, and all, have long since made up their minds about the subject of Mr. Moore's present volume. That Byron was a great poet is unquestionable, and that, on the strength of his poetic reputation, he was perfectly satisfied to build reputations of any other kind, is equally clear. Not that he was a hair's breadth worse than nine-tenths of the decorous young gentlemen whom we meet every day roving the fashionable streets : the only difference being that his Lordship's taste for notoriety urged him into perpetual exposure ; while those young gentlemen drink, play, quarrel with their families, ruin their tailors, make lawless love, and contract heartless marriages ; but have the grace to keep the affair to themselves as much as they can. Byron let out the secret without ceremony, exulted in telling the world every unlucky circumstance about him, and perhaps was never in higher self-applause than on the day when he had to divulge that he had nine executions in his house, had separated from his

wife, and had fairly proclaimed war with mankind.

All this, however, "argued a foregone conclusion," for, lover of eccentricities as a man may be, there are obvious inconveniences in their pursuit which probably save the world from being often perplexed by a career of this inveterate opposition to public tastes. Byron's parentage may account for some portion of his propensities. His father was, by Mr. Moore's account, a thorough scoundrel ; a base though showy profligate, who, after spending all his patrimony in low excess, turned fortune-hunter, and married a half-mad woman for her money. The detail of this match is full of the biographer's industry. It appears that Miss Catherine Gordon, of Gight, had about 20,000*l.* ; of which Captain Byron contrived to get rid in less than two years, reducing the Heiress of Gight to an allowance of 150*l.* a year. There, unquestionably, too, was madness in the line. Lord Byron's grand uncle, who was tried, in 1765, before the Peers, for killing his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, in

* Letters and Journals of Lord Byron ; with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. 4to. Vol I. London, 1830. Murray.

a duel, passed the latter years of his life in an extraordinary seclusion, which was known to be connected with lunacy. Other branches of the family were, if less public, equally singular; and, we must, in charity, suppose the same excuse for Captain Byron, who began his career by carrying off and marrying the wife of Lord Carnarthen, and whose progress through life was only from one profligacy to another. His daughter, by the lady, was the honorable Augusta Byron, subsequently married to Colonel Leigh.

The poet's mother was married in 1785; and he was born, in Holles-street, London, on the 22d of January, 1788. The head of the line was in the De Buruns, of Normandy, who came over with the Conqueror, and whose posterity inherited large estates in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire. Mrs. Byron was a descendant from Sir William Gordon, third son of the Earl of Huntley, by the daughter of James I. of Scotland.

Lord Byron made himself remarkable, at an early period, by his irritability. The misery which a man inflicts on himself by this habit is so much more severe than its offence to others, that it is only just, in all such instances, to suspect some morbid cause. Byron had two or three: he had a tendency to some disorder of the kidneys, than which a more agonizing visitant when it comes, nor a more fretful fear when it threatens to come, is not within human sufferings. A calamity of the same organs made Rousseau mad and a misanthropist through life, and, finally, drove him to suicide. It was, probably, the chief source of Swift's eternal spleen; and a large portion of Gibbon's restless scorn of all that is best and noblest in our nature, may have arisen from a similar malady. Byron had the additional misfortune of a club-foot, which, from its being the unlucky appendage to a man, vain, even to foppery, of his personal appearance, was a source of constant vexation. Other vexations existed, in the character of his parent, which, whether from a

slur thrown on his birth, or the natural reluctance of respectable people to have anything to do with so extraordinary and violent a person as Mrs. Byron, (his father having died some years before,) left the young heir of a broken patrimony strangely at a loss on his entrance into the world.

Dallas, a *very* remote relation, as the biographer emphatically remarks, seems to have been for some time the only substitute for the "troops of friends" that generally make a young lord buoyant on the St. James's tide. If Byron had been intended for a politician, or a dandy, or a hanger-on of the clubs, or a well bred fortune hunter, this desertion would have undone him; he would have taken to the bottle, from that to the dice, and from the dice to that cure of all sorrows, payment of all debts, and relief from all *ennui*, which is to be found in prussic acid or the pistol.

But he was intended by nature for a poet. And every step of his career was by a strong necessity ordered for his future eminence. His foot, his disease, the desertion of all other society, and the society of Mr. Dallas, were all powerful provocatives to spleen. The insolence and flagellation inflicted on him by the Edinburgh Reviewers, first taught him that he could be a satirist. The selfishness of the world first stimulated him to cut and scarify it in all directions; and the bitterness and insanity of his virago mother first drove him abroad, and gave the world "*Childe Harold*."

Our theory is unquestionable, that the material of poetry exists in a thousand minds for one that has the circumstances to bring it out; as every pebble contains fire, and hit it but hard enough, gives it out too; but bury the flint in a slough, or polish it into the ornament of a fair lady's necklace, and it is equally beyond the chance of giving out that spark, which if *luckily* placed, may blow up a house, a ship, or a city. If Byron had found his *entré* into the world preceded by the fair and the fond strewing his path with rose-buds, as is the custom with young lords in ge-

neral; if noble fathers had overwhelmed him with cards for their banquets, and noble mothers speculated on him for their daughters, and noble misses "fondly marked him for their own," what could he have been but what all the tribe of heirs are? Where would have been his solitary hours of fierce musing, his brilliant visions of vengeance, his Don Juan determinations to slay and betray, and sting and startle, and lay society in flame, that he might have the delight of seeing it roast while he danced round the pile?

With seventy thousand a year, he would have been like Bob Ward, a diner out and epigram maker; with Alvanly's reception among the old women, he would have been like him, a lover of comfits and writer of epilogues; with young Castlereagh's or Clanricard's prospects, he would have been petted and pulled about by the lovely marriageable and portionless, until he was spoiled as much as any of them for anything but being a *Lord!* and Heaven only knows how small a portion of human use, good, or dignity, is concentrated in the name. But it was otherwise decreed—he was cast out into the desert, to wander, like the demoniac, among the tombs; but there to harden himself against the infirmities of nature, and defy the accidents of fortune; until, like the demoniac, a mightier spirit stirred within him, and he raved against man in accents more than of man.

Byron remained in Aberdeen from five till ten years old, and was then brought by his mother to London, for the double purpose of trying some quackery with his foot, which her folly contrived to make a source of perpetual torment to the poor boy, and of beginning his education. Various doctors, Æsculapian and Priscianist, took his body and mind into their successive charge, and with equally ill fortune; his mother's temper, of which the biographer has by no means deprived the public of sufficient details, defeating the cares of guardians, masters, and physicians, alike.

At length he was sent to Harrow,

where he boasts of having hated the master, Dr. Butler, and made eternal friends of some of the pupils; until he left the school with no more learning than he took into it, except the learning of cricket, boxing, swimming, gaming, and the other accomplishments of public schools.

Byron's early judgment was too quick not to see the absurdity of that system by which ten years are devoted to the worst education at the highest price. He read much, but read after his own manner; and, accordingly, brought away with him more real knowledge than perhaps was to be found in the whole school besides, masters and all. But he brought away "small Latin and less Greek," and appears to have been wise enough never, in after life, to have felt the slightest wish to burthen his memory with either.

Byron's palpable feeling was that the whole system was a dull burlesque. The tedious inutility of verse-making, in dead languages, by men who will never be able to write a verse in any living one, is a fine subject of ridicule. And the successful expedition with which every English gentleman, unless he be doubly marked for boobyism, forgets every syllable of his ten year's toils, is scarcely more demonstrative of the intrinsic errors of the plan, than the recollection of those scenes and excesses into which a great school initiates the early mind: scenes and excesses to which we unhesitatingly trace the broad and spreading degeneracy of the national heart and the national understanding.

In this we allude to no one great school more than another. Their present masters, we take it for granted, make as good nonsense verses as any of those who have made nonsense verses before them. The old system is the sin. The national evil consists in giving ten years to what might be acquired in two; in the miserable abandonment of the young to their own extravagance, their own passions, and their own resentments; in the encouragement of tyranny by fagging; and in the general growth of selfish-

ness, waste, and arrogance, by the allowed habits of those establishments, one and all.

The death of his grand uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, in 1795, (this lord's grandson having died the year before,) gave him the title. The old lord was reputed, in his own neighborhood, to be a furious madman. He always carried loaded pistols, and the country was filled with stories of his insane violence. He let his house go to ruin, endeavored to dilapidate the family estate, and died, with the popular impression of his having gone straight to Erebus.

Lord Byron having now become a ward in Chancery, the Earl of Carlisle, the husband of the deceased lord's sister, was appointed his guardian. It was an uneasy guardianship for the unfortunate earl. Mrs. Byron was a virago, who flew into paroxysms of fury on the slightest contradiction, and with whom the earl was obliged to draw an immediate line of demarcation. The young lord availed himself of the first use of his pen to fix him conspicuously in a lampoon.

The biographer's anecdotes of the scenes between the son and the mother are sufficiently extraordinary. Mrs. Byron, in her rage, was in the habit of flinging the poker and tongs at the head of the young disputant; and the hostility at length became so deadly, that an instance occurred, in which "they were known each to go privately, after one of those nights of dispute, to the apothecary's, anxiously inquiring whether the other had gone to *purchase poison*!" After an uneasy sojourn at Harrow, he went to Cambridge, where he amused himself according to his whim; bred up a bear, which he pronounced that he kept to sit for a fellowship; and published his first volume of poems by a "*Minor*."

Here his life was like that of his contemporaries, and he suitably begins one of his letters with—"My dear Elizabeth: Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning, for the last

two days at *Hazard*, I take up my pen." Moore in his note animadverts upon "that sort of display and boast of rakishness, which is but too common a folly at this period of life. Unluckily, this boyish desire of being thought worse than he really was, remained with Lord Byron, as did some other failings and foibles of his boyhood, long after the period when with others they are past and forgotten."

Byron's description of Cambridge in this letter is emphatic enough. "A villainous chaos of dice and drunkenness, nothing but hazard and Burgundy, hunting, mathematics and Newmarket, riot and racing."

His tastes for adventure had now begun to take a form. "Next January, (but this is *entre nous*, for my maternal persecutor will be for throwing her tomahawk at any of my curious projects,) I am going to sea for four or five months, with my cousin, Captain Bettesworth, who commands the *Tartar*, the finest frigate in the navy. I have seen most scenes, and long to look at a naval life. We are going probably to the Mediterranean, or to the West Indies, or to the d—l." He finishes the letter by saying, that he has "written the first volume of a novel, and a poem of 380 lines," which formed the ground work of the "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." The satire thus having been written before the affront, though probably some additional pungencies were thrown into its enlarged shape.

In his visits to London, about 1808, he became acquainted with the Mr. Dallas, of whom we have heard so much in the noble Lord's dealings with Murray. Dallas seems to have made his way by giving him opinions of his "*Minor*" poems, and to have tried to turn his influence to advantage, by lecturing him, probably with sincerity, upon the bard's absurdities in scepticism. But Byron asked no higher opportunity than to make the most of his infidel fame, and he loaded his adviser with letters full of the most daring nonsense, for the purpose, as Moore says, of astounding

his adviser. He thus prefers "Socrates to St. Paul, and Confucius to the Ten Commandments, believes that virtue is a mere feeling, not a principle, and that death is an eternal sleep."

Of this farrago, Moore pronounces, that if it was meant for his usual purpose "of displaying his wit at the expense of his character;" it must be recollected, that it was addressed to "one of those officious, self-satisfied advisers, whom it was at all times the delight of Lord Byron to astonish and mystify." It was one of those "tricks with which, through life, he amused himself at the expense of the numerous *quacks*, which his celebrity drew round him." So much for the biographer's homage to Mr. Dallas.

His first literary *event* was in 1808; the Edinburgh Review critique on the "Hours of Idleness." He had notice of it, and mentions it to one of his correspondents, Mr. Becher:—"I am of so much importance, that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the Edinburgh Review. This I had from the authority of a friend, who has seen the proof and MS. of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh Review gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none, and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they never praise any except the partizans of Lord Holland and Co."

The critique came out, and it vexed him for the moment. "A friend who found him in the first moments of excitement, after reading the article, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge!" (By the by, not a very complimentary question to his Lordship's nerves.) But Byron's "Satire," in *petto*, fortified him against the shock. On that day he tried his double allies, wine and ink; drank three bottles of claret, and reinforced his "Satire," "by twenty lines." When a man has nothing else for it, he has, as Shylock says,

"revenge." Lord Byron had already anticipated the insult by "380 lines of revenge;" the additional "twenty made him feel himself considerably better," and he proceeded forthwith to cut up the critics with the delight of a fresh stimulus for "savagery."

At this time he writes to his friend Becher:—"Entre nous, I am cursedly dipt; my debts, everything inclusive, will be nine or ten thousand before I am twenty-one." He had the early fondness for travel natural to everybody, boobies and all. But his fondness was for regions beyond what the Travellers' Club call Postchaiseland. He longed to sun himself in India, or at least in Persia. But India, probably as being the further off, was his favorite. He writes to his mother in 1808:—"I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things it will be necessary to provide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge for some information I am anxious to possess. After all, you see my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connexions to keep me at home, no wife, no unprovided sisters, brothers, &c."

But first of the first, he was to bring out his Satire, and silence the critics forever. This none would have blamed; but he freighted his "shippe of fooles" with the name of every poet, and almost every man of his acquaintance. He frequently too changed his coloring in the course of his revisions; and Lord Carlisle who flourished in the MS.,

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle,"
having returned a cold answer to a hint that Lord Byron was ready to take his seat in the Peers, was hitched into a bitter rhyme. Others were stung in the MS., and balmied in the book. Thus,

"I leave topography to *coxcomb* Gell,"
was smoothed down to *classic* Gell.

Byron was always in love with somebody or other, like all boys that are left to themselves, and not kept in awe by the solemnity of a papa. His flames began with a peasant, Mary Duff, at eight years old; and proceeded from one idol to another, until he fell into something like real passion with that person of the most unloveable name of Chaworth, who affronted him by calling him "a lame boy," and whom he continued to adopt as Petrarch his Laura, and Dante his Beatrice, for a poetic *beau idéal*, or commodious lay-figure to dress his future verses on.

Byron's life at Newstead was little calculated to charm him with England; it was the rude, self-indulgent, rough life of a boy, spoiled by a fool of a mother, and left his own master when he should have been at school. His companions were as singular as himself. One of them, the Charles Skinner Matthews, whom he celebrates in the "*Childe Harold*," a *bon vivant*, an oddity, a boxer, a rambler, and unhappily a boaster of atheism, gives this sketch in a letter to a female correspondent:

"Ascend with me the hall steps, that I may introduce you to my lord and his visitants. But have a care how you proceed: be mindful to go there in broad daylight, and with your eyes about you. For, should you make any blunder, should you go to the right of the hall steps, you are laid hold of by a bear; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run full against a wolf. Nor, when you have attained the door, is your danger over; for, the hall being decayed, and therefore standing in need of repair, a bevy of inmates are very probably banging at one end of it with their pistols; so that, if you enter without giving loud notice of your approach, you have only escaped the wolf and the bear to expire by the pistol-shots of the merry monks of Newstead.

"Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others; and was now and then increased by the presence of

a neighboring *parson*! As for our way of living, the order of the day was generally this:—For breakfast, we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience—everything remaining on the table till the whole party had done: though, had any one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, one would have been lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who was generally up between eleven and twelve, was always, even when an invalid, the first of the party, and was deemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then for the amusements of the morning: there was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttlecock in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking, riding, cricket, sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined, and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three, in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

"I must not omit the custom of handing round, after dinner, a human skull, filled with Burgundy. After reveling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading or improving conversation, each according to his fancy; and, after sandwiches, &c., retired to rest. A set of monkish dresses, which had been provided, with all the proper apparatus of crosses, beads, tonsures, &c., often gave a variety to our appearance and to our pursuits."

Gaming is a sort of apprentice fee, which all young men of rank, and multitudes of no rank at all, pay for their entrance into that miserable and silly life called fashionable. Byron, who took his share of everything, good and bad, dashed into gaming like the rest. But he made the affair one of *principle*. "I have," says his journal, "a notion that gamblers are as happy as many people, being always *excited*. Women, wine, fame, the table, even ambition, *sate* now and then. But

every turn of the card, and cast of the die, keeps the gamester alive : besides, one can game ten times longer than one can do anything else. I was very fond of it when young, that is to say, of Hazard, for I hate all *card* games, even Faro. When Macco (or however they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing, for I loved and missed the rattle of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of any luck at all, as one had sometimes to throw often to decide at all. I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running, and carried off all the cash upon the table occasionally ; but I had no coolness, no judgment, no calculation." His lordship's delicacy never perceived that gambling is robbery, the taking the purse of some fool, foolish enough to risk his money on the throw of a die : his sensibility felt too much, to feel the radical baseness of the act of taking a man's money out of his pocket, when, in nine instances out of ten, the process was the direct road to his beggary and suicide. Gambling is the fashion, as all the world knows ; but it is impossible to connect the idea, in any instance, with dignity, feeling, or delicacy of mind. It is the meanest form of avarice !

Moore makes the most of his noble friend's melancholy. But how much of this must be attributed to the night's debauch, the glasses of pure brandy, and the dash and rattle of the dice, with *dashing* of all other kinds, to the amount of bankruptcy, is left untold. The bard's constitution was originally a bad one : he made it worse by indulgence in all shapes and shades of whims ; he quarreled with the world ; he had a daily headach, and a dozen daily duns ; and, if this is not enough to account for heavy spirits, without either the sublime or the profound, the problem is beyond solution.

He was now seriously bent on travel, as he says, " For all the world, like Robinson Crusoe." And concludes a letter on the subject by

laughing at his friend Hobhouse, who seems to have taken the journey in the fiercest resolution of authorship. " Hobhouse has made woundy preparations for a book on his return—one hundred pens, two gallons of japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, are no bad provision for a discerning public."

He landed at Lisbon, and rode through Spain to Cadiz. With Cadiz he was delighted, for many reasons : the first of which he gives in the words, " Cadiz is a complete *Cythera*. Many of the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles, reside here ; and it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. The Spanish women are *all alike*,—their education the same. The wife of a duke is in information as the wife of a peasant ; the wife of a peasant is in manner equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating ; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is *intrigue*." This character of the Spanish ladies was dashed off after a week's acquaintance with a single town, on the principle of Matthews's story of the French officer in prison at Portsmouth ; who wrote down in his journal, that all the English ladies boxed, gave each other black eyes, and drank gin. It must be allowed, however, that a larger knowledge of the Peninsula might not have much altered his opinion. Absolution is cheap, and frailty, of course, fashionable.

At Malta he met with Mrs. Spencer Smith, the wife of Sir Sydney Smith's brother. He describes her as very pretty, very accomplished, extremely eccentric, and twenty-five. She was quite a cosmopolite, was born in Constantinople, the daughter of the Austrian ambassador, married Smith, then, we believe, Envoy, or Secretary of Legation, quarreled with him, as all women of genius and romance do with their husbands,—rambled over the continent, apparently for no other reason, than that she had no business there,—ran after the French, —ran from the French,—fled with an

adventurer, the Marquis De Salvo, from some prison or other, though, as the lady declared, with an unimpeachable character,—believed herself a public victim to the security of the continent—and took to herself the flattering belief that she was the object of peculiar horror to Napoleon. This was just the woman to captivate the quick fancy of a man like Byron; and he embalmed her in his first foreign verses.

In his letters he keeps up a regular detail of his movements, with now and then an anecdote. The following is well told.

“ You don’t know D—s, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England. When Drury-lane was burned to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth; what doth my friend D— do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel, with about two thousand other unactable MSS. Now was not this characteristic? The ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. While the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth £300,000, in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!”

After two years travel he returned, in 1811, and luckily escaped publishing a “paraphrase” on Horace, which Moore pronounces heavy enough to have sunk his lordship below the possibility of recovering a poetic reputation. Dallas was the lucky critic on the occasion, and he was rewarded by the MSS. of Childe Harold. In another month his mother died, “characteristically,” of a fit of rage, brought on by reading over the upholsterer’s bills!

He now, probably warned a little by the suddenness of this death, made his will, the most striking point of which is, his determination that nobo-

dy should mistake him for anything but what he was.

“The body of Lord B. is to be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any *ceremony or burial service whatever*, or any inscription, save his name and age. His *dog* not to be removed from the vault.”

So much for bravado; too boyish for Byron’s time of life; to say nothing of the profaneness. It was in this spirit, that the wretched coxcomb, Shelley, whose only apology can be, that he was insane, scribbled himself down, *Atheist*, in the album of Mont Blanc. The whole was vulgar bravado—that was not content with being impious unless all the world knew it; that felt insult to Heaven an empty indulgence, unless the insult was blazoned to man; and that found its triumph in calling on society to stare at the courage which could defy common sense, and outrage decent virtue. We are neither Methodists nor Muggletonians, but we have knowledge enough of the Shelley tribe to know that three-fourths of their taunts and insolence are adopted merely to catch the world’s wonder.

His next tidings were of the death of another atheist, his friend Matthews, who was drowned at Cambridge. But this worthless personage was fortunately replaced in the same year by a different kind of friend. The burlesque in the notes to the “Edinburgh Bards” on Moore’s duel with Jeffrey, had drawn on a correspondence, the result of which was a meeting, not with sword and pistol, “and other wild animals,” but over coffee; and the two poets became companions. Byron’s nature was haughty and bitter; there is no use in denying it. But Moore’s, setting aside the little retorts natural enough to a stranger and an Irishman, thrown loose among the proudest aristocracy that pride ever made at once insolent and ridiculous, has always been touched with human good nature. His satires on the great, in and out of power, we can heartily forgive, for the

sake of those noble persons themselves; than whom, as a race, no race on earth requires more to be reminded, that men without title are not dust under their feet; and that the wearer of a coronet may deserve the lash and may meet it, from a man with not a drop of Norman blood in his veins.

The warlike correspondence ended in an armistice, cemented at a dinner given by that "ancient and loving grandmother, as Massinger would have it, of the muses," Rogers; but of which Byron would partake nothing but "potatoes and vinegar," a mixture which that wicked wit, Lady Caroline Lamb, pronounced to be "in compliment to the country of his antagonist, and the qualities of his host."

Byron's opinions about the poets of the day were easy enough. "Do read mathematics. I should think X plus Y, at least as amusing as the Curse of Kehama, and much more intelligible. Master Southey's poems are, in fact, what parallel lines might be, viz., prolonged *ad infinitum* without meeting anything half so absurd as themselves."

His summer visits to the country seats gave him some insight into public persons. At Lord Jersey's—"Erskine was there, good but intolerable. He jested, he talked, he did everything, admirably. But then, he *would* be applauded for the same thing twice over: he *would* read his own verses, his own paragraphs, and tell his own story again and again; and then the 'Trial by Jury:' I almost wished it abolished, for I sate next him at dinner."

Drury-lane having been burnt, for the ruin of Sheridan's creditors, and rebuilt for the ruin of a fresh set, the committee, with Lord Holland at their head, perpetrated the long-laughed-at scheme of summoning all the verse makers of England or Europe to write an opening address. Some thousands poured in upon them, all equally good or evil. Until the committee convinced, at last, that to choose was impossible, and to recite them all at

once not very easy, came to the natural expedient of having one address, written by one person, and recited by one other. The task was comfortless enough, and Lord Byron made it a curiously anxious one; for we have no less than a dozen letters written to his unfortunate inspirer, Lord Holland, in the course of a month; and every one of them containing cuttings out, cuttings up, and corrections, that must have singularly perplexed his lordship. It is not easy to reconcile this industry with his letter to Mr. Murray.

"I was applied to to write the address for Drury-lane; but the moment I heard of the contest, I gave up the idea of contending against all Grub-street. To triumph would have been no glory, and to have been defeated—'sdeath! I would have choked myself, like Otway, with a quartern loaf. So, remember, I had, and have nothing to do with it, upon *my honor*!" His poem, after all, was good for nothing; but it was good enough for the purpose. It produced, however, two good consequences, the "Rejected Addresses," on the fame of which "the authors of the Rejected Addresses" still put forth their performances; and the display of Dr. Busby's person haranguing from the boxes, his son's person haranguing from the stage; a display of the Bow-street officers interfering with the eloquence of both; and a week's ridicule of all the parties concerned. The Dr.'s poem, beginning with

"When energizing subjects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot *do*?"

had the honor of a parody in the Morning Chronicle by his Lordship.

"When energizing objects men pursue,
The Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows
who.

A modest monologue you here survey,
Hisssed from the theatre the other day." &c.

The Address continued to be a bore to him, and to his correspondents, for some months; but he at last plunged into authorship again, and produced his poem on "Waltzing," which being but lightly received, he disowned.

"I hear that a certain malicious publication on waltzing is attributed

to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict, as the author, I am sure, will not like that *I* should wear *his cap and bells*." This, in a letter to the publisher himself, is rather amusing.

He and Sheridan sometimes met; the young lord having a great and justified admiration for the abilities of the old dramatist.—"Sheridan was a rogue all his life long, but a delightful rogue."

"One day I saw him take up his 'Monody on Garrick.' He lighted on the dedication to the dowager Lady——. On seeing it he flew into a rage, and exclaimed, that it must be a forgery—that he had never dedicated anything of his to such a d—d canting, &c. &c., and so went on for half an hour, abusing his own dedication."

"He told me, that on the night of the grand success of his 'School for Scandal,' he was knocked down, and put into the watch-house, for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen."

"When dying, he was requested to undergo an operation. He replied, that 'he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime;—having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture!'"

The biographer now comes to the Leigh Hunt acquaintance, which he gets over in a tone of easy contempt.

"It was at this time that Lord Byron became acquainted (and I regret to have to add, partly through my means) with Mr. Leigh Hunt." They went together to dine with Hunt in the Coldbath-fields prison, where he was confined for a libel on the Prince Regent, in 1813. The morning was ushered in by an epistle from his Lordship to Moore, beginning with

"Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown;
For hang me, if I know of which you may most brag,
Your quarto of Two pounds, or Twopenny Post-bag."

The result of this acquaintance has been sufficiently known.

Byron at length turned his thoughts to looking out for a wife; and Lady Melbourne recommended Miss Milbanke, to whom he accordingly made proposals. The offer was rejected; but the lady adopted the extraordinary measure of requesting his correspondence. So much for the delicacy of the *blues*. At the end of two years of this foolish and trilling sentimentality, he was informed that he might make his proposals again. "What an odd situation is ours," says Byron, "not a spark of love on either side." The mode of making this overture must be a pleasant discovery for the lady. His "memoranda" say, that a friend advised him to take a wife, and mentioned one. Byron mentioned Miss Milbanke. The friend objected to her want of immediate fortune, and her "learning." Byron allowed the argument, proposed for the friend's choice, and was refused. On reading the refusal he tried Miss Milbanke again, writing a letter to her at the moment of his receiving the rejection. The friend still argued, but taking up the letter, said, "It is really a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one."—"Then it shall go," said Byron. It went at the instant, and as Moore rather legally says, was "the fiat of his fate." Byron declared that he had not seen her for ten months before!

What wonder that this kind of marriage should have run into bickerings and separation. The biographer throws no further light on the "mysterious separation," of which all the world talked so much at the time. But the courtship was a sufficient solution. The wife had taken her steps in palpable defiance of her parents and friends, and of course had nobody to thank for her subsequent ill-luck but herself. Byron brought her into a house which had *nine* executions in it in the course of one year,—was a *roué*, and clearly a troublesome companion for a fire-side. But all this the lady knew before; for the gentleman had never made any concealment of his tastes; and she ought to have abided by them. Moore says, with sufficient plainness,

that the fault "was in the choice." And as Miss Milbanke married, in the spirit of *blueism*, a man who was proud of publishing his scorn of mankind and womankind, and home and country, and the habits and principles of English life, she ought to have made up her mind to go through with the affair. Byron was no more to blame than every rake, and he was probably not more a rake than ninety-nine out of the hundred of his rank, except in his ostentation of offence to society. His wife took him "with all faults," and her separation from him certainly threw the weight of blame on her side. Byron's nature was arrogant and sullen, but he had intervals of gentleness and feeling. Time, and kindness at home, might have softened him, and he might have gradually taken the place in society, due to men of abilities, who have at length discovered that there is a more enduring fame, and a wiser occupation of life, than the cackle of coteries, or the alternate riot and dejection of the tavern.

The volume on the whole is amusing. Moore should be a man of *tact*—from his mixture with the race who are always talking about it; yet we miss this considerably in his determination to insert everything that dropped from Byron's pen. The frequent panegyric of himself in the letters must have been a painful pressure on the biographer's feelings, to which we think his love of fidelity might have given way without a crime. Byron's own details of his reprobate amours, the morals of his friends, and his *religious* notions in general, (which are nonsense, much less remarkable for their novelty than their ostentatious emptiness, folly, and ignorance,) ought to have been wholly omitted.

But, for the one grand merit of im-

partiality, the biographer may claim universal praise. He lets out the *facts*, be they what they will, and run a muck at whom they may. The following anecdote from one of Byron's many journals, is, we suppose, historic.

"Murray, the *bookseller*! has been *cruelly cudgeled* of misbegotten knaves in 'Kendal-green,' at Newington Butts, in his way home from a purlieu dinner, and robbed—would you believe it?—of three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a seal ring of his grandfather's, worth a million. This is his version; but others opine that D'Israeli, with whom he dined, knocked him down with his last publication, the *Quarrels of Authors*, in a dispute about copyright. Be that as it may, the newspapers have teemed with his *injuria formæ*, and he has been embrocated and invisible to all but his apothecary ever since."

Of Byron's poetic powers there can be no doubt; and as little of his possessing some qualities which circumstances might have softened and improved into social good. But he was, in the strongest sense of the word, unlucky. He had but two friends, Hobhouse and Moore, both gentlemen, and fitted to have led him away from the hollow and hazardous pursuits which bad company and bad habits had made second nature. But the Shelleys and the Matthews, and the Guicciolis, had higher captivations for him; and he flung away himself, his fortune, and his fame; a memorable example of great powers rendered a source of misery to the possessor; and of the highest advantages of society consigning him, by a direct and almost fated progress, to the life of an exile, to an empty struggle for empty objects, and to a foreign grave, among the obscure haunts of banditti and barbarians.

THE SPIRIT'S LAND.

MYSTERIOUS in its birth,
And viewless as the blast,
Where hath the spirit fled from earth,
Forever passed?

I ask the grave below—
It keeps the secret well;
I call upon the heavens to show—
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strands
Are tales and tidings known ;
But from the spirit's distant land
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers
To wanderers o'er the wave—
But bear no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud Science scales the skies—
From star to star doth roam ;
But reacheth not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
This mystery of heaven ;
But where all knowledge is denied,
To hope is given.

MY NEIGHBORS.

“ Facts, facts, my masters ! ”

Two brothers, Paul and John, were among my nearest neighbors. Paul was the beadle of the parish church, and his figure, which resembled that of a baboon nearly as much as that of a man, was arrayed on Sundays in a coat of blue, faced with scarlet ; and his head was honored with a cocked hat, with broad gold lace. On other days, Paul laid aside his dignity, and appeared in plain clothes, a good deal the worse for wear.

One of his ordinary employments was going round to the farm-houses to gather eggs ; for Paul hated labor, and loved ale : and at every farm-house he got a cup of his favorite beverage, in consideration of his sparing the farmer's wife the trouble of sending her eggs to market. His basket filled, Paul changed his route, and went to those houses where no poultry was kept ; and here he got a cup of ale in consideration of sparing the mistress the trouble of sending to market to buy eggs. Of all Paul's customers, I was the favorite, and the first served : and right it was that I should be so ; for our consumption of eggs was the greatest, our ale was the strongest, and I made him a regular and liberal allowance of profit in money, which procured him ale at the public house in the village.

Paul had a wife, an excellent, kind-hearted woman, who, after having passed a long life in his service, left him a widower, when she was ninety-three years of age. I never heard that Paul discovered any symptoms of uneasiness on this occasion ; for he was one of those persons, of whom there are many, who care only for them-

selves ; and he had a daughter, as good and as kind as her mother, and about thirty years younger, who left him nothing to wish for that attention could bestow.

But a heavier misfortune awaited Paul. The cottage, in which he had passed the whole of his life, became, like himself, in a crazy condition, and he was obliged to quit it, lest it should fall upon his head. He and his daughter removed to a tenement at a hundred yards distance, and it was well they did so ; for soon after, and after a windy night, I walked through the lane in which it had stood, and found that the thatch had vanished, the plaster walls were scattered on the adjoining field, and only a few bare beams were remaining in their place.

Paul was now become very infirm, and gathered eggs no more ; but his attachment to his office, and his fine clothes, was unabated. He crept to church every Sunday, though it was a mile and a half distant from his dwelling ; and he crawled on his hands and knees over a long bridge, two planks in breadth, which lay in his way, because he dared not trust himself to walk over it. From this state, the gradation was regular and certain. Paul was confined to his house, his chair, his bed, was laid in the churchyard, in which he had so often assisted to lay his fellow parishioners, and his coat and hat were worn by another. This happened when he had attained the age of his late wife, that is, ninety-three years.

John, the younger brother of Paul, was a hard-working, saving, sober man, rented a field, kept a cow, and

had money in the bank. His wife died young : I believe at little more than sixty years of age ; his daughter was married ; his sons were away ; and his only inmate was what my neighbors term a housekeeper, that is, a woman of all work. John had been a traveller, and delighted to boast of it. "When I was young," he used to say, "I was once sent, with a pauper and a pass-cart to Burton-upon-Trent (twenty-eight miles), and, gom ! I dayn't think the world had been half so big as it is !"

Every half-year John walked to his banker's in the neighboring town, with his six months' savings in his pocket, to be added to his fund. His errand was known to us all by his drab-colored Sunday coat, of twenty years' duration. At length, John bent under the weight of years, as he had long done under the weight of labor, and he had great difficulty in getting to his banker. Go he must, however, for no one else could be trusted. I saw him walking homewards with a slow step ; the next time, I saw his servant go to meet him, and he returned leaning on her arm. I saw him no more ; and, a short time afterwards, he was laid by his brother ; not, however, till he had passed the age of his brother, for he was ninety-four.

My next neighbors were two brothers and a sister, all single, and living together, with a man and woman servant as their domestics. The two brothers had neither business nor amusement, nor did they want either. On Sundays they went to church and read the Bible ; on other days they read the newspaper, or chatted with a neighbor on neighborly concerns ; if it were day, the little wicker gate of the court was between the parties ; if evening, the neighbor was admitted to the fireside ; but no one ever presumed to take the elbow chair, in the chimney corner, which was the privileged seat of the elder brother. My neighbors kept a sumptuous table, and their woman servant was an excellent cook. No harsh word was ever heard in their house ; the brothers and sister loved

each other ; the servants did as they pleased, without being reprimanded ; the masters and mistress treated them with kindness, and behaved to them with familiarity. No beggar ever went from the door empty handed ; it being the maxim of these worthy people, that it was better to bestow their money on twenty impostors, than to turn away one who needed relief.

So smoothly did the current of life glide on with my three neighbors, till, in a luckless hour, a widower neighbor of sixty-five took it into his head to woo the sister, who was about the same age. He was known to be a selfish and unfeeling man, and to have been a churlish husband to his former wife. The brothers were alarmed for the happiness of their sister, and gently endeavored to persuade her to dismiss her suitor : but she was convinced that she had been long enough unmarried, and certain that he would treat her better than he had done her predecessor. On these convictions she married him ; and she, who had never received, or merited, contradiction, was thwarted in every action of her future life, and died, broken down with sorrow and vexation, at the premature age of eighty-eight.

The brothers kept "the even tenor of their way," and reached the customary standard of existence in the neighborhood ; the elder dying first, as it was but right he should do, at the age of ninety-four ; and the younger, after having leaned on his wicker gate a little longer, conversing with his neighbors, dying at the age of ninety-three. The man servant, who had passed fifty years in the service of the brothers, and the woman, who had passed more than thirty, were rendered independent by the will of their last master.

I might here notice another neighbor who died lately at the age of ninety-one ; but he was worthless, and I will say no more about him.

One family only remains to be noticed, and one field only intervenes between their garden and mine. Though all the persons I have men-

tioned lived within the distance of a quarter of a mile from my habitation, the dwelling of this family is the only one of them within my view. The family consists of a mother and three children.

The mother is a healthy woman, of a strong make, and a strong mind, well skilled in domestic affairs, and well able to conduct them. The house she lives in is her own, and she lets the land attached to it, the rent of which forms an income sufficient for her support, and that of her younger daughter. The mother completed her ninety-eighth year at Christmas last (1829). In winter her walks are limited to her garden; in summer, I see her in the field adjoining mine, where she will stoop to pick up a stick for her fire, and rise with perfect ease. Her memory is excellent; she is a living chronicle of all the events which have taken place within her narrow circle, for nearly a century, and the exactness of her details cannot be doubted.

Edward, the eldest child, and only son, is a bachelor. His mother calls him her boy, and this boy is in his seventy-seventh year. He was a farmer's servant as long as he was able to go through the regular business of husbandry; but, a few years ago, rheumatism obliged him to quit his station and retire to his mother. He still retains his old habit of wearing his waggoner's frock; and, by looking after the sheep of his mother's tenant, and performing little offices about the land, he adds his mite to his mother's purse.

Mary, the elder daughter, is a widow, who has withdrawn from the bustle of active life, in the neighboring town, to end her days under the maternal roof, and contribute her portion of the expenses of the establishment. Mary is in her seventy-fifth year, and is the only one of the family who can continue it to future ages; and if present numbers be any security for children yet unborn, she may reckon upon a numerous posterity. She has presented her mother with ten grandchildren, eighteen great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild; thus putting it in her power to repeat the ancient saying, "Arise, daughter, go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath got a daughter."

Jane, the younger daughter, and the mother's girl, is an upright, stately maiden, of seventy-two years of age, endowed with her mother's strength of person and intellect, and bidding fair to attain her mother's longevity.

It is remarkable that, while people are wandering from place to place, seeking health and long life from change of air, not one of the neighbors I have mentioned has ever, to the best of my belief, been six miles from the spot in which he or she first drew breath; the traveller to Burton excepted. And it is also remarkable that, while some people are indulging their appetite, and others are fighting against it, the first brothers lived sparingly, the second brothers luxuriously, the mother moderately, and all attained extreme old age. C. HUTTON.

Bennet's Hill, Birmingham.

SKETCH OF BLAKE, THE PAINTER.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THOUGH Blake lost himself a little in the enchanted region of song, he seems not to have neglected to make himself master of the graver, or to have forgotten his love of designs and sketches. He was a dutiful servant to Basire, and he studied occasionally under Flaxman and Fuseli; but it was his chief delight to retire to the

solitude of his chamber, and there make drawings, and illustrate them with verses, to be hung up together in his mother's chamber. He was always at work; he called amusement idleness, sight-seeing vanity, and money-making the ruin of all high aspirations. "Were I to love money," he said, "I should lose all power of

thought ; desire of gain deadens the genius of man. I might roll in wealth and ride in a golden chariot, were I to listen to the voice of parsimony. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing godlike sentiments." The day was given to the graver, by which he earned enough to maintain himself respectably ; and he bestowed his evenings upon painting and poetry, and intertwined these so closely in his compositions, that they cannot well be separated. When he was six-and-twenty years old, he married Katharine Boucher, a young woman of humble connexions—the dark-eyed Kate of several of his lyric poems. She lived near his father's house, and was noticed by Blake for the whiteness of her hand, the brightness of her eyes, and a slim and handsome shape, corresponding with his own notions of sylphs and naiads. As he was an original in all things, it would have been out of character to fall in love like an ordinary mortal ; he was describing one evening in company the pains he had suffered from some capricious lady or another, when Katharine Boucher said, " I pity you from my heart." " Do you pity me ?" said Blake, " then I love you for that." " And I love you," said the frank-hearted lass, and so the courtship began. He tried how well she looked in a drawing, then how her charms became verse ; and finding, moreover, that she had good domestic qualities, he married her. They lived together long and happily. She seemed to have been created on purpose for Blake ;—she believed him to be the finest genius on earth ; she believed in his verse—she believed in his designs ; and to the wildest flights of his imagination she bowed the knee, and was a worshiper. She set his house in good order, prepared his frugal meal, learned to think as he thought, and, indulging him in his harmless absurdities, became, as it were, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. She learned—what a young and handsome woman is seldom apt

to learn—to despise gaudy dresses, costly meals, pleasant company, and agreeable invitations—she found out the way of being happy at home, living on the simplest of food, and contented in the homeliest of clothing. It was no ordinary mind which could do all this ; and she whom Blake emphatically called his " beloved," was no ordinary woman. She wrought off in the press the impressions of his plates—she colored them with a light and neat hand—made drawings much in the spirit of her husband's compositions, and almost rivaled him in all things save in the power which he possessed of seeing visions of any individual, living or dead, whenever he chose to see them.

During the day he was a man of sagacity and sense, who handled his graver wisely, and conversed in a wholesome and pleasant manner ; in the evening, when he had done his prescribed task, he gave a loose to his imagination. While employed on those engravings which accompany the works of Cowper, he saw such company as the country where he resided afforded, and talked with Hayley about poetry, with a feeling to which the author of the *Triumphs of Temper* was an utter stranger ; but at the close of the day away went Blake to the sea-shore, to indulge in his own thoughts, and

" High converse with the dead to hold."

Here he forgot the present moment, and lived in the past ; he conceived, verily, that he had lived in other days, and had formed friendships with Homer and Moses—with Pindar and Virgil—with Dante and Milton. These great men, he asserted, appeared to him in visions, and even entered into conversation. Milton, in a moment of confidence, entrusted him with a whole poem of his, which the world had never seen ; but unfortunately the communication was oral, and the poetry seemed to have lost much of its brightness in Blake's recitation. When asked about the looks of those visions, he answered, " They are all

majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men." It was evident that the solitude of the country gave him a larger swing in imaginary matters. His wife often accompanied him to these strange interviews; she saw nothing, and heard a little, but she was certain that her husband both heard and saw. Blake's mind at all times resembled that first page in the magician's book of gramoury, which made

"The cobweb on the dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall."

His mind could convert the most ordinary occurrence into something mystical and supernatural. He often saw less majestic shapes than those of the poets of old. "Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?" he once said to a lady who happened to sit by him in company. "Never, sir," was the answer. "I have," said Blake; "but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden—there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral." It would, perhaps, have been better for his fame had he connected it more with the superstitious beliefs of his country—amongst the elves and fairies his fancy might have wandered at will—their popular character would, perhaps, have kept him within the bounds of traditionary belief, and the sea of his imagination might have had a shore. * *

To describe the conversations which Blake held in prose with demons, and in verse with angels, would fill volumes, and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious

was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons who heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter. One of his brethren, an artist of some note, employed him frequently in drawing the portraits of those who appeared to him in visions. The most propitious time for those "angel-visits" was from nine at night till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sate with his pencil and paper ready and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed. He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace; the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. "William Wallace!" he exclaimed, "I see him now—there, there, how noble he looks—reach me my things!" Having drawn for some time, with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye, as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopt suddenly, and said, "I cannot finish him—Edward the First has stept in between him and me." "That's lucky," said his friend, "For I want the portrait of Edward too." Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet; upon which his majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace. "And pray, sir," said a gentleman, who heard Blake's friend tell his story—"was Sir William Wallace an heroic-looking man? And what sort of personage was Edward?" The answer was: "There they are, sir, both framed and hanging on the wall behind you; judge for yourself." "I looked (says my informant) and saw two warlike heads, of the size of common life. That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter the aspect of a demon." The friend who obliged me with these

anecdotes, on observing the interest which I took in the subject, said, "I know much about Blake—I was his companion for nine years. I have sate beside him from ten at night till three in the morning, sometimes slumbering and sometimes waking, but Blake never slept; he sate with a pencil and paper drawing portraits of those whom I most desired to see. I will show you, sir, some of these works." He took out a large book filled with drawings, opened it, and continued, "Observe the poetic fervor of that face—it is Pindar as he stood a conqueror at the Olympic games. And this lovely creature is Corinna, who conquered in poetry in the same place. That lady is Lais the courtesan—with the impudence which is part of her profession; she stept in between Blake and Corinna, and he was obliged to paint her to get her away. There! that is a face of a different stamp—can you conjecture who he is?" "Some scoundrel, I should think, sir." "There, now—that is a strong proof of the accuracy of Blake—he is a scoundrel indeed! The very individual task-master whom Moses slew in Egypt. And who is this now—only imagine who this is!" "Other than a good one, I doubt, sir." "You are right, it is the devil—he resembles, and this is remarkable, two men who shall be nameless; one is a great lawyer, and the other—I wish I durst name him—is a suborner of false witnesses. This other head now?—this speaks for itself—it is the head of Herod; how like an eminent officer in the army!" He closed the book, and taking out a small panel from a private drawer, said, "This is the last which I shall show you; but it is the greatest curiosity of all. Only look at the splendor of the coloring and the original character of the thing!" "I see," said I, "a naked figure with a strong body and a short neck—with burning eyes which long for moisture, and a face worthy of a murderer, holding a bloody cup in its clawed hands, out of which it seems eager to drink. I ne-

ver saw any shape so strange, nor did I ever see any coloring so curiously splendid—a kind of glistening green and dusky gold, beautifully varnished. But what in the world is it?" "It is a ghost, sir—the ghost of a flea—a spiritualisation of the thing!" "He saw this in a vision, then?" I said. "I'll tell you all about it, sir. I called on him one evening, and found Blake more than usually excited. He told me he had seen a wonderful thing—the ghost of a flea! And did you make a drawing of him? I inquired. No, indeed, said he, I wish I had, but I shall if he appears again! He looked earnestly into a corner of the room, and then said, Here he is—reach me my things—I shall keep my eye on him. There he comes! his eager tongue whisking out of his mouth, a cup in his hand to hold blood, and covered with a scaly skin of gold and green:—as he described him so he drew him." These stories are scarcely credible, yet there can be no doubt of their accuracy. Another friend, on whose veracity I have the fullest dependence, called one evening on Blake, and found him sitting with a pencil and a panel, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious that he has got a fastidious sitter; he looked and drew, and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. "Disturb me not," said he, in a whisper; "I have one sitting to me." "Sitting to you!" exclaimed his astonished visitor; "where is he, and what is he?" "I see no one." "But I see him, sir," answered Blake haughtily; "there he is, his name is Lot—you may read of him in the Scripture. *He* is sitting for his portrait." Had he always thought so idly, and wrought on such visionary matters, this memoir would have been the story of a madman, instead of the life of a man of genius, some of whose works are worthy of any age or nation. Even while he was indulging in these laughable fancies, and seeing visions at the request of his friends, he conceived, and drew, and engraved, one of the

noblest of all his productions—the *Inventions* for the *Book of Job*. He accomplished this series in a small room, which served him for kitchen, bedchamber, and study, where he had no other companion but his faithful Katherine, and no larger income than some seventeen or eighteen shillings a week. Of these *Inventions*, as the artist loved to call them, there are twenty-one, representing the Man of Uz sustaining his dignity amidst the inflictions of Satan, the reproaches of his friends, and the insults of his wife. It was in such things that Blake shone; the Scripture overawed his imagination, and he was too devout to attempt aught beyond a literal embodying of the majestic scene. He goes step by step with the narrative; always simple, and often sublime—never wandering from the subject, nor overlaying the text with the weight of his own exuberant fancy.

While employed on these remarkable productions, he was made sensible that the little approbation which the world had ever bestowed on him was fast leaving him. The waywardness of his fancy, and the peculiar execution of his compositions, were alike unadapted for popularity; the demand for his works lessened yearly from the time that he exhibited his *Canterbury Pilgrimage*; and he could hardly procure sufficient to sustain life, when old age was creeping upon him. Yet, poverty-stricken as he was, his cheerfulness never forsook him—he uttered no complaint—he contracted no debt, and continued to the last manly and independent. It is the fashion to praise genius when it is gone to the grave—the fashion is cheap and convenient. Of the existence of Blake few men of taste could be ignorant—of his great merits multitudes knew,—nor was his extreme poverty any secret. Yet he was reduced—one of the ornaments of the age—to a miserable garret and a crust of bread, and would have perished from want, had not some friends, neither wealthy nor powerful, averted this disgrace from coming upon his country. One of these gen-

tlemen, Mr. Linnel, employed Blake to engrave his *Inventions* for the *Book of Job*; by this he earned money enough to keep him living—for the good old man still labored with all the ardor of the days of his youth, and with skill equal to his enthusiasm. These engravings are very rare, very beautiful, and very peculiar. They are in the earlier fashion of workmanship, and bear no resemblance whatever to the polished and graceful style which now prevails. I have never seen a tinted copy, nor am I sure that tinting would accord with the extreme simplicity of the designs, and the mode in which they are handled. The *Songs of Innocence*, and these *Inventions* for *Job*, are the happiest of Blake's works, and ought to be in the portfolios of all who are lovers of nature and imagination.

He had now reached his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was to the last cheerful and contented. "I glory," he said, "in dying; and have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine; we have lived happy, and we have lived long; we have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavored to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly—in my own house, when I was not seen of men." He grew weaker and weaker—he could no longer sit upright; and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him, save his wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty. The *Ancient of Days* was such a favorite with Blake, that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colors and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—"Stay, Kate! (cried Blake) keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been

an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness. The very joyfulness with which this singular man welcomed the coming of death, made his dying moments intensely mournful. He lay chanting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit those inspirations, as he

called them, to paper. "Kate," he said, "I am a changing man—I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose too, and sate beside me—this can be no longer." He died on the 12th of August, 1828, without any visible pain; his wife, who sate watching him, did not perceive when he ceased breathing.

THE GONDOLA.

'Twas as a lovely dream of our young sleep,
Before our thoughts have wither'd and grown pale,
A dream of starlight, and of waters deep,
And the far music of the Nightingale.

'Twas as a dream—whose fine and tremulous joys
Have being but in slumber,—which a breath,
A touch of rude reality, destroys,—
For life too tender—too intense for death!

Oh! who hath felt the moonlight of the mind,
Oh! who hath felt the silence of the soul?
When like the hush'd wave in the moveless wind,
Still, in their depth, the tides of feeling roll!

There was no motion on the heaving wave,
There was no passion in the heart's full swell,
But a calm wish—those waters were our grave,
So we might rest with those beloved so well.

And heaven and ocean were so still and bright,
So musically still, so brightly fair,
Seem'd as if Heaven had lent his starry light
To deck the wave—such magic lights were there:

That whether our light bark should dare the sky,
Which seem'd to mingle with the onward main,
Or sink in Ocean's calm eternity,
We reck'd not—so it sought not earth again.

'Twas as that hour, the last and loveliest,
That man in Eden drew the life-gale's breath,
Sigh'd o'er the withering roses of his rest,
And drank its beauty, though the draught was death.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

BY A LADY.

[Some of our readers will perhaps disagree with the fair author of the following remarks in her observations on Painting, and be disposed to censure her for even *tolerating* a practice which they consider no circumstances will justify. But there are certainly good sense and a fine taste manifested in her advice on this and the other subjects to which she alludes.]

ADVOCATE as I am for a fine complexion, it is for the *real* and not the *spurious*. The foundation of my argument, *the skin's power of expression*, would be entirely lost, were I to tolerate that fictitious, that dead beauty, which is composed of white paints and enameling. In the first place, as all applications of this kind are as a mask

on the skin, they can never, but at a distant glance, impose for a moment on a discerning eye. But why should I say a *discerning eye*? No eye that is of the commonest apprehension can look on a face bedaubed with white paint, pearl powder, or enamel, and be deceived for a minute into a belief that so inanimate a "whited wall" is the human skin. No flush of pleasure, no shudder of pain, no thrilling of hope, can be descried beneath the encrusted mould; all that passes within is concealed behind the mummy surface. Perhaps the painted creature may be admired by an artist as a well-executed picture; but no man will seriously consider her as a handsome woman.

White painting is, therefore, an ineffectual, as well as dangerous practice. The proposed end is not obtained; and, as poison lurks under every layer, the constitution wears in alarming proportion as the supposed charms increase.

What is said against white paint does not oppose, with the same force, the use of red.

A little vegetable rouge tinging the cheek of a delicate woman, who, from ill health or an anxious mind, loses her roses, may be excusable; and so transparent is the texture of such rouge, (if unadulterated with lead,) that when the blood does mount to the face, it speaks through the slight covering, and enhances the fading bloom. But, though the occasional use of rouge may be tolerated, yet my fair friends must understand that it is *only* tolerated. Good sense must so preside over its application, that its tint on the cheek may always be fainter than what nature's pallet would have painted. A violently rouged woman is one of the most disgusting objects to the eye. The excessive red on the face gives a coarseness to every feature, and a general fierceness to the countenance, which transforms the elegant lady of fashion into a vulgar harridan.

While I recommend that the rouge we sparingly permit should be laid on with delicacy, my readers must not suppose that I intend such advice as a

means of making the art a deception. It seems to me so slight and so innocent an apparel of the face, (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek, rendered too eloquent of grief by the pallidness of secret sorrow,) that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenuous female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges. It is often, like a cheerful smile on the face of an invalid, put on to give comfort to an anxious friend.

There are various ways of putting on rouge. Frenchwomen in general, and those who imitate them, daub it on from the bottom of the side of the face up to the very eye, even till it meets the lower eye-lash, and creeps all over the temples. This is a hideous practice. It is obvious that it must produce deformity instead of beauty, and, as I said before, would metamorphose the gentlest-looking fair Hebe into a fierce Medusa.

For brunettes, a slight touch of simple carmine on the cheek, in its dry powder state, is amply sufficient. Taste will teach the hand to soften the color, by due degrees, till it almost imperceptibly blends with the natural hue of the skin. For fairer complexions, letting down the vivid red of the carmine with a mixture of fine hair powder, till it suits the general appearance of the skin, will have the desired effect.

The article of rouge, on the grounds I have mentioned, is the only species of positive art a woman of integrity or of delicacy can permit herself to use with her face. Her motives for imitating the bloom of health may be of the most honorable nature, and she can with candor avow them. On the reverse, nothing but selfish vanity, and falsehood of mind, could prevail on a woman to enamel her skin with white paints, to lacker her lips with vermilion, to draw the meandering vein through the fictitious alabaster with as fictitious a dye.

Penciling eyebrows, staining them, &c., are too clumsy tricks of attempted deception, for any other emotion to be excited in the mind of the beholder, than contempt for the bad taste

and wilful blindness which could ever deem them passable for a moment. There is a lovely harmony in nature's tints which we seldom attain by our added chromatics. The exquisitely fair complexion is generally accompanied with blue eyes, light hair, and light eyebrows and lashes. So far all is right. The delicacy of one feature is preserved in effect and beauty by the corresponding softness of the other. A young creature, so formed, appears to the eye of taste like the azure heavens, seen through the fleecy clouds on which the brightness of day delights to dwell. But take this fair image of the celestial regions, draw a black line over her sooty-tintured eyes, stain their beamy fringes with a sombre hue, and what do you produce? Certainly a fair face with *dark* eyebrows! But that feature, which is an embellishment to a brunette, when seen on the forehead of the fair beauty becomes, if not an absolute deformity, so great a drawback from her perfections, that the harmony is gone; and, as a proof, a painter would immediately turn from the change with disgust.

Nature, in almost every case, is our best guide. Hence the native color of our own hair is, in general, better adapted to our own complexions than a wig of a contrary hue. A thing may be beautiful in itself, which, with certain combinations, may be rendered hideous. For instance, a golden-tressed wig on the head of a brown woman, makes both ridiculous. By the same rule all fantastic tricks played with the mouth or eyes, or motions of the head, are absurd and ruinous to beauty. They are solecisms in the work of nature.

In Turkey, it happened to be the taste of one of its great monarchs to esteem large and dark-lashed eyes as the most lovely. From that time, all the fair slaves of that voluptuous region, when nature has not bestowed "the wild-stag eye in sable ringlets rolling," supply the deficiency with circles of antimony; and so, instead of a real charm, they impart a strange artificial ghastliness to their appearance.

Englishwomen, in like manner, when a celebrated *belle* came under the pencil of Sir Peter Lely, who exhibited to her emulative rivals the sweet peculiarities of her long and languishing eye, they must needs all have the same; and not a lady could appear in public, be her visual orbs large or small, bright or dull, but she must affect the soft sleepiness, the tender and slowly-moving roll, of her subduing exemplar. But though Sir Peter's gallant pencil deigned to compliment his numerous sitters by drowning their strained aspects after the model of the peerless *belle*, yet, in place of the nature-stamped look of modest languishment, he could not but often recognize the disgraceful leer and hideous squint. Let every woman be content to leave her eyes as she found them, and to make that use of them which was their design. They were intended to see with, and artlessly express the feelings of a chaste and benevolent heart. Let them speak this unsophisticated language, and beauty will beam from the orb which affectation would have rendered odious.

Analogy of reasoning will bring forward similar remarks with regard to the movements of the mouth, which many ladies use, not to speak with or to admit food, but to show dimples and display white teeth. Wherever a desire for exhibition is discovered, a disposition to disapprove and ridicule arises in the spectator. The pretensions of the vain are a sort of assumption over others, which arms the whole world against them. But, after all, "What are the honors of a painted skin?" I hope it will be distinctly understood by my fair friends, that I do not, by any means, give a general license to painting; on the contrary, that even rouge should only be resorted to in cases of absolute necessity.

I must not draw this chapter to a close without offering my fair readers a few remarks on the malignant influence exercised on the features by an ill-regulated temper. The face is the index of the mind. On its expressive page are recorded, in characters last-

ing as life itself, the gloom of sullenness, the arrogance of pride, the withering of envy, or the storm of anger; for, even after the fury of the tempest has subsided, its fearful devastations remain behind.

“From anger she may then be freed,
But peevishness and spleen succeed.”

The first emotions of anger are apparent to the most superficial observer. Every indulgence in its paroxysms both adds strength to its authority, and engraves its history in deeper relief on the forehead of its votaries. What a pity it is that antiquity provides us with no authentic portrait of the illustrious Xantippe! for I am sure the features of that lady would lend their ready testimony to the value of my admonitions.

When good humor and vivacity reign within, the face is lighted up with benignant smiles; where peace and gentleness are the tenants of the bosom, the countenance beams with mildness and complacency. Evil temper has, with truth, been called a more terrible enemy to beauty than the smallpox. I beseech you, therefore, as you value the preservation of your charms, to resist the dominion of this rude despoiler, to foster and encourage the feelings of kindness and good humor, and to repress every emotion of a contrary character.

I shall conclude this important subject by remarking, with the Spectator, that “no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the gift of speech.”

REMARKS ON THE STUDY OF NATURE.

ALL men are observers of nature. From the first vague perceptions of the infantile mind, to the more successful and satisfying grasp of the adult intellect, our spirits are hourly and momentarily becoming imbued with truths emanating from the constitution of things. The savage in the dark recesses of his forests, and the pathless expanse of his savannas and steppes, soon learns to distinguish the various animals on which he is destined to subsist, or which he has to avoid or destroy as noxious to himself,—to trace them to their haunts by the light prints of their hoofs and claws, and to obtain possession of them by force or stratagem. He reads in the skies the indications of the coming tempest, marks the flight of birds, the migration of quadrupeds, the sprouting and fall of the leaves as the fore-runners of summer and winter—knows when the bear retires to his den, and the beaver comes forth from his habitation—and is ever alive to all impressions that may seem to give warning of danger, or lead to the gratification of his appetites, and the desire of prolonging his existence. The ci-

vilized man is much less observant of nature in certain of her aspects. The tradesman of the crowded city possesses nothing of the knowledge which the forester and shepherd have gathered for themselves. His observation has been differently directed; and his study has, unconsciously, been the study of human nature, together with that of his particular profession. A savage knows much more of nature than a civilized man of any of the less informed grades; but in cultivated society there is a mass of knowledge derived from the observations of nature that greatly preponderates over the aggregative knowledge to be found in the savage state. In civilized countries individuals are to be found whose attainments are superior to those of the whole uncivilized world together.

With reference to the savage, it is obvious that his knowledge must emanate directly from nature; but civilized man derives his ideas chiefly from the relations of individuals who have obtained the facts and general principles which they inculcate from the same source, themselves previously

aided by the instructions of others; and many who never observed nature for themselves, yet possess an extensive knowledge of its phenomena and laws. The education of the savage is hardly controllable by the sage; nor could the laws which the latter would frame for it be applicable, unless they resulted in part from the personal experience of the wants, privations, appetites, and propensities of the former. That of the civilized man, however, must always be an object of solicitude to men of enlightened minds, and must undergo modifications corresponding to the attention bestowed upon it.

All art and science are derived from the successful observation of nature. We overlook the source, to fix our attention upon the results. The carpenter cares little about the natural history of the trees which furnish the materials on which his labor is expended, and has no knowledge of those principles according to which his instruments operate; and, in truth, such knowledge is unnecessary for him in the attainment of his object, which is the procuring the means of subsistence. And so it may be said of every other trade and profession. But were this narrow system universally applied, knowledge would necessarily be stationary, manufactures would undergo no improvement, and a kind of torpor would seize upon social life, injurious to the well-being of society, as well as of individuals, activity and adventure being necessary for the health of the intellectual constitution. In every civilized country, there is a mass of knowledge which, as it were, fills up the interstices left between the various arts and sciences, and is ever modifying their nature and organization. This knowledge is that of nature, derived from observation, experiment, comparison, and deduction; in other words, of the constitution of the universe.

Now, if the knowledge of nature be the foundation of all art and science, what place ought it to occupy in our systems of education? It

were easy to show that a race of men, traced in its history from the rudest to the most enlightened state, improves by the gradual observation of the properties and relations of natural objects, the consequent enlargement of the mental faculties, and the increased capability of penetrating into the nature of things. Ought the rudiments of civilization, then, to be overlooked in a state of high improvement? or should the knowledge which leads to this improvement be still cherished? A single circumstance appears to be decisive as to the solution of this question. The whole nature of bodies or objects is never elicited in any state of the progression of intellect; and, therefore, these bodies and objects ought in every state to be presented to the observation. Our first knowledge is derived directly from nature. All our subsequent knowledge, although obtained partly through the observation of others, comes from the same source. Is it not clear, then, that the nature of things ought to form the basis of all education, and at no period of the progress of society to be lost sight of?

In our systems of education, public and private, how lamentably has this truth been obscured! The young mind is made to shoot away from its natural direction. Instead of learning the nature of things, children are made to learn their names. Words and phrases, which are the vehicles of communication, are made to constitute to them the principal mass of knowledge; and, to complete the absurdity, these words and phrases must be repeated in different languages. Young people learn languages, we are told, that they may be enabled to obtain the information contained in books written in those languages. For this reason English boys learn Latin and Greek. But on what art or science, on what material object or mental phenomenon, shall we find information in a Greek or Latin book, after in vain searching our own literature for it? These languages are useful in various ways, but they ought

not in our systems of education to form the basis of knowledge; because, were they annihilated, knowledge would not greatly suffer. What are the arts, sciences, occupations, and pursuits that have most influence upon the prosperity of our own country at the present day? What would ship-building, cloth manufacture, calico-printing, chemistry, agriculture, or commerce, be benefited by all that the ancients ever wrote, in comparison with the instructions respecting them to be found in our own language. In architecture, it may be said, we owe our most perfect conceptions to the ancients. But by slavishly adopting the style of buildings suited to the climates of Greece and Italy, we produce monstrosities and incongruities, which every street in our cities exhibits. Would a street of Greek or Roman houses built in Edinburgh ever find occupants? And if it did, what would be the condition of its inhabitants as to comfort? Instead of learning words, then, young people ought to learn things. The words contained in our own language are sufficient for the communication of instruction respecting the things and events that occur in our own or in any other country.

The constitution of nature is the great store-house from which are supplied the materials adapted for the growth of the human intellect. Whatever branches of knowledge may be selected by the individual, there ought to be placed before him, previously to his entering upon them, the rudiments of physical science; and, according as his capacity for instruction becomes developed, should these be unfolded and traced to their sources. A well educated man of our time and country hardly knows an object around him, and is unacquainted with the mechanism of his own body. A heart, he is assured, beats within his breast; but whether it contains animal spirits or mere blood—whether it be the centre of feeling and the source of emotion, or is only the centre of the circulation—

he knows not. In the fields he stumbles upon a stone, which he views merely as an impediment to progression; is attracted by the beauty of a plant, of which he does not so much as know the name; observes an animal, of which in its nature and habits he is as ignorant as a native of Otaheite. Amid the inexhaustible stores of nature he is insensible to the harmony, the beauty, the relations, the properties of the infinitely diversified works of creative power. What a different being is the man who has acquired even a smattering of natural knowledge! In everything that presents itself to him he finds an object of interest. And he who, by the extent of his information, truly deserves the name of naturalist, instead of wandering in listless absorption among the varied scenes of nature, finds his faculties perpetually employed by the observation and contemplation of the objects and phenomena around him.

It may be asked, what is a naturalist? A man, says one, whose head is stored with barbarous and uncouth names, disorderly ideas of order, confused notions of quadrupeds, birds, serpents, fishes, shells, slugs, beetles, caterpillars, and worms. Nay, says another, the naturalist is he who observes nature, whether he names her productions by uncouth or familiar names,—expatiates in the boundless field of existence, or confines his observation to the objects that may happen to be placed around him. All men are naturalists in this sense, for all men are observers of natural objects and phenomena. The Bushman, who from infancy renders himself familiar with the distinctive characters of the tracks of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hyæna, the lion, and the antelope—and the English farmer who notes the progress of his wheat and turnips—are equally observers of nature. The architect is a naturalist, for he has discovered the qualities of stone, wool, and lime; the very porter on our streets is not less so, for he has learned to balance his burden in the nicest manner, and to oppose

to it the most advantageous combination of props and moving powers. These persons are wrong in their ideas of a naturalist. He is one who, examining the productions of creative power, with reference to their composition, organization, qualities, functions, phenomena, and relations, arranges them according to principles derived from profound meditation upon the nature of things, names and characterizes them according to the same principles, and from their relations and reactions deduces the laws by which the constitution of nature has been formed and is sustained. He only can obtain a glimpse of the harmony which presides over the phenomena of mundane or universal nature, and to him is more peculiarly allotted the faculty of raising his mind to the contemplation of the divine nature.

Yet the faculty may exist, while it may not be exercised, or, as is perhaps more frequently the case, directed towards an imaginary object. In place of the God who made them, how many of our most profound naturalists have worshiped—they know not what—a phantom to which they give the name of Nature. This nature, this “divine goddess,” on which they confer the attributes of the Omnipotent—what in truth is she, in their conceptions, but a mere abstract idea, a personification of the aggregated phenomena and laws of physical existence? Look at the pages of the infidel philosophers of France, and see to what contradictions and absurdities in morals this childish creed is ever leading them; where you find the applause of their fellow creatures constituting *la gloire veritable*, and the post-mortem honors decreed to the successful cultivators of science, as the summit of human happiness. Even in our own land, in Christian England, the very name of the Deity is banished from the pages and mouths of our sages, as something too odious to be tolerated, as enough to characterize as a fool, a fanatic, or a hypocrite, the man who employs it. But

as this is not the place for preaching, we proceed with our remarks.

It is not the naturalist alone who can contemplate nature with gratified eye and mind. Every man is more or less sensible to her beauties and sublimities. The inhabitant of the crowded city, that has toiled through his six days’ labor in the steaming and unwholesome prison of some manufactory or work-shop, gladly takes his hebdomadal walk by the hedges and green fields: and to him sweet is the breath of Spring, and joyous the rural sights and scenes that obtrude upon the paths of his vision. To the poetical temperament, the observation of nature is a source of unspeakable delight; and, in general, so prevalent is the taste for natural objects, that nothing affords a purer delight to readers of poetry than descriptions of nature, whether it be the unrivaled beauties of some wild scene, or the fervid ebullitions of some human passion, that form the subject of the poet’s tale. No man can excel as a painter, a sculptor, or a poet, who is not alive to the beauties and sublimities of nature; and he who is not imbued with something of the same spirit, may be distinguished among his fellow men as the slave of some base passion, whether that passion be ambition—the most despicable of all—or any other modification of self-love. It is true that the most devoted lovers of nature have often manifested ambition of various kinds; but this ambition, so far from being essential to the temperament of genius, is precisely that adjunct to it which acts most prejudicially upon its possessor. The jealousies and animosities of rival naturalists, although they cannot bring contempt upon science, yet bring ridicule upon its cultivators.

There is not a being in the whole circle of society who might not find amusement and instruction in the observation of natural phenomena. What unknown sources of delight spring up in the desert to him who enters upon this fascinating study!

It is henceforth impossible for him to be idle or unoccupied. Wherever he goes, objects present themselves which are sufficient to occupy his whole attention. In traversing the most barren heath, the most sterile desert, the uniform expanse of ocean, something is ever and anon forcing itself upon his observation. While others must have recourse to cards, dice, wine, and other expedients, to rid themselves of the burden of time, he, never feeling time to hang heavy upon his hands, can find amusement in the flowers, the rocks, the streams, the clouds, or the ocean around him. Nor can any man look upon the objects around him with philosophic eye, and not think of the cause of these objects, the purposes for which they were intended, the ends which they fulfil. The idea of the Supreme Being must ever, in some sense or other, be present to the naturalist; and to him who has received the inspiration which religion teaches and experience confirms, that idea must be a source of unspeakable happiness.

Natural history, properly speaking, is a study far too extensive for any individual to acquire even a tolerable knowledge of it. Although in most of our Universities there are lectureships on this science, yet it is nowhere in this country taught in all its departments. Taking it in a very limited sense, it embraces geology, zoology and botany. Geology embraces whatever belongs to the natural history of the globe which we inhabit; its waters, its atmosphere, its solid mass. Zoology treats of the organic structures possessed of sentient vitality. Any one of its numerous departments is sufficient to occupy a whole life. Botany refers to the vegetable productions of the globe. For the student desirous of obtaining some general information respecting these studies, the best method would be to hear a course of lectures on each of these three great departments of natural history, illustrated by the exhibition of actual objects belonging to them. Without access to objects of

natural history, no true progress can be made. Hence, for the diffusion of a taste for such pursuits, the importance of national and local museums. After acquiring a distinct idea of the nature and relations of this study, one might be enabled to select the department to which circumstances might induce him to confine his investigations. In every seminary of learning, in which it is proposed to teach the whole circle of science, there ought to be at least three professorships of natural history. Geology, including geognosy, mineralogy, hydrography, meteorology, and geography, is obviously of too great extent to be treated of, even in outline, in a course of less than six months. Zoology, again, is so extensive, that it might with great propriety be made to occupy two courses, the one including the comparative anatomy and description of the higher animals, the other those of the lower. Botany would form the third or fourth lectureship.

As in schools, so in universities, natural history ought obviously to form the basis of education. All arts and sciences refer so directly to it, that the knowledge of them is imperfect without a knowledge of the objects and phenomena on which they are founded. The connection of medicine with botany, for example, has been universally admitted; although, strange to say, its much more intimate connection with zoology has hitherto been overlooked in the framing of laws for the guidance of medical students. On the student of theology, attendance upon the natural history lectures ought to be made imperative. How can the idea of the Divinity be separated from the idea of his works?

Were the study of nature elevated to the rank which its importance deserves, we should no longer have poets and painters describing and depicting scenes from nature, which do not, and cannot exist. Travellers and tourists would be able to form an accurate idea of the countries and districts visited by them, and to convey

the idea to others. Men could speak with accuracy on subjects on which they have now only the most ludicrous notions, and would find instruction and delight where they now find nothing but a dreary waste. How often have we met with men, who, in the exercise of their profession, having visited the uttermost ends of the earth, have felt mortified at their incapacity for examining the numerous objects of interest which have obtruded themselves upon their view, and who, impressed with the importance of such knowledge, have set themselves to acquire it even in their advanced years ! But as our object

was merely to offer a few remarks on the study of nature—a study which we rejoice to see becoming more prevalent—we shall not at present enter farther upon a subject so extensive. We shall, therefore, conclude with observing, that as one cannot open his eyes without seeing an object on which the Divine wisdom has been exercised, so neither should he be ignorant of the manifestations of that wisdom exhibited in natural bodies and phenomena ; and he who is best acquainted with the nature of things must also be best acquainted with its author, whom to know and to reverence is the end of existence.

THE LAST FIRE: A VISION OF STEAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF DARNLEY.

[As I sate before the fire a few nights ago, reading in the newspapers many alarming calculations concerning the consumption of fuel by the multiplication of steam-engines, I fell into a doze, when the following awful and prophetic vision presented itself to my eyes. Immediately on waking, it fell naturally, as it were, into verse ; and I think the subject too important to be withheld from public consideration.]

I SLEPT ; and, in a vision, to my eyes
Nature's last tragedy appeared to rise.
Man's climbing mind had subtilized each
art,
Sublimed the whole, and perfected each
part.
Laws, arts, and arms, had undergone a
change,
Not less magnificent because most strange.
Steam, mighty Steam ! had superseded all—
Made horses bankrupts, and made bread
to fall.
Steam-boats, steam-guns, steam-kitchens,
and steam-coaches,
To this perfection made the first approaches:
But this was nothing to the wondrous
steaming
The future showed me as I lay a-dreaming.
Vain in description to waste precious paper ;
—Suffice it, Europe was one cloud of vapor !
But, oh ! alas ! that vapor e'er should feel
The rotatory roll of Fortune's wheel !
Fuel grew dear ! French forests fell like
grass ;
Tynemouth, Wall-end, and Kennel cried
Alas !
Nor even could the Indian savage roam
Through ancient woods, his dim primeval
home.
Long every shrub, and bush, and branch,
and tree,
Had heated boilers, and had ceased to be ;
And men were forced to turn to uses vile
Full many a labored, many a learned pile.

Many a volume too, and many a tome,
Sharing alike the universal doom,
Had proved a blessing where they proved
a bore,
And blazed with fire they never knew
before !
Wondrous ! with what avidity men brought
Those sacred works with wit and learning
fraught,—
State records, parliamentary debates,
Polemic tracts, and essays upon states,—
To light the fire which every parish vowed
To warm the noses of the coal-less crowd.
Romances next were hurled into the flame ;
Next poets, playwrights, historians, came :
Last, Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare,
Scott,
With many a sigh were added to the lot :
But these the unwilling owners e'en confessed
Burned longer, clearer, brighter than the
rest.
Next furniture was fetched—drawers, tables, chairs,
Beds, stools, and every sort of wooden
wares ;
Till men were forced to seek the aid of
stones
To bear their dinners and to rest their
bones ;
Till all was burnt. Then surly Winter rose,
And took blue wretches by the frozen nose ;
And sad it was to see each chilly wight,
With hands in pockets and coat buttoned
tight,

Run up and down the waste, uncovered
 earth,
 Cursed with black cold, sad enemy to mirth;
 And, as they ran, remorse their bosoms
 tore,
 For joys they'd heedless cast away before.
 Dandies and Russians, Dutchmen, barge-
 men, tars,
 Regretted wasted pipes and lost segars;
 And patriot Catholics and Irish priests
 Thought good wood wasted on heretic
 beasts,
 Called Smithfield fire-lighting a thriftless
 trade,
 And bloody Mary but a spendthrift jade.
 Vainly they ran! No cheering warmth
 they found.
 And the dull sky upon their mis'ry frown'd;
 And when they entered in their doorless
 homes,
 'Twas stony coldness all, like empty tombs.
 With frenzied energy they dug the ground,
 Or dived the sea. Nor coal nor wood they
 found;
 And many a wretch would lay him down
 to die,
 And welcome Death without one anxious
 sigh;
 No terrors found they in his icy stare—
 They could not well be colder than they
 were.
 Still many raged and struggled for warm
 life,
 And waged with cold and death unequal
 strife,
 Dined on raw cabbages, devour'd raw beef,
 Gained indigestion, but gained no relief.
 One man there was—a waterman by trade,
 Erst in green coat and plated badge array'd;
 Men called him Fish, and rightly him did
 call,—
 For he could dive and swim, possessing all
 The useful attributes of funny birth—
 Finding the water warmer than the earth,
 He spent his time in diving; and one day
 Found in the river's bottom, where they lay
 Hid from the danger of devouring flames,
 The stakes that Cæsar drove into the
 Thames!
 "Ho, ho!" cried he; "I've found a trea-
 sure here
 Shall warm me snugly till the rolling year
 Brings jolly Summer." So with might
 and main
 He tugged them forth and bore them to
 the plain:—
 But, now he'd got them, he had still to
 learn
 That wood when wet is difficult to burn.
 Quick-witted in himself, he well divined,
 Though cold at heart, some warmth re-
 mained behind;
 And having ranged the timber with much
 art,
 He sate and dried it with his broadest part.
 A long, long week, seven weary nights
 and days,
 Drying the expectant pile he careful stays.
 Thus o'er her nest the mother eagle broods;

Or thus the phoenix of Arabian woods
 Sits on his aromatic pile, whose fire,
 Of new life redolent, shall soon aspire.
 At length 'twas dry! Now with an eager
 hand
 Two flints he seized and fired each rotten
 brand—
 Each rotten brand a grateful ardor showed,
 Forth burst the flame, and on the sky it
 glowed.
 High rose the flame; too high, alas! for now
 An ancient woman, on a mountain's brow,
 Running some worsted through a needle's
 eye,
 (What is it not old women will desery?)
 Found out the fire for Fish that furtive
 flamed,
 And forth with scream and shout the fact
 proclaimed.
 "A fire! A fire! A fire!" the beldam cried;
 "A fire! A fire!" the village all replied;
 "A fire! A fire! A fire!" was echoed far
 and wide.
 Each babe took up the tale, each ancient
 sire,
 Though deaf, and blind, and lame, repeat-
 ed "Fire!"
 High, low, rich, poor, good, bad, all cold
 the same,
 Loud shouted "Fire!" and kindled at the
 name.
 First hamlets, villages, assumed the cry;
 Through burghs and cities then the tidings
 fly;
 All traced them back to where they first
 began;—
 All bawled out "Fire!" and as they bawled
 they ran.
 Now Fish, who selfishly had hoped alone
 To enjoy the fire that he himself had won,
 Astonished sees the world around him
 swarm—
 Millions on millions eager to get warm.
 On, on, they rushed, one on the other
 pressed;
 And still the crowd behind impelled the
 rest.
 All nations, languages, heights, features,
 hues,
 That the wide universe could then produce,
 Running, and jostling, scrambling, tum-
 bling, came,
 Jammed into marmalade around that flame.
 Then Fish, indignant, cried with loud
 command,—
 A brandished boathook in his dauntless
 hand—
 "Stand back, my masters! You belong
 not here;
 The fire's my own, and no one shall come
 near:
 Or since the generous ardor fires your soul
 To seek this genial flame, from either pole,
 With me, its lord, possession to contend,
 And squeeze me flat my right while I
 defend—
 Thus I defy you, caitiffs all, and dare
 The bold to follow, and my fate to share!"
 Proudly he said, and sprang into the flame:

High o'er his head the fiery eddies came ;
The crowd beheld, and, maddened with
the sight.

Rushed on the blaze, and perished in the
light.

The fire was out ; but still they onward
rushed :—

The far extremes the narrow centre push'd,
Squeezed, jammed, cast down, one on the
other rose.

And many a morral trode on his own nose.
Each in his eagerness his fellow mashed :
The sun went down—and all the world
was squashed !!!

ON THE CYCLES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.*

ALTHOUGH a great deal of general scholarship existed in Britain, from the appearance of Pope to that of Thompson, there was very little of what may be called original genius. No "bright particular star" shed its peculiar influence over the horizon of literature ; and, amid a host of clever men, there shone forth no master-spirit, swaying public opinion and moulding general taste.

Young may be quoted as something of an exception ; but, to our eyes, his beauties have been so deformed by his deformities, that perhaps we have never been able sufficiently to appreciate his excellences. That these are of a high order, we have the concurrent testimony of many critics ; but, conjoined with those, we find perverted reasoning and bad taste. His imagination soars not away on the pinions of the seraphim ; the soil of earthly dust mars its flight. Let us contrast the imaginative conceptions of Young with those of Milton, and the difference will be found startling, as much as that between rhetoric and inspiration.

Akenside, again, with a much superior poetical tact, and a finer perception of metaphysical truth, lacked the vigor of judgment which characterized the author of the "Night Thoughts." The "Pleasures of Imagination" abounds with imagery of a better order, and conceptions of a higher cast, than we will meet with in the pages of Young. Akenside beholds "Nilus or Ganges rolling his broad wave," and turns from "the scanty rill, which murmurs at his feet." His mind is of that class which he

himself beautifully characterizes as pursuing

"The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild,"
and not of those

"which sigh
For harmony, and grace, and gentlest beauty."
Contrasted with the great work in which he poured forth, and seemed to exhaust the riches of his youthful imagination, his odes and lyrics are sad stuff. In fact, save musical versification, not one of them, except that on the "Winter Solstice," possesses almost any redeeming qualities. They are frigid and pedantic, and utterly deficient in passion. The sun of his fancy still shines ; but it is only on the frozen snows of observation. We look in vain for those touches of nature to which every human heart spontaneously vibrates.

The taste of Akenside was too exclusively formed on the classical model. His style has almost the chaste severity of the Grecian drama, and his language is high-toned and perspicuous. These excellences could of course be only appreciated by the scholar ; and it was not wonderful that his Fauns and Satyrs, his Oreads and Dryads, and other personifications of mythological fiction, should have met with little sympathy from a Christian nation, in the eighteenth century. Akenside consequently never swayed the public mind in the same way that Thomson did, who, with a style and diction lumbering and over-adorned, had the art of touching the feelings, and interesting mankind by appealing to their common sympathies.

We have only to contrast the Sea-

* See vol. 3, page 468.

sons of Thomson with the delineations of nature to be found in Pope, Swift, and Gay, to be made aware that a new and beautiful field was opened up. He "looked on nature with a poet's eye," thought for himself, and expressed his feelings as they arose in his bosom. From this his landscapes have a peculiar raciness, and his weeds and flowers "flavor of the soil." His description of the gathering autumnal storm, and of the shepherd perishing in the snows, are full of that reality which can result only from actual perception or observation; and which, conveyed into language, affects the reader as it did the writer. No one but a poet of nature's moulding, and of a high order, could have produced some things in the "Winter;" and the "Hymn on the Seasons" is full of majesty and inspiration. There are few finer things in Milton himself, or which more solemnly awaken the heart to the glory and benignity of the Creator, as manifested to our souls in the contemplation of his lower works.

Of the other works of Thomson, his Tragedies, his *Liberty*, *Britannia*, and miscellaneous writings, it is not our intention to speak. In this rapid sketch, we have only endeavored to seize on our poetical reformers, and on the moulders of our national literary taste. Consequently, we have nothing at present to do save with "The Seasons," and "The Castle of Indolence"—those glorious outpourings of his mind, which bore upon them the stamp of original invention, together with the impress of immortality.

It is said that "The Castle of Indolence" was made up by Thomson from a variety of scattered drafts, scribbled to amuse his leisure and his friends. We can easily believe this; and perhaps this unrestrained over-boiling of a poetical mind is the great source of its characteristic excellence.

Had it not been that Thomson preceded him, Cowper would have been entitled to the undivided praise of having renovated our literature. But in perusing the works of the au-

thor of "The Seasons," we find many indications of a return to that natural good taste, towards the cultivation of which the whole mind of Cowper appeared devoted, and which he so triumphantly succeeded in re-establishing. It is not a little extraordinary, that at the same time should have flourished two such diametrically opposed authors as Cowper and Darwin—that with the same public both should have acquired popularity—and that they should have mutually expressed their admiration of each other's abilities. But in this, as in all other things, the triumph of nature over art has been conspicuous. The fame of Darwin has been like Jonah's gourd, suddenly acquiring growth, as suddenly to wither; while Cowper's, like a cedar of Lebanon, has been gaining strength with years; and has established itself so firmly, as now to have left no fears of its enduring with the English language.

In the days of Goldsmith and Johnson, the poetry of Pope maintained its undisputed supremacy. Nature was little attended to; and value was only attachable to the polish of art. The expansive mind of Johnson always moved in the fetters which early predilections had imposed. With all his syllogistic love of truth, the great lexicographer was quite incapable of getting rid of his prejudices. What he undertook to defend, he defended through thick and thin; and nothing found favor in his eyes incompatible with his own ideas of excellence. As a poet (so far as poetry is an art) he considered Pope the greatest—and probably he was right; and, according to the standard which his master afforded, all were judged.

With a mind whose natural feelings were far more intense, and whose poetical capacities were infinitely greater, Goldsmith had also imbibed largely of the prevailing taste of the age, insomuch that, in his delightful *Vicar of Wakefield*, he characterizes the dramas of Shakspeare as little less than barbarous. Such a thing, of

such a writer, is scarcely conceivable, yet is no less a fact, and affords another curious illustration of that wonderful anomaly, human nature.

With something of the intense perception of natural beauty, only to be found in Chaucer, Spenser, and the early dramatists—especially Shakespeare and Fletcher—(witness the *Winter's Tale*, and the *Fortunate Shepherdess*), Goldsmith united that perfection of art which was exhibited by Pope, and warmly patronized by Johnson. Nothing can consequently be more delightful in their way than the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village*. His pictures are drawn from nature and observation; and, while they sparkle with brilliancy, delight us by their simple pathos. The *Schoolmaster* and the *Parson*—the *Village* and its *Inhabitants*—are all sketched by the hand of a master. His diction, his pauses, the inflections of his language, and the tone of his versification, are all original, and are all admirable in their way; and, although they continue to this day to provoke a host of imitators, never have been, and probably never will be, equalled.

In his prose works, Goldsmith also exercised a most beneficial influence on public taste. Without the mastery of Fielding, he composed with more tact, and finished with greater delicacy. It has been said, indeed, that he even borrowed the character of Dr. Primrose from Parson Adams; but as there is a river in Monmouth, so there is a river in Macedon, and probably fish in both. The man must have a truly hypercritical sagacity who can detect such a plagiarism. The characters, although equally full of the milk of human kindness, have distinctive features, which keep them essentially apart. Both novelists had in their eye the delineation of a being free from selfish prejudices; and, with a gospel simplicity of deportment, set to act his part amid a "crooked and perverse generation." That both have succeeded to admiration, cannot be denied; and whether

literature would sooner part with the father of Moses, the redoubted purchaser of the gross of green spectacles, or the muscular defender of the delightful sweetheart of Joseph Andrews, remains a problem, the solution of which would cost the shedding of much ink.

The writings of Shenstone are another proof of the perversion of taste which had been pervading our literature from the commencement of the last century. The author of the famous pastorals was a person of great note in his day, and of some genius unquestionably. If he wrote the inscription at the Leasowes,

"Heu quantum minus est reliquis versari,
Quam tui meminisse,"

he has at least breathed "one note that cannot die." Yet that Shenstone, notwithstanding his *Damons* and *Phyllisses*, possessed natural feeling, his ballad of "*Jemmy Dawson*" and his "*School-mistress*" are sufficient indications. His pastoral ballad, in four parts, has also its peculiar beauties, and has been much and deservedly admired. He was all his life a poetical dreamer, and preferred solitude to society. Between him and Cowley there is some affinity, both in the turns of their minds and the tenor of their lives. The first was, however, a loftier and more active spirit, and even swayed with a mastery over the opinions of his age. His works attained a popularity both in his own day and after his death, much beyond anything that Shenstone's produced. The proprietor of the "*Leasowes*" possessed an elegant rather than an energetic mind. He loitered away his time in dreams; and, instead of enjoying life, was tormented with ennui.

Chatterton was a being *sui generis*—a kind of anomaly in the human race. In boyhood his untutored mind had swelled out to gigantic proportions. He sprang at once from the prattlings of babyism to the maturity of intellect. His destiny "no trite dull medium knew." He strove, and almost miraculously succeeded. He

was disappointed, and at seventeen put a period to his existence.

The world has almost always been disappointed by instances of intellectual precocity ; yet, if we may be allowed to indulge the idea that any one would have fulfilled the promises of his youth, we think that Chatterton was probably that person. We say this, because there were no littlenesses in his mind. Although applied to perverted purposes, he exhibited wonderful sagacity, penetration, strength of judgment, and buoyancy of imagination. He shone like a meteor over the horizon of literature, and sank as rapidly—so far as his personal history was concerned—at once into the darkness of oblivion.

Of some of the works of Chatterton it would be almost impossible—everything considered—to speak in terms of exaggerated praise. Wordsworth, in classing him with Burns, has aptly characterized him as “the marvellous boy.” His “Dirge of Ella” is pregnant with poetry of the loftiest order.

It would be unfair to the excellences of Collins and Gray to pass over these writers without a tribute of commemoration. Collins possessed more of the native *vivida vis* ; but Gray surpassed him in workmanship. The odes of Collins were so loosely connected with the sympathies of the public mind, that they created at first but little attention ; and the author collected the unsold copies of the edition, and made a bonfire of them. Their beauties could be only duly appreciated by the classical reader, and people of cultivated taste. They appealed not, like the writings of Shakspeare and Scott, to the public mind. The illustrations and the imagery supposed much previous reading, and the versification was inflected and intricate. Gray stood in like predicament ; but by felicitously conjoining a language highly elaborate to images of simple power and beauty—as in the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*—he produced something which was capable of delighting all. Of that exquisite work, notwithstanding the critical

cavilings of Professor Young, of Wordsworth, and of Coleridge, it is impossible to speak too highly. It remains, and will forever remain, one of the brightest jewels in the coronal of British literature.

The transit was easy from Gray to Mason, and from him to Warton. The sonnets of the latter are not surpassed by any in our language ; and we say this with the knowledge of what Milton and Shakspeare did of yore, and of what Wordsworth and Bowles have done in our own day. Indeed, to the Wartons and Bishop Percy may be traced the origin of the last grand epoch of our literary history. The historian of English poetry, and his brother, were early imbued with a love of the romances of chivalry, and of the stores of poetical beauty buried in the ballads of the olden time. The wealth of several of these Thomas endeavored to transfuse into modern language ; and although in “The Tomb of Arthur” and “The Crusade” considerable acquaintance is discovered of the manners and habits of the era to which these compositions are meant to relate, yet, contrasted with what has been done in our own day, we can by no means regard them as eminently successful. They remind us more of modern figures in ancient drapery than of the genuine antique ; and amid the grotesqueness of the middle ages we discern too much of the finical niceties of a more polished age.

As we have before hinted, the dawn of a glorious reformation in our literature, which showed itself in Thomson, waxed in Cowper into the depth of meridian beauty. His was one of the most singularly constituted minds that ever appeared. To sensibilities, acute to a degree of morbidity, was linked a judgment penetrating and profound. If in his life we find traces of insanity, in his writings there are none. From the ease of almost boyish playfulness, as in John Gilpin and some of his fables, he can ascend to the severe tones of moral denunciation and religious awe. Now we lis-

ten to the expression of those feelings, which "burn the brightest in the purest heart," the sympathies of domestic affection, and the love of all that is beautiful in creation; and now, ascending above sublunary things, we listen as to the expounder of the oracles of him who "touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire."

There is a delightful freshness about his pictures of rural life and nature; and to walk abroad with him into the country in his pages, is the

next best thing to the enjoyment of the walk itself. Nothing can surpass his winter scenery—his snow-covered hills—and frozen brooks—and leafless trees—and hungry birds picking on the highway. He deals not like Thomson so much in general description, as by presenting to the mind's eye a series of features, the aggregate of which forms a perfect picture. We delight in Thomson as an instructor, but we love Cowper as a friend.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, President of the Royal Academy, died in London on the 7th of January last. He was born in Bristol in the year 1769, and went to London, it appears, at the age of 18, accomplished in manners, and very handsome in person. He had previously, however, and at the age we believe of 14, received a prize from the Society of Arts. At the period of his first arrival in the metropolis, he only painted in crayons, but these his early performances gave indications of that taste and facility of execution which arrived at such great perfection in his maturer works. He always acknowledged himself greatly indebted for the counsel he had received from the venerable President of the Royal Academy, his predecessor. He was a great admirer of Raphael and Rembrandt: but was altogether self-taught, for he had never studied under any particular master. He was ever an early riser, and very assiduous in his profession—he worked in short both early and late. This fact, and the excellence he attained in his art, are a sufficient refutation of the calumny which charges him with sacrificing his valuable time at the gaming table.

Those who knew him well, represent his temper as being generally mild and placable, keenly susceptible of injury, but generous and forgiving in the extreme. Gross and vulgar manners were particularly offensive to him; he spoke with fluency and ele-

gance, and was considered an acute and a sound critic, not only in works of art but in general literature. He is said to have been at one time considered the best reader of Milton in England. He was never married, but it is reported that he had been attached to a sister of his friend, Mr. Kemble. He was always liberal and kind to his brother artists, and was ever ready to encourage rising talent, both with his advice and purse. If the sincerity of his remarks on the works of others has been sometimes suspected, the fault perhaps is not to be imputed to him. His liberality when exercised in a pecuniary way, was discriminating, well directed, and often inconvenient to himself. As an instance of this, we may refer to the case of the young sculptor, who, a few years ago, greatly distinguished himself at the Academy, and attracted the attention of the President, who became his patron, and advised him to go to Rome. "A friend of mine," said Sir Thomas Lawrence, "will supply you with the means of reaching Rome, and support you there; to me you are not indebted, as I am only the organ through which you receive the intimation of the kindness intended you: you have my best wishes." The sculptor has ever considered that his generous patron was Sir Thomas himself, and has held him as the person to whom his gratitude was due. The charity that dictated the destruction of a

draft, in the presence of a man who had forged it, is an instance of benevolence of another kind, but not less noble. From among the many instances of the patronage extended by Sir Thomas Lawrence to his brother artists, we may be allowed to particularize the commissions he gave Flaxman, to execute round statues of Raphael and Michael Angelo; to Baily for busts of Flaxman, Fuseli, Stothard, and Bone. He purchased Danby's "Sunset," when everybody else was in doubt about it; and Etty's Pandora, when neglected by the Mæcenas of the age. He bought all Fuseli's drawings, giving 2000*l.* for them. To these instances of munificence is to be added, the recent gift to Lane, of the stone on which the portrait of Miss Kemble is drawn, with the commission to execute another also for himself. The favor to Mr. Lane we have heard valued at 1000*l.*

To have given Lawrence his fair place before posterity as a painter, he ought to have been suffered to abandon portraits for awhile, and give the only proof of his powers that a great artist can be content with—historical painting. He often expressed a wish to make this experiment. But his perpetual embarrassments, and the perpetual solicitations of persons of

the higher orders, entangled him, and checked his step into the region of the grandeur of his art.

One historical picture of his we have seen, which he painted in early life, and which gave the noblest promise. We believe that he never had time to paint another. The subject was Satan in Pandæmonium, standing on the burning lake, and summoning his overthrown legions to rise. Beelzebub stands by his side, but in shadow. The Prince of Evil is the most powerful embodying of the Miltonic conception that perhaps the pencil could give. The countenance magnificently beautiful, yet full of scorn and despair; the figure with the proportions of a giant, yet light and youthful; the attitude fierce and defying, yet full of dignity; the whole figure kingly, or more, of a king of those beings, who could "take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea." We hope that this fine picture will be among the first that are engraved. It will be only a due tribute to the painter's fame.

Sir Thomas's Life is already announced as on the tapis, by Campbell, who, it seems, was on terms of intimacy with him, and who, of course, will write with the enthusiasm of old acquaintance.

APRIL.

Now infant April joins the Spring,
And views the watery sky,
As youngling linnet tries its wing,
And fears at first to fly;
With timid step she ventures on,
And hardly dares to smile,
Till blossoms open one by one,
And sunny hours beguile.

In wanton gambols, like a child,
She tends her early toils,
And seeks the buds along the wild,
That blossom while she smiles;
Or, laughing on, with nought to chide,
She races with the Hours,
Or sports by Nature's lovely side,
And fills her lap with flowers.

The shepherd, on his pasture walks,
The first fair cowslip finds,
Whose tufted flowers, on slender stalks,
Keep nodding to the winds.

And though the thorns withhold the May,
Their shades the violets bring,
Which children stoop for in their play,
As tokens of the Spring.

The field and garden's lovely hours
Begin and end with thee;
For what 's so sweet, as peeping flowers
And bursting buds to see,
What time the dew's unsullied drops,
In burnished gold, distil
On crocus flowers' unclosing tops,
And drooping daffodil?

Along each hedge and sprouting bush
The singing birds are blest,
And linnet green and speckled thrush
Prepare their mossy nest;
On the warm bed thy plains supply,
The young lambs find repose,
And 'mid the green hills basking lie,
Like spots of ling'ring snows.

 THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

FULL DRESS.

A ROUND dress of white *gros des Indes*, cut rather high round the bust, except at the shoulders, which are very much displayed. A row of narrow pointed blond lace finishes the top of the *corsage*. The shape of the bosom is very gracefully formed by a slight fulness, which is looped in the centre by a *rouléau*, that descends to the waist. The sleeve is extremely wide to the elbow, but tight from thence, so as to display the shape of the arm; the cuff is of a moderate depth, cut in points at the upper edge. The points are finished with blond to correspond with the bosom. Over this dress is an open robe composed of satin *duchesse*; the color is emerald green. This is a little shorter than the under dress, nearly meets at the waist, and turns back round the bust *en pelerine*. The skirt flies open in front so as to display the under dress. The *pelerine* part, and the sides of the robe, are cut in points: these are edged with a *rouleau* of plain satin, and in the centre of each is a richly-wrought gold button. The bottom of the skirt is cut in very deep scollops, finished like the points with a *rouleau* and buttons; the scollops surmounted by twisted *rouleau*, placed about a quarter of a yard above them. The shoulder of the robe is finished by a single row of points, corresponding exactly with those of the *pelerine* part of the dress, and forming a double epaulette. The hair is dressed in full curls on the temples; the hind

hair disposed in one very large knot, and two bows formed of plaited bands. The *coiffure* consists of two bows of gold-figured gauze, disposed *en papillon*, near the crown of the head, and the tails of two birds-of-paradise inserted among the bows of hair.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress composed of painted *foulard*; the ground, *gris lavande*; the *bouquets* are large and of vivid colors. The *corsage* is cut low; the shape of the bosom formed by two bands of ermine, which descend from the point of each shoulder in the style of draperies, down each side of the bust, and the skirt, to the broad border of ermine, which forms the trimming of the dress. The sleeves are *à la Marino Faliero*: they are bordered with ermine, and lined with white satin. The under sleeve is of a moderate width, at the upper part of the arm, and tight towards the wrist. Small cuff, cut at the upper edge in points. The *coiffure* is composed of crimson crape, arranged *en bérêt*, and displaying no part of the hind hair, but the large knot, which is drawn through the crape on the crown of the head. A *bandeau* of colored gems encircles the knot, and crosses the forehead on the left side. An *esprit*, placed on the right side, droops towards the shoulder, and two others are disposed upright at the back of the head. Ear-pendants, rubies and emeralds. Gold bracelets with ruby clasps. *Ceinture* of gold net.

 THE GATHERER.

“Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather.”

MOTHS.

THESE little insects, whose ravages are everywhere seen with regret, by all notable housekeepers, are deserv-

ing of more attention than they generally seem to excite. That in their labors they are so little noticed, may partly arise from their operating

chiefly in darkness ; for, as if modestly retiring from observation, they work with the greatest energy when secured from the interruption of light.

In their attacks also they may be observed, not to commence their devastations on the outer part of the article, where they are situated, but they bury themselves closely in the skin, if fur—or web, if cloth ; and then, working away under cover, it is only when their ravages have become considerable, that the upper structure falls off, and discovers to view the well-conducted industry of these minute enemies. Nor is it for food alone that such havoc is made in our wardrobes : these little depredators must construct for themselves a covering and a nest, for which, and the after alterations of which, more materials are destroyed than would suffice each insect during its short life for food, as it is only during the caterpillar state that it seems to require its ordinary sustenance. After arriving at its full growth, it quits (like the silkworm and other species) the immediate scene of its previous existence, and retires to some crevice or corner to await its change into a state of *chrysalis*, in which it remains nearly three weeks before it finally assumes the appearance of the finely-winged moth, under which form it is most familiar to us. Essential oils, and many substances of very pungent odor, have the effect of destroying these moths, as if by suffocation ;—for this purpose nothing more is necessary than to introduce into their haunts any such substance as camphor, cajeput, turpentine, &c. ; and it is with this view, that persons strew their drawers with spices and strong smelling flowers, and, under most circumstances, thus effectually prevent the violence of their ravages.

SIAMESE TWINS.

In the Edinburgh Journal of Science it is stated that one of these youths cannot be awakened without rousing the other, which is equivalent to saying, that when asleep, they can-

not be awakened at all. Suppose A and B asleep, A cannot be wakened until B is roused, that is, as the lexicographers say, wakened from rest, put into action, &c. So then we try to rouse B, but he cannot be wakened unless A has been roused ; and so things must just take their natural course, and unless A and B happen to be stimulated into action precisely at the same instant, which it is hardly possible to do, they must both sleep on.

GYMNASTICS.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the training and exercise of the body in different muscular seats and attitudes, formed a regular part of their system of education ; and this plan has been lately revived in the schools and public seminaries of this country. There is no doubt but that, by constant exercise, the several muscles of the body may be very much strengthened and improved ; and that, on the contrary, by disuse, they become soft, flaccid, and weakened. A regular exercise of the different muscles of the body, then, by which they are made to perform their various functions with firmness and precision, must be of the greatest consequence in contributing to the healthy and harmonious state of the system. This is particularly the case with the muscles of the chest, which perform so important a part in the function of respiration ; and it must be obvious that the more these muscles are strengthened and improved, by judicious training, from childhood upwards, the more likely is it that the chest will be strong and able to perform its important offices. But it is the same with almost every other part ; the muscles of the arm swell out and become vigorous by regular use ; and so likewise do those of the lower limbs. It may be remarked, that, among some classes of the peasantry, who wear heavy shoes, with stout and unyielding soles, the back muscles of the leg, from want of use, are thin and flaccid ; whereas, those of their arms and shoulders, being

constantly exercised, are broad, square, and fleshy. Gymnastic exercises, therefore, should be early commenced with children, taking care not to push them to the least extreme, and not to extend them to weak and diseased children, who are unable to endure such fatigue. First of all, the arms should be exercised, by swinging them in the various positions, from ten to fifteen minutes at a time; then the various marches and countermarches, to exercise the lower limbs, should be practised; and running, leaping, and other feats, may follow. At the same time, it must be kept in view, that all exercise and exertion, when carried too far, is dangerous and hurtful to the system. The simpler the gymnastic exercises are, so much the better, and they should never be continued till the body is exhausted with fatigue; moderately pursued, they are of the most essential service to youth, especially to those in large cities, who have not an opportunity of enjoying the free country air. These exercises have the sanction of the greatest men of antiquity; and our own great Milton, in his admirable treatise on education, recommends them as a necessary part of the training of youth. These exercises may also be of the greatest service to adults, especially to all those whose sedentary occupation keeps them pent up in cities. Caution, however, should be observed by those not previously habituated to such exercises, to begin with the most gentle kind, and accustom themselves gradually; and this advice is particularly to be observed by invalids. Neither should these exercises be ever carried to excess, even by the strong and robust. A certain degree of labor and exertion is essential for the health of the system; but severe and long-continued toil ultimately shortens life. Few laborers, accustomed to hard and unremitting exertion, are long-lived.

Let us no longer say, that friendship is an empty name; we shall not be believed by the newly-married

belles of Paris, each of whom prides herself on showing her visitors that she, at least, has a number of friends. No sooner is her nuptial-day fixed, than she asks every one of her *belles amies* to contribute their portion to the monument which she is about to rear to friendship. In plain English, she takes from each lady a ringlet of hair; and when she has got a sufficient number, she has them arranged *en gerbe*, by a knot of diamonds, placed in a superb frame, and hung over the chimney of her *salon*. We counted lately fourteen of these tresses in the *gerbe* of a recently married lady; and one of the *amies*, who had contributed to it, *good-naturedly* pointed out to us, while we were so employed, the extreme folly and hard-heartedness of the owner, in lavishing upon a bauble like that, money which might be much better employed in the support of her indigent relations.—Such is the world!

LITERARY NOTICES.

NEARLY ready, Personal Memoirs of Pryce Gordon, Esq. This work will contain the Recollections of the Author, embracing sketches of a variety of celebrated individuals, which have come under his observation during a period of fifty years. It promises to be on a par, as to wit and vivacity, with Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches.

Sir Edmond Temple's Travels in Peru are at length nearly ready for publication. They include a Year's Residence at Potosi, and are said to throw much light on the Mining Speculations in that country.

Lives of British Painters. Vol. II. By Allan Cunningham, contains Memoirs of West, Opie, Barry, Blake, Bird, Fuseli, Raeburn, &c. &c.

A new work, by the authoress of "Hungarian Tales," is about to make its appearance, under the piquant title of The Manners of the Day.

The Third Volume of the Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge is in a state of forwardness. It includes, we understand, Letters of the most distinguished individuals of his time, and consequently assumes a higher degree of importance than the preceding volumes.

A Life of Sir Isaac Newton, by David Brewster, LL.D. is in the press. Also, Personal Memoirs of Captain Cooke, written by Himself—An Inquiry into the best means of preventing the Destruction of the Aborigines usually incident upon Settling of New Colonies. By S. Bannister, late Attorney-General in New South Wales.

SPIRIT

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ON THE WRITINGS AND GENIUS OF DELTA.

THE purity and chastity of the public taste are now in a peculiar degree dependent on the character of our periodical literature. The universality of education, and the acquisition of languages, have operated wonderfully in promoting the conception and birth of ideas. Living truly, as we do, under what we formerly styled the "democracy of letters," any single model, even of Addisonian perfection, must exercise but a very limited rule; and the people, of consequence, may now be said to form their own taste, with as much propriety as they are often said to enact their own laws. The present state of letters tends obviously to bring into action a mass of varied and diversified materials; and considering the necessary want of individuality in the impression produced, we might well conceive the public mind to possess less of that nice tone of simplicity of feeling which would characterize it in an earlier era of our history. An artificial and rapid style, both of thought and expression, is the point to which we are now tending, if those who are sailing with the current might be allowed to form an opinion as to its course. It is, however, unquestionably in our periodical literature that this evil appears most predominant, where persons write on subjects without ideas; and some, even without a subject at all, are necessitated to indite "words of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The effect of such writing on the public taste is in no

small degree increased by the versatility of the age.

In these circumstances, it will not be a useless task for us to bring occasionally before our readers some of those writers of talent and acquirement, who still continue to exercise a beneficial influence on the public mind by their labors in the valuable vineyard of our periodical literature, and who now must be styled the "exclusives" in literary society. To begin with Delta—we are sure our readers will concur with us in thinking few have contributed more laboriously and successfully to sustain the character of the periodical literature of Scotland.

It need scarcely now be said, that DAVID MACBETH MOIR stands pretty generally identified, in the eyes of the public, as the poet who has so long assumed the *nomme-de-guerre* of Delta. Notwithstanding, however, the literary reputation of *Delta*, owing to various causes—and to none more than the unassuming character of his own mind—*Mr. Moir*, in his personal history, is perhaps less known than almost any other writer, of similar acquirements, of the day. Previous to analyzing the character of his mind and genius, our readers will therefore permit us to give a brief and rapid statement of his life, and a flying summary of a few of the many productions of his pen, noticing particularly those anonymous writings which in our estimation have proceeded from it.

Mr. Moir was born at Musselburgh,

(Scotland,) and at the seminary there, in which Logan the poet was schooled, he received all the preliminary branches of education. Having determined to prosecute the medical profession, he entered into indentures with a surgeon, and continued to reside there for some time, after which he removed to Edinburgh to complete his studies, and received his diploma at the early age of 18. Mr. Moir's views were originally turned to the medical department of the army, but the important events of the year 1815 modified considerably his prospects. The result was, his retirement about this time to his native place, to which circumstance we are no doubt indebted for many of those graceful effusions which soon after brought him before the literary world. There Mr. Moir still continues to reside, and amid the more urgent claims of his profession, the public are in some degree, though not fully, aware of the extent to which he has labored in other pursuits. About the year 1820, Mr. Moir formed a partnership at Musselburgh with Dr. Brown, a gentleman known by his authorship of a Treatise on Vaccination, which did not suit altogether the palate of the Edinburgh reviewers. Some months ago, we are happy to say, Mr. Moir became a party to another promising contract, of a much more interesting and *tender* description.

Mr. Moir's literary career is generally supposed to take its date from a letter relative to the late Dr. Gordon, one of the first and most zealous Anti-Spurzheimites, which was published in Blackwood some time after his decease. It is true, that on this occasion *Delta* first came before the public; but long before this time, a maiden volume of Mr. Moir's poems had come anonymously from the press, which, however, we believe received little notice at the time. It is in the "Mossy Seat," and other pieces which appeared in Constable's Magazine so early as 1816, that Mr. Moir seems first to draw upon that nice vein of

poetical sensibility, from the full workings of which he afterwards so highly enriched the pages of Blackwood. These pieces, which give ample prediction of the future *Delta*, were chiefly written when the author was about 17 or 18 years of age. In 1819 *Delta* made his appearance, and was duly prized by the conductors of Blackwood; and since that time we need not say he may be styled the poet—"the pyramidal bard," to use North's phrase)—of that able and singular publication,—at least of all that is tender and beautiful. Mr. Moir contributed also largely in the different departments of Criticism and Belles Lettres. We shall not here speak of the merits of these contributions. The high character of the pages they adorned was a great security for their excellence; and it would be impossible to give them anything like individual notice, from their number and variety. In regard to the first, suffice it at this stage of our paper to say, that when they respectively appeared, they were charitably affiliated on many of the first writers of the age. In regard to the latter, we refer our readers to the first verses under the signature of Delta, "Emma; a Tale," "The Cot in the Glen," "Remembered Beauty," "Sabbath Noon," the "Silent Eve," "Female Decay," &c. in all of which they will discover a gentle radiance of thought, and half-pensive sensibility of mind delighting in stillness and repose. Mr. Moir's prose contributions were numerous, and it is not to be expected that we either could or would bring them all before our readers; but we do not think we shall be guilty of any inaccuracy if we say that "Critics and Criticism," "On the Diversity of Genius," "The Spring Morning's Walk," and latterly the "Gipsy of Debretzin," a Hungarian Tale, of little incident, but much beautiful simplicity, with "The Shaving Shop,"* a lively, but rather extravagant sketch, claim Mr. Moir as their author.

* See *Athenium*, Vol. 1, 3d Series, page 352.

Hitherto Mr. Moir had successfully directed his talents to almost only one department of mind—that of poetry and criticism. It was not a little astonishing to find his success in another fully established by the reception of a work of humor. The grave, solemn, and repressed humor (if we may use such expression), and the inimitable *naïveté* of idea and expression* to be found in the “Eating of the Segars,” the portrait of “Cursecowl,” “Volunteering,” “The Bloody Business,” (otherwise the bloody *cartridge*,) and the “First and Last Play,” all combined to render the “Autobiography of Mansie Wauch” one of the most, of the many, able and popular papers that have appeared in Blackwood. The story of “Puggie Puggie,” subsequently to be found there, can also, we think, be laid to the charge of nobody but Mr. Moir. It may form an excellent supplementary sketch of “Cursecowl in his killing claitus—his face red as fire, and his pouch full of bloody knives buckled to his side.”†

In 1825 the “Legend” made its appearance, with other poems—many of which were, however, extracted from the pages of *Ebony*. In the “Janns,” published in the end of that year, two papers were contributed by Mr. Moir, “Daniel Cathie, Tobacco-nist,” and “A Saturday Night in the Manse;” the first containing an account of the loves of “Miss Jenny Drybones, a tall spinster,” of a *certain* age, and of a fat, fair, and forty widow, “Mrs. Martha Bouncer;” the second being a *jeu d’esprit* anent the Rev. Mr. Shaveall. The Editor of the London Literary Gazette, at the time of the appearance of these sketches, represented them to be from the pen of a Blackwood contributor; but we believe we are the first to bring them home to Mr. Moir. In 1827, at the suggestion of his friend John Galt,

Mr. Moir wrote a musical drama, “Chatelar,” in three acts, which is still unpublished. A few lines from it, entitled “a Song from an unpublished Opera,” appeared in the *Forget-Me-Not* for 1828. The peculiar character of Mr. Moir’s mind might, we think, well qualify him for excelling in such a sphere of writing; and, therefore, we hope this drama will not long be allowed to lie in his repositories. In the mean time, through the kindness of a mutual friend, we are happy to have it in our power to present our readers with a specimen of Chatelar in the following passage, from the second act:—

CHATELAR—*Solus.*

Now have I escaped this bustle; it oppresses
My spirit like a vast o’erwhelming weight;
Vain—wilder’d—frantic mortal, would to
heaven

That I had ne’er been born, or never seen her!
My thoughts are all at war with one another;
And seldom, never comes the balm of sleep
To my oppressed eyelids. Woe is me!

That woman’s love should melt a man of war
To feebleness; and beauty’s snaky eye
Enchain and fascinate the powers of action!
Life then is nought, and death I hold as gain;
Passion hath driven me desperate. I’ll dare
What shall obtain me ruin, or possession.
Oh! had it but been otherwise: Oh! had
Propitious nature but so smiled on us
That equal in estate we both had been;
Then each had happier proved—thou in my
love,

And I in loving thee; such as before
Never was woman doated on: As it is,
Those in thy high estate are far too high
For happiness, which dwells with calm content
In lowlier homes; but, instead, some mocking
smiles,

And lip-deep courtesy. In my humbler one,
I dare not look up to thee with eyes of hope;
Yet I feed upon the poison of thy beauty,
And nurse the desperate passion which consumes me.

Sure that’s a woman’s voice?

(*Voice without.*)

When clouds come o’er the soul,
And heaven and earth are dark around,
When lowering tempests roll,
And joy’s bright buds bestrew the ground,
In thee I find my solace ever—
Forsake—forget thee? Never, never!

Oh! think upon the days,
The vanished days of many a year!

* The strong resemblance, in this respect, between the “Autobiography of Mansie Wauch” and “My Landlady and her Lodgers,” led us, in the Preface to the last volume of the *Athenæum*, to attribute both these humorous productions to the same author. Mr. Moir, it will be seen above, is the writer of “Mansie Wauch,” and the stories of “My Landlady” are from the pen of John Galt, Esq. the author of the new novel called “Lawrie Todd.”

† The chapters of this celebrated “Autobiography” may be found scattered through most of the volumes of the second series of the *Athenæum*.

And can the vision raise

No dear, sweet thoughts that claim a tear ?

As recollection fondly measures

The footsteps of departed pleasures !

Is love a meteor chase—

A light that sparkles and is o'er—

That thus our dwelling-place

Re-echoes to thy voice no more ?

Can hearts once soldered ever sever ?

Oh, I'll forget thee, never, never !!

'Tis a sweet voice, a soothing song, methinks,
Sent by all-pitying Heaven to fall like dew
On my parch'd bosom: blessings on thee,
minstrel,

Not the less blessed, because unseen, unknown.

Mr. Galt and Mr. Moir, we believe, had in contemplation the composition of an opera on a Russian subject, of which the former was to write the dialogue, and the latter the songs. Mr. Galt's call to America, we are sorry to say, prevented the project being carried into execution.

We have thus given a flying and condensed statement of the more prominent of Mr. Moir's writings known to us. It does not of course refer to any of those memoirs and biographies—or to any of those Critical Essays, which have come before the public in various shapes.

The first characteristic of the genius of Mr. Moir, demanding our notice, is its uncommon versatility. We have to regard him in the three capacities of a poet, a critic, and a humorist. The circumstance of the author of "John Gilpin" being the author of the "Task," was, on no slender reasons, considered almost a literary phenomenon. These reasons, however, related rather to the moral sombreness of Cowper's mind, as out of all congruity with the play of thought which irradiated it in "Gilpin," than to the circumstance of the "Task" not displaying that activity of thought and appreciation of incidents requisite to delineate the exploits of the "citizen." It is more singular, that a mind such as Mr. Moir's, exhibiting a peculiar degree of *passive* tenderness and susceptibility in his poetry, should rouse itself from its state of inactive meditation, and display such a vigorous power of combination of incidents, as would construct the grotesque portrait of life in the "Tailor of Dalkeith."

In the one case, we find him reclining in Elysian shades, in passive quietude, holding communion with the gentleness and beauty of nature: in the other, we observe him bustling among the crowds of a peopled region, constructing artificial sources of enjoyment.

As a poet, Mr. Moir is principally to be noted for his nice susceptibility of impression. He appears to us neither to possess uncommon energy or depth of thought, nor great power of expression. His mind may be compared to the flower that opens its leaves to the sun, but can ill withstand the brumal breeze. His pictures display more elegant simplicity and tenderness, than high-wrought beauty. He is more disposed to give you an untarnished natural form, like the mirror, than, like the prism, to throw around it an intermingling variety of hue and coloring. In regard to other writers, the Lake School might in some respects claim him for a disciple. To Wilson, for instance, he bears considerable resemblance in the tone, if not in the intensity, of his feelings. He emulates him in the poetical purity, but not in the rich mellowness, of his imagery. Wilson's mind, indeed (as Delta well remarks), flows in true inspiration—

Right onwards like a noble river.

Delta's mind might with more propriety be likened to the same river ere it has gathered the full compass of its waters. In the one, you are impressed with more natural softness; in the other, with more exuberant energy. The personages of Delta, of course, (excepting perhaps the Baron in Genevieve,) exhibit none of the active energies of those of Scott. His poetry is conversant with man rather as a being possessed of moral and mental emotions, than of powers of action. Though he is thus less physical than Scott, he is also less metaphysical than Wordsworth. Like him, he draws largely on the quiet repose of rural life, and domestic affection; but then he represents his personages with all the passions of humanity, generically,

and seldom, like Wordsworth for instance, as "orphans seven years old," in their social character specifically. The one is more the poet of nature generally, whether externally abroad, or internally in the first impulses of affection. The other is more conversant with those feelings and affections that are the result of particular situations in human life. Delta, in general, gives us the expression of the *impression*—not of the event or subject of it.

The following lines, however, strike us as being a good deal after the Wordsworthian style.

Oh ! who could paint young Genevieve,
The aged baron's only child !
Upon that countenance believe,
Or if she sighed, or if she smiled.
Unspeaking eloquence reposed
Like dew on flowers by evening closed.

Wordsworth speaks of *poetical* as distinguished from *human* sensibility. Delta's poetry, to a considerable extent, gives evidence of the former ; Wordsworth's breathes a spirit replete with both, so that our fancy is not only pleased, but our moral sympathy excited.—In the construction of Delta's scenery, he is more to be noted for simplicity than luxuriance—far more for the accurate perception, than combination of incidents. From the minuteness of the objects he throws into the canvass, his pictures may want unity of design and energy as a whole, but they are always beautiful in their parts. Thus the legend of Genevieve as a piece of poetry is full of natural beauty ; but as a narrative it does not claim high merit. Delta never instils into his poetry anything of the odorous luxury of Moore, and he seldom attempts, like Byron, to pursue the "vast alone, the wonderful, the wild," unless it be in "The Isle of Despair,"

Desolate,
Beyond the painter's touch, or poet's thought.

But it is, on the other hand, truly characteristic of the aspirations of his mind, that he sighs "for harmony, and grace, and gentlest beauty." The critic of Blackwood, in his notice of the *Souvenir* for 1826, says, in reference to the "Contadina," "Eastlake

has surpassed himself in his picture of all that is most quiet, composed, serene, contented, beautiful, and joyful, in domestic life." We could not perhaps have a better summary, not only of the characteristic merits of the lines that illustrate the engraving, but of Delta's poetry in general. In short, we cannot better impress our idea of the tone and quality of his mind, than by comparing it to a lake studding a beautiful landscape, affording a nice reflection of surrounding objects, and even as it were catching in its mirror a semblance of the very flitting zephyr, or vanishing exhalation of the sky. The throwing of a single pebble, though inaudible to the ear, is sufficient to conjure up an infinite variety of circles, which die away as they spread. You could never compare it to anything like the ocean, giving a sombre emblamature of the cloud and storm. If, therefore, you can never discover in it the shadowy forms of magnitude and distance, it is its rare excellence often to bring before the eye those rapidly evanishing tints and colors, the impress of which another surface might be too rapid to receive.

To illustrate the above general and comparative delineation, can we, for instance, convey to our readers a better idea of the reposing sensibility of Delta's mind, than by quoting the three following lines from *Emma* ?

The bugle's sound of peace is faintly heard,
Mournfully pleasing, in a dying strain,
Melodious—melancholy—far away.

The last line, in our opinion, is admirably expressive. A more lively sensation the ear itself could scarcely drink in. Take also the following specimen of his more sprightly versification,—

Resplendent as a summer's day,
When daylight lingers in the west,
To retrospection's sunny eye
The blooming fields of childhood lie,
By fancy's finger drest.
A greener foliage decks the grave,
A brighter tint pervades the flower,
More azure seems the heaven above,
The earth a very bower of love,
And man within that bower.

A general delineation, such as we give above, can only convey the im-

pression of the reader as to the *predominant* character of a poet's mind. The following lines are more mellow, and fuller of richness and vivacity, than the generality of Mr. Moir's poetry; but the beauty they embody, it will be observed, is more that of natural elegance and simplicity than combined or artificial adornment.

Amid the mazy movements of the dance,
Accordant to the muse's finest tone,
Sylph-like she floated, graceful as the swan
Oaring its way athwart a summer lake,
Her step almost as silent.

The following stanzas, from the "Evening Lake," still further illustrate the combined liveliness and simplicity of some of his pictures.

How softly o'er the silver lake
Our little pinnacle glides along,
As if the prow did fear to break
The waveless mirror—all is still
Except the boatman's song.

In the "Hymn to the Moon," and a few similar pieces, which our limits will not permit us to illustrate, the reader will find the mind of Delta assume a bolder and loftier range of thought.

Delta's verse is in general melodious, his expression perspicuous, and his imagery gracefully simple. There is no doubt that "taste and sensibility" are the distinguishing features of his verse, whether applied to the conception or expression. He has himself spoken of the exaggerated images of some of the Lakers. He sometimes, however, lays himself open to the same charge of immoderate comparison; as when he uses the words "waves of oil and winds of balm;" and in "Ellen Forsaken," (though rather beautifully),

"She grew the very *dream* of what she was."

But this is seldom the case. We cannot disguise, however, on the other hand, that a listlessness of expression is the more common (and perhaps the only) vice in which Delta indulges. For instance, the phrase in the "Unknown Grave," "to impotently herald us," is, we think, rather exceptionable; as also in Genevieve, "with sundered hands;" and the lines,

Of change thy mind no shadow knows,
Thou art superior to its sway,

are prosaically tame with perspicuity.

Our remarks have tended to illustrate the style and temperament of Delta generally. From the odes, elegies, and ballads, in Blackwood's Magazine, we conceive him well qualified to attain excellence in lyrical poetry. On this subject, affording scope for much remark, we will not dilate. Let the following dirge speak for itself. It appears in Blackwood, as read by the Shepherd at the Noces, and is from the pen of Mr. Moir:

WEEP NOT FOR HER!

Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright,
Like flowers that know not what it is to die,
Like long linked shadeless months of polar light,
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flow'ry brake:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues,
When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.

Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze,

Her *wine* of life was run not to the lees:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither and her hopes grow dark.

Translated by her God with spirit shriven,
She pass'd, as 'twere, on smiles from earth to heaven:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel
The mis'ries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from friendship's tree,

And on earth's wintry wold alone to be:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes;

Victorious over death to her appear
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal year:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,

Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! There is no cause of woe,
But rather nerve the spirit that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee
back ;
So when a few fleet swerving years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead
thee on :
Weep not for her !

This dirge is one of Mr. Moir's happiest efforts. It would have stamped him a poet, though he had written nothing else, and indeed deserves an encomium more ardent and expressive than anything our humble pen could indite. The first and penult stanzas, particularly, are not to be excelled.

It has been said that a poet, in the common case, is never a good critic. The maxim may be true to a certain extent, in so far as he does not in general cultivate the faculty of generalizing facts and principles. It is much less true of criticism applied to poetry, in so far as it refers to the comparative character of poets, and not to the principles of taste and poetry in general. A critic (as well as his subject) in this case requires a heart to feel, and a mind to render his feelings cognizable ; and if his author belong to what is technically termed a school, he shows it to be only inasmuch as he portrays a particular class of the features of one great preceptress—nature. The province of a critic, however, in the common acceptance of the term, is different, but of a less noble and artificial kind. Poetry is to criticism, as is the soul to the ear of music. Both Shakspeare and Beattie, we think, specially speak of the *soul* of music ; and the perfection of it,

When the soul trembles on the trembling
string,

is an endowment of a much higher character than the mere capability of the perception and combination of artificial varieties of sound, resulting from however nice an organic struc-

ture. The poet-critic might not, then, in his critical analyses, evince much acuteness of thought or precise comprehension and evolution of first principles on such a subject, for instance, as the Pope controversy of nature and art ; but there is no one, that by leading you into the scenery of Pope's poetry, could give you a better idea of the beauty of his " velvet lawns," and the order and symmetry of his arrangement, and then to make the conception more perfect, all at once carry you into the more varied scenery of Dryden, Byron, or Scott. Such a critic is Mr. Moir. He rather makes you feel the distinctive character of a poet's power, than explains the principles of mind and taste which constitute the lever that he uses. Setting out on the great common of nature, he always shows you the roads into which they variously branch off, if he does not always evolve the motives of their choice ; so that while some approximate nearly by the direction and congeniality of their ideas, others " stand opposed in thought, subject, and execution, as the rocks of Calpe to the shores of Spain."

In speaking of Mr. Moir's critical acumen, we cannot forbear referring our readers again to those essays on the genius of Campbell,* Wordsworth,† Scott,‡ Moore,|| Wilson, and other writers, for ample illustrations of our principle.

In private life, and in the discharge of his professional duties, Mr. Moir's engaging disposition has secured him much esteem. The writer of this article is not within the favored circle of his acquaintance ; but different accounts concur in bearing testimony to the affability of his manners, the vivacity and humor of his conversation, and the benevolence of his heart. Mr. Moir, indeed, without great pretensions to learning and erudition, combines, in no ordinary degree, the qualities of the man of genius, and of the man. The character of Mr. Moir well supports the reputation of Delta.

* See Ath. Vol. 3, 3d Series, page 334.

† Page 30.

‡ Page 49.

|| Page 209.

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER!

It was on the twentieth of December last that I received an invitation from my friend Mr. Phiggins, to dine with him, in Mark-lane, on Christmas-day. I had several reasons for declining this proposition. The first was, that Mr. P. makes it a rule, at all these festivals, to empty the entire contents of his counting-house into his little dining-parlor; and you consequently sit down to dinner with six white-waistcoated clerks, let loose upon a turkey. The second was, that I am not sufficiently well-read in cotton and sugar, to enter with any spirit into the subject of conversation. The third was, and is, that I never drink cape wine. But by far the most prevailing reason remains to be told. I had been anticipating for some days, and was hourly in the hope of receiving, an invitation to spend my Christmas-day in a most irresistible quarter. I was expecting, indeed, the felicity of eating plum-pudding with an angel; and, on the strength of my imaginary engagement, I returned a polite note to Mr. P., reducing him to the necessity of advertising for another candidate for cape and turkey.

The twenty-first came. Another invitation—to dine with a regiment of roast-beef eaters at Clapham. I declined this also, for the above reason, and for one other, *viz.* that, on dining there ten Christmas days ago, it was discovered, on sitting down, that one little accompaniment of the roast-beef had been entirely overlooked. Would it be believed?—but I will not stay to mystify—I merely mention the fact. They had forgotten the horse-radish!

The next day arrived, and with it a neat epistle, sealed with violet-colored wax, from Upper Brook-street. “Dine with the ladies—at home on Christmas day.” Very tempting, it is true; but not exactly the letter I was longing for. I began, however, to debate within myself upon the policy of securing this bird in the hand,

instead of waiting for the two that were still hopping about the bush, when the consultation was suddenly brought to a close, by a prophetic view of the portfolio of drawings fresh from the boarding-school—moths and roses on embossed paper;—to say nothing of the album, in which I stood engaged to write an elegy on a Java sparrow, that had been a favorite in the family for three days. I rang for gilt-edged, pleaded a world of polite regret, and again declined.

The twenty-third dawned; time was getting on rather rapidly; but no card came. I began to despair of any more invitations, and to repent of my refusals. Breakfast was hardly over, however, when the servant brought up—not a letter—but an aunt and a brace of cousins from Bayswater. They would listen to no excuse; consanguinity required me, and Christmas was not my own. Now my cousins kept no albums; they are really as pretty as cousins can be; and when violent hands, with white kid gloves, are laid on one, it is sometimes difficult to effect an escape with becoming elegance. I could not, however, give up my darling hope of a pleasanter prospect. They fought with me in fifty engagements—that I pretended to have made. I showed them the Court Guide, with ten names obliterated—being those of persons who had *not* asked me to mince-meat and misletoe; and I ultimately gained my cause by quartering the remains of an infectious fever on the sensitive fears of my aunt, and by dividing a rheumatism and a sprained ankle between my sympathetic cousins.

As soon as they were gone I walked out, sauntering involuntarily in the direction of the only house in which I felt I could spend a “happy” Christmas. As I approached, a porter brought a large hamper to the door. “A present from the country,” thought I; “yes, they *do* dine at

home; they must ask me; they know that I am in town." Immediately afterwards a servant issued with a letter: he took the nearest way to my lodgings, and I hurried back by another street to receive the so-much-wished-for invitation. I was in a state of delirious delight.

I arrived—but there was no letter. I sat down to wait, in a spirit of calmer enjoyment than I had experienced for some days; and in less than half an hour a note was brought to me. At length the desired despatch had come: it seemed written on the leaf of a lily, with a pen dipped in dew. I opened it,—and had nearly fainted with disappointment. It was from a stock-broker, who begins an anecdote of Mr. Rothschild before dinner, and finishes it with the fourth bottle—and who makes his eight children stay up to supper and snapdragon. In Macadamizing a stray stone in one of his periodical puddings, I once lost a tooth, and with it an heiress of some reputation. I wrote a most irritable apology, and despatched my warmest regards in a whirlwind.

December the twenty-fourth.—I began to count the hours, and uttered many poetical things about the wings of Time. Alack! no letter came;—yes, I received a note from a distinguished dramatist, requesting the honor, &c. But I was too cunning for this, and practised wisdom for once. I happened to reflect that his pantomime was to make its appearance on the night after, and that his object was to perpetrate the whole programme upon me. Regret that I could not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paulo, and the rest of the *litterati* to be then and there assembled, was of course immediately expressed.

My mind became restless and agitated. I felt, amidst all these invitations, cruelly neglected. They served, indeed, but to increase my uneasiness, as they opened prospects of happiness in which I could take no share. They discovered a most

tempting dessert, composed of forbidden fruit. I took down "*Childe Harold*," and read myself into a sublime contempt of mankind. I began to perceive that merriment is only malice in disguise, and that the chief cardinal virtue is misanthropy.

I sate "nursing my wrath" till it scorched me; when the arrival of another epistle suddenly charmed me from this state of delicious melancholy and delightful endurance of wrong. I sickened as I surveyed, and trembled as I opened it. It was dated from—but no matter; it was not *the* letter. In such a frenzy as mine, raging to behold the object of my adoration condescend, not to *eat* a custard, but to render it invisible—to be invited perhaps to a tart fabricated by her own ethereal fingers; with such possibilities before me, how could I think of joining a "friendly party"—where I should inevitably sit next to a deaf lady, who had been, when a little girl, patted on the head by Wilkes, or my Lord North, she could not recollect which—had taken tea with the author of "*Junius*," but had forgotten his name—and who once asked me "whether Mr. Munden's monument was in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's?"—I seized a pen, and presented my compliments. I hesitated—for the peril and precariousness of my situation flashed on my mind; but hope had still left me a straw to catch at, and I succeeded in resisting this late and terrible temptation.

After the first burst of excitement I sunk into still deeper despondency. My spirit became a prey to anxiety and remorse. I could not eat; dinner was removed with unlifted covers. I went out. The world seemed to have acquired a new face; nothing was to be seen but raisins and rounds of beef. I wandered about like Lear—I had given up all! I felt myself grated against the world like a nutmeg. It grew dark—I sustained a still gloomier shock. Every chance seemed to have expired, and everybody seemed to have a delightful engagement for the next day. I alone

was disengaged—I felt like the Last Man ! Tomorrow appeared to have already commenced its career ; mankind had anticipated the future ; “ and coming mince-pies cast their shadows before.”

In this state of desolation and dismay I called—I could not help it—at the house to which I had so fondly anticipated an invitation and a welcome. My protest must here however be recorded, that though I called in the hope of being asked, it was my fixed determination not to avail myself of so protracted a piece of politeness. No : my triumph would have been to have annihilated them with an engagement made in September, payable three months after date. With these feelings I gave an agitated knock—they were stoning the plums, and did not immediately attend. I rung—how unlike a dinner bell it sounded ! A girl at length made her appearance, and, with a mouthful of citron, informed me that the family had gone to spend their Christmas-eve in Portland place. I rushed down the steps, I hardly knew whither. My first impulse was to go to some wharf and inquire what vessels were starting for America. But it was a cold night—I went home and threw myself on my miserable couch. In other words, I went to bed.

I dozed and dreamed away the hours till daybreak. Sometimes I fancied myself seated in a roaring circle, roasting chesnuts at a blazing log ; at others, that I had fallen into the Serpentine while skaiting, and that the Humane Society were piling upon me a Pelion, or rather a Vesuvius of blankets. I awoke a little refreshed. Alas ! it was the twenty-fifth of the month—it was Christmas-day ! Let the reader, if he possess the imagination of Milton, conceive my sensations.

I swallowed an atom of dry toast—nothing could calm the fever of my soul. I stirred the fire and read Zimmermann alternately. Even reason—the last remedy one has recourse to in such cases—came at length to my

relief : I argued myself into a philosophic fit. But, unluckily, just as the Lethæan tide within me was at its height, my landlady broke in upon my lethargy, and chased away by a single word all the little sprites and pleasures that were acting as my physicians, and prescribing balm for my wounds. She paid me the usual compliments, and then,—“ Do you dine at home to-day, Sir ? ” abruptly inquired she. Here was a question. No Spanish inquisitor ever inflicted such complete dismay in so short a sentence. Had she given me a Sphinx to expound, a Gordian tangle to untwist ; had she set me a lesson in algebra, or asked me the way to Brobdignag ; had she desired me to show her the North Pole, or the meaning of a melodrama ;—any or all of these I might have accomplished. But to request me to define my dinner—to inquire into its latitude—to compel me to fathom that sea of appetite which I now felt rushing through my frame—to ask me to dive into futurity, and become the prophet of pies and preserves !—My heart died within me at the impossibility of a reply.

She had repeated the question before I could collect my senses around me. Then, for the first time, it occurred to me that, in the event of my having no engagement abroad, my landlady meant to invite me ! “ There will at least be the two daughters,” I whispered to myself ; “ and after all, Lucy Matthews is a charming girl, and touches the harp divinely. She has a very small pretty hand, I recollect ; only her fingers are so punctured by the needle—and I rather think she bites her nails. No, I will not even now give up my hope. It was yesterday but a straw—to-day it is but the thistledown ; but I will cling to it to the last moment. There are still four hours left ; they will not dine till six. One desperate struggle, and the peril is past ; let me not be seduced by this last golden apple, and I may yet win my race.” The struggle was made—“ I should not dine at-home.” This was the only

phrase left me ; for I could not say that " I should dine out." Alas ! that an event should be at the same time so doubtful and so desirable. I only begged that if any letter arrived, it might be brought to me immediately.

The last plank, the last splinter, had now given way beneath me. I was floating about with no hope but the chance of something almost impossible. They had " left me alone," not with my glory, but with an appetite that resembled an avalanche seeking whom it might devour. I had passed one dinnerless day, and the half of another ; yet the promised land was as far from sight as ever. I recounted the chances I had missed. The dinners I might have enjoyed, passed in a dioramic view before my eyes. Mr. Phiggins and his six clerks—the Clapham beef-eaters—the charms of Upper Brook-street—my pretty cousins, and the pantomime-writer—the stock-broker, whose stories one forgets, and the elderly lady who forgets her stories—they all marched by me, a procession of apparitions. Even my landlady's invitation, though unborn, was not forgotten in summing up my sacrifices. And for what ?

Four o'clock. Hope was perfectly ridiculous. I had been walking upon the hair-bridge over a gulf, and could not get into Elysium after all. I had been catching moonbeams, and running after notes of music. Despair was my only convenient refuge ; no chance remained, unless something should drop from the clouds. In this last particular I was not disappointed ; for on looking up I perceived a heavy shower of snow. Yet I was obliged

to venture forth ; for being supposed to dine out, I could not of course remain at home. Where to go I knew not : I was like my first father—" the world was all before me." I flung my cloak round me, and hurried forth with the feelings of a bandit longing for a stiletto. At the foot of the stairs, I staggered against two or three smiling rascals, priding themselves upon their punctuality. They had just arrived—to make the tour of Turkey. How I hated them ! As I rushed by the parlor, a single glance disclosed to me a blazing fire, with Lucy and several lovely creatures in a semicircle. Fancy, too, gave me a glimpse of a sprig of misletoe—I vanished from the house, like a spectre at day-break.

How long I wandered about is doubtful. At last I happened to look through a kitchen-window, with an area in front, and saw a villain with a fork in his hand, throwing himself back in his chair choked with ecstasy. Another was feasting with a graver air ; he seemed to be swallowing a bit of Paradise, and criticising its flavor. This was too much for mortality—my appetite fastened upon me like an alligator. I darted from the spot ; and only a few yards farther, discerned a house, with rather an elegant exterior, and with some ham in the window that looked perfectly sublime. There was no time for consideration—to hesitate was to perish. I entered ; it was indeed " a banquet-hall deserted." The very waiters had gone home to their friends. There, however, I found a fire ; and there—to sum up all my folly and felicity in a single word—I DINED !

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.—No. III.

THE LATE ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE—MURRAY THE LINGUIST—LEYDEN—PHRENOLOGY, &c.

THE last time I dined with Constable, the late Nabob of northern booksellers, was about four months before his death. He had, for some time, been in bad health, and in low spirits, from

his recent disasters ; but on that occasion he happened to be unusually facetious and entertaining. The flattering success his Miscellany had met with was perhaps the cause of this.

It was a theme on which he was particularly eloquent, and which seemed to bear him up against the malady that was undermining his constitution. He talked much of what he had done for the encouragement of letters, and of his intercourse with the most distinguished authors of the day, both in England and Scotland. Of Scott, Jeffrey, Leslie, and other heroes of the *Edinburgh Review*, he told various anecdotes. Murray, the late Professor of Hebrew, he spoke of as a particular favorite of his. Their intimacy, he said, had commenced at an early period, and when neither of them had attained distinction in their respective professions. Murray, as everybody knows, was one of the most distinguished linguists of his time, though self-taught, and without a single advantage from fortune or patronage. He had commenced his literary career in Edinburgh about the beginning of the present century, by conducting the *Scots Magazine*, writing papers in the earlier numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, and preparing an edition of Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia*, in which he displayed a degree of intimacy with the language and manners of those countries, scarcely credible in one who had not visited them in person. This had laid the foundation of an acquaintance, and an admiration of his talents, that made him a frequent guest at the table of his hospitable Mæcenæas. There was a simplicity in Murray's manner, and, at the same time, a caustic humor about him, that made his company very agreeable. As he died at so early an age his talents could hardly be said to have fully developed themselves, and his writings, published since his death, being left in a most unfinished state, and not having the benefit of his improvements and corrections, cannot be taken as a proper criterion of what, had he lived, he was qualified to have achieved. His poetical powers, though scarcely noticed by any of his biographers, appear to have been very considerable; and on the occasion of which I speak, our worthy host re-

peated some pieces of his that might have done credit to the muse of Beattie or Langhorne. One in particular pleased me much, and being entirely impromptu, it showed a wonderful degree of facility and cleverness at improvisatory verse making. Murray had called and found his friend confined to bed, and in a most lugubrious and desponding mood, which he in vain tried to dissipate. Among the *on dits* of the day, he mentioned a new work just published by one of the trade—Creech or Hill, I forget which—that was making some stir in town, and promised to turn out a lucrative concern. The bibliopole's visage darkened down at this intelligence, when Murray, perceiving he had touched a wrong cord, commenced an extemporaneous ballad on the occasion, in the true style of Chevy Chase, or rather an imitation of some of the simple lays in the *Border Minstrelsy*, which had just then made its appearance. I recollect only the two first stanzas.

Word came to our Scottish Bookseller

In the chamber where he lay,
That a work of fame, not bearing his name,
To the world had gone astray.

Then up got this stalwort Bookseller,
And an angry man was he,—

Who dares, he cried, so bold a deed,
And asks not leave of me?

In this strain of easy and humorous versification the poet went on, foretelling, of course, that this rebellion against the liege majesty of letters would speedily meet with condign punishment; since the author, printer, and publisher of this work of fame, must, of necessity, all go to the devil. An effusion so apropos and unexpected rallied the spirits of the "Scottish Bookseller," and the very recital of it, more than twenty years afterwards, seemed to restore the fallen diadem to his then "discrowned head."

Another fellow-visiter of Murray's was John Leyden, the famous orientalist. Though similar in their minds and pursuits, no two were ever more unlike in their manner. Murray was generally quiet, sly, and timid, perhaps from the conscious insignificance

of his personal appearance, and the deformity of a large flesh mark that nearly covered one half of his face. Leyden was bold, uncouth, and dogmatical. Fearless in debate, and fond of controversy, he maintained his opinions, however absurd, with a pertinacity that set reason and argument at defiance; one ludicrous instance of which, Mr. Constable told us occurred at his own table. The discussion had turned on animal food. Leyden maintained that it should be eaten raw—that cookery was a corruption, contrary to nature, and introduced by luxury and civilization—and that if any evidence were wanting, we need only look to birds and beasts of prey, and even to man in his natural state. This sort of logic did not satisfy the abettors of roast mutton. Their opinions were not to be carried by appealing to hawks and savages; but to end the dispute, they agreed to be convinced, provided Leyden would illustrate his theory by an example, and give them a specimen of his carnivorous powers on the spot. This was manifestly a poser; but Leyden was not a man to stick at trifles. A pound of solid beef-steaks was instantly procured, with a beautiful layer of fat and lean, that they might have demonstration in both kinds. Leyden showed no reluctance to put his hypothesis to the test of experiment. With the voracity of a cannibal—although he had eaten a substantial dinner not an hour before—he commenced operations, and in less than three minutes the whole contents of the plate were lodged in his stomach—to the great amusement, though not to the conviction, of his astonished companions.—Leyden delighted in the marvellous and magnificent. He was fond of expatiating on his own adventures among the hills—more especially his pastoral exploits. It was the most entertaining thing in the world, said Mr. Constable, to hear him dilating, in his provincial brogue, on the horrors of searching for stray cattle, or lifting sheep out of snow wreaths. Night after night, amidst drift and

tempest, he would represent himself as standing with one leg on one side of a deep ravine, and the other on the other side, throwing out the poor animals as fast as they tumbled in, and fighting their battles single handed, as it were, against the demon of the storm. The height to which he threw them was sometimes greater than appears consistent with our common apprehensions of human strength, or the frail tenure of animal life; to be pitched up a scaur thirty or forty feet high is no joke, either for man or beast. The numbers, too, which he rescued in one night, were sometimes four times greater than the whole flock under his charge; but then all this made a better story, and told prodigiously in favor of Leyden's prowess and perseverance. This wonderful energy of temperament never forsook him. It carried him through incredible difficulties in the way of study, and at last cost him his life.

The only other anecdote worth mentioning, on the occasion referred to, was one that Constable told us of himself, which had amused him exceedingly when it happened, and was scarcely less diverting to us, enhanced as it was with that interest which we always take when the narrator is the hero of his own story. Being in London, he said, some time in the year 1816, when phrenology was one of the lions of the day, both in the northern and southern capitals, he went in company with Jeffrey and another friend to visit the Phrenological Museum of De Ville, who was, and still is, I believe, Craniographer General to the Science; and was then occupied in preparing and selling busts, with the organs numbered according to the new classification introduced by Dr. Spurzheim. De Ville was a most zealous phrenologist, and his fingers itched to manipulate every cranium that came within the scope of his observation. The three Scotsmen entered, one of whom the artist knew, and uncovered. They walked leisurely round the premises, inspecting the casts, and admiring the wonderful invention that

had so nicely located every faculty, marked its habitation by line and compass, and mapped out the human skull into plots and colonies resembling a sort of intellectual United States. The statuary fixed a knowing look on the frontispiece of the jolly bookseller; eyed him like a hawk round the room, and at last, with an impatience that could no longer be restrained, he asked his Scotch friend to request this interesting stranger to give him the honor of a sitting. The bibliopole consented, and the artist's learned fingers were instantly at work. His delight was indescribable. The frontal and occipital regions were minutely surveyed. The sutures and processes—the anterior and inferior angles, were commented on in the most complimentary terms. "Fine specimen, indeed, Sir. Exceedingly fine. Most complete corroboration of the new physiognomical system. Why, Sir, there is not a single contradiction, from the mastoid process to the nasal extremity—all beautifully developed; I must have a bust, Sir. Spurzheim, Sir, will be in raptures. Have you seen his splendid new English work published in Edinburgh last year?" Mr. C. replied he had seen it. "How unfortunate, Sir," continued the artist, "he has been in his publisher! That infernal scoundrel, the publisher, Sir, cheated him out of the whole profits, Sir. Fine development, Sir. It would have been a charity, Sir, to Science, to have published it gratis. Benevolence, large! Why, Sir, it extends over half the coronal aspect. You must be charitable, Sir; disposed to acts of generosity, and to do honorable things! Poor Spurzheim! He expected to pocket at least 300*l.* and did not get 20! It was a base thing, Sir. I cannot forgive the rascally publisher—to cheat a foreigner!" Here the fingers of the indignant artist came across the region between Cautiousness and Hope. "Conscientiousness, large! The fullest I have ever seen! You must have a strong feeling of right and wrong—a high sense of justice, Sir. Poor Spurzheim! it was a cruel thing, Sir. I must have the dimensions of this organ. An extraordinary love of justice! decided condemnation of fraud. This, if I mistake not, Sir, is your character!" It may easily be conceived how highly diverted Mr. C. and his two friends were at this exhibition of phrenological acumen. The latter repeatedly turned round, and, pretending to admire the busts, were like to split their sides with laughter. Mr. C. was, in fact, the publisher of the book in question. Some of the circumstances detailed by the man of stucco were correct, but the charge as to pecuniary matters was entirely groundless, as the work turned out but a very indifferent speculation. However, this scientific detector of right and wrong was never informed of his mistake. The Scotchmen took their departure not a little amused at his ridiculous pretensions to indicate mental qualities by arithmetical numbers, and from bumps and protuberances on the head to form a judgment of the heart and morals.

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness,
A gather'd mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace.

THE war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France;
It had still'd the harp of the Troubadour,
And the clash of the Tourney's lance.

* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

The sounds of the sea and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provençal shore ;
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirr'd by the ringing trumpet's breath,
His shroud of armor wore.

And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,
Gave quivering life to the slumbers pale
Of stern forms couch'd in their marble mail,
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
As leaders in many a bold career,
And haughty their stillness look'd and high,
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory :
But meekly the voice of the lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose.
Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,
Under their banners of battle she pray'd ;
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
Upraised to the Virgin's portray'd above,
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
And her fragile frame, at every blast
That full of the savage war-horn pass'd,
Trembling as trembles a bird's quick heart,
When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—

So knelt she in her woe :
A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
Oh ! they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust had stirr'd below !

Hark ! a swift step ! she hath caught its tone,
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan ;—
Is her Lord return'd with his conquering bands ?
No ! a breathless vassal before her stands !
—“ Hast thou been on the field ?—Art thou come from the host ? ”
—“ From the slaughter, Lady !—All, all is lost !
Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe,
And thy Lord ”—his voice took a sadder sound—
“ Thy Lord—he is not on the bloody ground !
There are those who tell that the leader's plume
Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom.”

—A change o'er her mien and her spirit pass'd ;
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
She dash'd the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance as of sudden royalty ;
The proud blood sprang, in a fiery flow,
Quick over bosom, and cheek, and brow,
And her young voice rose, till the peasant shook
At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look :
—“ Dost thou stand midst the tombs of the glorious dead,
And fear not to say that their son hath fled ?
Away ! he is lying by lance and shield—
Point me the path to his battle field ! ”

The shadows of the forest
Are about the Lady now ;
She is hurrying through the midnight on,
Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There 's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
There 's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief ;

The branches that rock to the tempest-strife,
 Are groaning like things of troubled life ;
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by
 With a funeral march through the gloomy sky ;
 The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
 When she reach'd the field of the warrior-dead ;
 There lay the noble, the valiant low—
 —Aye ! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe ;
 There lay the *loved* !—on each fallen head
 Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed ;
 Sisters were watching, in many a home,
 For the fetter'd footstep, no more to come ;
 Names in the prayers of that night were spoken
 Whose claim unto kindred prayers was broken ;
 And the fire was heap'd, and the bright wine pour'd
 For those, now needing nor hearth nor board ;
 Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
 —And oh ! ye beloved of woman, farewell !

Silently, with lips compress'd,
 Pale hands clasp'd above her breast,
 Stately brow of anguish high,
 Death-like cheek, but dauntless eye ;
 Silently, o'er that red plain,
 Moved the lady midst the slain.

Sometimes it seem'd as a charging cry,
 Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh ;
 Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
 Sudden and shrill, from the mountains borne ;
 And her maidens trembled :—but on *her* ear
 No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;
 They had less of mastery to shake her now,
 Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen bough.
 She search'd into many an unclosed eye,
 That look'd without soul to the starry sky ;
 She bow'd down o'er many a shatter'd breast,
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—

Not there, not there he lay !
 “Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—lead on !”
 And the vassal took the way.

He turn'd to a dark and lonely tree,
 That waved o'er a fountain red ;
 Oh ! swiftest *there* had the current free
 From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleam'd,
 And the scatter'd plumage stream'd,
 And the broken shields were toss'd,
 And the shiver'd lances cross'd,
 And the mail-clad sleepers round
 Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there ! the leader amidst his band,
 Where the faithful had made their last vain stand ;
 He was there ! but affection's glance alone,
 The darkly changed in that hour had known ;
 With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasp'd,
 And a banner of France to his bosom clasp'd,
 And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
 And the face—oh ! speak not of that dead face !

As it lay to answer love's look no more,
Yet never so proudly loved before !

She quell'd in her soul the deep floods of woe,
The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;
She felt the full presence, the might of death,
Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
As she turn'd to his followers—" Your Lord is there !
Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest !
Bear him away with his sires to rest !"

Another day—another night—
And the sailor on the deep
Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
From the lordly chapel sweep :

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
As if that rite were in terror done,
Yet the song midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial-hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
Through the aisle the mourners go ;
With a hush'd and stealthy tread,
Bearing on the noble dead,
Sheathed in armor of the field—
Only his wan face reveal'd,
Whence the still and solemn gleam
Doth a strange sad contrast seem
To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
With torches wavering in every hand,
For they dread each moment the shout of war,
And the burst of the Moslem scymitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
No brother of battle, no princely friend ;
No sound comes back, like the sounds of yore,
Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor ;
By the red fountain the valiant lie,
The flower of Provençal chivalry,
But *one* free step and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
To the verge of his own ancestral grave ;
She hath held o'er his spirit long rigid sway,
But the struggling passion must now have way.
In the cheek half seen through her mourning veil,
By turns doth the swift blood flush and fail,—
The pride on the lip is lingering still,
But it shakes, as a flame to the blast might thrill ;
Anguish and Triumph are met at strife,
Rending the cords of her frail young life ;
And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
Lifting her voice as if death might hear.

" I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong !
Now call me hence by thy side to be,
The world thou leav'st hath no place for me.
The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me forth !
Give me my home on thy noble heart,
Well have we loved, let us both depart !"

And pale on the breast of the Dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;

The *living* cheek !—Oh ! it was not vain,
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain,
She is there at rest in her place of pride,
In death how queen-like—a glorious bride !

Joy for the freed One !—she might not stay
When the crown had fall'n from her life away ;
She might not linger—a weary thing,
A dove with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land's melodies.
From the long heart-withering early gone ;
She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done !

FUSELI AS A PAINTER AND AUTHOR.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

As a painter his merits are of no common order. He was no timid and creeping adventurer in the region of art, but a man peculiarly bold and daring—who rejoiced only in the vast, the wild, and the wonderful, and loved to measure himself with any subject, whether in the heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. The domestic and humble realities of life he considered unworthy of his pencil, and employed it only on those high or terrible themes where imagination may put forth all her strength and fancy scatter all her colors. He associated only with the demigods of verse, and roamed through Homer, and Dante, and Shakspeare, and Milton, in search of subjects worthy of his hand ; he loved to grapple with whatever he thought too weighty for others ; and assembling round him the dim shapes which imagination called readily forth, sate brooding over the chaos, and tried to bring the whole into order and beauty. He endeavored anxiously to

“ Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
Those characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
His own high mind created.”

But poetry had invested them with a diviner pomp than Fuseli could command, and it was on these occasions that he complained of his inability to work up to the conceptions of his fancy. He had splendid dreams, but like those of Eve they were sometimes disturbed by a demon, and

passed away forever before he could embody them.

His main wish was to startle and astonish—it was his ambition to be called Fuseli the daring and the imaginative, the illustrator of Milton and Shakspeare, the rival of Michael Angelo. Out of the seventy exhibited paintings on which he reposed his hope of fame, not one can be called common-place—they are all poetical in their nature, and as poetically treated. Some twenty of these alarm, startle, and displease ; twenty more may come within the limits of common comprehension ; the third twenty are such as few men can produce, and deserve a place in the noblest collections ; while the remaining ten are equal in conception to anything that genius has hitherto produced, and second only in their execution to the true and recognized master-pieces of art. It cannot be denied, however, that a certain air of extravagance and a desire to stretch and strain is visible in most of his works. A common mind, having no sympathy with his soaring, perceives his defects at once, and ranks him with the wild and unsober. A poetic mind will not allow the want of serenity and composure to extinguish the splendor of the conception ; but whilst it notes the blemish, will feel the grandeur of the work. The approbation of high minds fixes the degree of fame to which genius of all degrees is entitled, and the name of Fuseli is safe.

His coloring is like his design, original; it has a kind of supernatural hue, which harmonizes with many of his subjects—the spirits of the other state and the hags of hell are steeped in a kind of kindred color, which becomes their characters. His notion of color suited the wildest of his subjects; and the hue of Satan and the lustre of Hamlet's Ghost are part of the imagination of those supernatural shapes. Yet original as his coloring is, and suitable to the scenes which it often embodies, it seems unnatural when applied to earthly flesh and blood, and communicates hues which belong to other worlds than to the sons and daughters of Adam. It is to be praised rather than imitated, and would be out of harmony with subjects of common emotion and everyday life.

His sketches are very numerous, amounting to eight hundred, and show the varied knowledge and vigorous imagination of the man. He busied himself during his hours of leisure with making sketches and drawings from scenes which had occurred in his reading, or had arisen on his fancy; in this manner he illustrated the whole range of poetry, ancient and modern. Those who are only acquainted with Fuseli through his paintings know little of the extent of his genius; they should see him in his designs and drawings, to feel his powers and know him rightly. The variety of those productions is truly wonderful, and their poetic feeling and historic grandeur more wonderful still. It is surprising too how little of that extravagance of posture and action, which offends in his large paintings, is present here; they are for the most part uncommonly simple and serene performances.

Scattered amongst these sketches, we are sometimes startled by the appearance of a lady floating gracefully along in fashionable attire—her patches, paint, and jewels on—and armed for doing mischief amongst the sons of modern men. There is no attempt at caricature—they are fac-similes, and

favorable ones, of existing life and fashion. Their presence amongst the works we have described jars upon our feelings—they are out of keeping with the poetic simplicity of their companions, and look as strange as court ladies would do taking the air with the Apollo and the dying Gladiator. They do, however, what the painter meant. They tell us how contemptible everything is save natural elegance and simple grandeur, and that much which gives splendor to a ball or levee, will never mingle with what is lofty or lasting.

His love of the loose wit and free humor of the old writers of Italy and England was great; as he read them he chuckled with pleasure, and taking up his pencil lent form to such scenes as gladdened his fancy. Those works are entitled to the praise of poetic freedom and vivacity—the humor and the wit triumph over all other levities—and sense has generally the better of sensuality. Fire, however, fell amongst most of these when he died,—nor do I blame the hand of his widow who kindled it.

We cannot contemplate the portfolios of his serious drawings, opened to us by their possessor, Sir Thomas Lawrence, without being struck with the extraordinary genius of Fuseli, and lamenting the blindness and deficiency of taste of the age in which he lived. Had he received anything like adequate encouragement, public feeling would have awed down his extravagance of imagination, and those compositions, now consigned to the cabinet of his eminent friend, would have been expanded into pictures and adorning the galleries of our country. Of all the painters whom England has encouraged—they are not indeed many—no one had either the reach of thought or the poetic feeling of Fuseli: he had comprehension for all that is great, and imagination for all that is lofty.

Of his literary compositions something more should be said. I rank them high, and yet considerably below the efforts of his pencil. He affected

to strike out remarkable sentences, and express characters by a few weighty words—to utter instructions pointed and oracular—to season sound counsel with shrewd wit, and by the use of poetic diction give warmth and energy to the whole. To accomplish this, generally, required a better disciplined mind, and perhaps a better acquaintance with our language, than he possessed; but in many passages his success is splendid. He always feels well—often deeply; but the great fault is that he seldom allows

the stream of his mind to run smoothly along; he leads it astray into artificial falls, and bewilders it in links and serpentine. He had such a high opinion of his own acuteness and wisdom, that he wrote a whole volume of *Aphorisms on Art*—three hundred in number. Some of these are said to be acute—some sensible—some profound, and a great many visionary. He also began a regular history of his art, but stopped at Michael Angelo. The fragment has not as yet been published.

THE AURORA BOREALIS IN ORKNEY.

All glorious was the prospect from thy peak,
Thou thunder-cloven island of the main!—DELTA.

To the contemplative mind, who, enthusiastically fond of the sublime and beautiful, gazes on nature with the eye of a poet, lists with rapture to the howling of the deep-toned winds—the moaning of ocean—the never-ceasing murmur of an hundred mountain streamlets—the irresistible Atlantic rushing with inconceivable velocity into countless subterranean *gios* or *helyers*, with a noise louder than thunder, and anon receding with equal rapidity,—few places are equal to the island of Hoy in Orkney.

Towering over the neighboring islands, like the fragment of some huge gothic cathedral over the humble cottages of the peasantry, this insulated mountain may be seen from forty to sixty miles distant, according to the state of the atmosphere, from every point of the compass, whilst its rocky base is deeply immersed in, and lashed by a tremendous

Wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!

But the freshness of spring, the glories of summer, the sere and yellow leaves of autumn, and the vapors, clouds, and storms of winter, dwindle into insignificance when compared with certain celestial phenomena which very frequently occur in these wild regions during the winter months.

Let the reader imagine himself standing alone in the midst of such desolate scenery, surveying the azure vault of heaven, bespangled with stars innumerable, whose scintillating rays converge and blind, apparently throwing a gossamer veil of silver over the blue expanse. Let him turn his eyes northward, and what must be his feelings, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, ten thousand rainbows rush into a glorious existence, and fill the celestial arch with their radiance, shifting their positions with the velocity of a sunbeam, blending into a circular halo round the concave of heaven, mounting to the zenith like squadrons of cherubims, diving into the profound like bright but fallen spirits, and evanishing with the speed of thought, leaving the stars and planets glowing in tranquil sublimity, and the spectator, if he possess a particle of the *vivida vis animi*, entranced with the recollection of the glories by which he has been surrounded! Again and again in my happy school days have such visions of celestial grandeur floated before my delighted eyes, and many a chilly hour have I passed amidst the rigor of an hyperborean winter night, watching the progress, the advance, the retreat, the *melée*, or the final extermination, of these celestial armies; and I do aver, that no

object in nature can illustrate the wars of the

Thrones and dominions, potentates and powers of Milton, half so well as the splendid sight which I have been attempting to describe.

It is rather humiliating to poor human nature that the great majority of the Orkney peasantry regard this beautiful phenomenon with the most frozen apathy.

Though its splendors are beyond the power of pen like mine to deline-

ate; though its glories, on particular occasions, are absolutely overpowering—yet I have frequently mingled in their groups, made one in their parties, and never heard an impassioned exclamation escape a single individual of them, though the aurora borealis were flickering and flaming, and glowing, nay actually *hissing*, as if in scorn of the frigid feelings of those who were so happy as to witness the jousts and tournaments of these aerial revellers.

ON THE ART OF DRESSING THE HUMAN BODY.

WE are surprised that people do not follow our example in other things, and adapt their appearance and costume of body, at least, to the different seasons of the year, if they cannot, like us, change the shape and fashion of their thoughts. We beheld a man, the other day, fluttering along Prince's Street, with light jane trowsers, and a white straw hat. Has the animal no perception of changes in the atmosphere; or, as we rather suspect, has he only one pair of nether habiliments in the world? However it may be, he ought to be kept in solitary confinement; for the man who would outrage public decorum in this way, would have little scruple in murdering his nearest relation. We are offended every time we walk the streets, with a thousand instances of similar insanity. A person, in the heats of June or July, comes sweltering up to us buckled in a prodigious great-coat, which he probably terms a surtout; and carries his head tight on his shoulders by the aid of two or three neckcloths, which would smother an ordinary mortal in December. Another fellow hobbles past us in a pair of immense Wellington boots, or, at least, with his ankles thickly enveloped in prodigious gaiters—an article of wearing apparel which is at once the most snobbish and disagreeable. We ourselves are of a peculiarly delicate constitution, and, above all, are liable to sore throats from the easter-

ly winds. But what is the use of all the precautions we can use, if fellows will wriggle past us dressed so thinly that their own miserable bloodless bodies chill the air more completely than Eurus himself could do, with Leslie's freezing machine in his hand, and an iceberg in each pocket? We are convinced that our last cough, from which, indeed, we are scarcely yet recovered, was inflicted on us by a man in nankeen trowsers, who stood beside us several minutes, as we waited for a friend by the Glasgow mail. These things ought to be looked to a little more closely; and if people would only have the sense to dress by a thermometer, it would show more wisdom than we are at present disposed to allow them. There might, by a very slight change of the present style, be a graduated scale of dress. In summer, instead of having the thermometer at 80 in the shade, the mercury might be made to rise to the words silk stockings and nankeens—as it gradually descended, it might point to cotton stockings, boots, cloth trowsers, drawers, and jackets, till at last it sunk fairly down to great-coats, worsted gloves, and Belcher fogles. As to the color of the habiliments, that, of course, ought to be left to the taste of the individual; but all men should not wrap themselves in windings of exactly the same tints and shades. No sooner does some color come down strongly recommended

from some London candidate for the Fleet, than universal Edinburgh appears in the same hue. Say the color fixed upon is green,—forth stalks a writer's clerk, fresh from the Orkneys, with a back as broad as his desk, and whiskers as red as his sealing-wax, and struts about in a few days in the livery of Oberon and the Fairies. People with faces more lugubrious than if their aunts had recovered from a fever, make up, by the gaiety of their dress, for the funereal expression of their features. White hats are cocked up with a ludicrous jauntiness over grizzled locks on which a nightcap would be more becoming; and, in short, without reference to age, size, character, or profession, every man struts forth as nearly in the fashion as he can. But "what have we with men to do?" Let us advert to the ladies. Not unto thee, O thin-lipped and narrow-shouldered virgin, blooming on, like the other evergreens, in thy fifty-second winter, with a nose thin and blue as a darning needle, and a countenance with the amiable expression of a bowl of skim milk, are these observations directed; useless were any care upon thy toilet, unnoticed the elegance of thy head-dress, unremarked the beauty of thy gown. For thee the plainest and least distinguished garments are the most appropriate, and those,

"Like thine own planet in the west,
When half conceal'd, are loveliest."

So, beware of low necks, short sleeves, or petticoats one inch above thy shoe. But to you, ye maids and matrons, from sixteen up to sixty, would an old man offer gentle and friendly advice; and, we beseech you, lay it seriously to your hearts, whether they beat in the gaiety and gladness of youth and beauty, behind the folds of a snowy muslin kerchief, or rest quiet and contented in married and matronly sedateness, beneath the warm Chinchilla tippet, and comfortable and close-pinned India shawl.

In the first place, let no one look, unless with loathing and contempt,

at the fashions for the month. Let every one be her own pattern, and dress according to her figure, size, and complexion, and not according to the caprice or whim of another. If a great Leviathan, who happens to set the mode, chooses to envelope her acres of back and bosom in drapery so wide as to make it impossible to discover where the apparel ends, and where the natural contour begins; why, oh why, our own dear Jane, should you hide the fall of your shoulders, or the symmetry of your waist, in the same overwhelming and fantastic habiliments? Why change the rounded elegance of your own white and beautiful arm for the puffed-out, pudding-shaped sleeves which the sapient in millinery call *gigot de mouton*? Consult your mirror only for one single moment, and ask yourself, if a stiff frumpt-up Queen-Mary frill suit with the laughing playfulness of your eyes, or the gay and thoughtless expression of your mouth. By no means. Leave that and all other stiff articles of apparel to the large hazel-eyed imperial sort of beauties; but let one simple string of pearls hang on your blue-veined neck, and a thin gauze handkerchief rest carelessly on your shoulders. Hast thou dark waving ringlets? Oh maid, whose eyes now cast a halo of their own light over our pages, let red roses and pale honeysuckle nestle amid their tresses! Do thy blue eyes shine, like stars of joy, beneath the fleecy clouds of thy light-falling hair? Twine a green wreath to encircle thy brow, of the leaves of the lemon-plant, holly, or even the cypress-tree. But why should a gentle young maiden wear any ornaments in her hair at all? Far better, and far lovelier, are her simple tresses. The days of diamond combs, and pearl circlets, have luckily gone by, and pure is the delight to behold a face, radiant with smiles and beauty, half hid, in its playfulness and mirth, beneath a veil of falling curls, loose, wandering, and unconfined. There are some figures which dress cannot spoil, but there

are none which dress may not improve. We have before us now at the table on which we write, a girl, beautiful, indeed, in herself, but so plainly, and yet so tastefully dressed, as to add to her natural loveliness. She has light brown hair, clustering thickly down her cheek; her blue eyes are fixed intently on a book, while her rosy lips seem to move unconsciously, and her brow to assume an appearance of intense excitement under the inspiration of what she is reading. She wears a plain white gown; a pink-colored kerchief in vain endeavors to conceal the heavings of her breast; no necklace is round her throat—and, above all, none of those revolting remnants of barbarity—ear-rings—destroying the chaste simplicity of her cheek and neck. And what is there in all that? A thousand girls dress simply and elegantly in white gowns, a thousand wear no ornaments in their hair, and thousands upon thousands submit to no manacles in their ears; and yet, with many, this unadorned style would not be the most becoming. Give bracelets on the wrists, and aigrettes in her locks, to the flashing-eyed flirt; dress her in gay-colored silks, and let rings sparkle on every finger as she lifts it in playful and heartless gaiety to captivate some large-eyed, wide-mouthed spoon, who thinks she cares only for him;—but to the meek and gentle daughters of our hearts, the noiseless spirits of our homes, give drapery pure and spotless as their thoughts, and white as the snowy bosoms which it covers.

And yet, since truth must be spoken, the style of dress in the present day is certainly more becoming than the monstrosities we remember some years ago. The short waists were our utter abomination. Men's buttons took post exactly on the tip of their shoulder-bones, while the swallow-tails dangled their immensity of length till they tapered off below the knees like the tail of an ourang-outang. The ladies were equally ridiculous. The bend of their figures was entirely destroyed; and as to the

waist of a very sylph of twenty years of age, it was in no respect, unless by its superior breadth, to be distinguished from any other part of her form. At that time the backs of all the ladies in his Majesty's dominions were so precisely the same in appearance, that few men could recognise even their wives and daughters, unless they were gifted by nature with lameness or a hump. All distinctions of age were lost in the universal destitution of shape. Matrons of forty-five were by no means to be detected; even the mature ages of sixty and sixty-three, as long as the faces were concealed, reaped all the admiration due to twenty and twenty-five. Life and admiration were a complete puzzle to the most attentive observers. Impossible was it for *Ædipus* himself to discover whether the object of his praise, who so gracefully walked the whole length of Prince's Street before him, was old enough for his grandmother or young enough for his child. We remember an odd adventure happening to ourself. We were at that time poor, and then, as at all other times, handsome, good-natured, and obliging, and, of course, very much admired. This admiration, however, we are bound in candor to allow, was much more warm among the maids than the matrons of our acquaintance, and between us and one of them, who, besides a beautiful face, had an estate in Ayrshire, and expectations from her uncle, we confess the admiration was mutual. The mother, who was as watchful as mothers of rich daughters always are, did not seem quite to approve of our approaches; of which we had a gentle hint one day, when she requested our absence from her house, and begged to have the pleasure of a discontinuance of our acquaintance. Water thrown on flame only makes it burn the stronger, and a little opposition is the soul of love. We corresponded—blessings on the black-eyed waiting-maid! and agreed one day to meet. We went, and walking before us we saw a figure which set our blood

dancing in our veins. We followed—"Who," we exclaimed, "can gaze on that dear green silk gown, nor guess what a lovely form is enshrouded below it? Who can see that nodding umbrella-looking bonnet, nor guess what sparkling eyes and snowy teeth and rosy cheeks it maliciously conceals beneath it?" We saw her step into Montgomery's, she stood at the counter—"Now, now, we shall hear her voice, and see her beloved countenance again." In an instant we were beside her, and, with beating heart and quivering lips, whispered in her ear—"Have you come at last? have you escaped the old dragon, your mother?" Our tongue clove to our mouth, our eyes glared like Roman candles, our lips trembled, and the last thing we remember was the voice of the servant-maid crying, "John, John, bring some water here, a gentleman's in a fit!" It was her mother! When we recovered, the vision had disappeared; but woful were the consequences to us. We had fallen half across the counter; and after with our dexter arm demolishing two dozen tumblers, six glasses of jelly, and a marriage cake, we had subsided with our left arm among seven-and-thirty cranberry tarts, and finally got half choked as we sunk with our head totally immersed in an enormously wide-mouthed jar of pickled cabbages. This, in more senses than one, was the demolition of our suit; and fervently have we hated short waists, and watchful mothers, since that memorable day. More particularly, as before our cheek was healed, which we cut among the tumblers, or our three teeth become firm, which we loosened upon the counter, our love was married to an English dragoon, who, we understand, is going to stand for a rotten borough on the strength of her Ayrshire estate. Hundreds of similar mistakes, we have no hesitation in believing, rose from the doubtful waists, the medium ancepts, of maid, wife, and widow. Now, however, these things are somewhat better managed. Now that nature is

left comparatively to herself, it is impossible for any one to walk *towards* you, creating wonder and fear from the ghastliness and wrinkles of her face, and, as you turn round to wonder who has passed, to walk away *from* you, creating love and admiration from the beauty and gracefulness of her back. For the sameness of the colors in general use, we are still, no doubt, much to blame. But greatly as we approve of an independent exertion of each individual's taste in the selection and combining of her hues and shades, horrible and truly abominable is the search after singularity which actuates some of the ladies whom we have lately seen. Low-bosomed gowns are happily not in vogue; but wherefore, because everything is not revealed, should everything be totally covered up and hidden? Have not we seen ladies with their necks entirely and closely buckled round in a thick stuff stomacher, and looking as starched and stiff as a half-pay Lieutenant, whose military surtout is always (except on Mondays, when his shirt is clean) buttoned tightly over his black leather stock, for the double purpose of showing his chest, and saving the necessity of a waistcoat?

A slavish adherence to custom is very bad, but an absolute running counter to it is equally so. A dress which is in accordance with the age, complexion, and situation of any one, can never be wondered at as out of the way, nor laughed at as not being in the fashion. If people go to condole with an acquaintance on the death of her husband, which happened the last week, it would perhaps not be quite correct to do so on their way to a ball, with spangles glistening over their gowns, and silver laurel-leaves shining on their foreheads. But perhaps as bad as this would it be, to go to an assembly dressed "in the sable suits of woe," to waltz with a widow's veil upon their heads, or jump through a reel with weepers on their sleeves. Dresses ought to be adapted also to the occupation the wearer intends to

pursue. How ridiculous a gentleman would appear if he dug in his garden with white kid gloves on his hands, and dancing shoes on his feet! How absurd a lady would seem, mending her husband's worsted stockings, dressed all the time in her ball-room finery! But enough of this. Father's have odd fancies, and dress their family more in accordance with their own taste than their daughters' appearances. We called, when we were last in Suffolk, on an old friend of ours, whom we had not seen for many years. He was a humorist in his way, and was blessed with the most complete credulity, mixed with the least quantity of shrewdness, of any matter-of-fact individual we ever knew. Old Simon's reception of us was kind, his invitation to stay with him was pressing, and we staid. The room in which we saw him was remarkably well furnished; but the sun was shining bright—it was the middle of summer—and the whole apartment was one blaze of light. The curtains of the windows were of the most dazzling yellow—the carpet was yellow, with here and there a blue spot on it—the walls were yellow—the grate was yellow—the chairs and sofas all of the same hue—and all the pictures round the room were enshrined in bright yellow frames. Our old friend himself, from the reflection of the color, was as yellow in the face as a jaundiced man, or a new brass button; and our eyes began to be affected by gazing on the same changeless, unmitigated tint. We asked him for a snuff, and a yellow box containing Lundifoot was immediately put into our hands. We drew from our pocket a handkerchief, which unfortunately was of the fated hue. "Beautiful handkerchief!" exclaimed our friend; such a very lovely color! Pray, sir, let me see. Aye, real Bandana; and such a bright glowing yellow!"—"Yes," we replied, resolving to play a little on the simplicity of our friend; "it is a good handkerchief; and it is sometimes right to run a little risk, though a

cloth of any other shade would do just as well, and not be at all dangerous."—"Dangerous! risk!" exclaimed our yellow friend, with a slight tinge of blue spreading over his features—"What can you be talking of? Yellow is the very best color of them all. My gig is yellow—my carriage is yellow—I keep no birds but canaries—and what do you talk about risks and dangers for?"—"Then you haven't heard the discovery made by the German metaphysicians, that our thoughts take the color of what is presented to the senses?—Yellow is a most dangerous color—yellow thoughts make people misers, pickpockets, and murderers."—"God have mercy upon us all! if that's the case; for I'm sure my thoughts must be yellow, beyond the power of man to change them. My wife's thoughts must be yellow as this sofa. And Mary, poor dear yellow-thoughted Mary! what shall I do to dye them?"—"Give them a slight infusion," we said, as solemnly as possible, "of blue damask furniture; and let Mary be feasted on a green silk pelisse."—"Ah now," said our friend, "I know you're only joking. —Curse metaphysics! I never could understand a word of them in my life. Feast on a green silk pelisse! Ha, ha! I'll tell Mary what a supper you propose."—"No, sir—serious as a judge—even in the time we have been here, we feel as if ill of the yellow fever."—"Fever!" cried Simon, wofully alarmed! "is it infectious? How pale you look! Shall I ring the bell, sir? Mary, Mary, do leave the room; the yellow fever is raging here already; and all from these confounded yellow curtains! The gentleman has swallowed a sofa-cover!—How do you feel now, sir?"—"A few yards, properly applied, of a dark green crumb-cloth, would be very advantageous. A black coal-scuttle would also be a great relief." We looked at Mary as we said this, and saw a very pretty little girl of seventeen or eighteen, dressed all in the everlasting color—yellow from top to toe, her very hair being slightly gold-

en, and her sandals of yellow silk. Her mother also came in, and was closely followed by a servant in yellow livery. All seemed fixed in the utmost astonishment. We ourselves sat quietly on the sofa, after having bowed to the ladies; while Simon went on with a string of questions and exclamations, which were totally unintelligible to them; and ended at last with a denunciation of his favorite furniture, which seemed to give great satisfaction to his wife and daughter. "We were remarking to Mr. Yellowly, when you came in, madam," we said to the lady, in our usual bland and insinuating manner, "that we thought this room would be somewhat improved by the addition of some furniture of a different color, and he seems now to agree with us in opinion."—"God bless me!" cried Simon, stopping short in his walk—"I

understood you to say you had been infected by the furniture with the yellow fever; that the fever had made you mad, and you wished to swallow a crumb-cloth, and sup on the coal-scuttle. Mary was to eat a green pelisse, and you, my dear, were to be treated with an infusion of a chest of drawers." We immediately explained; and the ladies, who seemed accustomed to Simon's absurdities, were easily satisfied of his mistake; more especially as he promised them dresses of the colors they themselves should prefer; and we saw the pretty Mary, before our departure, in a gown of the purest white, a deep blue ribbon round her waist, with white silk stockings and black shoes; which, to the young, the simple, and the uninfected, is the handsomest and most interesting dress they can possibly put on.

EVENING.

How beautiful the summer sun goes down
Beyond the mountains, while in the blue
 east
The stars are lifting high their unveil'd
 heads
In solitary glory; not a cloud
Floats now between the green earth and
 the orbs
That gaze upon her beauty; while the vault
Looks like a passage for the airy feet
Of souls, that wish at times to visit earth;
Silence is dreaming o'er the universe,
Lulling the pulse of nature! Such a night,
Methinks, descended on the infant world,
When twilight first prepared her starry bed
To rest the young sun on his journey—
 nights

So calm and beautiful—when God and
 man
Walk'd side by side upon the flowery slope
Of the green hills of Paradise. The moon
Now rolls in glory o'er the highest heaven;
The mountains shine beneath her vestal
 fire,
Eternal towers of adamant, which seem
Lost in the moonshine, and whose heads
 are white
With the first snow blown from the lips of
 time.
Oh, I could wish for wings, to flee away
To yon calm, shining orbs, and be at rest;
They look so like the bowers our God has
 made,
To shield the lonely and the broken heart.

SONG.

Oh! think not, thou dear one, I ever re-
 pined
At the fiat celestial that made thee mine
 own;
Oh! think not, adored one, my love hath
 declined
With the swift years of bliss that have
 over us flown.
My memory clings to those moments so
 bright,
In life's rosy morn, when our passion
 was young;

When I gazed on thy form with excessive
 delight,
And speechless with bliss on thy bosom
 I hung.
The jewels of earth, and the gems of the
 sea—
The dew and the diamond, the sapphire
 and pearl—
'The sunbeam, the stars—were all emblems
 of thee;—
Thou wert brighter than all of them,
 idolized girl.

I grant thou art not so bewitchingly mould-
ed
As erst when I woo'd thee beneath the
beech tree,
But the touch-stone of time hath thy value
unfolded,
And made thee ten thousand times dear-
er to me !

Then think not, thou dear one, I ever re-
pin'd
At the fiat celestial that made thee mine
own ;
Oh ! think not, adored one, my love hath
declined
With the swift years of bliss that have
over us flown.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

I LOVE thee, lone and pensive flower,
Because thou dost not flaunt thy
bloom
In Pleasure's gay and garish bower,
Or Luxury's proud banquet-room ;
But on the silent mouldering wall
Thy clinging leaves a fragrance shed,
Or give to the deserted hall
A relic of its glories fled.

These wreaths, in vivid freshness bright,
Methinks the flattering herd portray,
Who bask in Fortune's golden light,
And wanton in her joyous way ;
But thou art like that gentle love,
Which blooms when friends and fame
have pass'd,
Towers the dark wreck of Hope above,
And smiles through ruin to the last !

ON THE CYCLES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART IV.

WE have now brought down this essay to what may be termed the third grand epoch of our literary annals. We have seen that the tone of the first was imparted by Chaucer, Spenser, and the early dramatists ; and that the second originated in the dramatists of the age of Charles the Second, acquired stability from Dryden, and was perfected by Pope. We have shown also that the influence of the second was continued for the greater part of the last century — comprehending among its adherents Swift, Gay, Goldsmith, and Johnson. A dawn of better things showed itself in Thomson, and expanded into the daylight in the writings of Cowper.

It was not to be expected, however, that an innovation, like that of Cowper in his "Task," was immediately to influence and carry with it the whole literary suffrages of the age. Darwin and Seward divided the laurels with him ; and poetry continued to carry on a strange warfare into the regions of modern science. Steam engines boiled in song ; and flowers embraced each other, according to the most improved method of Linnæus. Wedgwood was immortalized with all his porcelain manufacture ; and Lu-

nardi ascended in his parachute to the music of heroic verse. In short, by a kind of legerdemain in the art, whatever had been previously the favorite subjects for embellishment, from the days of Homer downwards, were utterly neglected, that subjects which never before were supposed capable of poetical embellishment might be attempted. Like all novelties, the system for awhile attracted attention, and gained disciples, until it was carried to a degree of monstrosity perfectly intolerable. The Laura Matildas, and the Della Cruscan sentimentalists, Gifford demolished by "the Mæviad and Bæviad ;" while Canning did the same good turn to the poetical votaries of science, by "the Loves of the Triangles."

About this time a triple constellation appeared on the horizon of literature, consisting of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. Brought together by similarity of tastes, and almost fortuitous circumstances, the trio had imbibed peculiar canons of criticism ; and they set about exemplifying them, in compositions of great original power and beauty.

As was to have been expected from men of great original genius, each had

many peculiar beauties and defects, and different ways of illustrating their poetical theories to the world. A distinguished critic has characterized "the poetry of Wordsworth as scholastic, the poetry of Southey as monastic, and the poetry of Coleridge as fantastic;" and, with some allowance for the "uniformity's sake," love of *astic*, we confess that the distinction is borne out by at least a shadow of truth.

Of the three, Southey has shown himself the man of by far the greatest general ability. Perhaps in the whole range of English literature there is not a name which has distinguished itself so highly in so many branches. When we consider what he has achieved, it puts a veto on the idle murmur about the brevity of human life. In poetry, in history, in philology and politics, the name of Southey is a first-rate one. Montgomery, himself a poet of no mean reputation, has set down "Madoc" as the third great poem in the English language, after the "Faëry Queen" and "Paradise Lost;" yet, to our mind, Southey has himself eclipsed that great work, not only in "Thalaba," "that wild and wondrous tale" of Arabian superstition, but also in "Roderick," a poem of more regular features and strength of composition. It is needless to mention the Laureate as the historian of Brazil and of the Peninsular War, as the biographer of Nelson, as the author of the Book of the Church, the Dialogues on the Progress and Prospects of Society, and a host of other things of equal performance. Seldom, indeed, is genius of such a high order found united with application so unwearied, and a judgment so penetrating and profound. Yet withal, Southey cannot be said, even at this day, to be a very popular writer—at least at all in proportion to his deserts.

Southey has elaborated his poetry from an immense fund of reading—so much so, that the Edinburgh Review affected to regard "Thalaba" as little more than a versification of his *Commonplace Book*. In this he differs

most essentially from Wordsworth, in whose writings we find almost no traces of previous authorship; and, after the perusal of which, we would be almost led to believe that there existed but the external world and the author's mind. Warton and Percy endeavored to lead back the public taste to the days of romantic poetry, and partially succeeded in what Sir Walter Scott has so triumphantly achieved. Wordsworth goes back to a far more remote date, if dates are applicable to the progress of the human mind, in its transit from individual to general civilization.

Indeed, the poetry of Wordsworth cannot receive a more distinctive appellation than that of patriarchal. He deals with the primitive movements of the soul, as we may suppose them to be originally influenced by those domestic events to which human fancy and passion are exposed. It has also been his endeavor to prove that the language of affection is always poetical, and needs not the meretricious ornament in which it has been the commonplace custom of authors to clothe it. In this we think there is ample reason to believe him right; but we cannot say so much for his theory about the objects most proper for imaginative embellishment.

Of Coleridge, the last of the triumvirate, we shall shortly have reason to speak, in the course of our regular critical essays. Taken all in all, his mind is perhaps the most singularly constituted of any in our age. At the time of his coming first before the public as an author, there appeared only in his poetical effusions the indications of high fancy and a classically elaborated diction; but, after his visit to the Continent, it seemed to be strangely metamorphosed by the air of the Hartz mountains, and by the metaphysics of Germany. "History and particular facts," as he himself states, "lost all interest in his eyes; and by his closetings with Fichte and Kant, peradventure also with Jacob Behme, *seu Teutonicus Philosophus*, his judgment was led a-wool-gathering in an

abysm, from which the stepping-stones of syllogism and theorem have not been able to rescue him."

From the combination of these three great and original minds, a new school of literature took its rise, which, from the local residences of the gentlemen composing it, was somewhat extraordinarily denominated "The Lake School." The term has now, however, become so common to the ears of the world, and conveys so many delightful associations along with it, that we would not part with it willingly. There is a magic in the term, which calls to mind "Thalaba," and the "Lyrical Ballads," and the "Ancient Marinere;" and we beg to differ with Shakspeare in saying, that

The rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

We shall now conclude this essay on the three great cycles of literature with a few observations on the writings of Wordsworth and his associates, as contrasted with those of Darwin and the Della Cruscans.

In matter and in manner the Lake and the Darwinian schools of poetry are the very antipodes of each other,—hostile in all the doctrines, and opposite in every characteristic. The one endeavors, and too often succeeds, in debasing what is naturally dignified and lofty, by meanness of style, triteness of simile, and puerility of description. It clothes Achilles once more in female habiliments, and sets Hercules to the distaff. The other endeavors (if we may be allowed the simile) to buoy up the materials of prose into the regions of poetry, by putting them into the parachute of an air-balloon, not expanded by the divine afflatus, but by means of hydrogenous gas; while the *aéronaut*, as he ascends, waives his embroidered flag, and scatters among the gaping crowds below gilded knick-knacks, tinsel trinkets, and artificial roses—amazingly like nature. The one reminds us of Cincinnatus, who, after having held the helm of state, and led the armies of his country to victory, sighed for unambitious retirement,

and, throwing off the ensigns of office, withdrew from the bustle of camps and cabinets to the tranquillity of his little farm; and the other to Abon Hassan in the "Arabian Tales," who was transported from the tavern to the palace when under the influence of a somniferous potion, and awoke amid the music of a morning serenade, surrounded with the splendors of mock royalty. The one is like the apples on the shores of the Lake Asphaltites, beautiful to the eye, yet ashes on the lips. The other may be compared to the streams in Moore's melody, that

O'er golden mines

With modest murmur glide,

Nor seem to know the wealth that shines

Within their gentle tide.

Were it not for the similes, which are, however, too frequently pressed into the service, the "Botanic Garden" and the "Temple of Nature," with all their luxuriant description, splendid imagery, and pompous versification, would be the most tedious and uninteresting performances, "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The subject matter, abstractedly considered, wholly precludes pathos and sympathy—elements, without which, in our critical opinion, poetry can possess very little fascination. We can easily conceive that Lucretius could construct a grand poem—"De Rerum Natura," and that the genius of Virgil could be suitably employed on the "Georgics;" "rural sights and sounds" continuing to exert those imaginative influences to the days of Cowper and Grahame which they did in the patriarchal ages, when Isaac went forth to ruminate at eventide, and which they will never cease to exert while human nature preserves its present constitution. Any subject may be invested with a poetical interest; although that interest is not inherent in the thing itself, or the associations immediately connecting themselves with it. Garth's "Dispensary," and Armstrong's "Art of Preserving Health," as well as the Eclogues of Sannazarius and the Nurse of Roscoe, are essentially and intrinsically prosaic. That these writers

have sprinkled a poetical garnish over them, alters not the case. A sheep's head will not be transformed into a deer's head, even by the addition of antlers.

Of Utilitarianism, as applied to poetry, we have no liking. What end could be gained by describing in verse the machinery of a cotton-mill, or the improvements on the steam-engine? If Dr. Darwin intended to excite pleasurable feelings in his readers, he might have unquestionably chosen a more appropriate subject. If instruction was his aim, he could have attained it far more commodiously in prose. We are told, indeed, that "it is the design of the Botanic Garden to enlist imagination under the banners of science, and to lead her votaries from the looser analogies that dress out the imagery of poetry, to the stricter ones which form the ratiocinations of philosophy." But the great end of poetry is here forgotten; we look on and are dazzled; but we have none of those emotions which either entrance the "lapt soul in Elysium," or awaken "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." The Loves of the Plants are wholly different from the Metamorphoses of Ovid; because in the latter the transmutation is merely a secondary object, both in the eyes of the poet and the estimation of the reader. Since the hero or heroine falls off from all intellectual grandeur, and ceases utterly to excite all moral sympathy, we are wholly indifferent, as the absurdity of transformation may take place into what it may be—an animal, or a stone, or a flower. Swift and Prior have admirably travestied some of these stories; and in the Baucis and Philemon the former has, with great *naïveté*, adapted the classic fable to rural English manners, and turned his hospitable pair into yew trees.

Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from morn till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew;

Here Baucis, there Philemon grew;
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn cut Baucis down:
At which 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

Ovid, indeed, tells us that when Ajax stabbed himself, his blood was turned into the violet. But this is only the supernatural winding up of a scene of human passion, full of nature and feeling. He has previously introduced us to the two great leaders, who contend before the assembled chiefs for "the seven-fold shield." We are taught to listen to the applausive shouts of the soldiery, and to have our hearts touched with the eloquence of the champions, as either in turn recounts the services he has rendered to his country, and his "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field."

In proof of our allegations of the intrinsic unfitness for poetical delineations of many of the subjects seized on by the Darwinian and Della Cruscan schools, we quote a specimen from the *chef d'œuvre*, the Botanic Garden.

Nymphs! you disjoin, unite, condense, expand,
And give new wonders to the chemist's hand;
On tepid clouds of rising steam aspire,
And fix in sulphur all its solid fire;
With boundless string elastic airs unfold,
Or fill the fine vacuities of gold;
With sudden flash vitrescent sparks reveal,
By fierce collision from the flint and steel;
Or mark with shining letters Kunkel's name
In the pale phosphor's self-consuming flame.
So the chaste heart of some enchanted maid
Shines with insidious light, by love betray'd.
Round her pale bosom plays the young desire,
And slow she wastes by self-consuming fire.

Here is science united to poetry with a vengeance! Now, we maintain that the passage has no title to the latter appellation, save from the simile conveyed by the last four lines,—which carries us back from art to images of natural beauty.

The parts of Darwin's writings worthy of admiration (and the finest portions are well worthy of it) are, without an exception that strikes us, only those passages that are subsidiary to the main object of the poem, and introduced by way of apostrophe or illustration. We do not think of the *Digitalis Purpurea*, but of philanthro-

py and Howard; we do not think of the embryo seeds, but of Herschel and the starry firmament; not of the ear-line thistle, but of the ascent of Mont-golfier; not of the Orchis, but of Eliza and the battle of Minden; and not of the vegetable poisons, but of the desolation of Palmyra.

As the chief excellence of dramatic representation is exhibited in "suiting the action to the word," so the converse holds true with poetry, whose principal extrinsic excellence consists in "suiting the word to the action." This axiom is, however, by the Darwinian school, wholly overlooked. Subjects that are naturally low, or hopelessly prosaic, are artificially exalted, stilted into eminence, and loaded with epithet and embellishment; indeed, whether weighty or trivial, interesting or repulsive, they are clothed by the same unsparing hand in the most gaudy and gorgeous coloring, without respect of persons, or discrimination of subject. If a beggar were to be introduced, it would be in a tattered lace coat, and on horseback; and if "a slaughterer of horned cattle," he would go through his operations in high style, and make a speech after the fashion of Mark Anthony's over Cæsar. As is too frequently the case with what are technically denominated fine singers, the sense is made wholly subservient to the sound. There is no great solicitation about your being acquainted with the tenor of the sentiment, provided you can be charmed with the melody of the tones.

Everything is overloaded with ornament; and where you expect to find internal beauty, you too frequently discover that it is merely the dazzling glitter of the drapery. When a Grecian matron is brought before you, instead of beholding the robes of snowy white, and the elegance of simplicity, you have her cheeks bedaubed with rouge, her ringlets filleted with embroidered ribbon, a golden cincture about her waist, and a scarf of purple thrown over her shoulders. You expect to find the dignified majesty and serene countenance of Minerva, and you are introduced to the luxurious court of the queen of Paphos. In fact, you are invited to a mere scenic exhibition, a panorama of picturesque and fanciful objects, where you have the soft and the rugged, the bay of Naples and Loch Lomond by moonlight, alternating with the Devil's Bridge and the Vale of Chamouni.

In all the greater poets, the "*lunea inter minores ignes*," fancy and feeling, are found combined; and although all

The shows
Of hill and valley they have view'd;
Yet impulses of deeper birth
Have come to them in solitude.

They have looked on the outward features of Nature—the beauties of the external world—with a gifted and a gladdened eye; but that has not prevented them from penetrating into the secrets of the inner man, and from anatomising the phenomena of psychology.

THE MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

A LEGEND OF DUDDINGSTONE.

TOWARDS evening on the day preceding the feast of Saint Lazarus, in the year 1450, a young Dominican Friar, belonging to the convent of that community, then situated on the spot where long afterwards the High School of Edinburgh was erected, might have been seen issuing from the wicket gate in the eastern walk of the Convent garden, and descending slowly

by Saint John's Hill—so called from its belonging in property to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—to the valley which lies between the Abbey of the Holyrood and the mountain of Arthur's Seat. Brother Ambrose (such was the Black Friar's appellation) was the youngest of the community, and, if the citizens' wives and daughters of that day might be ac-

counted competent judges, was also the handsomest and most comely featured of his brethren. To these qualifications, he added great fluency of speech, and no small skill in rhetoric; and it is not therefore to be wondered at, that in the all-essential power of extracting from the pockets of the laity the coins requisite to supply the wants or luxuries of his brethren, he stood "proudly pre-eminent." He was indeed the most successful mendicant that the Convent of the Blackfriars had yet been blessed with; the liberal hand of youth and native generosity not only opening wide to his appeal, but the slowly unclosing fingers of rigid avarice yielding to the pressure of his earnest eloquence. His success in the pulpit was equally great: He detailed so graphically and so powerfully the ever-during charms of the heaven, which was so certain to throw wide its golden gates to all who gave; and the nauseous and terrific torments of the purgatory, which as surely yawned for all who refused their mite; that between the selfish hopes and fears of his auditors, the collection was always liberal, and far exceeding what any other preacher of his own, or of the rival orders, could produce. His services in this department of religion were greatly in request; many neighboring priests and curates applying to his superior or himself, when they wished to raise a few extra groats from the purses of their parishioners. In this way, also, he was profitable to his Convent, it being an understood rule on such occasions, that a certain per centage on the sum collected is to be allowed to him by whose skill the harvest has been reaped. In the exercise of this double occupation of begging and of preaching—if, indeed, they should not be considered as mere varieties of the same species—our friend Ambrose was of course much from home, and coming more in contact with the inhabitants of the world than is usual with men of his profession, he was, for a friar, uncommonly *debonair* and accomplished.

Sorry are we to say, however, that politeness of manner and suavity of expression, were not the whole which his extended intercourse with the world had taught our young Dominican. He imbibed and gratified these two tastes, sadly at variance with the vows of self-mortification, with which he had consigned himself to the cloister. He loved wine better than water, and sometimes looked with an unholy eye on those beauties of face or form, which matrons, maids, and widows, doubtless in entire ignorance of the mischiefs they produced, unguardedly displayed before him.

But Brother Ambrose, though he lived an hundred years before the days of the Jesuits, was no stranger to their favorite adage—*si non caste tamen caute*; and if he did occasionally quaff a stoup or two of claret extra, its fume was never felt in the refectory; nor had the fervor of his good wishes for the kind-hearted dames and damsels of the vicinity been productive, hitherto, of any inconvenient consequences to himself or the chaste community to which he belonged. The adventure on which he was now setting out was however destined to hazard all the well-won reputation of his life.

Among the many dames of Edinburgh, who had placed themselves under his spiritual direction, was a certain matron, somewhat advanced in years, who contrived to support herself and only daughter, by vending, in a small crib in the Luckenbooths, some of the inferior materials of feminine attire, with their minor appurtenances, pearlings, eddings, tapes, &c. Marion Geddes, who assisted her mother in the disposal of these little wares, would have had no pretensions to beauty in the opinion of those who consider dignity of expression, or faultless regularity of features, essential to female loveliness; but her sparkling black eyes, dimpled cheeks, and laughing lips, lent her a charm, which, if it did not invest her with so legitimate a claim to admiration as unquestioned beauty might

have done, produced an effect at least as *piquante* and bewitching. Nor was she defective in the more silent or less seducing attractions of figure. Hers was not indeed the sylph-like form, which seems to shiver before the breeze, even of summer, awakening our fear commensurately with our admiration. It would have served better for a model of Pallas, than of Hebe, no doubt, but then it was moulded in that graceful fullness which, while it took from it everything approaching to coarseness, left that elasticity and swelling contour, which, when perfect, is the supremacy of female form.

Her charms were greatly heightened by the liveliness of her temper, and the ineffable good humor which ever lightened up her countenance. To these she added a play of wit, the effects of which were sometimes keenly felt by her companions, and she not unfrequently indulged in sly strokes of satire, which made even the reverend friar wince.

With these claims to his admiration, Marion speedily excited a still warmer feeling in the bosom of Brother Ambrose, and this tender secret he proceeded to communicate to her with all the delicacy and tact he could. The good humored girl at first laughed at his advances, and enjoyed the ridiculous situations into which his love on some occasions threw his gravity. By degrees, however, the affair seemed to excite less and less merriment in her, while her bitter remarks on hypocrisy and villainy became more and more poignant and personal;—until, at length, she totally put an end to the joke, by coolly informing the Friar of her approaching marriage with young Robin Marshall, a jolly miller, at Easter Duddingstone, and bespeaking him to perform the marriage ceremony.

Whether the friar felt, in common with most of mankind, the value of the treasure he sought increased by its having passed into the possession of another, or was piqued at being baffled by a simple girl, or had some

other unworthy hope of obtaining from the wife the grace which he had in vain entreated from the maiden, we cannot tell. Certain it is, that he was most assiduous in his visits to Robin Marshall's dwelling, where, from the sprightliness of his conversation, and the frankness of his demeanor, he soon became an especial favorite with the unsuspecting landlord, who never failed to set before him the best his house afforded. In proportion, however, as he gained the good will of the miller, he lost that of his wife. The face that smiled on every one else wore an unrelenting frown for him; and the song or merry tale with which she was wont to gladden her hearers, he was never permitted to listen to; and, in short, if cold looks and cross speeches could have deterred the reverend brother from his visits, he had the handsomest excuse in the world for relinquishing them. Instead of this, however, Marion's repulsive behavior operated upon his passion as water was said to do upon Greek fire, and his addresses became every day more importunate.

One day—the day before that on which we have introduced him to our gentle readers—he was gladdened by the intelligence that Robin had joined the standard of his chief, the Hamilton, in a warlike excursion into England, and would, consequently, be some time absent from the mill. He lost no time in proceeding thither, and found to his delight that this information was correct. The miller had departed, and his wife might prove kinder in his absence than she had been while under his eye. To his surprise, no less than his joy, his hope proved correct; for, after one bitter and contemptuous frown had passed from her brow, Marion became somewhat more tractable than he had hitherto found her, listened with increasing complacency to his protestations and entreaties, and finally agreed that he should visit her the following evening, dismissing him with a hope that made his heart thrill with anticipated rapture.

To outward appearance, Brother Ambrose, as he paced along in his white woollen tunic fastened round the waist with a thong, the upper part of his body covered by his long black woollen cowl, and his features shaded and almost hid by his hood of the same material, was a model of poverty and self-denial; but the opinion of those who met and craved his blessing would have been sadly changed, could they have perceived the goodly flask of wine which he carried in his bosom, or read the emotions of his throbbing heart.

At length he surmounted and descended the eastern side of the hill named after Saint Anthony, and entered the miller's house, which, as we have already said, stood in Easter Duddingstone. By this time the sun had set. He was received by the miller's wife with great apparent kindness, and though a momentary suspicion ran across his mind that her good humor was rather overacted, the sight of a good supper which she had provided for him completely and instantly removed all apprehension. He produced from its dark repository the generous wine which was to crown the feast; and having, as he fondly imagined, at length reached the goal of happiness he had panted for so long, gave himself up to mirth and jollity.

Speedily was he awakened from his foolish dream. He had already laid aside his cowl and hood, and was preparing to exchange his claustral garments for some of a more becoming fashion which he had brought with him, when he thought he could distinguish the trampling of horses at the door of the house. While he listened in alarm to this sound, the noise of voices loud in altercation reached the apartment where he was. One of the speakers was undoubtedly the miller's wife, and from the deprecatory style of her discourse, and the loud and angry tones of her companion, who seemed anxious to enter the room, he had no doubt that it was her husband to whom she spoke. Here was a dilemma! The smoking supper—the

sparkling wine—his own disordered apparel—these united would awaken the suspicions of the dullest brain, and if detected, his reputation was ruined irrecoverably. He looked wildly round for some place of concealment, and a large meal chest or *girnal* immediately caught his eye. He found it open, and as he thought empty, and in an evil moment threw himself into it. He had scarcely done so, when he heard the door of the apartment open, and the noise of several feet advancing on the floor. In a moment afterwards the key of the chest was turned in the lock, and he was made at once aware of the trap into which he had fallen by hearing Marion exclaim, in a tone of triumph, "So the rat is fairly caged at length!"

In his rage Ambrose tried every effort to escape from his inglorious bondage, but in vain. His feet and hands were, in his present position, of little use to him, and he strained his back to no purpose in endeavoring to force up the lid of the chest. The only effect of the motion he made was to raise about him the meal with which the bottom of the chest was covered, in such quantities as to threaten him with suffocation. After several ineffectual attempts, therefore, he lay motionless, groaning in the extremity of his rage and vexation. His sufferings were rendered still more poignant as he listened to the loud, and as it were choral laugh which broke on his ear, at every futile effort at escape he made. He addressed Marion and her two maidens—whose voices he had recognised—by turns, now threatening them with excommunication and eternal reprobation, and now promising them countless masses and endless indulgences. All was to no purpose, however. The merciless miller's wife coolly told him that she and her maidens were now about to sup on the good cheer which he had seen, that they would not forget to drink his health in his own wine, and that he might say grace if he had a mind. Gnashing his teeth at these cruel gibes, the luckless Friar was

constrained by sad necessity to lie motionless, and be convinced by accurate proof that they were as true as they were bitter. He could distinctly hear the operations of the knife and of the teeth on the pleasant food which he had fondly imagined was destined for his own palate ; and true to her word, both mistress and maidens, as they quaffed his beloved claret, drank with many a bitter jest to the health of the captive Friar.

At length the conversation was carried on in a somewhat lower tone, and Ambrose could catch only a few disjointed words—such as “villain—despatch—dispose of him—never be discovered,” &c. Convinced that these ominous words could refer to him alone, the poor Friar became all ear ; and whether from his quickened sense, or that the conversation became accidentally louder, he was now able distinctly to hear what passed. “By my haledame, mistress,” said one of the servants, “my rede is this—let us carry the ill-farred carcase o’ him, kist and a’, to the loch. In wi’m, I say, I’s e warrant he’ll sink to the bod-dum. If no, we can easy wecht it wi’ a wheen stanes. He’ll ne’er be heard o’ mair, and deel ane will ever miss him.”

The agony of Ambrose, as he listened to this concise plan of drowning him in Duddingstone loch, may be imagined. It did not prevent him, however, from hearing another advice which his cruel mistress received.—“Haith, Mistress, the loch’s ower far aff, and besides that, drowning’s a kittle wark, and a troublesome. Na, na, my advice is just this,—let’s haul the girdel down to the kill—heap it weel ower wi’ peats, and quietly set fire til’t. By Saint Bride, baith them and him ’ll be burnt till a cinder lang or morning, and sorrow a ane the wiser o’t.”

It may well be believed that the Friar strained every ear he had to ascertain from the discourse of the miller’s wife, who spoke next, how these truculent advices pleased her. But, eager as he was, he could not accomplish this. Her voice sank to a

whisper as she replied to her companions, and the unhappy Ambrose was left to horrible conjectures as to which of the elements was destined to be his executioners, if indeed some death more terrible still had not been resolved on.

In the extremity of his agony, he essayed to address them, and beseech their mercy ; but alas ! the tongue, whose flattering solicitations had betrayed him into his present unhappy situation, now refused to lend its aid to his extrication. In vain he attempted to cry out—not a sound could he utter ; and like one fettered in the embraces of the night-mare, poor Ambrose, while perfectly sensible of all that passed around him, was unable to raise his tongue, his only weapon, in his own defence.

At length the carousers arose and left the apartment, but not before he could distinctly hear the miller’s wife whisper to her maidens,—“Now’s the time, lasses—let’s bring him.”

Contrary to the fears of the Friar, who expected nothing else but the immediate return of some merciless murderer, and the winding up of his dreadful catastrophe, he was left for a considerable period in darkness and solitude,—the only sounds which reached him being the skirmishing of the rats, and an occasional onslaught committed on them by the wakeful cat. How long he lay he had no means of judging ; but, to his terror-haunted imagination, the time seemed a week. The tortures of suspense are proverbial ; and, assuredly, no one ever *dreed* them in more unmingled bitterness than Brother Ambrose. He was to fall, helpless and unheard, a victim to the vengeance of an offended woman, and, like a caged rat, had not even a choice of deaths.

At length footsteps approached him, and by the motion which immediately followed, the unfortunate Dominican became aware that he was about to be removed, whither he knew not, although he might fearfully conjecture. As those who lifted him began to move, he heard the voice of the mill-

er's wife in a tone of bitter irony—"I'm no just even wi' ye yet, Master Friar, but I daurna keep ye langer at present; ye ken ye're trysted to preach at Duddingstone kirk the day. I'll e'en send you there, and wish you an easy delivery, and a dainty ingathering."

Though relieved by these words from the terror of immediate death, and taught that open disgrace, rather than corporeal torture, was his allotted punishment, Ambrose thought them the harshest he had ever listened to. That a crowded church, and one too which had been the scene of many a former triumph, should be selected as the spot where his utter degradation was to be completed, was an idea perfectly insupportable, much more so than that of perpetual imprisonment, or the severest penances of the convent. In vain did he turn the future over and over in his mind: there was not one clear spot in the dark picture, not the slightest fissure in the pall which covered him—through which a ray of hope might reach him; and in the depth of his mortification, the poor wretch stretched himself out at full length, and prayed that he might die.

His bearers, after occasionally resting, at length set him down, and he heard the one whispering to the other, "Go you and see if the mass be sung out!" The last chance alone was now left him, and addressing himself to his conductor, and in as coaxing a tone as possible, he proffered him large rewards not only of heavenly blessings, but of the more immediate riches represented by the king's coin, if he would allow him to escape. To all his expostulations, however, the person addressed turned a deaf ear, and his companion having now returned and reported that the service was over, and the people anxiously expecting the preacher, his wooden domicile was again lifted from the ground, and, as he rightly conjectured, introduced to the interior of the church. He heard the voices of some who seemed to remonstrate against

what they would doubtless think an irreverent proceeding; but the ready answer, "We bring it here by order of Friar Ambrose, who is to preach," instantly silenced the murmurers; and the Dominican had the mortification to hear (as many a man has done since) his own authority quoted against himself. He was now again deposited on the ground, and instantly he heard the key turned in the lock, and some one whispering, "Now's your time, father, the people are getting impatient."

"Holy Dominic," ejaculated the despairing friar, "inspire and save me, not for my own sake, but thy blessed order's, of which I am an unworthy son."

It is certain that the Saints were of a much more yielding disposition in the pious days of which we write than now; when, greatly offended by the incredulity with which their saving abilities, and the irreverence with which their personal habits, are regarded, they are with difficulty prevailed on to perform for one the most trifling service. The Dominican, besides, had many claims to the good offices of the founder of his order. Be that as it may, the prayer had hardly left his lips, when a thought flashed upon his mind, which made his heart beat high with hope. Suddenly flinging up the lid of the chest, and standing upright in it, he surveyed the startled congregation, who, accustomed as they were to the scenic displays of monkish preaching, were totally unprepared for so violent an appeal to their senses. The women and children shrieked, and even the men trembled and looked pale. To say truth, the friar was a ghastly figure, as he stood half naked, and whitened with the meal amongst which he had lain so long. Waving his hand, and motioning his audience to be tranquil, he thus addressed them: "Behold, my brethren, a lively portraiture of the blessed Saint, whose mass ye have just been singing. Such as I appear to you, so pale, so cold, so naked, did Lazarus arise from the

tomb. The Church has, in all ages, endeavored to strengthen the faith of true believers by visible representations of the thing believed. Hence are your altars and churches clad with likenesses of saints and martyrs; hence the mournful effigies which surmount the fiend-subduing crucifix. I, humbly following so great exemplars, and wishing to excite in you a lively belief in the stupendous miracle which we are this day met to celebrate, have subjected myself to many inconveniences in order to depict to your natural eye, that which I will proceed to describe to your ear, for your contrition and your comfort."

Having delivered himself of this exordium, to the evident delight and admiration of his hearers, the friar proceeded with his discourse, of which, we regret to say, no further details have reached us. It was, however, elegant and impressive, and at its conclusion his labor was re-

warded by very liberal donations. The parish priest, pressing his hand in gratitude for his kind assistance, confessed that the idea of the chest was a masterly one, and beautifully executed; and, in short, through the aid of Saint Dominic and his own wit, Brother Ambrose was extricated from the depth of degradation, and ushered—as a lawyer would say, *in integrum*—to the high and palmy reputation which he had so long enjoyed. There was, indeed, one fear left to trouble him. His secret was known to Marion and her servants. But he was soon relieved from any apprehension on this score. She sent him notice that if he chose to keep his own secret, it should be safe with her and hers. She kept her word. Ambrose never heard from friend or enemy the slightest allusion to his past folly, although from that hour, until the one in which he died, the *Monk* never forgot *The Miller's Wife*.

THE GATHERER.

"Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather."

A NICE POINT OF HONOR.

THERE happened a few weeks ago to be an election meeting in the country (I forget exactly where), at which the rustic politicians speechified with great violence, so much so as to attract the attention of the London newspapers, one of which published a lampoon upon the meeting, ridiculing especially a Mr. Jones, who appeared the most violent orator in it. Now Jones being a fiery and ambitious spirit, was enraged almost to madness at finding himself and his speech gibbeted to the public derision, and determined in his indignation to find out his satirist. Accordingly he wrote to the editor, who would give him no information; he then came up to town (so infuriated was he), and being upon inquiry told, I suppose, that Sir Nathaniel Callaghan was the author of every witty and severe thing that

came out, he hastened to the residence of our friend, and asked him, point-blank, if he was the author of such a pasquinade in such a newspaper? Nat, who had read and admired the lampoon, could not resist this tempting opportunity, and replied, that he must beg to be excused answering the question; which Jones understanding, of course, to be an admission, immediately poured forth upon him a tremendous volley of abuse, which he accompanied by a short, but vigorous application of his material, in retaliation of Callaghan's supposed moral scourge. Having done which, he flung out of the house, leaving its owner as you may suppose astounded. When he recovered his self-possession, he of course began to consider what was to be done. He had been abused and thrashed, under very peculiar and perplexing circum-

stances. His assailant was, unfortunately, not a gentleman, and therefore could not be pistoled. To bring an action of battery would not be a satisfactory proceeding. How, then, was the insult to be avenged? Irishmen are the special pleaders of the law of honor, and our friend was involving himself in all the subtleties of that code, in order to come at a form of procedure, and to collect all the precedents with which he was acquainted, which should meet the circumstances of the case. But after thinking all day upon the subject, he found his brain completely bothered, without being ever the nearer the object of his inquiry: so that there was a strong probability that he would be obliged to pocket his thrashing, from being unable to find any decision upon the singular point which he wished to elucidate. Next day, however, he was revisited by Mr. Jones, who came to make a thousand apologies for the outrage which he had offered him, and which was not intended for him, inasmuch as he had since discovered the real claimant in the author of the lampoon. "Sir, answered Nat, you have relieved me from much embarrassment: ever since I received the favor which you allude to, I have been studying how to acquit myself of the obligation; but as I find the thing was a mistake, and not intended for me, my course is clear, namely, to return it to you." And accordingly he gave the fellow a sound drubbing. — *Sydenham, or the Man of the World.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROTEUS.

At first view you might suppose this animal to be a lizard, but it has the motions of a fish. Its head, and the lower part of its body, and its tail, bear a strong resemblance to the eel; but it has no fins, and its curious bronchial organs are not like the gills of fishes: they form a singular vascular structure, as you see, almost like a crest, round the throat, which may be removed without occasioning the death of the animal, who is likewise furnished with lungs. With this dou-

ble apparatus for supplying air to the blood, it can live either below or above the surface of the water. Its fore feet resemble hands, but they have only three claws or fingers, and are too feeble to be of use in grasping or supporting the weight of the animal; the hinder feet have only two claws or toes, and in the larger specimens are found so imperfect as to be almost obliterated. It has small points in place of eyes, as if to preserve the analogy of nature. It is of a fleshy whiteness and transparency in its natural state; but when exposed to light, its skin gradually becomes darker, and at last gains an olive tint. Its nasal organs appear large, and it is abundantly furnished with teeth; from which it may be concluded that it is an animal of prey. Yet in its confined state it has never been known to eat; and it has been kept alive for many years, by occasionally changing the water in which it was placed. It adds one instance more to the number already known of the wonderful manner in which life is produced and perpetuated in every part of our globe—even in places which seem the least suited to organized existences; and the same infinite power and wisdom which has fitted the camel and the ostrich for the deserts of Africa—the swallow, that secrets its own nest, for the caves of Java—the whale for the polar seas—and the morse and white bear for the arctic ice—has given the proteus to the deep and dark subterraneous lakes of Illyria—an animal to whom the presence of light is not essential, and who can live indifferently in air and in water—on the surface of the rock, or in the depths of the mud.

FOOTE'S OSTENTATION.

In giving sumptuous dinners to the first society in Edinburgh, Foote's mode of preparing for these entertainments was a strange kind of satire, by contrast, upon "Scotch economy." While Foote remained there, he paped up the curls of his wig, every night before he went to bed, with the One Pound Notes of Scotland, to show

his contempt for promissory paper of so little value, which was not then in English circulation; and when his cook attended him, next morning, for orders—not orders for the play, but orders for dinner—he unrolled the curls on each side of his head, gave her the One Pound Notes to purchase provisions, *ad libitum*, and then sent her to market in a sedan chair. Even in England Foote was ostentatious, and vulgarly fine, before his guests. It was his custom, at his own table, as soon as the cloth was removed, to ask—"Does anybody drink Port?"—If the unanimous answer happened to be "no," he always called out to the servants in waiting—"take away the ink."

WEST, THE PAINTER, AT ROME.

When it was known that a young American had come to study Raphael and Michael Angelo, some curiosity was excited among the Roman virtuosi. The first fortunate exhibitor of this Lion from the western wilderness was Lord Grantham: he invited West to dinner, and afterwards carried him to an evening party, where he found almost all those persons to whom he had brought letters of introduction. Amongst the rest was Cardinal Albani, who, though old and blind, had such delicacy of touch, that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios. "I have the honor," said Lord Grantham, "to present a young American, who has a letter for your Eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the Fine Arts." The Cardinal knew so little of the New World, that he conceived a young American must needs be a savage. "Is he black or white?" said the aged virtuosi, holding out both hands, that he might have the satisfaction of touching at least this new wonder. Lord Grantham smiled, and said, "he is fair—very fair." "What! as fair as I am?" exclaimed the prelate. Now the complexion of this churchman was a deep olive—that of West more than commonly fair—and as they stood together the company

smiled. "As fair as the Cardinal" became for awhile proverbial.

Others, who had the use of their eyes, seemed to consider the young American as at most a better kind of savage; and, accordingly, were curious to watch him. They wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raphael, would have upon him, and thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, conducted the young Quaker to view the masterpieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be the first submitted to his view. The statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, "My God! A young Mohawk warrior!" The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage; and West perceiving the unfavorable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. "I have seen them often," he continued, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow." The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced. West was no longer a barbarian.

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled some years ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "you scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you, I defy you! you can't do it!"

KING DRESS. MORNING DRESS.

For Cottage's Athlete

CHINESE CANAL.

A canal was opened in 1825 to the west of Sargan, in Cochin China, which connected that town with a branch of the river Cambodja. Its length was twenty-three miles, its width eighty feet, and its depth twelve feet. This canal was begun and finished in six weeks, although it had to be carried through large forests and over extensive marshes: twenty thousand men were at work upon it day and night, and it is said seven thousand died of fatigue. The sides of the canal were soon covered with palm trees, for the cultivation of which the Chinese pursue a particular method.

WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

People would be astonished if they were aware of the cart-loads of trash which are annually offered to the director of a London Theatre. The very first manuscript (says George Colman) which was proposed to me for representation, on my undertaking theatrical management, was from a nautical gentleman, on a nautical subject. The piece was of a tragical description, and in five acts; during the principal scenes of which the Hero of the Drama declaimed from the mast-head of a man-of-war, without once descending from his position!

MENTAL MEDICINE.

It is well known that the imagination has frequently been operated upon advantageously in cases of bodily disease. Among numerous instances of the kind, the success in England, in the year 1688, of an Irishman of the name of Greatrick; and in Germany, in the year 1766, of a curé of the name of Gassner, are two of the most striking. To these may be added the salutary delusions of which Prince Hohenlohe was no doubt occasionally the author. The town of Nantes has been kept in a state of excitement during the last year, by the active practice in this way of a fair Swedenbourgian, of the name of Madame de Saint-Amour; the fervency of whose prayers has been very effica-

cious in various cases, in which the patients have previously entertained a strong faith in their efficacy. This is evidently the whole secret of the wonder. It is one of the very few advantages of superstition.

TO PRESERVE STEEL FROM RUST.

Take some melted virgin wax, and rub it over the article to be preserved. When dry, warm the article again, so as to get off the wax, and rub with a dry cloth until the former polish is restored. By this means all the pores of the metal are filled up, without injury to the appearance, and rust will not attack it unless it is very carelessly exposed to constant humidity.

CUBA.

The white population of Cuba is estimated at 259,267 persons; the free blacks at 154,057; the slaves at 225,131; giving a total of 638,455.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Works in Preparation.—The Last Days of Bishop Heber. By Rev. Thomas Robinson, A.M., Archdeacon of Madras, and late Domestic Chaplain to his Lordship.—A complete History of the Jews in Ancient and Modern Times, in 3 vols. 8vo. By the Rev. Geo. Croly.—A New Volume of Country Stories. By Miss Mitford, author of "Our Village," &c.—*Steamers versus Stages*; or, Andrew and his Spouse. A Poem. Six Engravings on Wood, from Designs by Cruikshank.—Theological Meditations. By a Sea Officer.—The Life of Petrarch, for Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. By Thomas Moore.—Tales of the Colonies, from the pen of W. Howison, Esq. the well-known author of "Sketches of Canada."

New Works.—The Life of Herman Cortes.—The Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, Vol. II.—An Exposure of the Causes of the present Deteriorated Condition of Health, and Diminished Duration of Human Life, compared with that which is attainable by Nature. By J. Pinney, Esq.—Notices respecting Drunkenness, and of the various Means which have been employed in different Countries for restraining the progress of this Evil. By a Medical Practitioner.—On the Extent and Remedy of National Intemperance. By John Dunlop, Esq.—Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher. By Sir Humphry Davy.—Sydenham, or Memoirs of a Man of the World.—The Lost Heir, and the Prediction.



Wendell's Litho Boston.

CHILDS WALKING DRESS. MORNING DRESS.



SPIRIT

OF THE

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THIRD SERIES.]

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1830.

[VOL. 4, No. 3.]

MAY FLOWERS.

TEN years ago—what a revolution does a little span of time make!—ten years ago I joined in the pleasantries, enjoyed the simplicity, participated in the orgies, and was the wildest, merriest, happiest, silliest votary it may be, of a May-day like that which is now rising in beauty and splendor upon half the world. What a “change” has come over “the spirit of my dream” since that period! But wherewithal has the world to do with the blighted and blasted designs, the vanished hope visions, baseless as a spectre, of an individual? Why should I thrust a tale of disappointment upon those who may themselves be enduring that silent grief which cracks the heart’s strings?

“To each his sufferings: all are men
Condemn’d alike to groan;
The tender for another’s pain,
Th’ unfeeling for his own.”

Let us, therefore, put on at least the semblance of joy; to be merry is to be wise, and we will discourse cheerfully for a little time of May-day and May flowers—ay, even as we were wont to do ten years ago.

Come, come, let us away to the great city, where flowery branches are decorating every door, and the hawthorn waves gracefully on every bonnet—let us join with the morris-dancers, the maskers, the revellers that ply their innocent antics in every part. See, see,

“With coat of Lincoln green, and mantle, too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,

And arrows wing’d with peacock’s feathers
light,
And trusty bow well gather’d of the yew,”

here cometh the Lord of the May, even Robin Hood himself, and by his side stalketh the jolly Tuck, that Prince of Friars; and there his “green wood beauty,” Maid Marian, “habited in pretty forest plight,” trips it fealty, the presiding goddess of the pageant. But out upon it, I do forget myself,—these are of the olden time, very things of antiquity, which have yielded to time and change, and though innocent and fanciful, have been unable to withstand the all-powerful hand of novelty. They have fallen, and left us nothing at this day but to regret their disuse, even as we did ten years ago.

But the May-pole is not yet quite banished from the land whereon it once stood, a pride and a pleasure to the lowly and the great. I know a place—’tis but an hour’s walk—where we shall see rosy-cheeked damsels, and sun-embrowned peasants, vindicating the primitive simplicity of our forefathers, and still maintaining, in rustic mirth and unsophisticated jollity, the honest and hearty pageantries of the day. Is not the green and verdant carpet, figured and embossed with real, not mimic flowers, and those hued over with the dyes of nature, as pleasing to the eye, and delightful to the sense, as the chalked floors of the artificially decorated ball room! Are not those violets and

primroses, gathered from her cottage garden, which adorn yon blue-eyed maiden's brows, equal in becoming splendor to the wreaths of pearl and strings of diamonds which glitter among the polished tresses of the fair creatures that dwell in palaces? Come, come, we are all of us but "children of a larger growth;" let us therefore throw away fashion, clothe ourselves in good-nature and humility, and hie away to the village of my progenitors. We shall have a hearty welcome at the good vicar's; his daughters will play and sing to us, and the home-brewed will o'er-mantle the family tankard for our refreshment; and that which "maketh glad the heart of man"—wine, generous wine, will not be withheld. Come, come, these shall be for our use and service, and the merriment shall cease not till we have made the rustics "crow like chanticleer" at our participating agility around their May pole.

This is May-day, and it is a beautiful day with us in the country; the spring-buds of promise are shooting out from my honeysuckles and sweet-briars; my tulips are as gay as a stately vessel, with the streamers of many nations flying about her; and my peas are already throwing out from

their white blossoms dainty fruit; the birds are chirping their love tales, and stealing the apple flowers beneath my study window; and

"Bounteous nature, deck'd so gay,
Shows 'tis her genial holiday."

May all this meekness and splendor trace the picture of your lives, my young friends—you that are just entering upon the May of your career;—and I am sincere in the wish, and strong in the hope, may the fragrance and beauty which Providence now dispenses, to gladden and profit his creatures, impregnate themselves with your fortunes, and scatter a balm of healing about you,—so that the thorns which will arise, the clouds which will lower around and over the best of us, may be robbed of some of their virulence, and lessened of some of their danger; and when you look back, in later years, upon "the joys of your dancing days," and smile again at the ocean of sweets the influential spirit of the day sets in agitation, may you, on this annual holiday, this commencement of a "merry season," this chamberlain to Summer's palace of plenty, bless the great First Cause of your comforts, and say—I am still as heart-whole and happy as in the cheerful Spring of my existence.

GEORGE COLMAN'S RANDOM RECORDS.*

THE proverbial dilatoriness of this man of pleasantry has kept the public waiting his leisure for some years, and his facetious indolence has at length indulged us only with a fragment of his career. We shall write no review of his performance. It is only justice to let every man tell his own story, and we shall let the deputy licenser do this justice to himself. His story is a perpetual ramble through the most extravagant recollections; but jumbled in general with the easy gaiety that entitles its narrator at sixty-eight to subscribe himself "The younger,"

or any more jovial and juvenile appellative that he may please.

George Colman was born in 1762. His first perception of human cares was, like that of the rest of the world, his going to school; his remembrances show the fierce vividness of the miseries that brand that period on the back and brains of the rising generation. He was sent to the Mary-le-bone Academy, then kept by Dr. Fountain, "a worthy, good-natured dominie, in a bush-wig," whom this inveterate punster calls "*principium et fons*." His wife's head, however, seems to have

* *Random Records*. By George Colman the Younger. London, Colburn & Bentley. 1830.

attracted the chief notice, as may be discovered from his laborious account of "the message or tenement of hair, upon the ground-plot of her pericranium."

"A towering toupee pulled up, all but by the roots, and strained over a cushion on the top of her head, formed the centre of the building; tiers of curls served for the wings; a hanging *chignon* behind defended her occiput like a buttress, and the whole fabric was kept tight and weather-proof, as with nails and iron cramps, by a quantity of long single and double black pins."

The experience of a dramatist is worth recording, if it were for nothing but its warning to all those who, gifted with the power of play-making, or thinking that they have the gift, (which, for the purposes of their ruin, is much the same,) embark on the troubled waters of the stage. Let us hear the most popular dramatist of his time: or, if we are to estimate popularity by the continuance and repetition of successes, perhaps the most popular dramatist of England since Shakspeare. Congreve had but three successful plays. Wycherly perhaps no more. Sheridan but three, and the Critic; while Colman has gone on for years in a perpetual production of comedies, all popular, and some likely to survive his generation.

"Few avocations," says this man of success, "are, in my present opinion, less eligible than that of the drama; but it caught my fancy when a boy, for I began not long after nineteen. At first, the very act of scribbling gave me pleasure. But the novelty of the thing wore off, and soon after my amusement became my profession. I felt the irksomeness of every task, and contemplated probable vexation in the event of it. When you are laboring for fame, or profit, or for both, and think, all the while you are at work, that instead of obtaining either you may be d——d, *it is not pleasant!* Nor is it agreeable to reflect, that a handful of blockheads may, in half an hour, consign,

first to disgrace, and then to oblivion, your toil of half a year; nay, that your own footman, who is one of what is called the "Town," can, by paying a shilling, hoot at your new comedy from beginning to end; and, having broken your night's rest, your judge in the upper gallery goes to sleep in your garret.

"But these considerations apart, I verily think that the wear and tear upon the nerves, occasioned by dramatic composition, may deduct some years from a man's life. It has been my habit, I know not why, except that the muse is more propitious after dinner, to write chiefly late at night; and when I have grown heated with my subject, it has so chilled my limbs, that I have gone to bed as if I had been sitting up to my knees in ice."

Of the wonderful facility with which some aspirants have rode their Pegasus, this "veteran stager," as he calls himself, doubts, very naturally.

"Some few dramatists have told me, that they have written with such ease and rapidity, that I have been astonished, or indeed have scarcely believed them." He sarcastically adds, "My wonder and incredulity have generally ceased upon a perusal of those gentlemen's productions." His conclusion is fair and forcible. "After all, success may tickle an author's vanity, but failure sadly mortifies his pride: particularly in writing for the stage, where success or failure is so immediate, and so marked; and, to say the best of it, *a dramatist's is a devil of a life.*"

Here spoke the philosopher: the punster follows. "The theatre upon Richmond Green (where he saw his first play, he being then in petticoats) was built in 1765, by Mr. James Dance, better known as Mr. Love, which was his *nom-de-guerre* when he came upon the stage, a translation of his wife's maiden name Delamour. In this change of appellative, it is presumed that both husband and wife cordially agreed; at least it is evident that there was no *Love* lost between them." The anecdote of Dodd the

actor, shows what helps a dramatic genius may give a man in doubtful circumstances. Dodd lived in lodgings near the Richmond Theatre with a companion of his solitude, who assumed the privileges without the rights of a wife. They were fond, but they sometimes differed, to the full extent of matrimonial customs, and the argument was often reinforced by "missiles rather than metaphors; the chairs, table, and chimney-piece crockery, flying about the room," until they produced conviction. In one of these domestic *fracas*, which happened at an early dinner upon a shoulder of mutton, while Dodd clattered and the lady screamed, the landlord rushed upon the scene of action, in hopes to prevent the further breaking of his property. "How dare you, Mister," exclaimed Dodd, who was brandishing the shoulder of mutton, "obtrude into our apartment while we are *rehearsing*?"—"Rehearsing!" cried the landlord, while the bits of china were crashing under his feet, "I could have sworn you were fighting."—"No, Sir," said Dodd, "we were rehearsing the supper scene in *Catherine and Petruchio*, or the *Taming of a Shrew*." Dodd directed him to examine the play-bill for the performance, which the landlord answered by presenting his own, with a formidable list of undone earthen ware, headed, "Mr. Dodd, debtor to John Wilson, for choice articles of rare and ornamental china, broken at the *rehearsal* of the *Taming of a Shrew*."

Colman was sent to Westminster School, then under Dr. Smith. "A very dull and good-natured head-master he was. Vincent, the late dean, was second master, 'a man of *nous* and learning, but plaguily severe.' One of the boys drew a caricature of him, which was published in the print-shops, with the following hexameter under it: '*Sanguineos oculos volvit, virgamque requirit.*'"

"At Westminster he was drowned." An ominous commencement for a poet, and portentous of his prowess in the *art of sinking*! "This sub-

mersion in the River Thames took place not far from Westminster Bridge, immediately opposite to the premises of the well-known Dicky Roberts, who for many years afterwards furnished school-boys with a capital opportunity of undergoing the same ceremony. This chance he provided at a moderate price, by letting out sailing boats, wherries, punch-hawls, and other aquatic vehicles, calculated to convert horizontal into *perpendicular* motion."

But the world was now beginning to open. The Elder Colman kept up an intercourse with the leading writers of the day; and his son had the advantage of being introduced at his table to Johnson, Foote, Gibbon, the Wartons, Garrick, Beauclerk, Reynolds, and others, chiefly of the celebrated "Literary Club." On the dogmatizing of this club, he makes the sensible observations that,—"Though it boasted certain individuals of the first order, it was rated too high; or, rather, society rated itself too low;—for so pusillanimous in that day were educated persons in general, that they submitted to the dominion of a self-chosen few."—Of Boswell's attempts to make Johnson amiable, by saying that he had a love for little children, "calling them pretty dears, and giving them sweetmeats," George altogether doubts, and says, in his characteristic style, "The idea of Johnson's carrying *bonbons* to give to children, is much like supposing a Greenland bear to have a pocket stuffed with tartlets for travellers." He was at length brought into the formidable company of Johnson at his father's house in Soho Square.

"On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-colored satin, the arms and legs of which were of burnished gold. The contrast of the man with the seat was striking. An unwashed coal-heaver, in a *vis-à-vis*, could not be much more misplaced. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown cloth, with black worsted stockings; his old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions, and the

learned head which sustained it rolled about in a seemingly paralytic motion, chiefly inclining to one shoulder—whether to the right or left I cannot now remember;—a fault never to be forgiven by the *Twaddleri*, who think these matters of great importance.

“He deigned not to rise on our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talked. There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said, ‘Doctor Johnson, this is a little Colman.’ The doctor bestowed a slight ungracious glance on me, and continuing the rotatory motion of his head, renewed the conversation. Again there was a pause; again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny with—‘This is my son, Doctor Johnson.’ The great man’s contempt was now roused to wrath; and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder—‘I see him, Sir.’ He then fell back in his rose-colored *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation, implying that he would be no further plagued with either an old fool or a young one.” This was savage enough, and we can scarcely wonder at the title conferred by the indignant object of his rejection:—“A new species of Barbarian, a learned Attila, come to subjugate polished society.”

He had previously seen Goldsmith, and found him the good-natured doctor that all the world found him. He was but five years old when the doctor first took him on his knee, and was rewarded for it by a “blow which left the marks of his little spiteful paw on his cheek.” For this the striker was banished to an adjoining room, to enjoy the benefit of solitary imprisonment. * But Goldsmith himself came to liberate the prisoner, brought him back to the dinner table, and finally completed the treaty of pacification by showing him his skill in art magic. “He placed three hats upon the carpet, and a shilling under each, which represented England, France, and

Spain. ‘*Hey, presto, cocolorum,*’ said the doctor; and, on removing the hats, the shillings were found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and, therefore, might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain, under one *crown*; but as I was also no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. From that time, whenever the doctor came to visit my father, a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat in point of sports as I grew older, but it did not last long. My playmate died, alas! in his forty-fifth year, some months after I had attained my eleventh.”

Of Foote, of course, he must know much; but his avoidance of building on the foundations of other men is so punctilious, that his only record is, of the player’s *wooden leg*.—“This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bedside, ready dressed, in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner’s getting up. It had a kind of *tragi-comical* appearance. And I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a *Foote* in bed, and a leg out of it. His undressed supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him after a shower of rain upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stamped a deep round hole at every other step he took, till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble, preparing, against all horticultural rule, to plant a row of cabbages in a gravel walk.”

With Garrick, his acquaintance commenced in boyhood; and his sketches of that extraordinary performer on and off the stage, are graphic and forcible. “The frequent letters passing between him, at Hampton-court, and my father, at Richmond, were so many opportunities for me to take airings on horseback, attended by the servant, who carried

the despatches. On these occasions, I always, on arriving at Garrick's, ran about his gardens, where he taught me the game of trap-ball, which superseded our former nine-pins. He practised too a thousand monkey tricks upon me. He was Punch, Harlequin, and a cat in a gutter; then King Lear, with a mad touch, at times, that almost terrified me, and he had a peculiar mode of flashing the lightning of his eye, by darting it into the astonished mind of a child, as a serpent is said to fascinate a bird, which was an attribute belonging only to this theatrical Jupiter." To Garrick he gives the palm of all the actors whom he has ever seen. He has only to repeat what others have said a thousand times—

"Take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again."

The uncommon brilliancy of Garrick's eye was proverbial, and yet "he had the art of completely quenching its fire, as in his acting Sir Anthony Brinvillie, a personage who talks passionately, with the greatest *sang froid*, and whose language, opposing his temperament, breathes flame, like Hecla in Iceland. In this part he made the twin stars look as 'dull as two cod-dled gooseberries.'—But his *deaf man's eye* evinced his minuteness of observation and power of execution. There is an expression in the eye of deaf persons, I mean such as have not lost *all* perception of sound, which consists of a mixture of dulness and vivacity in the organ of vision, indicating an anxiety to hear all, with a pretending to hear more than is actually heard, and a disappointment in having lost much—an embarrassed look, between intelligence and stupidity; all this he conveyed admirably. On the whole, with all his superior art in portraying Nature, it is to be lamented that he outraged her in one character; he over-acted the part of Garrick, he converted his companions into critics in the pit, practised clap-traps upon them, and had the row of lamps in front of the proscenium eternally under his nose."

Of the prejudices and powers of Gibbon, the historian, the world has known a good deal already, but no man has left fewer records of his effect in social intercourse. His long residence abroad alienated him from English society, even when he occasionally returned home. Colman has labored a portrait of him with more than the usual felicity of labor. "Gibbon was a curious counterbalance to Johnson. Their manners and tastes were not more different than their habiliments. On the day I first sat down with Johnson in his rusty-brown coat and black worsted stockings, Gibbon was placed opposite to me, in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel of Dryden and Pope might be loosely parodied in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant: the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets: Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys. Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens.

"Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises by condescending once or twice, in the course of the evening, to talk with me. The great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy, but it was done *more suo*, his mannerism prevailed; still he tapped his snuff-box, still he smirked and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he were conversing with men. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a *round hole*, in the centre of his visage."

This last touch of description is not very complimentary to the historian of the Decline and Fall, but it is true; and Colman, in giving it, boldly shows that he was superior to the mellifluous civility that flowed from the object of it on his young brow!—Sheridan he met, of course, in all kinds of life;

and he idly thinks it necessary to apologize for "thinking that Sheridan did not excel in light conversation." The fact was notorious, and easily accounted for. Sheridan was a wit—perhaps the most acute and finished writer of good things in the whole range of the English language. He sometimes said excellent things too. But wit is at all times an exercise of the understanding, and is often the gift of the gravest temperament. Humor is of a totally different calibre; it is light, obtrusive, and gay. The wit often becomes a silent man, from a jealousy of his own reputation. The humorist, seldom having any reputation to lose which may not be regained by the next trivial pleasantry, strikes at everything, and is the best companion in common society, for there the secret of success is to keep up the ball. In Sheridan's instance there was the additional obstruction, that he loved wine; and a lover of wine is, by habit, out of spirits until he is at least half drunk. The first hour after dinner found Sheridan much more disposed to sleep than to talk,—or to growl at everything around him than to make the most of the passing pleasantry. His planet seldom rose until the third bottle began its gyrations. He then felt the reviving lustre, and shone, when three fourths of his fellow sitters were saturated and sleepy. Even his shining was but brief. Brandy gave the effulgence, which was but thinly supplied by claret; and the flow of soul, which had so tardily superseded the feast of reason, suddenly terminated under the table.

"Many men of inferior powers were, in my humble conception, pleasanter dinner companions—his son Tom, for instance. I admit, that nobody, sitting down with him for the first time, and even ignorant of his abilities, could have mistaken him for a commonplace character, nor would the evening pass, without some thoughts or turns of expression escaping him, indicative of genius; but he wanted the flickering blaze of social pleasantry, the playful lightning of

familiar discourse: his style appeared to me more an exercise than desultory table-talk. I have heard him late in the evening recapitulate nearly all that had been said at table, and comment on it with much ingenuity and satire. But, to say nothing of people's disliking to find their careless chat thus remembered, and summed up, this was rather speechifying than conversing, and less fit for a dinner party than a debating society." The narrator pushes his illustration of this parliamentary propensity to an extreme in which we suspect him of exercising his own pleasantry. "The habit of harangue grew so much upon Sheridan in his declining days, that he would, in answering the observation of any person in company, call him 'the honorable gentleman.'"

"The late Joseph Richardson, Sheridan's '*fidus Achates*,' was, with all his good nature and good temper, a huge lover of this particular kind of disputation. Tell Richardson where you dined yesterday, and he would immediately inquire, 'Had you a good day? was there much *argument*?'"

Erskine was of the Colman diners-out, and was then what he was when he became more known, and what he continued to his last hour, prodigiously fond of talking, and pre-eminently fond of talking of himself.

"My father often met Erskine in the street, and invited him to dinner on the same day. On these occasions our party, when I was at home, formed a *trio*, but might as well have been called a *duo*, for I was only a listener; indeed, my father was little more, for Erskine was then young at the bar, flushed with success, and enthusiastic in his profession. He would, therefore, repeat his pleadings in every case. This I thought dull enough, and congratulated myself, (till I knew better,) when the oration was over. But here I reckoned without my host; for when my father observed that the arguments were unanswerable—'By no means, my dear Sir,' would Erskine say; 'had I been counsel for A instead of B, you shall hear what I

could have advanced on the other side.'—Then we *did* hear, and I wished him at the forum."

In a visit to Oxford he makes some mention of the "Connoisseur," a paper started in 1754, by his father, when he was but an undergraduate, and at the gay age of twenty-two. Bonnel Thornton was his coadjutor. Thornton was a man of some ability, some pleasantry, and with a growing propensity to get drunk, which soon completed his literary career. Thornton, as might be expected, generally shrank from his share of the task, and Colman was driven to double labor. "When the *onus* fell upon Thornton he was delinquent, and his partner was left to supply the deficiency. On one of these occasions the joint editors met, in hurry and irritation, to extricate themselves from the dilemma—my father enraged or sulky—Thornton muzzy with liquor—the essay to be published next morning—not a word of it written—not even a subject thought of—and the press waiting; nothing to be done, but to scribble helter skelter. 'Sit down, Colman,' said Thornton, 'we must give the blockheads something.' My industrious sire, conscious of obligations to be fulfilled, sat down immediately, writing whatever came into his head. Thornton, in the mean time, walked up and down, taking huge pinches of snuff, seeming to ruminate, but not contributing one word. When my father had thrown upon paper about one half of a moral essay, Thornton, who was still pacing the room, with a glass of brandy and water in his hand, stuttered out, 'Write away, Colman, you are a bold fellow; you can tell them that virtue is a fine thing,'—implying that my father wrote nothing but commonplaces."—Thornton's worthless life had the natural termination. He was seized with dropsy, and died, talking in a style which it is only mercy to suppose was the language of insanity or intoxication.—"His relations surrounding his death-bed, he told them that he should expire before he counted twenty; and cover-

ing his head with the bed-clothes, he began to count—one, two——eighteen, nineteen, twenty. He then thrust out his head, and exclaimed, 'It's very strange, but why ar'n't you all crying? Teach my son, when I am gone, his A B C. I know mine in several languages. But I perceive no good that the knowledge has ever done me—so if you never teach him his A B C at all, it doesn't much signify.' Within an hour after this he died."

The elder Colman had promised to pay a visit to Lord Mulgrave at his seat near Whitby; and from York they set out with Captain Phipps, the captain's brother Augustus, Sir Joseph Banks, and Omai, the Otaheitan, all in one coach; no had imitation of the stowage of the Wrong-head family in the journey to London. The coach was the ponderous property of Sir Joseph, and it was as "huge and heavy as a broad-wheel waggon. It carried six inside passengers, with somewhat more than their average luggage; for the packages of Captain Phipps were laid in like stores for a long voyage; he had boxes and cases crammed with nautical lore, books, maps, charts, quadrants, &c. Sir Joseph's stowage was still more formidable—unwearied in botanical research, he traveled with trunks containing voluminous specimens of the *hortus siccus*, in whity-brown paper, and large receptacles for further vegetable materials, which he might accumulate in his locomotions. The vehicle had, also, in addition to its contingent loads, several fixed appurtenances with which it was encumbered by its philosophical owner—in particular, there was a remarkably heavy *safety-chain* (a drag-chain upon a newly-constructed principle), to obviate the possibility of danger in going down a hill; it snapped, however, in our very first descent. The carriage boasted, also, an internal piece of machinery with a hard name—a *hip-popedometer*, by which a traveller might ascertain the rate at which he was going. This also broke in the first ten miles of our journey, whereat

the philosopher, to whom it belonged, was the only person who lost his philosophy."

* We are afraid that botany is not the most sublime of the sciences, and that Sir Joseph, if not a little of a quack, was a very bustling and *boring* gentleman, in his chase of flies and his plucking of roses. They were tormented by his indefatigable botany. "We never saw a tree with an unusual branch, or a strange weed, but a halt was immediately ordered, and out jumped Sir Joseph, out jumped the two boys, Augustus and myself, and out jumped Omai after us all. Many articles which *seemed* to me no better than thistles, and which would not have sold for a farthing in Covent Garden Market, were plucked up by the roots, and stowed carefully in the coach as rarities."

It is to be presumed, that a hedge-row in Yorkshire did not contain many extraordinary discoveries in the botanical world even in Sir Joseph's day, and that the gathering of horse-mushrooms and thistles was as much intended for the fame of Sir Joseph's love of science, as for the benefit of mankind. But the finest display of zeal for science was to come. "Among all our jumpings, the most amusing to me was, the jump of a frog *down Sir Joseph's throat*; having picked it up from the grass, he held it in the palm of his hand till it performed this guttural somerset, to convince his three followers, the two boys and the savage, that there is nothing poisonous in the animal, as some ignorant people imagine. As far, therefore, as enlightening the minds of a couple of lads belonging to the rising generation of England, the frog took his voluntary leap of self-destruction, like another Curtius, for the good of his country!" After this, we may believe anything that we are told of the coxcombry of Sir Joseph's science.

At Scarborough, George for the first time saw the sea, with which he was inclined to be disappointed, for he had always conceived it, from the poets, to be in a fine frenzy rolling,

to rage in a perpetual storm. However, he was on more mature knowledge convinced, "as George Hanger wrote of an army of many thousand men, that it was not to be *sneezed* at." On the morning after his arrival, he walked down to the beach, where he entered a bathing machine, to take his "maiden plunge." He found Omai wading in the water, of whom he gives this curious description. "The sun-beams shot their lustre upon the tawny priest (Omai's profession in Otaheite), and heightened the gloss he had received from the water; he looked like a specimen of moving mahogany highly varnished; not only varnished, indeed, but curiously veneered—for, from his hips and the small of his back downwards, he was *tattooed* with striped arches, broad and black, by means of a sharp shell or fish's tooth, embued with an indelible dye." He invited young George to take a swim on his back. The offer was accepted. "Omai, who was highly pleased with my confidence in him, walked a considerable way out before the water came up to his chin; he then struck out, and having thus *weighed anchor* for this my first voyage, I found myself on board the Omai, decidedly not as commander of the vessel, but as a passive passenger, who must submit without an effort to the very worst that might happen. My wild friend appeared as much at home in the waves, as a rope-dancer upon a cord. But as soon as he had got out of his depth, my apprehensions were aroused, and I began to think that, if he should take a sudden fancy to dive, or to turn round, and float with his face to the sky, I, who was upon his back, must be in a very awkward situation. Every fresh motion of his arms and legs carried us some yards further out; after a time, however, we went on so steadily, that my fears subsided. At last I felt not only quite at ease, but delighted with my mode of vectigation; it had, doubtless, one advantage over sailing in a ship, for there was no rolling and pitching about, to

occasion seasickness, and I made my way as smoothly as Arion upon his dolphin. I could not, indeed, touch the lyre, nor had I any musical instrument to play on—unless it were the comb which Omai carried in one hand, and with which he used, while swimming, to adjust his harsh black locks, hanging in profusion over his shoulders. Having performed a trip of full three quarters of an hour, the Omai came gallantly into harbor, all safe—*passenger* in good health."

A pleasantry is next recorded of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave (afterwards Duke of Buckingham). This "warrior, politician, courtier, and poet, had fled from the plague of 1665 in London to his Yorkshire estate; there he rendered himself so popular, that, on his return, his tenantry attended him in a body to some distance, trying to extract a promise of his soon coming to reside among them again. The request was evaded for a while; but the crowd at last forced an answer. 'My worthy friends,' said the Earl, 'I shall make a point of coming among you—at the next plague!'"

After a lapse of forty-five years, George visited the seat of the Mulgraves once more. It had flourished prodigiously in the interval, the house had grown into a castle, and the grounds into woodlands and forests. His time passed delightfully, except for the peculiar regard of his noble host for his comfort. The Mulgrave expedition passed off pleasantly, furnishing the wit with some sketches of character for his next drama, and supplying the reader with some odd anecdotes. The following slight exaggeration is new to us; he gives it in illustration of the *sang froid* with which the miners in the alum-pits on the Mulgrave estate sling themselves down the quarry. A Scotchman slipped off the roof of a mansion in Edinburgh, sixteen stories high (at the least). When midway in his descent, he arrived at a lodger looking out of the eighth floor window, to whom, as he was an acquaintance, he observed,

en passant, 'Eh, Sandy, mon, sic a fa' as I shall hae!' He declines saying anything more on the alum works, from the *astringency* of the subject, but refers the inquisitive to the *Encyclopædia*. He now studied botany in the evenings, under the indefatigable Sir Joseph, who sliced cabbages, cauliflowers, and everything that came in his way, for the honor of science; from which study his pupil declares, that he rose with the power of distinguishing between "a moss-rose and a Jerusalem artichoke."

On boring some burrows or *tumuli* in the neighborhood, several copper coins were extracted, which, he observes, "it was impossible to *toss* up, they having neither heads nor tails." Two or three of them were given to him as the reward of his exploratory prowess, but they did not remain long with him. On this he makes the pleasant, yet pathetic reflection: "From that time to this, I have evinced no talents as a hoarder of coin. My attempts in that way, indeed, have been generally made with a view to *modern English specimens*, stamped with heads of the Brunswick line. Many of these have, at different times, been in my hands; but somehow or other they have soon passed out of them again, and I have never been able to succeed as a *collector*."

On his tour homewards he visited Sir Charles Turner, a famous country gentleman—"who persecuted a fox with joyful inveteracy, and was the most formidable Nimrod of his district. He showed us a picture of a favorite white hunter, surmounted by himself, in the act of leaping a five-barred gate, being the last of an uncommon number of similar jumps which this fine animal had accomplished, with Sir Charles on his back, during one day's chace. When such paintings formerly met my view, they excited in me an admiration for the rider; but I have long since exclusively transferred it to the *horse*."

He met a more interesting subject in the neighborhood. "In the village of Kirkleatham was an individual who

excited great interest in the visitors of the hall. His looks were venerable, from his great age, and his deportment was above that which is usually found among the inhabitants of a hamlet. How he had acquired this air of superiority over his neighbors, it is difficult to say, for his origin must have been humble. His eightieth summer had nearly passed away; and only two or three years previously he had learned to read, that he might gratify a parent's pride and love by perusing his son's first voyage round the world. He was the father of CAPTAIN COOK!"

On the whole, the *Random Records* are amusing specimens of *old* George Colman, the *younger*. We must confess, however, that there is too much of what is called twaddle; the efforts at humor, also, are in many instances sadly overstrained, and there is often a negligence in the construction of his sentences, which renders their true meaning extremely obscure. But his book is a pleasant one after all. The present volume flutters only about the first twenty years of his life. He promises to give more, and we hope he will keep his promise.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.

SUNNY locks of brightest hue
Once around my temples grew,—
Laugh not, Lady! for 'tis true;
Laugh not, Lady! for with thee
Time may deal spitefully.
Time, if long he lead thee here,
May subdue that mirthful cheer;
Round those laughing lips and eyes
Time may write sad histories—
Deep indent that even brow—
Change those locks, so sunny now,
To as dark and dull a shade
As on mine his touch hath laid.

Lady! yes, these locks of mine
Cluster'd once, with golden shine,
Temples, neck, and shoulders round;
Richly gushing—if unbound,
If from band and bodkin free—
Half way downward to the knee.
Some there were took fond delight
Sporting with those tresses bright,
To enring with living gold
Fingers, now beneath the mould—
(Woe is me!) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smooth'd them too,
Since they lost the sunny hue—
Since their bright abundance fell
Under the destroying spell.
One dear hand! the tenderest
Ever nurse-child rock'd to rest,
Ever wiped away its tears.
Even those of later years
From a cheek untimely hollow,
Bitter drops that still may follow,
Where 's the hand will wipe away?
Hers I kiss'd—(ah! dismal day,
Pale as on the shroud it lay.
Then, methought, youth's latest gleam
Departed from me like a dream.
Still, though lost their sunny tone,

Glossy brown these tresses shone,—
Here and there, in wave and ring,
Golden threads still glittering;
And (from band and bodkin free)
Still they flow'd luxuriantly.

Careful days and wakeful nights
Early trench'd on young delights.
Then of ills, an endless train,
Wasting languor, wearying pain,
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,
Crowding all on summer's prime,
Made me old before my time.

So a dull, unlovely hue
O'er the sunny tresses grew,
Thinn'd their rich abundance too,
Not a thread of golden light
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now, again, a shining streak
'Gins the dusky cloud to break;—
Here and there a glittering thread
Lights the ringlets dark and dead,—
Glittering light!—but pale and cold—
Glittering thread!—but *not* of gold.

Silent warning! silvery streak!
Not unheeded dost thou speak;
Not with feelings light and vain—
Not with fond regretful pain,
Look I on the token sent
To announce the day far spent;—
Dark and troubled hath it been—
Sore misused! and yet between
Gracious gleams of peace and grace
Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light!
Fast approach the shades of night,—
When they quite enclose me round
May my lamp be burning found!

PROVERBS.

“None is a fool always, every one sometimes.”

PROVERBS, old and respectable as they are, have one very juvenile characteristic—they speak in an oracular and decided tone, and appear as determined to settle the question for themselves,—as averse from offering proof, or admitting contradiction,—as any of the present race of youthful politicians, philosophers, or theologians. They may generally, however, plead their truth to excuse their dogmatism; but let us inquire whether the one at the head of this essay can produce this palliation of the bold impertinence with which it attempts to confound the widest distinctions of intellect, and to make wisdom and folly occasionally exchange attributes.

The latter clause of the proverb, who indeed will attempt to controvert? Are not all our neighbors frequently visited by asinine absurdity? do we not now and then find ample cause for shrugs and smiles at the silly conduct of our dearest friends? and is there not in the mind of each of us a lurking recollection of one or two occasions in our own lives when we happened to play the fool ourselves? True, *we* did it gracefully and amiably; some untoward accident, or generous weakness, occasioned so unwonted a departure from our usual course of wisdom and discretion; the cap and bells did not disfigure *us* as it does the rest of the world; but still we wore it, and accomplished in our own persons the sweeping sentence of the proverb; and if *we* and Solomon serve to exemplify its truth, who can hope to escape?

There is, indeed, a class of persons the business of whose lives appears to be to shine forth to the world as examples of pure, unadulterated wisdom. The web of their *minds* is no “mingled yarn;”

“In arioso trills and graces
They never stray,
But gravissimo, solemn basses
They hum away.”

These respectable personages cannot read a novel or sit through a pantomime; they frown at a pun, and talk nothing but sense; a game at chess is their lightest relaxation, and didactic poetry the only kind at all worthy their notice. If they play with children, it is at some dull, historical game; if they converse with young ladies, it is upon early rising or Fordyce’s Sermons; they abound in common-place quotations and trite moral sayings; and their society is altogether wonderfully instructive and powerfully narcotic. “They fish with a melancholy bait;” but the reputation for wisdom for which they angle is, alas! but seldom obtained. There may be a few among whom they are talked of as “very superior, sensible men;” but these are usually simple, timid persons, without sufficient discernment to distinguish the counterfeit from the true coin, or sufficient courage to give things their right names; and even this scanty number of admirers carefully shun their society, like the Irish peasant, who, while he calls the fairies “good people,” does all in his power to avoid a meeting with those of whom he speaks so respectfully.

It is only sarcastically that they are told by Burns, “Ye are sae grave, nae doubt you’re wise;” and as Rochefoucault has pronounced that “gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind,” and Sir John Malcolm has decided that “he who is always wise is a fool,” it appears that the gentlemen in question, instead of being allowed to produce themselves as examples of perfect wisdom, are in some danger of being cited as specimens of absolute folly. It was one of these solemn simpletons, of whom the profound divine and philosopher Dr. Clarke spoke, when he suddenly stopped a game of romps, and exclaimed, “Boys, we must be grave—a fool is coming!” Nothing, indeed, can be more unac-

ceptable to a merry party than the intrusion of such a person at one of those moments when the spirits of a few light-hearted companions have spread their ready contagion around, and gay good-humor pays its laughing honors to every light sally and passing jest. At such a time, how vexatious to see a "Sir Oracle" enter the room; his very mien exclaims "death to la bagatelle!" and the few whose exhilaration can resist this sedative are speedily conquered by the grave stare with which he receives a joke, the seriousness with which he inquires the meaning of what was never intended to have any, and the unsparing pertinacity with which he criticises and dissects the light nonsense and playful trifles thrown off in the gaiety of the moment with no wider aim than to excite a passing laugh. In a few minutes, merriment is changed into dullness, and the would-be philosopher has the satisfaction of leaving his friends "sadder" if not "wiser men than they had been before." There are times, however, when the tables are turned, and it is no small amusement to watch the half-puzzled, half-contemptuous expression of a "wise fool's" countenance, when, on being introduced to some distinguished author, or profound reasoner, he finds him more disposed to mirth than metaphysics, quite ready to romp with a child, or trifle with a young lady, willing to laugh at even an indifferent jest, and to discover entertainment in the common chit-chat of society. The bewildered Sir Oracle is obliged to pause ere he condemns; but as self-conceit is always one of his characteristics, he speedily recovers his complacency, resolves to despise what he does not understand, and once more setting his mouth into its pristine formality, again determines

"That he'll not show his teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

It is, indeed, statesmen and students who stand most in need of the relaxation afforded by occasional folly, and "poco di matto" is consider-

ed in Italy an essential ingredient in a great man's companion. It was the fashion, formerly, for men of rank to possess a buffoon, or a dwarf; and in days of yore a privileged jester was the constant attendant of the banquet. This was, perhaps, a wholesome custom; a hearty laugh may have assisted digestion better than a political discussion; and a sudden freak, or absurd joke, has diverted the minds of the statesmen of ancient times, and given a new and useful turn to the current of their thoughts. It is astonishing how a few minutes' sleep will refresh the body, and a few minutes' laughter the mind; and the company of a merry fool (for a dull one is insupportable) might be more serviceable than tonics or stimulants. M. de Talleyrand, when asked how he could attach himself to such a simpleton as his wife, replied, "It is a rest to me;" and since a court-fool is out of fashion, it would be wise in our ministers to marry women fit to supply his place. How refreshing after the labors of the day, when the mind is exhausted by constant tension, to find complete relaxation in the society of a pretty, vacant, silly woman, who has neither power to communicate a fresh idea, nor wish to receive one! She would, it is true, be a sad incumbrance when her husband was out of office; but this recollection would only induce him to serve his country with greater zeal.

The friend, or "buon compagno," as he used to call him, with whom Muratori spent his evenings, was a half-witted fellow, in whose society he found thorough repose to his mental powers. With him the author or editor of a hundred folio volumes, the well from whose inexhaustible contents Gibbon, Sismondi, and many modern historians, have drawn their best materials, was accustomed to pass his hours in visiting the *polichinelli*, and various shows of an Italian city, and in discussing their respective merits. Any conversation superior to that of his "buon compagno" left

him unfitted for the labor and application of the ensuing day. To be sometimes a fool appears, therefore, a part of wisdom, and, as has been before observed, the latter clause of our proverb admits of easy proof; but when we look out upon the world around us, and behold the various methods in which "the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man," contrives to stultify itself,—when we see the persevering labor bestowed by many on the rôle of absurdity which it is their pleasure and their pride to enact, we must pause a little before we can agree that "none is a fool always." However the case may have stood in those ancient times from which most of our proverbs and fables have descended to us, the nineteenth century can surely furnish numerous instances of genuine, consistent, undeviating folly; and though the wise may still be occasionally simple, though the majestic lion may still be terrified at the crowing of a cock, the sagacious elephant at the grunting of a hog, yet monkeys, geese, and magpies, have in these days no perceptible intervals of sense and discretion. Let any twelve sound-minded persons watch a fashionable lady or fine gentleman through the day, and then decide on the degree of mental superiority evinced by these elegant simpletons over the poor idiot whom we find in most of our country villages. Do they not form as incorrect an estimate of things, actions and persons as he can do? Are they not, like him, regardless of the real uses and blessings of life, while they dearly value its toys and trumpery? Like him, do they not laugh at nothing, and lament over imaginary vexations? Can he deck his person more sedulously with frippery than they do?—and are they not as unconscious of absurdity, as self-satisfied and pleased in the midst of folly, as poor Tom Fool when, covered with discarded gew-gaws, he marches in self-consequence, at the head of a funeral, unobservant of the pitying sigh of the feeling few, or the scornful laugh of the thoughtless multitude?

He who labors and frets over the tie of a neckcloth, or calls down imprecations on the head of an unsuccessful tailor, should feel a fraternal sympathy for the innocent who spends his time in stringing daisies into necklaces, and flies into ungovernable rage with the unlucky wight who breaks them. There is only this difference between them,—one has thrown away the reason which the other never possessed; one is accountable, the other irresponsible.

Again, when Cœlia tells me that she was really quite distressed at Mrs. R——'s taking her by surprise this morning, for she was not fit to be seen, I ask, if she was dirty?—"Oh! by no means."—Was she reading Don Juan?—"What a question!" Did she owe the lady money?—"How absurd!" She was in a gown of last year's fashion, and the sleeves were so small she felt quite ashamed every time Mrs. R——'s eyes happened to fall upon them. Poor Cœlia! can she complain if in every society of rational beings she is considered a simpleton, a *made* idiot, though not a *born* one?

There are, indeed, few causes in operation which produce more numerous contradictions to the assertion that "none is a fool always," than a devotion to the mandates of that fickle and unreasonable thing called Fashion; for as its influence extends over every circumstance and every minute of our lives, its worshippers are incessantly occupied in the service of their divinity, and exposed to the bewildering effects of the fumes from her tripod; they listen unweariedly for her wild and fantastic decrees, and regulate their conduct by them from the time they lay aside their nightcaps in the morning to the moment when they resume them at night. Fortunate for us, that she has not yet much interfered with the solitude of our bed-rooms; that she does not insist upon our sleeping in cocked-hats, or settle one sole shape and position in which it shall be gentlemanlike to seek repose! This severe

and inexorable mistress admits, however, of no interruption in her service during the day, which begins and ends just when she pleases; she regulates not only our serious but our trivial concerns; and is not less despotic as to the dimensions of a bow on a bonnet, or a seal to a watch, than as to the mode in which we are to bestow our charity, or the place where we are to worship the Deity. Our virtues ebb and flow at her command; she annually determines what we are to call modesty; our maidens are ready to show their legs and shoulders whenever she pleases, or to muffle themselves like an old lady of former days, and sweep the streets with their garments. Our furniture, our food, our domestic arrangements, are all under her control: when we travel, she points the way; when we are ill, she sends our doctor, prescribes our medicines, and generally names our disease; the education of our children is entirely under her management, and it is she who decides how much they shall know, and what it is for which they shall have a taste. Devotion and benevolence, learning and patriotism, are merits or demerits, as it pleases her; literature bows at her feet; and Milton and Pope grow dusty on our shelves, when she tells us to admire nothing but *Annals*.

Certain it is that, at some distant period, Fashion must have had a quarrel with Nature, and, in imitation of her betters, (a very characteristic failing,) resolved to bear malice as virulently as the sister and wife of Jove herself. The old grudge, therefore, "manet altâ mente repòstum," and induces her to take every opportunity of spiting and insulting her fairer rival. When the fracas took place it is impossible to decide:—we know it must have occurred before the days of our grandmothers, for they wore powder and hoops, and Nature wept herself sick at the sight; it must have been earlier, too, than the time of Henry VI., for in his reign ladies wore head-dresses resembling horns, and divines in vain

reproached, in vain suggested as a preventive that "in effigie cornutæ fœminæ Diabolus plerumque pingitur;" and it must have been previous to the age when the prophet Jeremiah flourished, for he tells us that it was even then the custom to darken the eyelids with powder of lead. But if the date of the feud be doubtful, not so the permanency of its fatal effects; and at this very day, Reason and Taste mourn over the spiteful manner in which Fashion disfigures the fairest works of Nature, and changes grace and beauty into stiffness and distortion.

A few years since there appeared, indeed, some symptoms of reconciliation between the rival goddesses: flowing ringlets, and moderately full robes, by which, while decency was not outraged, every trace of the human form was not concealed,—girdles placed where proportion, elegance, and sense direct, and a profuse employment of flowers, Nature's darling decoration, seemed to afford hopes of an amicable arrangement between that divinity and her opponent; but now, alas! the truce is over; "war to the knife" is evidently proclaimed, and no one can look into a ball-room and behold the extraordinary appearances under which the graces and beauties of our females now lie concealed, without cursing in his heart that ancient, mysterious, and bitter quarrel which has thus doomed to disfigurement the loveliest productions of Nature.

But Fashion reigns not less triumphantly, not less in defiance of reason and of taste, over other scenes and other circumstances of daily life; and of late years its influence has extended into those middle ranks of society, from which less wealth and less leisure, more duties and more principle, should have barred its approach. It is true that women of ton and fortune are accountable and immortal beings; but when they fritter away their time, and money, and understanding, in the worship of Fashion, they only "jump the life to come," and perhaps succeed in persuading themselves that "on this bank and shoal of time" on

which their present lot is cast, they enjoy themselves prodigiously. But those misguided creatures who, with insufficient means, strive to be fashionable, spend a life of drudgery, sacrifices, and mortification, which Sisyphus and Tantalus would not envy. Their labor is ever renewed, their hopes continually disappointed, and just as they think they have touched the robe of the flying goddess, behold! she has changed her dress, and they grasp but her second-hand old clothes. They turn from the fair and refreshing face of Nature, from the simple and wholesome pleasures of domestic life; they abandon the elevating pursuits of a rational creature, to follow the steps of one who derides their efforts, and who can scarcely be caught by any but those who pursue her in a coach and four. How often have I seen young ladies, to whom, as economy was a duty, simplicity of attire would have been a moral as well as a personal grace, toil long and late to remodel a bonnet or a gown, to imitate the dress of their superiors in rank and fortune, and to appear at length in a costume always inappropriate and generally unbecoming; while fond and foolish parents praise their misdirected zeal and perseverance, and whisper to a friend that the dear industrious girls make as good an appearance as if they spent 100*l.* a-year on their clothes. The

sacrifice of time, the growth of frivolity, the debilitating effects of petty views, petty emulations, and petty devices on minds intended for better and nobler pursuits, are not taken into account. How often have I seen matrons exhaust their patience, and neglect their families, to attain the reputation of fashionable women; fret over a curtain which is not in the mode; and purchase penury and restrictions for a year in order to give one gay ball, which "*The Morning Post*" shall publish to a careless or a sneering world! How often have I seen men, and men of sense, soured, irritated, and ruined, in the same pitiful and absurd pursuit!—But it is needless to multiply examples of the fools of Fashion's making; we see them around us in all directions, of all conditions, and of all ages, absurdly anxious about trifles, and forgetful of the evanescent nature of the fame for which they are hunting. Let us do what we will, posterity will laugh at our costumes as we have often laughed at those of antiquity, and our grandchildren will stare in astonishment and contempt at every one of the fashionable ornaments of our persons, our houses, and our equipages, which we are now so proud of possessing, or so provoked at wanting. "*La vertu a cela d'heureux, qu'elle soit à la mode, qu'elle n'y soit plus, elle demeure vertu.*"

JAMES OF SCOTLAND IN CAPTIVITY.

"*Mon existence est à vous; je l'attache à la votre, et vous suivrai jusqu'à la mort.*"

"WHAT can that be, girl?" said the young and lovely Joanna of Somerset, to her attendant, as something flitted into the room through the window which was opened to admit the last rays of the fast-sinking sun, now gilding alike the west and the widely-spread landscape around.

"As I live, my lady, 'tis a letter," said the girl, as she stooped and raised a small packet from the floor; it was tied with a true love-knot, and to it was attached a small ring of brilliants.

"Some new-fangled mode of introducing himself to my notice. I wish my royal kinsman would render his liberty a little more subject to restriction," muttered Joanna; "but it shall share the fate of many others. Girl, bring it from the casement."

Accordingly, the maiden stepped into the balcony, which was filled with the choicest flowers, native and exotic, and stretching out her arm, suffered the ill-fated and unconscious messenger of love to drop from her

hand. Yet she could not resist the temptation of stopping a moment to look on the person who had ventured this experiment to win her mistress's love, and who besides was thus scornfully treated. But her lady, it would seem, was unusually pettish this evening; for she immediately desired her to re-enter and close the window, in a tone very unlike the usual sweet voice of command, which often partook more of entreaty.

"So I throw his love from me," again muttered Joanna; "even though he should one day regain his kingdom, and be enabled to place me on its throne."

"Ay but, my lady, 'twas a beautiful ring."

"Ring, girl!" exclaimed her mistress, starting from the seat on which she had thrown herself. "Ring?"

"Yes! I warrant me the handsome gentleman spared not expense in its purchase. As it fell, the sun-beams glittered on it, and it was so like the one my lord gave you on the last court day—but you are ill, my lady?"

"No, no, girl. Or rather, I am. Why didst not thou tell me this before? Netta, dost thou love me?"

"As myself; or even better; for I am but a poor maiden—"

"Mind not that, girl. Thou art happier, far happier at this moment than thy mistress. List, girl! Thou knowest 'tis said the young James of Scotland loveth me—he whom my kinsman Henry detaineth as a prisoner—yet I know not where he can have seen me; and thou hast been witness to some of the mummery he hath formed to force his attachment on my notice. Netta, I rather fancy Henry and my sire would encourage him; the more that a deputation hath arrived with proposals relative to his liberation. But I love not him, Netta;" she turned her crimsoned brow from the eager glance of her maiden, and after a moment's silence, continued, "I love another: but I know not his rank—save only that I danced with him at the ball which was lately given at the palace, and I have seen

him twice since. Girl, he was to have been at the outer wall to-night when the clock struck nine, and I to have met him: but thou knowest it wanted a full hour of that time when yonder packet was thrown in here, and I immediately concluded it to be some dallying errand of Scotland's James. Netta, canst thou not guess the rest? I looked not on it—yet it was from him. Thou wert right in the resemblance traced between that ring and mine. It did rest on this finger—now it is his! But thou didst remain in the balcony," continued Joanna, in a tone in which were blended eagerness and shame; "tell me, what did he?"

"I' good troth, my lady, he picked it up, and glanced from it up here; then for a moment he stirred not—but suddenly he tore it in fragments, and almost flew down the castle walk;" and the tears stood in the simple-minded Netta's eyes as she saw the half-smothered agitation of her mistress.

At this moment the chapel clock began to strike nine. Joanna caught from Netta's hand a cloak which she was proceeding to fold with great care, and as she threw it around her, hastily desired her to follow, descended the stairs, crossed the grounds, and reached the outer wall before Netta could gain upon her steps.

"Girl, it was so; he is not here. This has my scornful hasty temper achieved. But we will back—instantly back, Netta. If I had—yes, even if I had thrown his letter from me, he might have sought explanation here. We will return, girl:" but she moved not towards her home as she had done from it. No! it was a slow step that turned from the wall; and many a lingering look was cast behind, even till they reached the house.

"Well, certainly my poor lady is to be pitied," said Netta, with a sorrowful accent, as she ushered her mistress into the presence of her father, and closed the door. "I am sure, now, that if, instead of meeting my lord's gentleman in the plea-

saunce, I should stand there alone, and all my own fault, I am sure it would not be that gallant company she is gone into, that would make me smile; yet she did; I saw it as I closed the door."

Thus spoke the pretty simple-minded Netta, as she stepped on her way to the pleasaunce 'neath as clear a moon as ever shone in blue heaven: but in her reasoning it never occurred that the smile might be forced, and the eye in its brilliancy conceal dimming thoughts, or the playful tone come from an almost choking breast; but she had not needed to learn so bitter a lesson.

Yes! there sat the lady Joanna at her father's side, smiling on the companions surrounding him, and replying with even more than her usual gaiety to the numerous complimentary speeches. But it was not long ere she pleaded a slight indisposition, and begged the Earl's leave to retire. Then, for the first time, he saw that the cheek of his beloved child was more than ordinarily flushed, and that her eye glanced rapidly from one object to another, as though her mind rested not with ease on any one subject; but this was no time to question, and he led her to the door, and imprinting a kiss on her burning lip, gave her again to the care of her maiden.

In the mean time, he who had received the unintentional slight strode with nervous haste towards the palace. "Is it indeed so?" he exclaimed; "is she so fickle? will James of Scotland prevail? would she break her plighted troth for gems and baubles? I will declare myself—and yet—no! if such be her love I spurn it from me—do I? Oh! I fear me not. There must be something wrong in this. But, then, the ring was attached to it. I would that this ball and mummery might proceed without my being missed: then would I to my appointment, and learn if she cared no longer for the Roger Percy of her plighted faith: or, if she were not there, I would once again to her win-

dow, and crave a few minutes' converse with her. What care I," he continued, as he entered the brilliantly-illuminated hall, "what care I for coming power and honor if she partake it not with me?"

Joanna had listened to the successively struck hours of eleven and twelve, and yet she lingered beside her toilet with her maiden, who now began to remove jewel after jewel from her mistress's person, and place them in a casket. And now Joanna for the first time broke the sad silence—"Netta, girl, what care thou art taking of the baubles?"

"You called them not baubles this evening, my lady, when I exerted my poor skill in disposing them; and, believe me, I grieve that their effect was wasted on yonder rude gallants. They would have looked far better in the pale moonbeams than in the glare of the hall—"

"Silence, girl; thou art become too flippant. But, listen! Didst not thou hear something?"

The girl looked frightened; but on the pale face of her mistress there was an expression of intense anxiety; and she raised her finger to her lips to impress silence. Then again came the slight noise on the window as of a pebble. Netta's face brightened, as, immediately comprehending, she threw a mantle around the form of her mistress, exclaiming—"How unlucky that I should but this moment have taken the last pearl from your hair. Stay, my lady; this one small branch of brilliants I can dispose in one short moment." But her mistress was at the garden door when she raised it from the case. "Well, to be sure," she continued, "her own beautiful hair is not disarranged; and I sometimes fancy she looks as beautiful before I place these gems in her hair, and around her neck, as when the lights are glancing in them, and the nobles declaring that her eyes are the more brilliant of the two."

"Nay, dearest, thou canst not imagine all I have suffered: but now all

is forgotten ; and I would rather dream of future bliss than lament past sorrow. Tell me ; hath James of Scotland renewed his suit for thy hand ?” said Roger Percy, as he stood with his arm encircling the waist of the Lady Joanna.

“ Yes, oh yes ! But I have not yet looked on him.”

“ And thinkest thou, Joanna, that thy father will say yea ?”

“ Roger, I would I could answer no ! But I have heard to-day that there are treaties being signed between him and my royal kinsman, which are to liberate and place him on Scotland’s throne. Oh ! Roger, such brilliant prospects will blind my father to my happiness—he will say yea !”

“ But still thou art the same, Joanna—still thou wouldest sacrifice riches and name for the poor title of Mistress Roger Percy ?”

“ Why should I attempt to disguise my heart, Roger ? I would be thine rather than the proudest monarch’s this world can produce. I would that Henry could find some fitting reason for detaining him prisoner.”

There was almost a smile played over the handsome features of Roger Percy as he said, “ Listen, my sweet Joanna ; thou dost not yet know to whom thou hast been plighting thy troth,—that I am one of the deputies sent from James’s uncle, Murdoc Albany, to take measures for his release ; and sadly enough, I trow, is his presence wanted on his hills, and amongst his leal-hearted subjects. Wouldst thou then have me do aught to retard his liberation ?”

“ No, no, Roger ; go, and Heaven prosper thee in thy duty. See, the moon is already in her zenith, ’tis time we bade farewell.”

“ But I had hoped that ’neath her beam I should have listened to a promise that alone can save thee from becoming the bride—the Queen of Scotland. Wilt thou flee with me to my own lands, which, though they are not wide-spreading as these, are filled with welcoming hearts, and, at

least, there will be one there will worship thee ?”

“ But my father, Roger—Somerset’s proud Earl ! it would bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the tomb, that his child should wed one who boasted not a title ;” and she grew pale with conflicting passions.

“ If it is thus,” exclaimed Roger, “ it is indeed time a long farewell were bidden by us. Give then thy heart to a titled lord.”

“ Stay, stay, Percy ; make not my task more painful than it already is. I said naught of heart ; Roger, have not I told thee that is thine ? and I tell thee again, I change not with the hour. But I will not with thee to Scotland ; yet I will wait a few more days, and——”

“ Become a titled bride,” he interrupted ; “ and I shall to Scotland in thy train ; to look upon thy smiles as thou lavishest them on another, and that other, one whom I dare not challenge with good sword ; and then, too, I must address thee in the measured words of courtesy. Joanna, fare thee well !” and he hastily withdrew his arm from around her.

“ Farewell, Roger Percy,” replied the Lady Joanna, in a haughty tone, as she turned from him towards the door ; but he sprang between it and her, exclaiming,—“ Only one moment more, Joanna ! Tell me that you forgive the hasty words I have spoken. Thou knowest not all I feel. I tell thee, James will seek an interview with thee tomorrow ; and listen, lady—when tomorrow’s sun is seen above the horizon he will be free !”

“ Roger,” returned Joanna, in a silvery tone, “ I will not see him. But what if I should, and confess our love, thinkest thou he would be generous enough to withdraw his suit ?”

“ It is not likely, dearest. If he hath looked on thee, I feel it would not be easy to counsel his heart to wish no more for thy love.”

“ Nay, Roger, but I know not where he can have looked on me. Thou knowest I received my educa-

tion in the cloisters, and till very lately had never been beyond them."

"Ay, dearest; but if he but glanced on thee, I wonder not that he be thought himself a queen would add grace to his throne."

The bright moonbeam showed plainly the smile and blush that mantled on her face; and she repelled not the kiss he imprinted on her lips as he once again bade her adieu.

When the morrow's even was bright in the west, as the sun kissed his farewell to the green earth, on the brow of her blue hills and gilded trees, the Earl of Somerset summoned his daughter to his presence, and announced to her that James was declared at liberty, and that he would grace the banquet of that evening with his presence; he also demanded her opinion on the proposals he had now formally tendered.

"My lord—dearest father, I cannot—never can love him."

"Why, girl? He tells me thou hast not yet looked upon him; though his eye hath rested with pleasure on thee. How then sayest thou, thou canst not love him?"

Joanna bent her knee before her father, but she answered not: for it was in vain she strove to find one objection that she could state. She had heard, even in her convent, of his handsome person; and the nuns had loved to listen in stolen hour to tales of his skill as a poet and musician.

The Earl drew his hand, on which she had pressed her lips, from her grasp, and looked sternly on her. "Joanna, thou hast not dared to fix thy affections? Do I read that blush aright? Girl, fondle not on me. I will answer then for thee. Thou shalt not sit at this evening's board to frown on Scotland's king. No! I will say that thou shalt be his bride to-morrow morning. But may I crave the name of this knight errant?"

"Father, father, press me not."

"Then I command thee. Speak—his name?"

"Yet, dearest father, one word,"

and again she seized his hand, which she covered with tears and kisses. Then he raised her trembling form, and supported her with a circling arm.

"Speak, then, Joanna," he said, kindly; "but if it is aught contrary to my wishes, let it be brief, lest I speak to, and look harshly on thee, as I did but now."

"If I name him, dearest father, wilt thou promise me not to betray him to James?"

Why, girl, art mad, to think I would speak to him on such subject! But what should that affect him whom thou hast been pleased to call thy lover?"

"Father, turn thine eye from me—let me hide my face in thy bosom when I mention his name;" and she bent her crimsoned brow on his arm as she half whispered—"Hast thou heard the name of Roger Percy?"

"Roger Percy, minion!" exclaimed Somerset, withdrawing his arm; and again she was kneeling before him. "Roger Percy! the deputy of Murdoc—the slave of him who seeks thy hand?"

"No, not the slave, my lord," exclaimed Joanna, rising, "the liege subject—the faithful adherent of James."

"Dost thou put words into my mouth, wench? Liege subject—faithful adherent—and all the fine jargon he hath taught thee. I call him slave! But now, good Mistress Roger Percy, go to, and compose thyself, I will have care he comes not here tonight; and tomorrow he will not dare hold love-converse with the bride of his king. Not a word will I listen to from thy lips. Remember, on thy compliance depends the fate of this Percy." And he summoned Netta to attend her mistress; then telling her that her bridal dress should be prepared, he bade her "good rest," and left the apartment.

"Good rest, Netta! Wished not my father so? Oh! is it not a very mockery? The criminal may rest in his dungeon, even though the morrow

bring death in its birth, for he knows the agony is but for a moment—the weary mariner may rest, though he seeks it with an ill-boding sky above him, for he knows that if his vessel but rock with a slight wind that he will awaken, and either sink, soon to rise again, or live 'neath a smiling sun with a light heart; but for me, Netta, I may not lose the acute feeling of memory retracing words I would I had never heard. No! I may not lay my head on my pillow and forget! My poor girl, dost thou weep? Oh! those wearying sounds of song and laugh,” as they came in mirthful peals from the banquet hall; “I never heard a night owl or a raven but gave more melodious notes to my ear than this wassailing.”

Hour after hour passed, and the sounds died away. Joanna had, to shut them from her ear, retired to the broad seat in the casement recess. There she sat and looked on the calm scene of glory lying around, so silent—so soul healing—so majestically beautiful. There was the sky of one unvaried arch of blue, the stars of molten gold, and the full lamp of night, with all her silvery lines, shining so peacefully on the half shadowed tree, and lake, and chastened flowers. Who could look on such a scene and cherish hatred to living being? And Joanna at that moment felt at peace with all who call this wearying world their home; but she almost envied those who called that glorious arch their footstool—o'er whose graves the silvery chequers were cast.

But she was roused by a hand resting on her head. Half fearfully she raised her eyes, and turned them on her father. Then she saw that there were tears in his eyes, and she rose and threw herself into his bosom, where she was pressed, as with a choking voice he uttered—“My Joanna, is this well? Shouldst not thy head have rested on thy pillow hours since? I will confess to thee that I had not thought thus to betray weakness—no, I thought to have kissed thee as thou slept. But now, my

child, to thy couch, and rest thee well. James hath been here, and he does not seem inclined to withdraw his suit; but I have spoken privately with him, and this message I bear to thee, ‘that thou wilt meet him in thy bridal garment in the royal chapel to-morrow: then, and thou still shouldst be averse to him, he will press it no farther;’ but I must tell my Joanna that, if she refuse, it will be at the risk of incurring our royal kinsman Henry’s displeasure.”

Then Joanna clung around her father’s neck, and pressed her lips on his, and on his brow, and he felt that tears fell from her eyes; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that they were not of sorrow. With full hearts was the paternal blessing given and received; and Joanna did seek her couch and rested well.

In the morning she arose with the sun and assisted Netta to prepare her toilet. In every word and action there was a firmly-fixed look of determination; and when the Earl of Somerset led the lady Joanna to the chapel, all acknowledged that a queen-like dignity moved with her. The bridal dress was costly and beautiful as though its composition had been studied for weeks; and the shading veil boasted the richest work Venetian hands could produce.

As they walked up the aisle, she could not help seeing that there were nobles and gentlemen ranged on either side, though she lifted not her eyes from the ground; and she trembled more violently as she thought that most probably the eyes of Roger Percy were on her; and she was going publicly to avow her love for him. Then would her countenance turn from the most vivid crimson to the most death-like paleness, and it was with great difficulty the Earl bore her to the altar, which she grasped for support, as a whisper stole around that King James was coming. Then a voice said at her side, “English and Scottish nobles”—Joanna lifted not her eyes, for she felt that voice thrill on her heart; she had judged but too truly that he would

be present when she avowed her love for him, for it was the voice of Roger Percy—"English and Scottish nobles, you are gathered here this day to listen to the decision of the lady Joanna of Somerset. Now then, before her noble sire the Earl of Somerset, her royal kinsman the brave Henry IV. of England, we ask if she will share our throne—"

Joanna started, threw the veil from her face, and turned her eyes on the

speaker. "Yes, my sweet Joanna," he continued, "'tis the Roger Percy of your maiden troth. Say, wilt thou plight the marriage vow to the romance loving James, who will never forget that thou didst give up titles and kingdom for him?" and he took her yielded hand from that of her father, who looked smilingly on her as she bent gracefully to the lowly bows of the nobles surrounding the altar.

HYMN TO WISDOM.

GODDESS of thy votary's heart!
WISDOM! tell me where thou art!
Holy virgin! in the throng
Of mighty worlds I seek thy throne—
I seek thee, and have sought thee long—
Of loveliest ones, the loveliest one!
The right hand of the Deity
Graved in my heart thine image bright,
And the reflected ray from thee
Makes nature's darkness melt in light.

Blest daughter of the skies, who sheddest
Undying beams, and smiling spreadest
Th' eternal green and gifts of spring—
Thou, who o'er heaven's crystal gates dost
fling
A light of purest, fairest glistening,
And standest at the portal listening
To songs which angel voices sing!

Sister of heavenly sisters! Truth
Goes with thee, and untainted youth.
Thou on the flowery mounds dost sport
With Innocence, while thy fair cheek
The roses of contentment streak,
And glorious palms thy hands support.
Thy thoughts, thy feelings, and desire,
The harmonious choirs of heaven inspire;
Thou passion's furies know'st to bridle,
Things as they are thy bright eyes see;
Thou wilt not bow thee to the idol,
However bright the diamond be,
Fix'd on his brow of mystery.

The golden chains of order, bound
The everlasting spheres around,
Thou measurest, as those spheres advance
Like bright-eyed virgins in the dance
Of beauty; and no poison'd spear,
Wielded by demon hand, is there
To wound the heart, the bliss to steal,
Which all creation's tenants feel.

Th' All-former's hidden works are
known

To thee—his everlasting will;
Thou seest all upward mounting still—
Still higher mounting, to the throne
Where Good, pure Good, resides alone:
Thou seest the fires of discipline
Improve, sublime, correct, refine—
Till, as the mists dissolve away
In the diffusing smiles of day,
Man glides from mortal to divine.

Dweller in heaven, from heaven up-
sprung!
All—all has heavenly looks for thee;
Thou hearest songs in every tongue,
In every motion melody;
Thou bathest in eternal streams
Of endless hope and joy, and findest
Repose and light in all heaven's schemes
Which seem the strangest and the blindest.

Thou hallow'd goddess of my heart,
Tell me, O tell me where thou art!
Where thine eternal home? and say,
May not my spirit wend its way
(For passionate longing might find pinions
To reach even thy sublime dominions)
To thine abode? Can naught but spirit
Thy presence seek, thy friendship merit?
Why, struggling after thee, oh why,
Sink we in deep obscurity?

Yet when at morning-dawn I bring
A matin incense to thine altar—
When, though I scarcely breathe, but falter,
And at the evening twilight fling
My heart before thee—on the wing
Of the calm breeze methinks I hear
Thy voice. O tell me, art thou there?
Methinks, when at the midnight hour,
In solemn silence fluttering by,
The whisper that some viewless power
Passes, in angel-chariot, nigh;
Methinks that whisper needs must be
Some herald's voice announcing thee.

GRETNA-GREEN.

At what precise period the first runaway marriage was celebrated at the spot called Gretna-Green, cannot now be satisfactorily ascertained ; but in common parlance the custom is said to have existed from time immemorial. Old Joseph Paisley, who died in 1814, at the advanced age of four-score years, resided in his youth at Megg's-hill, a small farm situated betwixt Gretna and Springfield ; and hence the name of Gretna-Green. But so far back as 1791, he abandoned Megg's-hill, and removed to Springfield as a more convenient spot, and though the popular name is still kept up, it is no longer geographically accurate. Though he generally went by the name of the *Blacksmith*, he knew nothing of the secrets of the anvil and the forge. On the contrary, he was bred a tobacco-nist, and continued to roll and liquor the seaman's quid, until the trade he had followed, merely as a bye-job, throve so surprisingly that he found he could subsist by it alone. *Welding*, or joining, is a term well known in the smithy ; and it is believed that it was the metaphorical application of this term that procured for Paisley the appellation of *blacksmith*. Though neither avaricious nor cold-hearted, he was a rough, "out-spoken," eccentric fellow ; drank like a fish, swore like a trooper, and when once in his cups, forgot entirely the character he had assumed. Still he monopolised the whole trade, and was only on one occasion threatened with opposition ; but he soon put an end to his rival's pretensions, by proposing a copartnery, in which the assistant, in addition to the hope of a lucrative succession, was allowed to pocket the whole profits accruing from the visits of pedestrian couples. Repeatedly he earned the handsome fee of a hundred guineas, in a briefer space than a barber consumes in shaving a country bumpkin. Old Charles B——, Lord Deerhurst, and one or two others, paid fully that sum ; and though these were windfalls of

rare occurrence, many of the inferior fees were so handsome, that the priest, had he been careful, might have lived merrily, and died in affluent or easy circumstances. But he liked his bottle too well for that ; and the same remark, I understand, applies to his successors. What is easily come by, goes as cheaply, and the trade of marrying, though not so hazardous, has this feature in common with the trade of smuggling, that there is seldom much money gained by it in the end.

Until lately there were two rival practitioners at Springfield, one of whom married the granddaughter of Paisley, and fell heir to his trade, in much the same way that some persons acquire the right of vending quack medicines. Still the other gets a good deal of custom ; and here, as in everything else, competition has been favorable to the interests of the public. Though a bargain is generally made before hand, a marriage-monger who had no rival to fear might fix his fee at any sum he pleased ; and instances have occurred in which the parties complained that they had been taxed too heavily. Not long before my visit to Springfield, a young English clergyman, whose father disapproved of the choice he had made, arrived for the purpose of being married. The fee demanded was thirty guineas, a demand to which his reverence demurred, and at the same time stated, that though he had married many a couple himself, his fee never exceeded half-a-guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about him : but it was agreed at last that he should pay £10 in hand, and grant a promissory note for the balance ; and the bill, which was certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negotiated through a Carlisle bank, and as regularly retired when it became due. At the time alluded to, there were two rival inns, as well as rival priests, at Springfield, and the house at which a lover arrived was regulated by the inn

he started from at Carlisle. Though he might wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, these orders were uniformly disobeyed. The post-boys would only stop at their favorite house, and that for the best of all reasons, that the priest went snacks with them, and knew full well the value of their patronage. Except in the case of sickness or absence, the *welders* never deserted their colors—all the guests of the one house were married by Mr. Laing; of the other, by Mr. Elliott; so that those who were most deeply concerned, had very little to say in the business. In this way something like a monopoly existed; and what is more strange still, not only the post-boy who drove a couple, but the whole of his brethren about the inn, were permitted to share in the profits of the day. Altogether, the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield; and persons may be met with who confess, without scruple, that it forms "the principal benefit and support of the place." Upon an average, 300 couples are married in the year, and half-a-guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged, even in the case of what are called poor and pedestrian couples. In September last, one gentleman had given £40; and independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds annually must find their way into the pockets of the priests, and their con-currents, the post-boys. In its legal effect, the ceremony at Gretna-Green merely amounts to a confession, before witnesses, that certain parties are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is required to constitute a marriage in Scotland—a marriage which may be censured by church courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the rights of children. Still a formula has a wonderful value in the eyes of the fair; and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage-service, offer up a prayer, require the parties to join hands, sign a record, &c. &c. But on this part of

their vocation the Gretna-Green practitioners prudently observe a strict silence; for, although the law cannot reach them at present, they could scarcely hope to escape punishment were they openly to assume the character of parsons. They also grant lines, of which the following is a literal copy:—"These are to certify to all whom it may concern, that ——— and ——— came before me, and declared themselves to be both single persons, and were lawfully married according to the *way* of the Church of England, and agreeably to the laws of the Kirk of Scotland. Given under my hand at Springfield, near Gretna-Green, this ——— day, &c., before these witnesses." At my request, Mr. Elliott produced the marriage record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept, and which, to confess the truth, would require to be correct, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in court. It is true, they cannot subpoena a witness from Scotland; but the priest is of course allowed his expenses, and, as he himself remarked, "when a man knows that he goes in a good cause, why should he be either backward or afraid."

A stranger who had leisure to rusticate about Springfield, tipping with the priests, and pumping the crones and oracles of the village, might pick up many a queer story that would add to his stock of standing jokes, or peradventure eke out the well-thumbed pages of the "Encyclopædia of Wit;" but as my time did not admit of this, I can only retail one or two.

Not long ago, a gentleman who had settled somewhere in Cumberland, arrived at Springfield, and spent an hour or two in one of the inns, chiefly, I believe, from motives of curiosity. He was accompanied by his daughter, a very beautiful and interesting creature, though not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. As the parties had never crossed the Sark before, they were both more than ordinarily curious to know everything about Scotland and Scotch marriages. In particular, they expressed a wish to see

the *Blacksmith*, not doubting that a true son of Vulcan, with a begrimed face and leathern apron, would pop in upon them and demand their pleasure. But here they were speedily undeceived; and when Mr. Elliott arrived, the gentleman endeavored to be as witty as possible, stating, among other things, that he wished to introduce to him a young lady, who, at some future period, might have occasion for his services. To this salutation Mr. E. answered, drily, that he had known as unlikely things come to pass. In less than three or four months the same young lady actually came before him, and was married to one of her father's ploughmen. In point of looks, the bridegroom and bride seemed formed for one another, and the jocular priest, who from the first recognised his old acquaintance, ventured to hint after dinner that surely Mr. ——— would not be angry with his fair daughter for proving herself so apt a scholar, and profiting by the lesson he had himself taught. But, alas! the blow fell so heavily on the poor Cumbrian, that it at first threatened to break his heart, or unsettle his understanding. The lovely and light-hearted Beatrice was the apple of his eye—the stay and pride of his maturer years; and so far from wishing to match her with a common clown, there were few even of the better class of yeomen that he deemed worthy to aspire to such an honor. In the course of time, however, the old man's wrath gradually gave way to better feelings; a farm, taken for the son-in-law, was stocked and *plenished*, nobody knew how; and if report may be credited, the praiseworthy conduct of the young people led before long to a complete and permanent reconciliation.

On another occasion, a middle-aged gentleman arrived from the south of England, and was united to a lady considerably his junior in years and appearance, and who, very unfortunately, happened to be the sister of his former wife. The veteran bridegroom was in high spirits, scattered his money very freely, and seemed so well satis-

fied with the accommodations of the place, that he was in no haste to retire from the scene of his second nuptials. At length, however, the carriage was ordered to the door; and just as the sun was sinking in the west, the happy pair bade adieu to Springfield, and with a degree of haste, not at all requisite in their situation, made the best of their way to merry England. Nor had they left the inn above an hour or so, when a second chaise and four drove up, and discharged a fresh cargo of lovers, younger, fairer, and better matched, but neither so wealthy, nor so prodigal as the first. And whom, reader, might the second pair be?—whom but a handsome, well-favored youth, and the only daughter of the former bridegroom, who, in revenge for her father's frailty and folly, had yielded to the entreaties of an honest yeoman that had wooed her long and loved her dearly. On fair grounds, the young lady had no objection whatever to a stepmother,—but a stepmother and an aunt in the same person formed a species of relationship utterly irreconcilable with her notions of propriety; and as she was determined to change her residence at any rate, she thought it just as prudent to change her condition at the same time. On arriving at Carlisle, the father found a letter awaiting him at the inn, marked “in haste,” and revealing to him the secret of his daughter's elopement. He could not doubt that the parties had gone on the same errand as himself. The carriages, in fact, must have met on the road; but the night being dark, neither party was aware of the circumstance. He immediately ordered fresh horses, and hurried back to Gretna-Green; but though the Yorkshire proprietor reached Springfield before his daughter and her lover had departed, he was unfortunately a stage too late. Long and loudly he bragged and bullied, and fain would he have carried his daughter along with him; but to this the yeoman objected most stoutly, and when the other threatened to disinherit his child, he very coolly replied, “that he knew the value of a good

wife, though without a guinea or a friend to take her part—that in a moderate way he could do his own turn, as well as the purse-proud gentleman he was addressing—and that as to the rest, he would trust to Providence and his own industry.” “Nobly spoken!” roared the exhilarated priest; “and faith, let me tell you, Sir, though the lines are now your own property, if you’ll restore the bit paper, I’ll hand you over every note, and wash my hands of the whole business.” But to this condition the Yorkshireman demurred, and perceiving that matters could not be mended, he left the apartment and the village too, “growling all the while like a Russian bear.”

THE WITCH O' THE BRAE.

A' THE witches langsyne were humpbackit an' auld,
Clad in thin tatter'd rags that scare kept out the cauld—
A' were blear-eyed, an' toothless, an' wrinkled, an' din,
Ilka ane had an ugly gray beard on her chin;
But fu' sweet is the smile, and like snaw the bit bosom,
An' black are the een, aye, black as the slae,
An' as blooming the cheeks as the rose's sweet blossom,
O' the bonny young witch that wons on the brae.

They might travel at night in the shape o' a hare—
They might elfshoot a quey—they might lame a gray mare—
They might mak the gudewife ca' in vain at her kirk,
Lose the loop o' her stocking, or ravel her pirk,
Put the milk frae her cow, an' mae tricks as uncannie,
As queer an' as deil-like as ony o' thae;
But o' a' the auld witches e'er kent by your grannie,
I could wager there's nane like the witch on the brae.

'T were a sin to believe her colleagued with the deil—
Yet for a' that she casts her enchantments as weel;
An' although she ne'er rode on a stick to the moon,
She has set the auld dominie twice aff the tune!
Aye, an' even Mess John ance or twice gae a stammer,
But brought himsell right wi' a hum and a hae!
An' a' body says it was just wi' some glamour
Frae the twa pawkie een o' the witch on the brae.

No a lad i' the parish e'er gets a night's sleep;
There's no ane maks a tryst that he ever can keep;
Ilka lass far an' near fears she'll die an old maid,
An' the piper and fiddler complain o' dull trade,—
For although tailor Rab night an' day has been busy,
Yet there's nae been a waddin' these sax months and mae;
An', they say, it is a' for that trig winsome hizzie,
The bit bonnie young witch that wons on the brae.

She ne'er passes the mill but the dam aye rins out,
For the miller forgets what he should be about;
Neither mason nor slater can ane work a turn—
An' whene'er the smith sees her, some shoe's sure to burn—
An' the serjeant ne'er speaks now o' war, fame, an' glory—
An' the droll drouthy shoemaker, Sandy M'Rae,
Never sings a queer sang now, or tells a queer story—
For they've a' felt the power o' the witch on the brae.

The thin student, pair chield! ower the linn leapt yestreen,
An' wad sure hae been drown'd, but by gude luck was seen—
An' he says that the witch drove him thus to despair,
For she took his last poem to paper her hair!
Like the rest, I was put in a gay eerie swither,
I had nae peace at home, an' ne'er kent where to gae;
But, to end baith my sang an' her witchcraft thegither,
I will soon be the warlock that wons on the brae!

THE VERACITY OF THE FIVE BOOKS OF MOSES.*

WE cannot but entertain a respect for any man who comes before us as a champion in the sacred cause of Religion. Anything that tends to give validity to the truths of divine revelation, we must ever hail with satisfaction; and we therefore feel that our thanks are eminently due to the author before us. He has entered with great acuteness into an examination of accidental coincidences in the Mosaic history, and has very successfully indicated its integrity, by accumulating points, abstractedly unimportant, which, when brought together, embody a mass of evidence, indirect indeed, but often the more conclusive, because the various particulars which constitute this evidence are adventitious, and introduced into the sacred narrative obviously without premeditation or any especial design. It is by an induction of scattered particulars, all remote from the main purpose, yet remarkably harmonizing with it, and producing a body of collateral proofs evidently not contemplated by the sacred historian, that Mr. Blunt has most triumphantly established the veracity of the Jewish lawgiver. He has followed the plan of the *Horæ Paulinæ*, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the learned and discriminating Paley, with great judgment and success; nor is it possible, we should apprehend, to rise from the perusal of Mr. Blunt's volume, without a perfect conviction of the authenticity of the Pentateuch. He has, however, we think, elaborated a little too highly some points that do not obviously confirm his argument, and the coincidences are sometimes, though we confess but rarely, too remote to be easily detected.

We subjoin a passage, though rather long, as a proof of Mr. Blunt's ability in showing of what importance a trifle sometimes is in establishing the veracity of sacred history.

"There is another indication of truth in this same portion of patriarchal story. It is this—*The consistent insignificance of Bethuel in this whole affair.* Yet he was alive, and, as the father of Rebekah, was likely, it might have been thought, to have been a conspicuous person in this contract of his daughter's marriage. For there was nothing in the *custom of the country* to warrant the apparent indifference in the party most nearly concerned, which we observe in Bethuel. Laban was of the same country and placed in circumstances somewhat similar; he too had to dispose of a daughter in marriage, and that daughter also, like Rebekah, had brothers; yet in this case the terms of the contract were stipulated, as was reasonable, by the *father* alone; he was the active person throughout. But mark the difference in the instance of Bethuel;—whether he was incapable from years or imbecility to manage his own affairs, it is of course impossible to say; but something of this kind seems to be implied in all that relates to him. Thus, when Abraham's servant meets with Rebekah at the well, he inquires of her, 'whose daughter art thou?—tell me, I pray thee, is there room in thy *father's* house for us to lodge in?' She answers, that she is the daughter of Bethuel, and that there is room; and when he thereupon declared who he was and whence he came, 'the damsel ran and told them of her *mother's* house' (not of her *father's* house, as Rachel did when Jacob introduced himself) 'these things.' This might be accident; but 'Rebekah had a *brother*,' the history continues, and 'his name was Laban, and Laban ran out unto the man' and invited him in. Still we have no mention of Bethuel. The servant now explains the nature of his errand, and in this instance it is said that Laban and

* The Veracity of the Five Books of Moses. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt. cr. 8vo. 1830. London, Murray.

Bethuel answered; Bethuel being here in this passage, which constitutes the sole proof of his being alive, coupled with his son as the spokesman. It is agreed that she shall go with the man, and he now makes his presents,—but to whom? ‘Jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, he gave to *Rebekah*.’ He also gave, we are told, ‘to her *brother* and to her *mother* precious things;’ but not, it seems, to her father; still Bethuel is overlooked, and *he alone*. It is proposed that she shall tarry a few days before she departs. And by whom is this proposal made? Not by her father, the most natural person surely to have been the principal throughout this whole affair; but ‘by her *brother* and her *mother*.’ In the next generation, when Jacob, the fruit of this marriage, flies to his mother’s country at the counsel of Rebekah to hide himself from the anger of Esau, and to procure for himself a wife, and when he comes to Haran and inquires of the shepherds after his kindred in that place, how does he express himself?—‘Know ye,’ says he, ‘*Laban the son of Nahor*?’ This is more marked than even the former instances, for Laban

was the *son* of Bethuel, and only the *grandson* of Nahor; yet still we see Bethuel is passed over as a person of no note in his own family, and Laban his own child designated by the title of his grandfather, instead of his father.

“This is consistent—and the consistency is too much of one piece throughout, and marked by too many particulars, to be accidental. It is the consistency of a man who knew more about Bethuel than we do, or than he happened to let drop from his pen. It is of a kind, perhaps, the most satisfactory of all for the purpose I use it, because the least liable to suspicion of all. The uniformity of expressive silence—repeated *omissions* that have a meaning—no agreement in a positive fact, for nothing is asserted; yet a presumption of the fact conveyed by mere negative evidence. It is like the death of Joseph in the New Testament, which none of the Evangelists affirm to have taken place before the crucifixion, though all imply it. This kind of consistency I look upon as beyond the reach of the most subtle contriver in the world.” p. 57—62.

Upon the whole, this volume is above all praise.

ASCENT OF THE ELBOROUSS.

THIS mountain, which has been considered the highest of the Caucasian chain, and which exceeds Mont Blanc in height by 1000 feet, was visited, in the summer of 1829, by a scientific expedition from Goriatchevodsk. Under favor of a fine clear day, the adventurers began their ascent on the 9th of July, having furnished themselves with whatever might appear necessary for the difficulty of their undertaking, as poles, cords, &c. They were attended by an escort of Circassians, and such cossacks as volunteered their services. Leaving their encampment at the foot of the mountain about nine o’clock in the morning, they towards evening had gained the first region of snow, and

there halted for the night, having reached an elevation of about eight verstes. On the next day, the 10th, they renewed their march at three o’clock in the morning. The frost was much in their favor, and they advanced rapidly, but their march became gradually more painful from the snow, which began to give way, rendering their footing difficult and insecure, obliging them to make frequent halts, and to divide themselves into small parties. Those who remained in the encampment observed, with the greatest curiosity, the slow progress of the travellers; by nine in the morning they had scaled one half of the mountain, and rested behind some rocks which concealed them from the

view of those below. After an hour's delay, one single individual appeared beyond the rocks, advancing with a firm and steady pace towards the top of the Elborouss. The watching for his being followed by the other travellers was in vain,—not one appeared; on the contrary, several had begun to descend. All eyes were turned to him who should accomplish so hardy an undertaking. He advanced with boldness, resting every five or six steps, and having nearly gained the top, disappeared amongst the rocks. The spectators long waited his re-appearance with feelings of anxiety and impatience. About eleven o'clock he was seen on the very top of the Elborouss. A salvo of musketry, music, and other demonstrations of joy immediately echoed through the mountain. It was not till the evening that it was known who it was that had thus been the first of mortal race to place foot on the summit of the highest mountain of the Caucasus, and

which had been hitherto considered inaccessible. On the return of the travellers, it was found that he who had so boldly proved the possibility of such a feat, was an old shepherd, a Kabardian, named Kiliar, who was both ill-made and lame, and he received the reward proposed by the leader of the expedition—viz. 400 roubles, and five arschines of cloth. At the foot of the Elborouss were observed many beautiful falls of the rivers of that mountain, the finest of which was that of the river Malka. This has a fall of 140 English feet, perpendicularly, and instead of appearing a continuous stream of water, is only seen as a succession of waves or separate masses, which are precipitated in rapid succession and with tremendous noise. The total elevation of the highest of the Caucasian chain of mountains (the Elborouss), above the level of the Atlantic Ocean, is 16,800 feet; or, according to another statement, 16,300.

ON THE LOVE OF NATURE.

WHAT are the works of art in comparison with the vastness, the magnificence, and the beauty, of the external world? When we contemplate its splendor, from the minuteness of the veins of a leaf, and the hue of a flower, to its stupendous extension in the grandeur of the precipitous mountains, the flaming volcanoes, or the thundering avalanches, human power sinks into insignificance, and art becomes contemptible mimicry.

The sun comes forth from the chambers of the morning like a racer rejoicing to run his course; like a bridegroom exulting in his happiness; like a type of "the Ancient of Days," whose shadow is light ineffable. The dews disappear from the grass and the tender herb, from the unfolding flower and the green leaves. The birds sing, and the heart of nature pants with happiness. Scarcely hath he declined in the west, whose clouds are bright with the traces of his departure, ere a gold-

en star comes forth to herald the shadows of evening. The beasts and the birds have retired to rest, and the cottager hath returned from the labors of the day to the bosom of his family. Then upriseth the "fair lamp of night," in serene glory and silence, to shine like a guardian angel over the world, when toil has exhausted the strength of man, and slumber sealed up his faculties.

Nor is the circuit of the seasons less worthy to be admired. The tempests of winter retire to the hyperborean regions, when spring comes forth in youthful beauty, scattering its crocuses, primroses, and snowdrops, over the sterile earth. The splendor of summer melts into the mellowness of autumn; and as the fruits ripen, and the leaves acquire a sallow tinge, the evening chills, and the morning hoar-frosts bid us again prepare for the return of cloudy November and snowy January.

It is impossible that man should be-

hold with a regardless eye the varying aspects of external nature—the poetry of the material world. The love of nature is intimately interwoven with all the tenderest, kindest, and best feelings of the human bosom. The citizen, long pent up in the smoky city-lane, delights to babble of green fields. The soul of the mariner exults when the summits of the blue hills are again seen skirting the horizon; and the sick man will lift his head from the couch to catch a last look of the evening fields. Rousseau died with his eyes bent on the setting sun.

To the same source may be traced our admiration of the delineations of natural objects, and the reason why our parlor walls are hung with landscapes. It is but natural that in the absence of the beloved object, we should turn with feelings of intense delight to the portraiture. Hence it has been finely observed by Cowper—and the beauty of the observation is enhanced by its truth—that when our lot debars us from wandering among the fields, and beside the murmuring waters; when we can no longer listen to the evening song of the birds, nor rest in the shadow of the palm tree,—we endeavor to obtain by, as it were, artificial means, what our fate would otherwise deny us; and hence the imprisoned songster warbles for us from the cage, and our habitations are sweetened by the perfume of exotic plants.

The earliest poetry of England was distinguished for its descriptive beauty. The love of nature intensely pervaded the soul of Chaucer, and his descriptions of nature have the living freshness which characterises the landscapes of Claude Lorraine. With Spenser we wander in a world of enchantment by slumberous waters and overhanging forests,

Where twilight listens to the lion's roar,
and where the celestial beauty of Una
is enough "to make a sunshine in the
shady place." The pastoral poetry
of Browne is steeped in Elysian beauty;
it is cloyingly rich, and the music
of his versification has been imitated

in our own time by Hunt, Keats, and
others of the same school, in their
luxuriant delineations of the aspects of
the external world. Even amid the
conceits of Cowley, we find touches
of that nature which makes all hearts
akin.

Let us bring one or two of these
descriptive passages, separated by three
centuries as to date, into juxtaposition
in our pages. Here is the dawn of a
May-morning, by Dunbar, the once
famous author of "The Thistle and
the Rose."

Richte as the starre of day began to schyne,
When gone to bed was Vesper and Lucine,
I raise, and by a rosier did me rest:
Up sprang the golden candle matutine,
With cleir depurit bemys chrystalline,
Gladding the merry fowls in their nest;
Or Phebus was in purpoure kaip revest.
Up sprang the lark, the hevenes minstrel syne,
In May intill a maron mirthfullest.

Full angelyk the birdes sang their houris,
Within their courtings grene, within their
boweris,
Appareilit white and red with blumes sweete:
Ennemeled was the field with all colouris,
The pearlit droppes shuke as in silvery shouris,
While all in balme did branch and levis fleit;
Depairt from Phebus did Aurora greit,
His chrystal teares I saw hing on the floures,
Whilke he for love all dranke up with his heit.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with
hoppis,
The birdis sang upon the tender croppis,
With curious notes as Venus' chappel clarkes;
The roses reid now spreiding of their knoppis,
Were powdered brichte with heavenly bery
droppes,
Through bemes reid bemyng as ruby sparks;
The skyes rang with shouting of the larks,
The purpoure heaven oureskalit in silver sloppis
Ouregilt the treis, branches, levis, and barks.
Doun thruch, the ryss and reiver ran with
stremis
So lustely upon the lykand lemes,
That all the lake as lamp did seme of light
Whilke shadowit all about with twinkling
glemis;
The bears bathit were in second bemes,
Through the reflex of Phebus' visage bright
On every side the ege raise on hight:
The bank was grene, the sun was full of bemis,
The streamers cleir as staires in frostie nicht.

There is a great deal of luxurious
poetry here, combined with the beset-
ting sin of half civilized literature,
want of method and arrangement. In
the less romantic eyes of the present
generation, Nature is not so gorgeously
appareled, even on a May-morning.
The following lines, by Charles Lamb,
are in the true spirit of antique Eng-

lish poetry. It is the privilege of the woodman, he says,

To see the sun to bed, and see him rise,
(Like some warm amorist with glowing eyes,) Bursting the lubber bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and traveling glories round him;
Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
(Like Beauty nestling in a young man's breast,) And all the winking stars (her handmaids) keep Admiring silence while those lovers sleep;
Sometimes outstretcht in very idleness,
To view the leaves (thin dancers upon air) Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods, berries, and worms provide,
(Without their pains) when Earth hath naught beside,
To answer their small wants in the drear winter's tide;
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze—then turn they know not why,
Like bashful youngers in society!
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be!

Commixed with a little quaintness, we have much true nature in the best style of Elia, who has also in his essays dipped deep into the natural in character and feeling. This is a requisite of real genius alone,—it is a nameless something, which defies imitation. From this cause it is that the pages of Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton continue to give such delight. It is not the mere angling part that rivets the attention of the reader; it is the rambling in the light of the morning sun, the purling of the waters under the green sycamores, and the birds singing among the boughs while the twain are at their simple meal. In all the descriptions there are a simplicity and a freshness which are truly delightful, and while we feel that the great mass of society are so taken up

With the hoarding of golden store,
That the beauty of nature delights them no more,

how refreshing it is (to use Mr. Jeffrey's hackneyed phrase) to be made aware, that in some hearts the genuine love of nature still reigns paramount over the trickery of art, and that the "stray pleasures," which, as Wordsworth sings, are

Spread abroad for whoever may find,
have not wholly lost their value in the eyes of the gentle and the good! In this spirit chanteth the kind-hearted and venerable angler:

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here and see the turtle dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers!
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,—

Or a laverock build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from law-suits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or with my Bryan, and my book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook,
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When we reflect how much the best and purest feelings of mankind are daily sacrificed to the furtherance of their necessary occupations or the pursuit of unworthy gratifications, to meet with passages like the above is as the coming of a July shower to the dusty flower-plot; and makes us feel, that there may be a nook of pastoral greenness in many hearts long seemingly abandoned to the dim stone alleys of the city. It is thus that we have the exquisite song of Kit Marlow, whose raptures were said by Michael Drayton to have been all air and fire. The Cambridge student, after many curious vicissitudes, had been reduced to depend for bread on his exertions as an actor, and that of humble name. The brightness of his genius, however, at length burst through the shroud of obscurity, and he came forth as a pre-vailling dramatic poet. His habits were unfortunately by this time formed, and his leisure was passed in the vicious indulgences of city life. He lost his life in a scuffle, in some disreputable house, his antagonist turning the point of his own weapon against

his breast. Perverted although his feelings might thus be, by habits against which his calmer mind would revolt, it is well to recollect that Marlow did a great deal, and perished in his thirtieth year. In seclusion, the delights and innocent enjoyments of early years oft came like gleams of heavenly light over his spirit; and turning from the heartless revelry around him, his fancy could wander in regions of ideal bliss, and conjure up such feelings as those which breathe an Arcadian charm over the following verses:—

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains, yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There I will make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move—
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move—
Then live with me, and be my love.

Well might old Isaac Walton say of these verses, when he put them into the mouth of the pretty milkmaid—"It is old poetry, but choicely good."

We are aware this paper has little other merit save that of stringing together some of the pearls of poetry relative to the delights associated with the contemplation of the external world. They are confined mostly to our older writers. On some subsequent occasion we shall show what our contemporaries have done in the same line—and if they can be pitched against the ancient masters of the lyre.

LADY BYRON'S LETTER TO MR. MOORE.

I HAVE disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorised friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention; if, however, they *are* so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in

view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersion of my mother's character, p. 648, l. 4:—"My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's society." The assertion of her dishonorable conduct in employing a spy, p. 645, l. 7, &c. "A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.'s), who, in her better days, was a washer-woman, is supposed to be—by the learn-

ed—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies.” The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract, p. 646, with the words immediately following it,—“ Her nearest relatives are a ———;” where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of “ officious spies ” employed by them.* From the following part of the narrative, p. 642, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. “ It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore), that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father’s house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection on the road; and immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more.” In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are :—I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and

personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family* I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend (Jan 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron’s desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, *assuming* the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that in correspondence with Lord Byron I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron’s conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subsequently *influenced* to “ desert ” † my husband. It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings, incompatible with any deep sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy

* “ The officious spies of his privacy,” p. 650. † “ The deserted husband,” p. 651.
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my prospects of happiness ; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that " they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady," and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease ; and the reports of his medical attendant were far from establishing the existence of anything like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient both to them and myself to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the ease from the knowledge even of my father and mother. Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever

again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal ; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron.

" My dear Lady Byron,—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country ; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts ; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron : certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed : I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

STEPH. LUSHINGTON.

Great George Street, Jan. 31, 1830."

I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions, were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor ad-

vised, that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me. A. I. NOEL BYRON.
Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830.

WONDERFUL INSTANCES OF BLINDNESS.

DR. BEW, in the *Transactions of the Manchester Society*, relates the extraordinary instance of John Metcalf, a native of the neighborhood of Manchester, who became blind at so early an age as to be altogether unconscious of light, and its various effects. His employment (says Dr. B.) in the younger period of his life, was that of a waggoner, and occasionally as a guide in intricate roads during the night, or when the common tracts were covered with snow. Afterwards he became a projector and surveyor of highways, in difficult and mountainous parts; and in this capacity, with the assistance merely of a long staff, he traverses the roads, ascend precipices, explores valleys, and investigates their several extents, forms, and situations, so as to answer his purpose in the best manner. His plans are designed, and his estimates formed, with such ability and accuracy, that he has been employed in altering most of the roads over the Peak, in Derbyshire, particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton, and in constructing a new one between Winslow and Congleton, so as to form a communication between the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountain.

Professor Saunderson, at Cambridge, lost his eyesight, and even his eyes, at the age of twelve months, by the smallpox. His sense of feeling was so acute that he could perceive the least variation in the state of the

air; and it is said, that in a garden where observations were made on the sun, he took notice of every cloud that interrupted the observation, almost as justly as those who could see it. He could, in a set of Roman medals, distinguish the genuine from the false, though they had been counterfeited with such exactness as to deceive a connoisseur who had examined them with a keen eye. His ear was also equally exact. He could readily distinguish the fifth part of a note. By the quickness of this sense he could judge of the size of a room, and of his distance from the four sides of it. He had an ingenious and peculiar mode of performing arithmetical calculations. He married the daughter of a clergyman, near Cambridge, by whom he had a son and daughter. He died April, 1739, having injured his health by confining himself too closely to his studies. "A blind man," says his biographer, "moving in the sphere of a mathematician, seems a phenomenon difficult to be accounted for, and has excited the admiration of every age in which it has appeared." Tully mentions it as a thing scarcely credible in his own master in philosophy, Diodorus, that he exercised himself in it with more assiduity after he became blind; and, what he thought next to impossible to be done, that without sight he taught geometry, describing his diagrams so exactly to his scholars, that they could draw every

line in its proper direction. St. Jerome relates a still more remarkable instance in Didymus, of Alexandria, who, blind from his infancy, was enabled to learn the sublimest parts of geometry.

Dr. Blacklock, who lost his sight before he was six months old, not only made himself master of various languages, Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, but acquired the reputation of an excellent poet.

Dr. Henry Moyes, who was blind from his infancy, acquired an extensive acquaintance with geometry, optics, algebra, astronomy, &c. Mechanical exercises were the favorite employment of his infant years; and at an early age he was able to construct little windmills, and even a loom. By the sound, and the different voices of the persons that were present, he could judge of the dimensions of the room in which they were assembled, and was seldom mistaken.

In the *Annual Register* for 1762 there is an account of a French lady, blind from her infancy, who could read, write, play at cards, &c. She lost her sight when only two years old. Her mother had been ordered to lay some pigeon's blood on her eyes to preserve them, in the smallpox; whereas, so far from answering the end, it ate into them. In writing to her no ink was used, but the letters

were pricked down on the paper, and by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she followed them successively, and read every word with her finger ends. When playing at cards, she prepared the packs allotted to her, by pricking them in several parts. She sorted the suits, and arranged the cards in their proper sequence, with the precision, and nearly the same facility, as they who had their sight. In writing, she made use of a pencil, as she could not know when the pen was dry; her guide on the paper and of the breadth of her writing, &c. was a small, thin ruler.

Aldrovandus speaks of a sculptor who became blind at twenty years of age, and yet ten years after made a perfect marble statue of Cosmo II. de Medicis; and another of clay like Urban VIII. We are likewise informed of a most extraordinary blind guide, who, according to the report of good writers, used to conduct merchants through the sands and deserts of Arabia.

Mr. Boyle mentions a gentleman, who, having been blind, and brought to sight at eighteen, was very near going distracted with joy.

Democritus, according to Plutarch and Cicero, put out his own eyes, that he might be less disturbed in his mental contemplations, when thus freed from the distraction of the objects of sight.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A *gros de Naples* dress, the color a shade between lavender and lilac; the *corsage* sits close to the shape, is made quite up to the throat, and fastens behind imperceptibly. Tight long sleeve, with a very full upper sleeve, which comes nearly to the elbow. The ruffles are of embroidered muslin, and of a new form: they are composed of two rows each, set on full; one turns upwards, the other falls over the hand. A black velvet bracelet, with a gold clasp,

divides the ruffle. The trimming of the skirt consists of two rows of very broad rich feather-fringe, corresponding in color with the dress; the rows placed very near each other. The *collarett* is worked to correspond with the ruffles: it is of the pelerine form, but of small size. Morning cap, a high full caul of English lace, the fulness divided by *rouleaux* of satin, edged with narrow lace. A *bouquet* of roses is placed rather to the right side, and some single flowers are interspersed among the *rouleaux*.

The strings, which are of broad gauze ribbon, hang loose.

CHILD'S WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of Indian-red *gros de Tours*. The *corsage* is disposed in folds, the sleeve full at the upper part of the arm, and nearly tight at the lower; it is terminated with an ermine cuff. The skirt is bordered with a broad band of ermine; a second band, something narrower, is placed at some distance above it. A

black velvet bonnet, worn over a white lace *cornette*; the form of the bonnet is somewhat between the French *capote* and the English cottage bonnet. It is trimmed with an intermixture of black velvet and geranium-colored satin *nœuds*; the strings, and a single *nœud*, which ornaments the inside of the brim, are of the latter material. Morocco leather half boots; slate-colored gloves; boa tippet of ermine.

THE GATHERER.

“Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather.”

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

AMONG the languages of modern Europe, specious but subordinate pretensions have been advanced to cadence, terseness, or dextrous ambiguity of insinuation; while the sober majesty of the English tongue stood aloof, and disdained a competition on the ground of such inferior particularities. I even think that we have erred with regard to Greek and Latin. Our sense of the inestimable benefit we have reaped from the treasures of taste and science which they have handed down to us, has led us into an extravagance of reverence for them. They have high intrinsic merit, without doubt; but it is a bigoted gratitude, and an unweighed admiration, which induce us to prostrate the English tongue before their altar. Every language can furnish to genius, casually, a forcible expression—and a thousand turns of neatness and delicacy may be found in most of them: but I will confidently assert, that, in that which should be the first object of all language, *precision*, the English tongue surpasses them all; while in richness of coloring, and extent of power, it is exceeded by none, if equaled by any. What subject is there within the boundless range of imagination, which some British author has not clothed in British phrase, with a nicety of definition, an accuracy of portraiture, a brilliancy of

tint, a delicacy of discrimination, and a force of expression, which must be *sterling*, because every other nation of Europe, as well as our own, admits their perfection with enthusiasm!

Are the fibres of the heart to be made to tremble with anxiety,—to glow with animation,—to thrill with horror,—to startle with amaze,—to shrink with awe,—to throb with pity,—or to vibrate in sympathy with the tone of pictured love;—know ye not the mighty magicians of England, whose potent spell has commanded, and continues irresistibly to command, those varied impulses? Was it a puny engine, a feeble art, that achieved such wondrous workings? What was the sorcery? *Justly conceived collocation of words*, is the whole secret of this witchery; a charm within the reach of any of you. Possess yourselves of the necessary *energies*, and be assured you will find the language *exuberant* beyond the demand of your intensest thought. How many positions are there which form the basis of every day's reflections, the matter for the ordinary operation of our minds, which were toiled after, perhaps for ages, before they were seized and rendered comprehensible! How many subjects are there which we ourselves have grasped at, as if we saw them floating in an atmosphere just above us, and found the arm of

our intellect but just too short to reach them ; and then comes a happier genius, who, in a fortunate moment, and from some vantage ground, arrests the meteor in its flight ; and grasping the floating phantom, drags it from the skies to the earth ; condenses that which was but an impalpable coruscation of spirit ; fetters that which was but the lightning glance of thought ; and having so mastered it, bestows it as a perpetual possession and heritage to mankind.

ORIGIN OF THE MAY-POLE.

The leisure days after seedtime had been chosen by our Saxon ancestors for folk-motes, or conventions of the people. Not till after the Norman conquest, the pagan festival of Whitsuntide fully melted into the christian holiday of Pentecost. Its original name is Wittentide, the time of choosing the *Wits or Wise Men to the Wittenagemotte*. It was consecrated to Hertha, the goddess of peace and fertility ; and no quarrels might be maintained, no blood shed, during this truce of the goddess. Each village, in the absence of the baron at the assembly of the nation, enjoyed a kind of Saturnalia. The vassals met upon the common green round the May-pole, where they elected a village lord, or king, as he was called, who chose his queen. He wore an oaken, and she a hawthorn wreath, and together they gave laws to the rustic sports during these sweet days of freedom. The *May-pole*, then, is the English *Tree of Liberty* ! Are there many yet standing ?

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHEATEN FLOUR.

A medical gentleman, named Gouldson, residing near Manchester, has discovered a mode of separating and preparing the farinaceous part of such bulbous roots as turnips, carrots, parsnips, beet, &c., and of converting it into fine flour. After a great variety of experiments, carried on with perfect success for nearly two years, this gentleman has obtained a patent for his process which, if his report is in

every respect correct, and that he really does produce good and nutritious bread, equal both in quality and color to the purest white wheaten bread, which is positively asserted, the discovery may be considered to be of incalculable value ; for the quantity of farina to be obtained from the roots grown upon any given quantity of ground, compared to that produced from the ears of wheat upon a similar space, must be greatly increased—the patentee says, twenty times at least.

POET LAUREATE.

Of this office in the king's household, Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, observes, that “ there are no records which ascertain the origin of the institution in this kingdom, but many that recognise it.” There was a court poet as early as the reign of Henry III. Chaucer, on his return from abroad, first assumed the title of poet laureate, and in the twelfth year of Richard II. obtained a grant of an annual allowance of wine : James II., in 1615, granted to his laureate a yearly pension of 100 marks ; and in 1630 this stipend was augmented by letters patent of Charles I. to £100 per annum, with an additional grant of one tierce of Canary wine, to be taken out of the king's store yearly.

CEMENT FOR CHINA, &c.

The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* publishes the following recipe as one of the best cements for china, glass, &c. Put an ounce of mastic in a sufficient quantity of spirits of wine to dissolve it ; then take an ounce of isinglass, soak it in water until it is soft, and dissolve it in brandy till it is become a strong jelly, adding afterwards an ounce of well-powdered gum ammoniac. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen pipkin, and expose them to a gentle heat ; when they are well mixed, pour them into a bottle, which is to be well corked. To use this cement, the bottle is to be placed in hot water until it is sufficiently fluid,—it is then to be applied

to the fractures in the usual way. In twelve hours it will set, and the mended part will become as hard as any other.

LENGTH OF NIGHT IN VARIOUS PARTS.

The longest night at Cayenne and Pondicherry, is 12 hours; at Hayti, 13 hours; at Ispahan, 14; at Paris, Dijon, and Carcassonne, 15; at Arras and Dublin, 16; at Copenhagen and Riga, 17; at Stockholm, 18; at Drontheim, in Norway, Archangel, &c., 20; at Ulea, in Bothnia, 21, and at Tornes, 22. At Enoutekies, the total absence of the sun endures 45 days consecutively; at Wardhuns, 66; at Cape North, 74; and lastly, Melville Island is totally destitute of light for 102 days.

NAVAL FORCE IN FRANCE.

The naval force of France consisted, on the 1st of January, 1829, of 276 ships of the line, of various ranks: viz. 33 men-of-war, 41 frigates, 6 corvettes, 25 brigs of sixteen to twenty guns each, 8 tenders carrying eighteen guns, 15 brigs of sixteen guns, and 151 vessels of other calibre. The number of vessels building is 80. The various stations will require for the present year, 1830, should no extraordinary event happen, 128 ships of war: viz. 1 line of battle ship, 14 frigates, 79 other vessels of less calibre, 27 transports, and 7 steam vessels. The following is the comparative pay of the naval officers of the various powers, not including mess allowances:—

Francs.

An English Vice Admiral	36,000
A Dutch ditto	38,700
A French ditto	28,000
An English Rear Admiral	27,000
A Dutch ditto	24,250
A French ditto	12,000
An English Commander	12,911
A Dutch ditto	17,200
A Russian ditto	10,920
A United States ditto	7,120
A French ditto	6,000
An English Commander of a Frigate	7,475
A Dutch ditto	6,450
A Russian ditto	4,740
A United States ditto	4,212
A French ditto	4,200

MOSCOW.

Moscow, before the French invasion, was a city of thirty-nine wersts in circumference, 250,000 inhabitants, with 341 churches and convents, with a great trade, an active populace, and rich nobility. The burning of Moscow leveled with the ground almost every house on the southern side of the Moskowa; nor has time, nor the rebuilding of the city, obliterated entirely the marks of that terrible conflagration. In many of the more retired parts, the blackened walls bear witness of the destructive fire; while the wooden houses, nearly in the whole 11,840, fell by the devouring element. It is needless to mention the ruin which followed. People of comparative opulence were reduced to absolute poverty; while the fortunes of the rich suffered such a fall, that to this day none have perfectly recovered. But from the ashes of the old, the new Moscow has arisen: in seventeen years, a city has been built equally large in its circumference, equally grand in its architecture, nearly as populous, and twice as durable. The wooden houses are of an insignificantly small number; those burnt have been replaced by handsome buildings of brick and stone; the Kremlin has been repaired; the arsenal newly constructed; and the whole city may justly be called a living wonder of what industry and perseverance, labor and talent, can accomplish in a short portion of man's life. On the northern side of the Moskowa it was not so much damaged as at the southern. Luckily one of the most splendid monuments of strange inventions has escaped unhurt, amidst the almost general destruction—I refer to the church of the Holy Virgin, called sometimes Vassili Blaggenoi, opposite the gate of the Spaskoi, in the Kitaigorod. It was built by the desire of John the Terrible, in consequence of the victory gained by him at Kasan. They have a tradition, that John caused the architect to lose his eyes, in order that this extraordinary production should remain the

chef-d'œuvre of his art. It contains within itself nineteen different chapels, and its exterior baffles all description. The church is well placed, for in the situation in which it stands it commands a view of the most interesting part of Moscow.

FRANCIS MOORE, PHYSICIAN, OUT-DONE.

Let no one henceforth smile at the absurdity of this father of almanac-makers, or if disposed to indulge their risible propensities at his luminous predictions of "*times, and seasons, and their change*," let them wait awhile and first learn how knowing on these points our opposite neighbors, the good folks of Paris, are likely to become. How captivating (in the list of new works in that capital) the title "Memoranda relative to a Correspondence on the subject of Meteorology: the object of which is, to establish the means of *predicting the weather on a given spot of the globe at a period considerably in advance*;" by M. Morin. We recollect the patient washing machines were somewhat ludicrously announced to the citizens of London as, "every man his own washerwoman:" surely this essay might stand entitled, "every man his own weatherwiser."

CAMOMILE AND COFFEE.

Probably many of our friends may not be aware of some of the properties of camomile "tea." Its emetic property, taken in a tepid state, is well known. The country people in certain parts of England, as about Wootton, in Oxfordshire, frequently use a strong infusion of camomile as a purgative, taking it at bedtime, as hot as it can be swallowed; when it produces copious perspiration, and the following morning it acts as a gentle but effectual purgative. It is also there considered as one of the best remedies in indigestion, colic, pains and obstructions of the bowels, especially when arising from cold, which, says Dr. Hancock, we know to be the most common exciting cause of

those disorders. The Doctor adds, that "*a cup of coffee*, taken hot on an empty stomach," will often produce an effect analogous to the camomile; but, in respect to time, the coffee operates much more speedily.

A FACT.

I am an old gentleman,—I glory in the title. Many a person at my age, and with my (I must say) rather youthful look, would call himself a middle-aged man—perhaps even a man in the prime of life; but I scorn such half measures. I have passed my grand climacteric, and therefore am an old gentleman. Does not my candor deserve that I should claim all the privileges of one? I have no notion of being virtuous for nothing. The great privilege, then, which I claim in all companies and under all circumstances, is that of speaking my mind. Now, old as I am, and possessing, too, (I must say,) a great deal of observation, I never yet found that things which were loudly praised from the very first by the many-headed multitude, did ever truly possess intrinsic merit.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Publishing.—Mr. Macfarlane, who is so favorably known to the public by his work on Turkey, has just, we hear, completed a tale, entitled *The Armenians*; the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Bosphorus. From the author's residence in these parts, we hope for characteristic illustrations of Armenian and Turkish life.—The first volume of a *Treatise on Optics*; containing the theory of impolarised light; by the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, A.M.—A Transcript from a curious Manuscript, discovered under the foundations of the ancient Manor House at Abbots Leigh, Somerset; to be called, the *Royal Book*, or *Oracle of Dreams*. The *Family Cabinet Atlas*, constructed upon an original plan. The *Game of Life*, a Novel, by Leitch Ritchie, author of *Tales and Confessions*. *Fiction without Romance*, or the *Locket-Watch*, a Novel, by Mrs. Polack. A new work on the French language, by Mr. Tarver, French master of Eton, on the plan of the *Enseignement Universel* of Jacotot. *Problems in the different Branches of Philosophy*, by the Rev. Dr. M. Bland, F.R.S. Oxford English Prize Essays, now first collected.

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ON THE GENIUS OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

BY DELTA.

WITH all its mysticism and exaggeration of sentiment, the Lake School of Poetry has accomplished much for the literature of the present age. Its philosophy is often sufficiently unintelligible, and finds or fancies marvels more than truth indicates or nature contains; and in its portraitures of the external manifestations of human feeling, we have frequent o'ersteppings of that modesty by which the various passions are distinctively characterised. But admitting all this (for we have often felt it), it amply compensates for these drawbacks by its truth to the features of the material world in the hands of Southey; and by its pastoral freshness and high-toned morality in the pages of Wordsworth. Coleridge has less frequently put its principles to the test, but has shown it in the light of a peculiar beauty, not only in many prose sketches, but in the frostwork structures of his vigorous imagination, *Cristabel* and *Genevieve*.

The original masters were followed by many disciples of eminence. Among the more immediate of whom we would particularise Lamb and Lloyd; and, of later years, Shelly and Wilson.

Great as are the merits of these poets, particularly Shelly, we have no hesitation in placing Professor Wilson over them, and immediately beside the trio of illustrious founders. Unlike Crabbe, who delights to expatiate on the failings and weaknesses of

our nature—or Byron, whose region of delight is in the tempest and darkness of the soul—the muse of Wilson deals only with the gentler, tenderer, and softer affections, and with the more refined and delicate feelings. Even in the description of human wretchedness and depravity, Wilson mingles some ethereal and redeeming touches; and mid the roar of the troubled waters of the spirit, he retains a serenity and composure, as of the evening star through the wanderings of the heavy clouds.

Southey appears to describe nature exactly as she at the instant appears before his living eyes: the landscapes of Wilson seem the conjurations of a dream—silent, and soft, and untroubled with their pastoral mountains and stilly waters; or at best as the traces of a keen memory, with their picturesque and fairy outlines. Witness the following magnificent description:

Well might they deem that wizard's wand
Had set them down in Fairy-land,
Or that their souls some beauteous dream
obey'd;
They know not where to look or listen,
For pools and streams of crystal glisten
Above, around—embracing like the air
The soft-reflected trees; while everywhere
From shady nook, clear hill, and sunny glade,
The ever-varying soul of music play'd;
As if, at some capricious thing's command,
Indulging every momentary mood,
With voice-and instrument, a fairy band
Beneath some echoing precipice now stood,
Now on steep mountain's rocky battlement,
Or from the clouds their blended chorus sent,
With jocund din to mock the solitude.
They gaze with never-sated eyes

On lengthening lines of flowery dyes,
That through the woods, and up the mountains
run :

Not richer radiance robes the Even,
When she ascends her throne in Heaven,
Beside the setting sun.
Scattering the blossomy gems away,
Like the white shower of the Ocean spray,
Across their path forever glide or shoot
Birds of such beauty, as might lead
The soul to think that magic power decreed
Spirits to dwell therein ; nor are they mute,
But each doth chant his own beloved strain,
Forever trembling on a natural tune,
The heart's emotion seeming so to suit,
That the rapt Lovers are desiring soon
That silence never may return again.

A cheerful welcome these bright creatures
sing ;

And as the Lovers roam from glade to glade,
That shine with sunlight, and with music ring,
Seems but for them the enchanted island made.
So strong the influence of the fairy scene,
That soon they feel as if for many a year
In love and rapture they had linger'd here,
While with the beauteous things that once
have been,

Long, long ago, or only in the mind
By Fancy imaged, lies their native Wales,
Its dim seen hills, and all its streamy vales :
Sounds in their souls its rushing mountain
wind,

Like music heard in youth, remember'd well,
But when or where it rose they cannot tell.
Delightful woods, and many a cloudless sky,
Are in their memory strangely floating by ;
But the faint pageant slowly melts away,
And to the living earth they yield
Their willing hearts, as if reveal'd
In all its glory on this mystic day.
Like fire, strange flowers around them flame,
Sweet, harmless fire, breathed from some ma-
gic urn,

The silky gossamer that may not burn,
Too wildly beautiful to bear a name.
And when the Ocean sends a breeze,
To wake the music sleeping in the trees,
Trees scarce they seem to be ; for many a
flower,

Radiant as dew, or ruby polish'd bright,
Glances on every spray, that bending light
Around the stem, in variegated bows,
Appear like some awaken'd fountain-shower,
That with the color of the evening glows.

And towering o'er these beauteous woods,
Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen,
Breaking with solemn grey the tremulous
green,

And frowning far in castellated pride ;
While, hastening to the Ocean, hoary floods
Sent up a thin and radiant mist between,
Softening the beauty that it could not hide.
Lo ! higher still the stately Palm-trees rise,
Chequering the clouds with their unbending
stems,
And o'er the clouds amid the dark-blue skies,
Lifting their rich unfading diadems.

Nor are his personages less dreamy
and poetical. We have not Helen
Macgregor or Flora Macdonald, but
Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. The old

ballads themselves are not sufficiently
remote—he gives us only their sha-
dows, and “ Lays from Fairy Land.”

Look not so mournful, mother ! 'tis not a tale
of woe—

The Fairy-Queen stoop'd down and left a kiss
upon my brow,

And faster than mine own two doves e'er
stoop'd unto my hand,

Our flight was through the ether—then we
dropt in Fairy-Land.

Along a river-side that ran wide-winding thro'
a wood,

We walk'd, the Fairy-Queen and I, in loving
solitude ;

And there serenely on the trees, in all their
rich attire,

Sat crested birds whose plumage seem'd to
burn with harmless fire.

No sound was in our steps—as on the ether
mute—

For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath
the gliding foot,

Till we came to a waterfall, and mid the rain-
bows there

The mermaids and the fairies play'd in water
and in air.

And sure there was sweet singing, for it at
once did breathe

From all the woods and waters, and from the
caves beneath ;

But when those happy creatures beheld their
lovely queen,

The music died away at once, as if it ne'er
had been,—

And hovering in the rainbow, and floating on
the wave,

Each little head so beautiful some show of
homage gave,

And bending down bright lengths of hair that
glisten'd in its dew,

Seem'd as the sun ten thousand rays against
the water threw.

Soft the music rose again—but we left it far
behind,

Though strains o'ertook us, now and then, on
some small breath of wind ;

Our guide into that brightning bliss was aye
that brightning stream,

Till lo ! a palace silently unfolded like a dream.

Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music
lovelier still,

My elder sister used to sing at evening on the
hill,

When I was but a little child too young to
watch the sheep,

And on her kind knees laid my head in very
joy to sleep ;

Tales of the silent people, and their green si-
lent land !

—But the gates of that bright palace did sud-
denly expand,

And fill'd with green-robed fairies was seen an
ample hall,

Where she who held my hand in hers was the
loveliest of them all.

It is his bathing all his characters
in this “ purple light of love,” which,

in some measure, unfits Professor Wilson from shining as a poet of consummate dramatic power, and which, with all its varied beauty, makes the *City of the Plague* read more like a poem than a play; in other words, more as a composition implying sentiment than action. Whatever be their distinctive features, his personages may be divided into two great classes, those dignified by virtue, and those degraded by vice: the former surpassing mere men, and approximating the nature of angels; the other still endowed with many redeeming traits, and, after all, scarcely "less than archangel ruined."

When in the act of composition, the poet's mind seems to be worked up to a kind of reverie, and he sees the material world, with its delightful valleys and magnificent mountains, its murmuring rivers and rolling oceans, its sheeted lakes and umbrageous forests, as in the phantasmagorial pageantry of a dream. Nor less peculiar are his views of the moral physiognomy of man; as in his delineations he is scarcely represented as a creature doomed by original sin, but as even in infancy returning in slumber to an antenatal heaven. Yet, withal, Wilson is by no means so great a mannerist or exclusionist as Wordsworth. His whole mind is not bound up in *Betty Foys*, or *Peter Bells*, or *Pedlars*. He glances over all the many-colored situations of existence, and the scene of his finest poem is laid in the centre of a great city, in the midst of a terrible and overwhelming physical calamity. Nevertheless they have always been, and ever will be, regarded as congenial spirits, with their distinctive marks of original power. Even in the tone of thought there is a resemblance, and their ideas of the philosophical principles of poetical composition seem not widely different. Wilson may not have reached the classic severity of "*the Laodamia*;" but it would be as difficult for Wordsworth to sustain the angelic softness and grace of "*Magdalen*," to whom her dying lover says,

The plumes

Of thy affectionate bosom meet my heart,

And all therein is quiet as the snow
At breathless midnight.

If they have many beauties in common, they have also one fault—that of being too easily satisfied with the ideas which first suggest themselves. This arises from exuberance, and not from poverty of imagination. So many associations connect themselves with the objects presented to the senses, that the objects themselves are in a great measure hidden and deprived of their more prominent outlines; the figure is cumbered by the gorgeous richness of the drapery. In other words, fertility of imagination leads to facility of composition; and fluency is a characteristic of both these distinguished writers.

From this cause it is, that many of the poems of Wilson scarcely carry with them to the reader's mind the idea of compositions; they have all the ease and the unapparent effort of extemporaneous effusions. His ideas seem to flow upon him with a perpetual and enlivening current; but the waters, which, if collected together, would form a deeply rolling and majestic stream, become tame and sluggish by diffusion. His allusions and references, so far as they regard natural scenery and appearances, are gathered from a wider range than those of almost any poet with whom we are acquainted; but here the scope of his illustration is circumscribed, and historical or classical figures are rarely or never introduced. Whatever he may be in theory, his writings are the most splendid and unanswerable examples that we know of, of the superiority of nature over art, and of its being the original source whence all artificial objects derive their poetical associations. Byron and Campbell may rank higher as poets than Bowles; but in the Pope controversy, wherein the subjects of nature and art, with reference to poetry, were so fully canvassed, the author of "*The Grave of the Last Saxon*" has, in our opinion, by far the best of the argument throughout. The fact of Byron being driven, in accordance with his own theory, and in direct opposition to the

spirit of his own immortal compositions, to declare Pope superior to Shakspeare, must be conclusive with all unprejudiced thinkers.

The indulgence in trains of thought, which may be set down as so far peculiar in their not affecting the general sympathies of mankind, in the degree of importance which the writer attaches to them, has prevented the poetry of Wilson, as it has done that of Wordsworth, from acquiring that extensive popularity to which it is otherwise so eminently entitled. Imagination is the predominant faculty of his mind; and when we add to this the spirit of serene contemplation, we have before us the grand elements of his poetry. His pathos—and it is that species of it which it is the most difficult to attain—borders on simplicity, and the elementary springs of feeling. We find passion stripped of adventitious disguises, and of those meretricious circumstances which tend to throw an obscurity on its real operations; and thus in his pages, even when we are called upon to contemplate scenes of modern and every-day life, we are led back to the fountain-head of sensibility, and to the primitive impulses of human action. In this point of view, indeed, he may be regarded as the purest writer that the Lake School has produced; his enthusiasm is always the enthusiasm of nature; and he never exhibits a trace of the cant, the sickliness of sentiment, and affectation, which sometimes deform the pages of Southey and Wordsworth.

In many parts of his writings, the genius of Wilson shows itself kindred with that of Southey—especially in the *Isle of Palms*, where his discursive fancy expatiates in regions not unallied in imagery to what *Thalaba* and *Kehama* exhibit. Yet over Southey he has this distinctive beauty, that his style is always suited to his subject; he never clothes the trivial in the pomp of majestic words, nor debases the lofty by meanness and puerility of expression. His pathos is always of the heart, simple, deep, and

touching; and we may say of his poetry, in this respect, as he has said of another, that

The songs he pour'd were sad and wild,
And while they would have soothed a child
That soon bestows its tears—
A deeper pathos in them lay,
That would have moved a hermit gray,
Bow'd down with holy years.

The great characteristic of the poetry of Wilson is delicacy of sentiment. He refines and etherealizes almost everything he touches; and if in his hands common things lose their usual attributes, they are exchanged for something better. There is a wild harmony and splendor in his delineations of the aspects of nature, and he flies from the sullen and the rugged, to softer and more gentle scenes. He is consequently, above all other poets, the bard of moonlight, amid whose “flooding argentry” his muse seems never weary of dipping her plumage, or of marveling at

The fleecy clouds, when their race is run,
That hang, in their own beauty blest,
Mid the calm that sanctifies the west
Around the setting sun.

His fancy is a restless spirit, forever on the wing, and weaving associations of beauty around every object on which it alights. On the death, for instance, of two beautiful young women, he thus expatiates.

Phantoms! ye waken to mine eye
Sweet trains of earthly imagery!
Whate'er on Nature's breast is found
In loveliness without a sound,
That silent seems to soul and sense,
Emblem of perfect innocence!
Two radiant dew-drops that repose
On mossy bank at evening's close,
And happy in the gentle weather,
In beauty disappear together!
Two flowers upon the lonesome moor,
When a dim day of storm is o'er,
Lifting up their yellow hair
To meet the balm of the slumbering air!
Two sea-birds from the troubled ocean
Floating with a snowy motion,
In the absence of the gale,
Over a sweet inland vale!
Two early-risen stars that lie
Together on the evening sky,
And imperceptibly pursue
Their walk along the depths of blue!
Sweet beings! on my dreams ye rise
With all your frail humanities!
Nor earth below, nor heaven above,
An image yields of peace and love,
So perfect as your pensive breath,
That brings unsought a dream of death!

Each sigh more touching than the last,
Till life's pathetic tune be past !

One of the causes of the unpopularity of much fine poetry, originates in the writer forgetting the comparative value which society attaches to objects. A poet, from his excess of sensibility, is apt to attach a degree of importance to a sentiment or image which the generality of his readers will by no means either perceive the propriety of, or allow to be just. The standard which he has erected in his own mind, and according to which he reckons, is not that which the world at large acknowledges. Cowper writes a poem on being presented with a new cap, or on his method of feeding tame rabbits : Coleridge, on taking a knife from his child's hand, and on an ass eating thistles : Wordsworth, on a fly that had come to his winter stove in Germany, and on Alice Fell's duffle cloak : Lamb, on the inspiring delights of tobacco, and on washing and ironing-days : and Southey, metrical letters to his cousin Margaret. It were well if writers would pay more attention to the taste of the public, which, however it may be sometimes obscured by prejudices, is built invariably on the grand foundation of common sense. A poet of great and genuine power, if he be not adequately appreciated, may depend upon it that he has himself to blame. He has either blundered in his choice of a subject, or his manner of treating it ; either of which defects is quite enough to account for the oblivion which his productions would not otherwise merit. It is all very well for a poet of fine imagination and vivid feeling to regard the world as an Utopia, and mankind as actuated only by the highest and holiest of affections ; but when applied to localities, and the actual history of the human race, we come immediately to see the irrelevancy and futility of the scheme. It is on this account that the poetry of Wilson, which, while strictly true to general nature, so often strikes us from its dissimilarity to existing manners, and the manifestations of the passions as exhibited in speech by the different

grades in society. It may be allowed to tragedy, whose personages must be of exalted rank or feeling, to converse in that high-toned language which is of itself essentially poetical ; but we must not carry this artifice into situations where probability cannot suppose it to exist. It may do for " captains, colonels, and knights in arms," to talk in heroics ; but Shakspeare, " the priest of nature," always compels his clowns to content themselves with prose.

In this little essay it was by no means our intention to criticise the productions of Professor Wilson individually. We may be allowed, however, to say that the faults resulting from over-facility of composition, so manifest in the *Isle of Palms*, are much less discernible in the *City of the Plague*, and his latter works. Dryden records of himself that his ideas flowed upon him so rapidly that his only task was how and what to select ; and if he has ever found a successor in this respect, we suspect it is in the poet before us. Neither have shown an over-scrupulosity ; but Wilson's inherent purity of taste has preserved him from many of the deformities of his great predecessor. It is curious to remark, also, that the vividness of imagination which led the author of "*Alexander's Feast*" to the selection of topics particularly bustling and spirit-stirring—the modernizing of chivalrous romances, and of the fables of classical mythology—has led our poet into very different walks. His delight is in the poetry of still life ; the blind man sitting on the way-side stone—the effigies in a ruined abbey—the waveless lake—the moonlight sky—and the hawk sleeping on the sepulchral cairn. He allows nothing sinful or sullyng to mar

The radiance of his gifted soul,
Where never mists or darkness roll ;
A poet's soul, that flows forever,
Right onwards, like a noble river,
Refulgent still, or by its native woods
Shaded, and running on through sunless solitudes.

In gazing on the picture of an ass in a storm-shower, a thousand bright and beautiful ideas awoken to his ima-

gination, of patient sufferance and endurance, heroic fortitude in adversity, and serenity amid the evils of life; and in describing the cottage of a pious and resigned old woman, he characteristically says—

The breath that stole
From the rosetree and jasmine clustering wide,
O'er all the dwelling's bloomy side,
Tells that whoe'er doth there abide
Must have a gentle soul.

Then gently breathe, and softly tread,
As if thy steps were o'er the dew!
Break not the slumber of the air,
Even by the whisper of a prayer,
But in the spirit let there be
A silent Benedicite!

The lines "On a Sleeping Child," which have been perhaps more universally admired than anything which our author has written, and which are somewhat strangely omitted in the collected edition of his poetical works, afford another fine illustration of his application of the same principle of serene contemplation to animated objects in a state of quiescence.

In the City of the Plague the powers of the poet appear evidently strengthened and improved—the beauties are not only more prominent, but more frequent; and the defects are less glaring and conspicuous. As a story, also, it is much better proportioned and brought out. From having subjected himself to the trammels of regular versification, the discursive faculty has less scope, and a feeling is consequently conveyed to the reader's mind of more elaborated and sustained composition. We have less of that tone of delirium which, in common with the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth, pervades the Isle of Palms; together with a more classically pure diction.

The blank verse of Wilson possesses many delightful peculiarities; and is, in some respects, scarcely surpassed by any that our language affords. It breathes the very soul of harmony; and its excellences are all of the softer kind. It has little of severity or of austerity about it. It has nothing of the ruggedness of Young or the verbosity of Thomson. He seldom winds up his strength for a grand stroke like

Milton or Cowper, in which energy of thought, style, and language, are unitedly made to do their utmost. His is rather the "linked sweetness long drawn out," the tone of persuasive softness, or tranquil resignation. Even when the wilder passions are brought into play, the energy is not such as is breathed by a fiery spirit; but the elements of a gentle mind, roused into unnatural and momentary commotion.

The tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate.

The characters of Wilson's writings, whether in prose or verse, bear the same relation to actual life that a portrait does to its original. They are all drawn in their most favorable aspect—and they always retain that aspect—for they are all pictures of still life. This remark is not less applicable to that beautiful series of stories, "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," which are attributed to our poet's pen, than to "Margaret Lyndsay," and "The Foresters." We could almost imagine, that, previous to composing some of his scenes, he had placed himself before a painting, and had wrought himself up to breathe into it a spirit of animation. We feel, however, while he has endowed it with thought and utterance, that he has neglected to bestow the power of locomotion. Yet he does not—as this would lead us to infer—restrict himself exclusively to the delineation of an individual mind, as was the case with Byron. His genius is more dramatic, and takes a wider discursive flight over the varying aspects of society. He delineates the fair side of things with delightful fidelity; but there his accuracy forsakes him, and he describes the stormier passions, without being able to identify his own with their nature. He paints religion and virtue in their own celestial loveliness; but he blends a tint of redeeming softness with the rugged features of sin, and clothes misery in picturesque rags.

Wilson cannot go out of himself, and speak the thoughts of other men; so, though his characters are called on

to play a variety of parts, they have all a family likeness; or, as Wordsworth quaintly expresses it, there is "a similitude in their dissimilitudes." Wilson does not give us the representation of actual life; but the world as we remember to have seen it in our youthful reveries,—a phantasmagorical vision.

On a future occasion we intend returning to Professor Wilson, as one of

the most brilliant and extraordinary prose-writers of our age. Some of these compositions are quite unique in our language, and are well worthy our critical attention. They combine the wild extravagances of Rabelais, with a stronger adherence to truth, and an ebullience of imagination, which leaves the Frenchman "toiling after him in vain."

THE DEVIL'S MILL.

ABOUT six miles to the westward of Dublin stands the village of Lucan, "noted," as the Post Chaise Companion has it, "for its medicinal spring, the waters of which are of great efficacy in many disorders;" that is to say, it is a pretty rural retirement, where people of fashion, in former times, when there *were* people of fashion in Dublin, used to recover from the effects of the dissipation of the season, by keeping regular hours, and taking regular exercise through romantic woodland scenes, and in a mild salubrious climate, though they invariably attributed their cure to a pint of cold clear water (as agreeable in taste and smell as the washings of a gun) by them taken twice a day.

The low road to Lucan is a beautiful drive, passing through the Phoenix Park, with its place of arms, the fifteen acres, where more duels have been fought than upon any given spot on the face of the globe, and the Strawberry Banks, whence Dublin is supplied with that fruit, and where, in the pleasant days of summer, the citizens ruralize, after the fashion of their brethren of Cockaigne, amongst the Arcadian groves of Hampstead and Richmond Hill. Winding onward through rich meadows and sunny slopes, and gradually losing sight of all that can remind you of the city, the road reaches the Liffey, there a dark, rapid, and sullen-looking stream, overshadowed by tall trees, and embosomed among gloomy superstitious groves, and silent upland pastures, that shut out all distant views, and preserve unbroken

the character of the place. A little farther on, where the shadows fall deepest over river and road, the troubled voice of the stream, at once mournful and complaining, gives token that its course is ruffled by some impediment, and there, half overcome by the indefatigable waters, lie certain antique walls, and a ruined wear, denominated by the peasantry "The Devil's Mill." A gloomy spot it is, that lonesome road, with its nodding spectral trees, when an autumn evening is falling around you, and closing in the view with its thin gray pall; when the chafed torrent is raving and groaning through the dim-seen ruins, as if anxious to shake off their load, and sweep them headlong from its path; and when the wild legend, to which they owe their name, arises in your mind. Many and many a time have I heard it, with the woods of L——town right before me, and the work of the fiendish architect beneath my feet, as I sat on the twisted root of one of the venerable trees; while with that air of undoubting implicit belief which lends a peculiar interest to all Irish legends, whether humorous or tragic (for your narrator delivers them to you, no matter how extravagant, as if he believed every jot and tittle of them from the bottom of his soul), some patriarch of the neighboring village pointed out the various localities of the story. Here it is for you.

In the old-world times of the Charleses and Jameses, ay, up to the middle of the last century, the Irish

nobility were a fierce and lawless race, little resembling their brethren of England, in manners or habits, and preserving much of the feudal sway of the days of the Henrys and Edwards, together with no small portion of the rude pomp and stern aristocratic bearing, consequent upon that system. Between them and their vassals "there was a great gulf fixed," and I could tell you tales for a twelvemonth of their desperate feats in drinking, hunting, courtship, and dueling, gathered from the descendants of those very vassals, and handed down in fear and wonder from father to son: somewhat distorted, perhaps, by reason of the wide separation I have alluded to between the castes, but yet possessing strong traits of character, national and individual, and, like all other traditional tales, shadowing out real events of by-gone times, even in their wildest flights. The memory of many a noble, of the times I speak of, is tainted with the charge of league and compact with the powers of darkness; and I do not wonder at it: the miserable country was convulsed by civil wars of the most unsparing nature, and torn to the very vitals by every conceivable alternation of unflinching pitiless cruelty, as either party was hurried along by the tide of fortune, evil or good—by the headlong fury of victory or defeat; and it is in no way strange that the scared peasantry, as they beheld with awe and wonder the excesses of their superiors, should attribute them to a deeper influence than the mere ordinary passions of human nature, and that they should see in the wild unnatural merriment of their midnight festivities, as well as in the sweeping fury of their partisan warfare, the workings of the inspiration of the spirit of evil, rather than the mere abuse of sensual pleasures and lawless power.

Among the latest who fell under the heavy imputation I have described, was a former possessor of the beautiful, though sombre-looking, seat, whose ancient trees overshadow

the road at the spot where the scene of my legend is laid. The mansion and demesne then bore the name of L——town, from the family to which it belonged. Its present proprietor, however, has called it Woodlands, and, while in his hands, I will warrant it from witnessing any feats which may require either the head or the heart of the daring few, who at any time have been suspected of encountering the dwellers in the dark abodes; though, to tell the truth, his father might have been in possession of the philosopher's stone, for aught I can say to the contrary, inasmuch as he commenced his career as a flying stationer, that is to say, an itinerant vender of pamphlets, and died a member of parliament worth half a million sterling.

It is said that one of the L—— family (the former possessors of the estate) showed William the Third the passage across the Boyne; at all events, without pretending to investigate that point of history, I can only say that there are few names to which the Irish peasant attaches such deep damnation, and which he pronounces with such a fervor of hatred and horror, as that of L——.

At the time I speak of, the L—— of the day seemed fairly determined to earn in his own person all the anathemas which the people had ever poured out upon his race: he drank like a Frey Graf of the fourteenth century—he rode like the wild huntsman—he was the first and the last in the revel and the field, and though frequently engaged in the sanguinary duels of the period, as well as in all other hazardous exploits, that seemed to promise a short and speedy termination to his fierce career, yet he ever escaped unhurt, as if he bore a charmed life. But of all the passions which swayed his mind by turns, that of play seemed the master, and the ruler: for this he would sacrifice all else besides, and night and day, when the fit was upon him, lights danced, and rafters rang, and the very owls and ravens whooped and croaked as

the voices of his fierce companions and of himself broke through the stillness of the antique mansion, and the solemn woods, with song, and shout, and blasphemous incantation, as the shifting luck at dice or cards stirred their spirits, and chafed their blood.

On a November night, when the groaning trees bowed beneath the storm, and the Liffey, swelled by the mountain rains, swept through the vale in a dark brown flood, that threatened to carry every obstacle before it, from Lucan to Dublin Bay, the usual party was assembled at play in L——town. It seemed as if the night had lent a portion of its darkness and fury to their spirits and demeanor; they drank, and played, and shouted, as if bent upon rivaling the storm without; and ever as the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, they mocked the elemental strife in their impious songs and ribald jests. As though, in very deed, the powers of nature were moved at their audacity, it seemed as if the storm increased in intensity, and concentrated around the house, until at last even the boldest of them thought they could distinguish hoarse yelling voices mingling with the midnight blast, and ghastly faces leering through the windows, and furious eyes glaring out of the darkness, as the livid lightning flashed through the gloom, like the banner of the accursed host. Crash after crash of thunder pealed through the very room with every flash, until at last, a globe of fire, the brightest, the most terrible that ever eye beheld, leaped right among them, dazzling them for an instant with its intolerable light, and leaving them, the next, in the darkness and the silence of the grave.

The host was the first to start up and thunder to the servants for lights, and when the affrighted menials came it was an altered scene which presented itself; the tables had been upset, and the lights extinguished by the explosion of the thunderbolt, though none of the guests were hurt. But on collecting their scattered

senses, and looking around, they all perceived, with a shudder, that a stranger was added to their company. Now, though at the first glance, he was to all appearance no more than a middle-aged man, dressed in black, yet, as they looked at him, they could see that the outline of his figure wavered and flickered, as if traced upon a mist; and in his eye there was something so fiendish and withering that the boldest heart grew pale before his glance; nay, the very storm itself seemed to dwell around, or emanate from him, for ever as he moved in his chair, though every motion seemed studied, and subdued, as he turned and bowed in token of recognition to one after another of the silent group, floor, walls, and ceiling trembled and shook as if the mansion was about to come down, and bury them in its ruins.

L—— was a bold-hearted man, and though daunted by what he saw, and well he might be, he was the first of the party to recover himself sufficiently to speak; he demanded the name and purpose of the intruder. There was a pause before the stranger replied; then mastering an obvious inclination to laugh, which gave a yet wilder and more unnatural air to his countenance, he coolly replied, "That he was right well known to every individual in the honorable company, and that he was the guest of their host, by regular invitation, given so very lately, and acceded to by them so unanimously, that he could not help wondering at the strange reception they gave him"—and with this, after another withering glance around the circle, he looked downward at his own feet; all eyes followed his, and all recognized with horror the fatal hoof—in Ireland, as in Germany, the infallible mark of the devil: for disguise the rest of his person as he may, it seems he never parts with or conceals that. The company, with one accord, fled from the room.

In the neighborhood of L——town lived a clergyman, renowned for his piety; and little as the inmates of that

mansion thought of him in their blasphemous revelry, and much as they were accustomed to scorn his ghostly counsels on ordinary occasions, yet now, in the hour of supernatural peril, he was called for by all, as the only champion who had a chance of success against their dangerous enemy. He came at once, and, without the slightest hesitation, committed himself alone with the evil one. Of the particulars of their interview little is known; as the legend draws near its close it waxes dim and faint, like an incoherent dream. The demon, avowing his errand, boldly declared that he came for him who had summoned him, and that he would not depart without him, unless compelled by a superior power. Strong as were the exorcisms of the virtuous priest, yet the fiend, armed with the guilt of his summoner, as with a delegated commission of vengeance, stood upon his right. At length a species of compromise was effected: the demon consented to forego his claim for the present, out of compliment to the merit and skill of his antagonist, rather than upon compulsion, and through fear of his exorcisms, but only on condition that a task should be assigned to him which he could not perform. Now every child (in Ireland at least) knows, that if you try skill with the devil, endeavor to puzzle him, and fail in the attempt, you pay for the failure and become his victim, by virtue of a kind of satanic forfeiture of recognizance. The aged priest pondered for an instant, and listened to the raging torrent as it swept along in its strength, and he knew by the sounding roar that the stream, which in summer glides pleasantly through greenwood and pasture, just deep enough to shelter the nimble trout in its transparent eddies, was now careering from mountain and swamp, armed with the fury of a hundred midnight torrents, and sweeping cabin and peasant, cattle and stock, from its downward path, like any other pitiless conqueror. The old man's eye lighted up with the hope of baffling

the subtle fiend, and he chuckled at the thought of giving him enough of cold water for once in his life, as he bade him filter the swollen river with dam and wear, and build a substantial mill in the midst of the torrent.

Lamp grew dim, and tempest was hushed, and lightning crept back into the bosom of the cloud, and the old priest hid his face between his hands, as with fantastic and unholy gestures, and forbidden words of power, the evil spirit summoned his brethren around him; and the roof rang once more with peals of fiendish laughter, as they listened to the simple task of the priest, and vanished to perform it. Like the tall piles that arise at the bidding of sleep in a troubled dream, or the fantastic architecture one constructs in the western clouds of the evening sky, the affrighted exorciser could see by a lurid light, as of a mighty furnace, the mill arising through the cleft waters, as with jest, and song, and damned merriment, the busy demons plied their task; then came a glare of brightest light, the throng broke, and fell back, the work was finished, and wheel and hopper elanked and banged through the hushed night. The priest's heart died within him at every stroke—"Heaven be good to me!" said he; "what will become of me?" for he thought on the well-known consequences of failing in an attempt to puzzle the devil.—"What next?" said the stranger, impatiently—"what next?" and his brow darkened, and his eyes glared wolfishly at the poor priest.—"*Sancte Johanne ora pro me—Beati Apostoli, orate pro me.*"—"Give me work," shouted the evil one, his form dilating as his human disguise gave way before his fiendish rage, "Give me work, I want no prayers,—you promised me work—keep your word or look to yourself." Just at that instant a saving thought flashed across the mind of the terrified old man: he remembered the well known *crux*, which at various times has posed the most intelligent and dextrous devils in Pandemonium; and

with a long-drawn gasp, like that of one who had been snatched from the devouring sea, "You want work," said he, "do you? be off with yourself, then, to the Bull of Clontarf*—the blessed saints be praised that put it into my head—and make me a three-plie cable of the sand of the sea. And hark ye," said he, his spirits rising at the blank disappointed look of his enemy, "you needn't be in such a hurry with *this* job, the day's long, and the wages are small." The baffled demon vanished with a howl.

And now farewell to Lucan, with its long-drawn vistas of solemn woods, its mazy river, and atrabilious-looking water drinkers; cross as they seemed, many a pleasant day I have passed among them in merry childhood, wondering all the while how *they* could look so sad and yellow, while the swift river sparkled, and the sweet birds sang, and the trees blossomed around them; but I have eaten of the fruit of knowledge of good and evil since those times, and I wonder no more.

PICTURE OF A SCOTTISH VILLAGE.

THE village of Burnside consisted of about a score of houses, irregularly scattered over an extent of something more than half a mile in length; to each of which were attached from eight to ten acres of land, all rented from the laird. The tenants were in general tradesmen of various occupations, which they exercised in the intervals of their rural labors, raising their families healthful and happy. As its name implied, the houses were situated on the bank of a rivulet, which, in a dry summer, almost forgot to murmur; although at the Lammas speat, or in sudden thaws in winter, it was sometimes impassable by man or horse. In front of these rural abodes were their little kail-yards, some of which were fenced round with a green *feal-dike*, where a hedge of evergreen broom smiled in summer, bending under its load of golden blossoms; others were surrounded by a stone wall, and all were planted round with ash and sycamore trees, waving their broad heads high in air, which, while they gave an air of venerable antiquity to the village, proved a shade from the sultry suns of summer, and broke the fury of the strong south-east winds from the ocean, which howled up the glen in winter. Between the gardens and the burn, a stripe of ground ex-

tended, in some places smooth as a bowling-green; in others, the precipitous banks reached close to the margin of the stream, and were thickly covered with primroses, cowslips, orchis, and other spring flowers; while the purple foxglove, and blushing wild-rose, glowed in its summer suns. By prescriptive right, obtained from a former laird, these daisied greens and flowery braes were common to all the tenants, occupied as bleaching-greens, and pastured by the cows of the village.

None of the tenants had leases; but there had not been an instance of any one being turned out, and some possessions had continued in the same family for several generations. Hence they continued, with confidence, not only to improve their land, at considerable expense, but even to repair and build new and substantial houses. Such had been this Scottish Auburn, from time immemorial the abode of health and rural happiness, when their good laird died, deeply lamented, old and full of days. He had never been married; the estate was entailed; and the heir-at-law was just come of age, the son of a gentleman in a distant county. He came to reside at the mansion house, with a number of new servants in his train, many of the old being dismissed, in all stations, from

* A sand bank in Dublin Bay.

the factor to the stable-boy. The inhabitants of Burnside were in considerable alarm, firmly expecting to have their rents nearly doubled; but to that they were willing to submit,—their greater fear being lest they should be turned out of their possessions. However, the new laird had been nearly two years upon the estate, they had heard of no change, their fears subsided, and their wonted confidence gradually returned.

It was then the usual custom to plough with four horses; and, as each tenant kept only one horse, four of them united together; he in whose land they were working guiding the plough, and some of the others furnishing a driver. When the seed-time was finished, the four who ploughed together were in the practice of celebrating their labors, by meeting annually, in one of their houses by rotation, to a cheerful supper, and passing the evening in rustic festivity. The season had been wet and late; Spring had borrowed from Summer for the conclusion of her operations, and it was the latter end of May before the barley-seed was finished. A party of the ploughmen of Burnside had agreed to have their annual supper on the 4th of June, in honor of their Sovereign's birthday. They were to meet that year in the house of William Miller, by trade a wright, and whose family consisted of himself, his wife, a son and daughter grown up, besides several younglings; the worthy couple had also under their protection the husband's father and the wife's mother; the last weakly and infirm, the first in a state of dotage and second childhood.

Warm, genial weather had succeeded the rains, and Nature seemed in haste to atone for her previous un-

kindness, by accelerating vegetation with the rapidity of a Lapland summer. Most of the trees were in full leaf; the fields smiled with the fresh and verdant braird, while the banks and meadows exhibited a luxuriance of wild-flowers delightful to the eye. The day (and I have selected it as a favorable one on which to draw this picture of happy rural life) had been calm and warm, the sun had pursued his course through an almost cloudless sky, and was now about to sink amidst light fleecy clouds, beyond the western mountains, in serenity, so still that the tremulous leaves of the poplar hung motionless on the slender stalks—the beeches in the neighboring copse glowed in softer and brighter green, in his yellow light, while his setting beams were reflected from the windows of the distant manse, as if the mansion had been on fire. In the glen, the children of the village were sporting; some were culling wild-flowers on the brae, others paddling in the shallow part of the stream, and a little girl sat on the velvet green, busily employed in framing a necklace of white *gowans*, while the rural maiden was skipping barefooted, humming—"The wauking o' the Fauld," as she gathered up the snow-white washing. Swallows were gliding in silence across the pool; the black-bird's mellow pipe was heard in the copse; and rooks were cawing loudly, with incessant clamor, in the distant wood. On the plain, cows were approaching home, straddling over their distended udders, lowing on their way, the guileless calf trotting behind; while the rear was closed by a boy, whistling, and with his stick striking down the wild-flowers which shot up by the way-side. * * *

TO THE IVY.

LONE tenant of the wasted spot,
Where soften'd Desolation smiles,
And weeds are spread o'er graves forgot,
And Ruin sighs from grass-grown aisles;
Still present round each wither'd trunk,
Like youth which cheers the path of age;
Or where the river wall has sunk,
Beneath Destruction's leaguering rage.

Child of decay!—no blushing flower,
Or cup of treasured sweets, is thine,
To breathe in Beauty's fragrant bower,
Or charm where statelier rivals shine.
The column of the desert place,
The warrior's cross, the nameless stone,
Receive thy clasping boughs' embrace,
And show thy clustering wreaths alone.

Yet, type of Truth when Fortune wanes;
And Grief, that haunts the mouldering
tomb;
And Love, that, "strong as Death," sustains
The whirlwind's shock and tempest's
gloom;
To me thy mournful leaf excels
The fairest buds, whose petals fling
Their odors where the Summer dwells,
Or gem the verdant robe of Spring.

The violet and the queenlike rose,
Frail minions of a passing day,
Brief as the Faith which Falsehood
shows,
But bloom while lasts their worship'd
ray;
Yet thou, beneath the howling blast,
When all is drear, art smiling on,
Unchanged, unshrinking, to the last,
And green when even Hope is gone.

SONG.

SWEET is the balmy evening hour;
And mild the glow-worm's light;
And soft the breeze that sweeps the flower,
With pearly dew-drops bright.
I love to loiter by the rill,
And catch each trembling ray;—
Fair as they are, they mind me still
Of fairer things than they.

What is the breath of closing flowers
But feeling's gentlest sigh?
What are the dew-drop's crystal showers
But tears from pity's eye?
What are the glow-worms by the rill
But fancy's flashes gay?
I love them, for they mind me still
Of one more fair than they.

A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap; but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday. Such a coat is my delight. It presents itself to my mind's eye, mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and not only shadows forth the figures, but recalls the very faces, even to the particular expression of eye, brow, or lip, of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled. This, you will say, is strange. Granted; but mark how I deduce my analogy!

In that repository of wit, learning, and sarcasm, the "Tale of a Tub," Swift pertinently remarks, that, in forming an estimate of an individual's trade or profession, one should look to his dress. The man himself is nothing; his apparel is the distin-

guishing characteristic; the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. What, adds the satirist, is a lawyer, but a black wig and gown, hung upon an animated peg, like a barber's caxon on a block? What, a judge, but an apt conjunction of scarlet and white ermine, thrown over a similar peg, a little stouter, perhaps, and stuck upright on a Bench? What, a dandy, but a pair of tight persuasives to corns and gentility, exuberant pantaloons, and unimpeachable coat and hat, trimly appended to a moving stick, from a yard and a half to two yards high, grown in Bond Street, and cut down in the fulness of time in the King's Bench? What, a lord mayor, but a gold chain stuck round the neck of a plump occupier of space? What, a physician, but a black gilt-headed cane, thrust, with professional gravity, under the snout of an embodied "Memento Mori?" What, an alderman, but a furred gown and white napkin stuck beneath the triple chin of a polypetalous personification of dyspepsia!—Caxon the barber held opinions similar to these. "Pray, Sir," said he to the Antiquary, "do not venture near the sands to-night;

for when *you* are dead and gone there will only be three *wigs* left in the village." *

If then we look to the dress—of which the coat, of course, forms the chief feature—as the criterion of a man, it is logically manifest that the appearance of certain coats will renew the recollection of certain individuals; or suppose we substitute the word “coat” for “man,” and it will be equally manifest that a certain coat is *bonâ fide* a certain man. Now, whenever I see an old coat, brown, rusty, and long-waisted, with the dim metal buttons at the back, sewed on so far apart that if a short-sighted man were to stand upon the one, he could scarcely—according to the ordinary laws of probability—see over to the other; I imagine, on Swift’s principle, that I see my fat city friend, Tims, who died of a lord mayor’s feast, ten years since come Martinmas. In like manner, whenever I behold a gaunt, attenuated blue surtout, so perfectly old-fashioned in shape, that I should hardly be justified in making an affidavit before Sir Richard Birnie, that, to the best of my belief, it was younger than the Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra; I think that I behold mine ancient college chum, Dickson—the cream of bachelors—the pink of politeness—the most agreeable of tipplers; who expired last year of vexation, the necessary consequence of his having been married a full fortnight to a Blue-Stocking. Peace to his ashes!

Old coats are the indices by which a man’s peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thoroughfare, the Strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a stranger’s character and calling by the mere cut of his everyday coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his

familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities—the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as Christabel, uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it silyly flutters beneath the Quaker’s drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer’s working coat corresponds most convincingly with the color of his conscience: while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer’s smart, but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is—till time hath “mouldered it into beauty”—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a Serf! How degrading! To succumb to one’s superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep; to be scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail thrust half way out of the garret window; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney;—to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencies; can anything in

* Vide Sir W. Scott’s novel of the Antiquary, Vol. I.

human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery; hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favor of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair—a nicely-trimmed lamp—a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar—a Scotch novel—and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward, is extravagant; to lean sideways, impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high-pressure power on the short

ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed: I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was first ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom and the folly it quickened into life?—Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why then do I still remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned the dismemberment—most calamitous to a poor annuitant!—of the very coat in which I have the honor of addressing this essay to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her Majesty's "wrongs" had congregated at Hammersmith, my now invalid habiliment was transformed after the fashion of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and by so doing secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

The same coat, on which subsequently, by a sort of Taliacotian process, a pair of artificial skirts were grafted, accompanied me through Wales, among mountains where the eagle dwells alone in his supremacy. It was the sole adjunct who was with me when I rambled along the banks of the Sawthy, when the lark was abroad and singing in the sky, or the shy nightingale flung her song to the winds from among the hushed dells of Keven-gornuth. It was at my back when I climbed the loftiest peak of Cader-Idris, and when with feelings

not to be described, I looked down upon sapphire clouds floating in quaint huge masses at an immense distance below me, and saw through their filmy chinks the glittering of thirty lakes, the faint undulating line of a thousand billowy ridges, or the blue expanse of the drowsy ocean, dotted here and there with a passing sail, and bordered far away on the horizon by the dim boundaries of the Irish coast. Moreover, it was at my back when I plunged chin-deep into the isle of Ely bogs, in which picturesque condition I was shot at (and of course missed) by a Cockney sportsman, who had mistaken me for a rare and handsome species of the wild duck.

But by far the most singular adventure in which this old-fashioned ap-panage ever bore a part, was one which took place at night-fall at a lonely dwelling in the neighborhood of the Black Mountains. I had been sporting over those delectable wastes for the greater part of a day, and having as usual shot nothing but an old furze bush, was making the best of my way home towards the village inn where I had taken up my quarters, when the shades of night somewhat suddenly and inconveniently dropped around me. I say inconveniently, for I knew little or nothing of the neighborhood, and, as is always the case on such occasions, took the wrong by-path, which led me down into a romantic hollow, in the centre of which stood a lone, gloomy-looking hut. I think I never saw so forlorn an object. Its every lineament spoke of solitude and murder.

While hesitating whether or not to pass this cut-throat tenement, a light glanced suddenly forth from one of the fissures that time and neglect had made in its walls. This decided me; I felt that I now stood a fair chance of gleaning some information respecting my road; so brandishing my gun like a quarter-staff—for I had consumed all my powder—I strode resolutely forward, though not without certain awkward misgivings, which a satirist might have tortured into ap-

prehensions, in the direction whence the light proceeded, and was fortunate enough to secure a position, which, without being seen or heard, enabled me to see and hear all that took place within the hut.

And a most picturesque discovery I made! *Salvator Rosa* would have given his ears to have been beside me. At the further end of the ruin, holding a lamp in his hand, whose wild fitful glare fell with strange effect upon his dark swarthy lineaments, stood a brawny ruffian, with a face eloquent of burglary. Near him was stationed another worthy, younger, though equally ferocious in aspect; with black grizzled hair; side-long look, like a fox on a poaching tour; snub nose, and mouth from ear to ear. Both were speaking in under tones; and as the younger, in reply to some question put by his companion, stole a fearful glance about him, I observed a spot of blood on his forehead, and that his hands were stained with the same crimson hue. Horror-struck by such a sight, I was just preparing to retreat, when the following sentence, spoken at intervals in a whisper that sent a thrill through every vein, riveted me to the spot.

"Whereabouts did you catch her, Owen?"

"Just in the lane by the pool side; she was walking alone, so, as I owed the old woman a grudge, I"—and here the wretch chuckled like a fiend—"made no more ado, but grasped her by the neck, and cut her throat!"

"We must go and fetch her away, then, tonight; and, above all, cover up the blood with earth, or else!"—

What followed I was unable to make out; enough, however, had been said, to convince me that I was standing within a yard of two deliberate murderers. What a situation! Alone, at night, in the wildest part of the Black Mountains, with two such villains: I felt that one movement, were it ever so slight—one sound, were it ever so fine, might reach their practised ears, and prove my instant destruction. But I had little time for

reflection, for the ruffians making a sudden move towards the door, I moved also, nor ever once halted till cut short in my career by a projecting blackthorn, which had attached itself, after a very unconnubial fashion, to my person. With the usual difficulty, I procured a divorce from this annoyance ; and after rambling about some hours, up one lane, down another, coasting this moor, and crossing that, I at length got into the right track, and arrived at my quarters with the sole inconvenience of having my coat a second time dismembered, like Absyrtus, by his kind aunt Medea.

But this was a trifle compared with the more momentous secret that engrossed my thoughts. For two days and nights I did nothing but ponder in my mind the way in which I could best disburthen myself of it. At first I thought of telling everything to my landlord ; but when I reflected on the character of my communication, there appeared a something so strange—so romantic—so altogether *outré* about it, that—will the reader credit my weakness?—I actually had not the courage to incur the hazard either of being laughed at, or scouted as a fabricator.

But the mind, like the body, when overcharged, must find a market for its surplus commodities. In other words, it must have a vent for its uneasiness. I soon felt this to be the case ; and after bearing my secret about with me a full fortnight, it became at length so wholly insupporta-

ble, that I resolved, come what might, to rid myself of the burden ; and accordingly, by my landlord's advice, to whom I imparted every particular, set out for Carmarthen, which was the nearest civilized town, in order to put the whole affair into the hands of the proper legal authorities.

It so happened that the day of my arrival there was the second of the assizes, and as the magistrate before whom I was advised to lay my case was in court, I made the best of my way thither, and arrived just in time to hear the trial of two murderous-looking felons, in whose intelligent faces I at the very first glance recognised my old acquaintances of the but. The wretches then were at length detected ! Thank God ! I involuntarily exclaimed, and waited with throbbing heart the particulars of the solemn charge. In a few minutes the trial commenced. The counsel for the prosecution drew forth their briefs ; those for the defence looked ominous and full of apprehension ; the Judge shook his wig ; the Jury frowned in horror ; the Court was hushed in awful expectation, and—Owen Rees and Davy Thomas were formally called on to plead Guilty or Not Guilty to the charge of having, on the night of the 20th of June—the very night on which I had overheard their conversation—“ *—stolen a Goose, the property of Sarah Stubbs, ALIAS Long Sal, spinster* ” !!

Shade of Martinus Scriblerus ! was ever sample of the bathos equal to this ?

THE BROTHERS ; OR, THE LAST EMBRACE.

Lend me your ears and patience, my good sirs
And gentle dames. I will a tale rehearse
Of such astounding import (though each line,
Fresh stamp'd from truth's own mintage,
Commend itself to every sober thinker)
As ye, of these vile days of barefaced fiction,
Shall gape upon with strong amaze, and cry, “ Alas !
That tale so passing strange, and full of woe,
Should, notwithstanding, be less strange than true.”—SHAKSPEARE.

It was at that season of the year when the sober tints of Autumn had begun to embrown various patches on the
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map of nature, that, on returning from a few weeks' tour, I almost unconsciously strolled in my rambles into

the grave-yard of one of those charmingly picturesque villages, in the eastern part of Sussex, for which that lovely county is famous. A rustic bench, placed betwixt two trees, offered a moment's welcome rest, and I availed myself of it. With a mournful glance, accompanied by an involuntary sigh, I surveyed the house appointed for all living, and gazed with awefelt interest upon the numerous sepulchral hillocks that lay before me. Some were surrounded by iron palisadoes, as if to prevent the unfeeling trampers on the dead from discomposing the spot where the beloved relics of father, mother, husband, wife, or child, quietly reposed ; others were merely graced with a stone at the head and foot, rudely inscribed, to inform the passing passenger whose once living form now mouldered in the vault below—or to convey, in some homely, wholesome episode, a “memento mori ;” while others, more humble still, were neatly covered with close-cut grass, and bound about with osier or bramble withes.

I had taken my place only a few minutes, when I perceived, slowly pacing the graveled pathway, and evidently making towards the seat on which I sat, a venerable old man. Down his shoulders fell a profusion of snow-white hair, which seemed to proclaim “his lengthened years.” A cane, the mounted head of which threw back a dazzling sheen, as the sun's rays occasionally glanced upon it, supported his trembling frame. His garb, although after the costume of the olden times, was respectable, and his general appearance indicated that he was one of the “respectables” of the village. I always respect old age, and when old age respects itself, I love, I almost reverence it. I rose from my seat, and, hastening towards the stranger, gave and received a courteous salutation. We soon filled the sitting, side by side, between the two aged elms, and a little conversation made us as intimate as old friends. A slight glance at my companion was sufficient to convince me that the lines

formed in his placid countenance were rather the effects of sorrow than of age. They were deep and expressive ; not like the signs of the gradual and easy wearing-out of nature, but such as the rough-barbed tool of heartfelt sorrow would be likely to produce. Still there was a placidity, a resignation of a nameless order, playing about his features, like a halo of glory bedecking the scarred brows of a veteran victor, which could scarce fail to inspire the beholder with sympathy and reverence.

In the course of our conversation, a grave full in front of us, done up with more than ordinary care, became the object of my attention and remarks. But I perceived at once that the thought of its inmates opened afresh the fountain of that silent sorrow which I had already noticed in the countenance of my aged friend. I attempted an apology for the grief I had innocently occasioned. He perceived my intention, and with a smile of dignified urbanity assured me that an apology was not necessary. “Your sympathy, sir,” he continued, “has laid me under obligation, and, if the detail of the unhappy circumstances which led to the breaking up of one of the finest minds of a created being—if the fondness of a father may be allowed to judge—would in any way interest you, I shall feel something like relief by reciting them to one so evidently capable of judging of their aggravations as yourself.” I attempted to assure the old gentleman of the mournful pleasure I should receive by being so far obliged.

After a few seconds the old man observed, as he dashed a tear from his eye, and pointed to the grave, “There, sir, is the place of my poor Emma's mournful vigils ; there, sir, on that grave, she strews fresh-gathered flowers each returning evening, and beside it chants her lay of sorrow, and then harmlessly and pensively returns to her lonely chamber.” I perceived, as he spoke, the withered tokens of poor Emma's regard, half covering the raised clods of earth.

The old man again dried the moisture from his cheeks, and then proceeded: "There repose as worthy a pair as ever died of a broken heart. Forty summer suns have visited this our once happy village, since first I knew Egbert Harlow. He was then but a youth of about twelve or fourteen years of age; a merry, curly-headed boy, the darling of his affectionate parents,—and, ere we had thought of it, Egbert had become a man—a young one, it is true, but old enough, he believed, to marry. That indispensable requisite to happiness, or fruitful source of misery, 'a wife,' was wished for by him, nor was it long before he had found a maiden every way worthy so worthy a young man. They were married; and well I remember that day—it was a village jubilee. They were the pride of the circle in which they moved; all esteemed, and most loved them. Many were the healths that were with sobriety drunk, and sincere the wishes that were expressed, on that occasion, for the welfare of Egbert Harlow and his lovely bride.

"The summer sky of prosperity was flatteringly bright above and around them; they did not even dream of ever knowing a sadder day than their wedding-day, and a happier one they could not know. Egbert's father, who had been some time before this a widower, soon after died, and left him a comfortable property; which, together with a few hundreds which his wife had brought as her marriage portion, placed them in easy circumstances.

"One year after their marriage saw them the happy parents of a lovely son—who received the name of his father, Egbert. With a fondness such as parents only can conceive of, they contemplated their "first-born, much-loved boy." The fond mother beheld in his bright eye the sparkling intelligence of his father,—while he, with equal sagacity, discovered in his artless smile the amiable and attractive spirit of his mother: he possessed in short their undivided affections. Yes, he who soon became the cause of the first uneasiness they felt after their

happy union, was almost, if not altogether, the idol of their hearts. No sooner had he learned to run alone, than enterprise became his delight; nor did a week pass, but some juvenile misdemeanor of the infant Egbert filled his mother's heart with uneasiness. He had attained his fourth year, when a portion at least of his parents' affection was transferred from him to a brother, by the birth of a second son.

The joy which even children partake of at such an event was scarcely felt, and but a short time enjoyed, by the first-born. The dissimilarity of the tempers and pursuits of the brothers became obvious, as the character of each developed itself in their growing years. Alfred, so the second son was named, was gentle as the shorn lamb, and unassuming as the violet of the valley. His soul appeared all affection; the very element in which he lived was kindness. Noble, generous, courageous, and manly, even in childhood, he won insensibly the hearts of all who knew him. Egbert, with the keen eye of the bird of the sun, saw the growing virtues of his brother, and learned to hate the "excellence he could not reach." There was a morosity and surliness stamped upon his forehead, which lowered in curling wrinkles of disapprobation at Alfred's growing favor. Like another Cain, his soul brooded over imaginary wrongs, and determined revenge upon his unsuspecting rival.

"Egbert had reached his sixteenth year, when one night—the recollection brings a sickening influence over me—the wind howled dreadfully; it rose to a perfect hurricane, and occasionally cracking peals of thunder seemed to threaten some fearful destruction. The storm drew nearer and nearer, until the bursting cloud, perpendicularly above us, shot forth streams of forked lightning. It struck the tower of our church, and carried in its course a considerable portion of it to the ground. On that night the brothers were missing, and servants were despatched in all directions in search of them. That

wood, which darkens by its shade the paddocks on our right, was scoured by myself and the distressed parent. We hallooed, and were answered by the bellowing thunders. We listened, and the roaring winds or mimic echoes mocked our anxieties. The storm gradually subsided, and the moon broke forth in splendor ; an appalling stillness succeeded the raging tempest. Still we continued our apparently fruitless search ; when, as we drew near the edge of the wood, where the swelling river, then almost overflowing its banks, wound along, a faint moan reached the listening and half-distracted father's ears ; another—and another—was audible. We called, but received no answer ; and, while half suspended in our progress by agitation, the glancing beams of the moon, shining brightly between two clumps of trees, (the torches we had employed had gone out,) fell full on a human figure, prostrate on the ground. We rushed eagerly towards it, and beheld, covered with clotted blood which had flowed from a deep wound on the left cheek and forehead, the youthful Alfred. But Egbert was no where to be seen. How to act we scarcely knew ; the sight had almost unmanned us. A call brought to our aid some servants, and the insensible and cold Alfred, with scarcely any signs of life, was carried home, followed by his weeping father,—while I continued my search for Egbert.

“To attempt a description of the fond mother's feelings, while she gazed upon the bloody form of her beloved Alfred, and found, to aggravate her misery, that Egbert was still missing, would be folly in the extreme. Medical aid was soon procured, and the boy's danger was pronounced to be much less than had at first been anticipated. Other small wounds, however, than those on the cheek and forehead, with several bruises, seemed to intimate that considerable violence had been exercised upon the unfortunate youth. As he was not in a fit state to give information, questions were not put to him.

“The night had passed away—and morning's light peeped from the gray mist of the east ; still I could discover nothing of Egbert. I had taken a long circuit, and was returning by the way of the river, when just as I reached the spot where Alfred had been found, I perceived something entangled among the bushes which grew by the side of the stream, the branches of which touched the water. I hastened towards it, and soon succeeded in bringing it to land. It was a hat ; on the inside was marked Egbert. Expecting I should find the body, I employed some time in examining the bushes as far as they extended, but in vain. I was compelled to return to the house of mourning, to add fresh sorrow to the bleeding hearts of my valued friends. Upon the production of the hat, no doubt was entertained that the youths had been waylaid, and that Alfred had been left for dead, while his brother had been thrown into the river ; but it was searched in vain.

“Two months passed away, and deep mourning clothed the family in its sable weeds for the lost child. In the mean time, Alfred slowly recovered ; and as his weakness permitted, he continued to inquire with peculiar anxiety after his brother. Waking, as from a dream, one evening, while his father and mother and myself were sitting in his room, he exclaimed, ‘Oh, do forgive poor Egbert ; I am sure I forgive him ; he is still my dear, dear brother !’ We looked at each other with amazement, as if fearful to ask what the youth could mean ; but conceiving he might be laboring under some partial delirium, we were recommending our indifferent conversation, when he again inquired, ‘What have you done, dear father, with Egbert ? I am sure I forgive him ; do let me see him, that I may tell him so.’

“I perceived that more than we had yet learned was to be disclosed ; I therefore intimated that Mrs. Harlow should retire—but she would not consent. Could it be possible that Egbert had done the deed ? If so, whether had he fled—what was his fate ?

‘Tell me, Alfred,’ I said, ‘how this sad affair happened; what was the cause of it?’ ‘If you will promise to forgive Egbert, I will,’ answered the sobbing youth. We promised his request should be complied with; when he informed us of what, at this moment, distant as it is, and even by faint recollection, chills my very blood:—That Egbert had invited him to a ramble through the wood; and although unwilling to go, yet, to please him, and hoping to gain him over, as he had for some days before assumed a more than ordinary degree of moroseness towards him, he consented. They walked together until they had reached the centre of the wood, when, fearing the approaching storm, he wished to return, but was prevented by Egbert, who still drew him onwards until they had reached the opposite side of the wood from that they had entered; when he suddenly charged him with having wronged him on several occasions. Alfred protested his innocence, and strove to pacify his growing anger, but in vain. With a stake which he tore from the thicket, he aimed a fierce blow at him; he staggered, and prayed his brother to spare him. Another and another blow followed; the blood gushed forth—he fell—and as his eyes closed he saw Egbert rush fearfully from him towards the river, and, until he found himself in his bed, he had no recollection of what afterwards followed.

‘The disclosure was horrifying. It was now no longer doubted that Egbert, supposing he had murdered his brother, had added to his previous crime that of self-destruction. Alfred saw our agony, but could not explain its cause. Supposing we had learned the principal parts of the tragic tale from Egbert, whom he imagined to be still in the house, he had unsuspectingly with his own mouth furnished the awful truth, which never, but for such supposition, would have been made known by him.

‘The pledge was renewed that Egbert should be forgiven, and the assurance was most sincerely given by

his distracted parents, and the invalid felt partially satisfied. He was soon so far recovered as to leave the house, when, to silence his repeated inquiries for Egbert, the heart-rending truth was unwillingly, and as easily as possible, told him. Poor Alfred! I see him now; almost I imagine I hear the piercing agony that burst from his heaving bosom—while with eyes that would, had it been possible, have wept streams of blood,—suffused with tears, he exclaimed, “My brother! oh! my brother!” Time, however, which obliterates the deepest traces of sorrow from the brow of youth, smoothed the wrinkles upon Alfred’s: the impression was gradually weakened from his bosom, and the intense pain of sorrow wore off; while the cheering and consoling influence of Christian principles tended partially to lead to tranquillity and happiness the bereaved and sorrowing family.

“About the period to which I now refer, I was called, by unerring Wisdom, to suffer an irreparable loss, by the death of one of the most excellent of wives, and affectionate of mothers. By this means I became a cheerless solitary, and my beloved Emma defenceless and forlorn. The times of affliction are periods when friendship is proved; then it is that the high endearment of that sacred name is fully known. A powerful, but indefinable feeling puts forth its uniting influence, blending the hearts of rational beings to their fellows in distress and misfortune, so that the circumstances, which in themselves are always to be deprecated, are not unfrequently made to subserve our best interests, by drawing into closer compact kindred affections. I experienced this in the kindness of Alfred’s mother; her attentions were unremitting, her friendly services without end. She became as an angel of mercy to me in my sorrow, and the guide of the youth of my motherless Emma.

“The friendship subsisting between our families before this period was

strong, but now our intimacy became uninterrupted. As our residences were contiguous, being merely parted by a small meadow, through which a narrow streamlet, made passable by a plank-formed bridge, winds gently, and a little copse-wood of young oak and beech trees ; scarcely a day passed without a visit being made by one family or the other. Grief is more hastily destructive than time—I felt it so ; my strength became insensibly impaired. The arm of my affectionate child was therefore a valuable support, as we moved over the meadow during the refreshing hours of a summer evening. On such occasions Alfred was usually seen bounding like a roe to meet us, and, thus conducted between the two, I was welcomed to the house of my friend, or guided and assisted back to my own. The result of such visits, as might have been expected, was a virtuous affection between Alfred and Emma. I saw the growing passion of the youthful pair, and approved it : I could but do so. Everything conspired to make it desirable that two families, so united in friendship, should in their representatives be more indissolubly bound together.

“ Alfred had now attained his twenty-sixth year, while Emma was three years his junior. The day of their espousals was fixed, and bustling preparations were making for the occasion. It was determined that the house in which Alfred first drew the breath of life should be their dwelling-place, while I was to be their happy inmate. One week, one little week only, intervened between the consummation of their promised earthly blessedness. The Sabbath came, the first day of the week, at the end of which the beings who had long been united in heart, were to attend to a public recognition of it, and be legally made one. They joined in the solemn services of the sanctuary on that hallowed day, and then walked in company to my dwelling, where on that night Alfred slept, as on the following morning he intended leaving

by coach, which passed my house, for Hampshire on business of importance.

“ That evening was spent as Sabbath evenings should be spent. The father and mother of Alfred were present with us. The exercises of the day were recapitulated : the intellectual delights we had experienced, and the spiritual enjoyments with which we had been favored, were gratefully acknowledged and improved. Alfred was our priest at the domestic altar, and with a song of adoration our families separated.

“ On the following morning an early breakfast was got ready for our traveller, which prepared him for his journey. Emma felt unusually dull at the idea of his departure. We strove, but unsuccessfully, to rouse her by a little gentle raillery : ‘ Surely,’ I jocosely observed, ‘ you can spare him for three days, my Emma ; that will be the extent of his absence, and then, my love, you will have no fear of losing him.’ A blush covered her maiden cheek, as she turned her eye playfully from me to Alfred, who stood gazing upon her. She endeavored to smile, but it was the smile of grief which she could alone give as she faintly replied, ‘ I do not fear that, my dear father.’ I shook him heartily by the hand as he left the parlor,—while Emma walked on with him to the garden gate ; where, until the coach was lost to her sight, she stood looking after it.

“ On her return I perceived a paleness upon her cheek which pained and alarmed me. She had evidently shed tears, too. With a view to cheer her from her depression of spirits, I proposed a walk to Alfred’s father’s. To this proposal she agreed with evident pleasure ; for she loved his parents with a daughterly affection. We almost immediately set off. The visit operated as I wished and expected ; she recovered her usual buoyancy of spirits, and returned in the evening with cheerfulness to our home.

“ The afternoon of Wednesday had arrived, and Emma had taken, I

thought, more than ordinary pains with her hair and her dress. With the utmost impatience she visited the kitchen clock, and before four o'clock had struck, the usual time for the return of the coach, she had not looked at its face less than twenty times. Four o'clock at length came, and she hastened into the garden, and listened with agitated attention for the rumbling of the wheels of the conveyance, which now would have sounded to her more sweet than the most delightful music : but no sound saluted her ear. She strolled round the walks of the garden, and prepared a bouquet for Alfred, and while confining the scented group with a piece of blue riband, the welcome, wished-for rumbling of the coach-wheels was heard in the distance. She turned in the direction of the road.—A cloud of dust rose above the trees, which hid the conveyance from her view.—It traveled rapidly, and just as she reached the gate it drove up—passed—and again vanished,—Alfred had not returned.

“ I had entered the garden to welcome his return, and met my Emma just in time to witness, partially, the effects this disappointment had produced upon her. The flowers she had gathered fell from her hand, as mournfully she strained her eyes after the swiftly-moving vehicle, the sound of whose wheels had now nearly died away. Knowing the punctual habits of Alfred, I felt at a loss myself to explain the cause of his absence, but dared not allow my astonishment to be seen by my child. I strove to rally her, by intimating that some unforeseen business had undoubtedly detained him until the next day, when she might chide him for his present inattention. There was an appearance of satisfaction with my reasoning, but, alas ! it was only an appearance. The next day came,—the afternoon arrived,—two, three, half-past three,—a few minutes of four. Four struck—the coach was heard—came, and passed as on the preceding day, but Alfred was still absent.

“ While confounded at this unaccountable occurrence, and grieved to distraction at the affliction of my dear Emma, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow arrived, not aware that their son had not reached our house on the preceding day. A variety of conjectures was submitted, to charm away each other's unpleasant sensations, while neither appeared satisfied, either with his own or others' thoughts. I still urged that business alone had detained him : but then I was met by—“ He would have written,” and was compelled to be silent. Friday came, and went, without explanation ; and Saturday, the day appointed, and long looked for, on which the marriage was to have taken place, had more than half lapsed away. The “ Telegraph ” had passed, but Alfred had not arrived. “ Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” I had fondly nourished hope until the moment of the coach's arrival, but that circumstance produced for a time a stunning effect upon our whole circle. That something of a serious character had occurred, now appeared certain to all.

“ My best horse was instantly saddled ;—the anxious father threw himself upon its back, and, with the fleetness of a courier, directed his way to the house which Alfred had left home for, in Hampshire. Until the following Tuesday, our feelings were kept on the rack of agonizing suspense. Tortured by a thousand imaginings, and bewildered in the maze of inexplicable mystery—we suffered a thousand evils in fearing one : we wished for information, yet dreaded to receive it. As the shade on the sun-dial pointed to seven o'clock, Mr. Harlow returned, but his countenance pre-saged evil tidings. From him we learned that Alfred had left Southampton on the Monday evening, and from thence had passed on to Portsmouth, intending, as he stated, to return home from that place on Tuesday morning. Thither the grieving father traced him, but all further knowledge of him was cut off.

“ Emma heard the tale as though

she heard it not. A lethargic stupefaction seemed to have taken irremediable possession of her ; all our attempts were unavailing to cheer or rouse her ; the very core of her existence had become affected. Her only amusement, now, consisted in rambling across the fields to Mr. Harlow's, or strolling round our extensive garden, and visiting the arbor, where Alfred used for hours to sit during the summer evenings, and read by her side, while she engaged herself in some piece of fancy-work.

"Thus months passed away, when one morning the servant entered our breakfast-parlor with a letter. It was directed to Emma. Scarcely had her tear-dimmed eye fallen on the well-known characters of the address, than, with an ecstasy almost overpowering, she pressed it to her lips, and then tore it open, as she exclaimed—"My Alfred still lives." Hastily she ran over part of its contents, but had not proceeded far before it fell from her nerveless hands—and, in a fainting stupor, which looked like death's forerunner, she was borne to her bed.

"I immediately despatched a messenger for Mr. and Mrs. Harlow, who attended instantly to the summons, when I laid before them the letter from Alfred. It was dated at Gibraltar, and was written amid the bustle and noisy preparations of war. He informed his beloved Emma that he had reached Portsmouth late on Monday night, anxious to leave on the following morning for home. He had scarcely left the coach, when he was surrounded by a party of men, desperate alike in looks and action. He soon learned they were a gang of men employed to impress both seamen and landsmen for the naval service. Without allowing him time to write, they hurried him on board a vessel ready to receive the unfortunate individuals who were thus inhumanly trepanned. Thence he was, with several others, drafted on board a ship of war, which weighed anchor the following day, and sailed to join the fleet under the command of Lord Exmouth, who was

about to attack the city of Algiers. The troops, he informed us, were entering the ship while he wrote ; and in a few hours from the date of the letter he expected he should be called to witness scenes, at the bare idea of which his heart revolted. A noble spirit breathed throughout the whole, while the grief of the man was absorbed in the resignation of the Christian."

Mr. Wilkinson paused a moment. The scenes of by-gone years stood out before him. His frame shook from the intensity of his feelings, and he attempted in vain to suppress the violence of his grief. Nature triumphed over the man, and a torrent of scalding tears gushed from his aged eyes, and laved his furrowed cheeks. The relief was instantaneous and salutary, but it was infectious. Before I was aware of it, I had mingled my tears with the good old man's, and felt as though I realized, by actual vision, all the scenes he had so pathetically, and with all the irresistible power of unadorned simplicity, narrated. The luxury of unbroken silence, save only as a half-suppressed sigh struggled out, tranquillized us both. "You will excuse the feelings of a parent and a friend," said the venerable mourner, as he wiped the tears from his face ; "I loved Alfred as though he had been my own son. But the sequel of my tale will be brief, and will be the best apology for my conduct ; you will, therefore, sir, I hope, allow me to proceed."—I bowed assent, for I could do no more, and he went on.

"Five weeks of dreadful anxiety passed away after we received Alfred's letter, during which period a strong and alarming evidence was given that the shock which his mother had received, who was naturally of a tender constitution, was likely to prove fatal. Poor Emma, too, had never since been seen to smile. Her native vivacity had entirely deserted her. The buoyancy of her spirits had been succeeded by a pensive melancholy, which no effort could remove. The weekly journals were now read with lively, yet painful interest. The suc-

cess of the British arms, in reducing to subjection the haughty and cruel Dey, was announced; a general list was furnished of the killed and wounded, but nothing particular could as yet be obtained. At length the fatal tidings came.—Oh! I see the rolling madness now, that then fired the eye of my beloved Emma, but which wild brightness soon declined to dullness, to shine in its wonted lustre no more forever in this world.—The fatal tidings came, which told us that our Alfred was among the slain.

“To describe the scene which immediately followed the information, would be as impossible as to gather up the tears which then were shed. To attempt it is not necessary—it was overwhelming. The father and mother, like two majestic oaks smitten by the same blast of lightning, drooped—and died. That grave, sir, before three weeks had passed, received them both. Emma and myself followed them to their resting-place. We watered the earth of those we so much loved, and returned, but not in comfort, to our home. Ah, no; my child survived indeed the blow—but how? Her body lived—but the ethereal spark, which lighted up her once lovely form, went out, or burned but with a fitful glimmer. Reason was dethroned, and she who once was the pride of the village, now wanders a harmless, joyless, mourning maniac. If she is now capable of receiving pleasure, it is derived from her lonely visits to the tomb of Alfred’s parents, on which she scatters flowers,—over which she chants a melancholy air, and then returns to muse, in almost unbroken silence, in her own chamber.”

The good old man paused, and placed his hand on his forehead for a moment, as if in deep abstraction. The tears again started from his eyes, as he elevated them in meek submission, and exclaimed, clasping his wrinkled hands together, “Thy will be done.—I dare not, sir, rebel,” he said; “although I cannot but grieve,

mercy has been mingled with all my afflictions; as has been my day, so has been my strength also. The painful scene will soon close, and I shall then know fully, and approve entirely, what now I cannot comprehend.” I was unable to reply. I felt unutterable things. I seemed surrounded by another atmosphere than that in which I had before lived. So different was the experience of the venerable being by my side, from the frigid calculations of mere orthodox theorists, I half regretted that I should be compelled to leave him. I, however, prevailed upon him to accompany me to my inn, where we dined together, after which we took an affectionate leave of each other, and I journeyed towards my residence in town.

Weeks passed on, and still my mind instinctively reverted to the pathetic statements and pious resignation of Mr. Wilkinson. An effect was produced of which I could not divest myself; my spirits appeared tinged with a species of melancholy, derived, as it would appear, by sympathy, which, being directly opposite to my natural habits, became the more observable. I was one day, at the distance of about five or six weeks after my return from Sussex, absorbed in mournful reverie on the pitiable circumstances of the poor maniac Emma, while sitting alone in my parlor, when a gentleman was announced. Rousing myself as well as I was able, I had the pleasure of receiving by the hand an old and valued friend in the person of Mr. Roberts, who had lately returned from Gibraltar.

After a few hours’ conversation, a question was very naturally asked by my friend, if, during his absence, I had experienced any serious loss, to produce such a sombre cast in my manners. Until this moment I was not properly conscious of the fact, but now I felt it. In a few words, therefore, I mentioned the incident I had lately met with. I perceived that in some parts of my narrative, especially towards its end, his attention was

roused in an extraordinary degree. I had not mentioned names, and therefore when I ceased he inquired, with evident anxiety, the name of the young man to whom I had referred.—I answered, “Alfred Harlow.”—“Alfred Harlow !” exclaimed my friend ; “I have now letters in my portmanteau from him, directed to his parents and beloved Emma. If you will allow me I will finish the tale, of which you have furnished me with the first part, with the sequel of which, I apprehend, you will not be less interested than by the former portion. I requested he would gratify me with the detail—still hoping that something might yet transpire, by which to comfort the sorrowing heart of poor Emma. Mr. Roberts immediately commenced as follows.

Of my visit to Gibraltar, and the purpose of my going thither, it is not necessary I should trouble you, as you possess already sufficient information of those subjects : I will therefore confine myself, for the present, to the circumstances immediately connected with the subject before us.

On the morning of the 14th of August, 1816, a morning memorable to every lover of liberty, a sight awfully impressive stood before the impregnable Rock. A fleet of British ships of war was just breaking from its anchorage, each vessel spreading her flowing sails to shape her course towards the bay of Algiers, to chastise the ferocious plunderers of Africa, by the bombardment of the tyrant’s capital. The squadron consisted of the *Queen Charlotte*, of one hundred and ten guns, on board which the admiral, Lord Exmouth, had hoisted his flag ; the *Impregnable*, of ninety-eight guns ; four seventy-fours ; with frigates and smaller vessels, attended by a sufficient number of bombs, gun-boats, and other flotilla. The signal for sailing was watched with anxiety by the assembled multitudes on the shore, who had met to animate, by their cheers, the departing heroes of their country. The signal-gun, from the Admiral’s ship,

reverberated in the excavations of the Rock, and was answered by a shout whose echo only died away, to be answered and repeated again and again. It was an imposing spectacle to stand and gaze upon the lessening sail, until the beautiful fleet receded from sight in the foggy distance.

It was scarcely possible, on such an occasion, not to feel the force of Montgomery’s beautiful lines :

“Majestic o’er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale.”

The object which the ship-lodged warriors had in view was glorious, the humbling the arrogant power of the pirates of Barbary, and the deliverance from slavery of numbers of their countrymen. But the sickening conviction would force itself upon the mind, amid the brightest visions which an emulation of Roman greatness and Grecian heroism could create, that numbers of those who had but now quitted the shores with cheering spirits, would, ere a few hours had elapsed, have exchanged the warm embraces of wife and children for the cold and bloody arms of death.

The results of that expedition are well known ; to recapitulate the sanguinary scenes which followed the anchoring of our fleet immediately in front of the Barbarians’ city, at a distance of not more than fifty yards, would only be to excite feelings of the most painful nature. On the 28th, the haughty Dey, willing to capitulate on any terms to save his city from the burning ruin which threatened it, engaged to abolish Christian slavery forever, and throw open the prison-houses immediately to all slaves in his dominions, of whatever caste and nation they might be. Other concessions were made, honorable to our country and beneficial to the parties immediately concerned. The mission being completed, the victors returned ; and as they cast anchor in the gut, received the hearty welcome of their countrymen and friends. But, ah ! how changed the scene. The gallant

war-ships, which only a few days before stood out to sea in all the pride of nautical beauty, bestudding ocean's bosom with white and flowing sails, now presented in their battered hulks and shattered rigging some of the destructive effects of warfare; while many of the hardy tars, whose tongues had sounded in the loud "huzza" as Gibraltar lessened from their view, had found a watery grave, and hundreds were writhing under the agonies of burning wounds, or disabled forever by the loss of limbs.

The hospitals were soon crowded with mutilated sufferers, whose prolonged lives appeared only the prolongation of their mortal miseries. A few days after the return of the fleet, I visited the receptacle of the wretched sufferers. But the scenes of woe I witnessed baffles all description. The spectacle still stands before my mind's eye, and never shall I escape the heart-felt impression which it made. But with none was I more struck than with two young men whose beds were next each other. One had served in the army, the other had been engaged in the navy. The soldier had lost both his legs, which, during the heat of the action, had been torn away by a chain-shot: the sailor was deprived of both his arms, one of which had been shot off in the onset of the fight—the other, from being much fractured, had since been amputated. Of neither were there any hopes of recovery entertained. But the difference with which each bore his sufferings was impressively striking. The youthful seaman enjoyed a calm tranquillity, which neither the agonies he suffered nor the prospect of death could remove. The effects of Christianity were vividly displayed by him. His waking hours, and they were many, were employed either in fervent silent prayer, or in affectionate and meek exhortation to his fellow-sufferer. The character of the soldier was the very antipodes of this. A dreadful gloom sat scowling upon his sun-browned visage, while the agonies of his body seemed ex-

ceeded by the torments of his mind. A fearful drowsiness gradually fastened upon him, as the certain precursor of approaching death.

During one of my visits, for I visited the young sailor several times, being greatly interested in his welfare, I found the soldier groaning in uneasy slumbers, while his companion, as usual, was prayerfully looking towards a better world. I soon obtained from him his tragic history: his name, he informed me, was Alfred Harlow; of his birthplace, family, and recent prospects, I received a brief but painful recital. His anxiety for his parents, and his beloved Emma, was excessive. While I sat by his side, I became his amanuensis, penning the effusions of his soul, in which piety and affection were blended, to his Emma and his parents. Another week passed, and hopes, faint ones indeed, were entertained of his recovery. He had so far regained his strength as to be able to rise, which circumstance he improved by walking among his fellow-sufferers, from bed to bed, and directing their minds to the realities of a future state. The incessant labor he had bestowed upon the soldier was happily succeeded by the most beneficial results. His attention had been roused, and the latent feelings of his mind brought into vigorous play.

On entering their ward one morning, I found Alfred sitting by the bedside of William Clark, (so the soldier was called,) in close conversation with him. A violent degree of agitation possessed the bosom of Clark, and yet there was a change in his countenance of the most pleasing kind. Alfred had urged him to the recital of some scenes of his past life, to which he had referred with much evident mental suffering, without mentioning anything distinctly. As I drew near him, he held out his feverish hand to me, at the same time observing,—“Sir, I shall soon leave this world, but before I die I feel wishful to make a disclosure of the most painful kind, a disclosure which will indeed stamp my memory with infamy, and yet I feel it

necessary to make it. I know no persons more suitable to make it to, than yourself and this kind friend, to whose attentions I shall be indebted forever. Will you, sir," he continued, "listen to me?" The earnestness of his manner was peculiar, and perceiving that it was likely he would soon be past the power of communication, I assured him of my readiness to hear him,—when he thus commenced :—

"Twenty years have rolled away since I left the house of the most indulgent of parents, during which period I have wandered like an accursed spirit through the earth, seeking rest but finding none. Yes, twenty years have passed since I perpetrated that crime which has blasted all my happiness, and brought me to my present miserable end.

"I was naturally of a morose and churlish disposition. Pride and jealousy were among my besetting sins, and these were perhaps fostered by the mistaken kindness of my parents towards me. I was their first-born child. The birth of a brother, four years after my own, tended in some degree to divert their adoration from me. I perceived, or fancied I did, that as he grew up, their attentions towards myself became weakened ; and well they might, for he was worthy of all their heart's affection. He was gentleness itself, and goodness personified. My proud heart could not bear a rival, and secretly, but resolutely, I determined to remove him out of my way. I shudder while my thoughts go back to those dark purposes of my mind :—we grew together—we slept together—we ate and drank together ;—still my purpose was unbroken ; the very kindness which he showed me maddened me to rage against him. I had attained my sixteenth year, when artfully I enticed him from home, to which I determined he should return no more alive. I led him to the deep bosom of a wood, not far from my father's house—a place well fitted for my purpose of blood. Nature seemed to execrate the deed I was about to perpetrate. The distant

thunders rolled awfully, and vivid lightnings darted betwixt the closely-matted trees of the forest. My brother became alarmed, and urged my return, which I resolutely opposed. I had led him to the opposite side of the wood, without devising any precise means for his destruction, when he refused to proceed any further, alleging, as the reason for his wish to return, the pain our absence would cause to our parents. That which ought to have touched the finest sensibilities of my nature, stung me to the quick. I seized the trembling youth, and tearing a rude stake from the boundary hedge, aimed at him a deadly blow. I see him staggering from me now—he fell, exclaiming most beseechingly as he lay prostrate at my feet—' Oh brother, spare me !' But pity had fled my satanic breast ; I stayed not my hand until I had stained my soul with my brother's blood. From a gaping wound in his forehead I saw his life ebb out. A fearful clap of thunder roused me from the stupor into which I had fallen ;—all the atrocity of my crime flashed upon me, and I fled from the spot, with the cries of my brother's blood—' O spare me,'—sounding in my ears.

"To prevent pursuit and discovery, I threw my hat into a river which skirted the wood, judging it probable that my parents, from whom I had now separated myself forever, might, should it be discovered, conceive we had been robbed and murdered, and that I had been thrown into the stream. I wandered on without knowing whither. Night soon wrapt the heavens in awful gloom. Oh the horrors of darkness to a murderer's soul ! I rested from my flight, and as I listened heard the sound of voices. They drew nearer, and I crept, serpent-like, into the thickness of a bush overhung with honeysuckle. Scarcely had I cringed myself up with breathless stillness, when the flashing light of torches penetrated my recess, and the voice of my father, calling my brother and myself as he passed the bush, tore my very soul. I saw him then, but I saw

him no more ; he passed on, and darkness and silence again succeeded.

“ Fearing detection, I left my hiding-place, and early on the following morning met with a hoard of gipsies, to whom I told a tale which easily satisfied them. I exchanged my clothes and assumed their garb, discolored my face, and became one of their wandering tribe ; and was soon initiated into all their mysteries and villany. Frequent repetitions of petty thefts hardened my seared conscience, —but still the blood of my brother spoke out, and the cry of ‘ *Oh spare me!* ’ was ever ringing in my ears.

“ Three years I wandered thus, and then, under an assumed name, entered the army. The novelty of my new situation, and the constant change and bustle of a soldier’s life, awhile diverted my attention. I plunged into every species of vice, and took the lead in every daring enterprise. But conscience only slumbered ;—it was silenced, not conquered. There were times when it did speak out ; and oh ! the misery of an awakened guilty conscience ! The information I had received from a pious mother prevented my crediting the falsehood I would fain have believed—That I did not possess an immortal soul—that there was no hereafter—that death was an eternal sleep ! I felt a hell within me ; comfort had fled my guilty bosom. I even wished for death, but death fled from me. I have visited each quarter of the globe—have been

engaged in various battles—have re-veled in every kind of riot : but when pleasure appeared within the reach of my grasp, such pleasure as sin can yield its votaries—its slaves—‘ *Oh ! spare me, brother !* ’ has thundered through my brain, and driven my soul near to madness.

“ Three months since, our regiment was sent to Gibraltar. Many fell beneath a malignant fever which then raged here. I was spared, but neither judgments nor mercy moved my hardened heart. I was among a detachment ordered to attend Lord Exmouth in his expedition against Algiers. My race is now nearly run, and but for this stranger friend,”—and he turned, as he spake, an expressive look towards Alfred,—“ I should have had just reason to expect misery in a future world more dreadful than any I have suffered in this. But I shall now die the repentant Egbert Harlow.”

“ Egbert Harlow ! ” exclaimed the agitated Alfred. Yes, it was indeed the wretched Egbert. “ I am your brother Alfred,” he added. His hair fell aside as he leaned over his astonished brother, and discovered the seamy scar upon his forehead to the dying Egbert. “ *Oh my brother !* ” exclaimed the departing man, as with a convulsive effort he threw his arms around his brother’s neck, and expired. And when they lifted up the wasted Alfred, it was discovered that his spirit had joined his brother’s in a better world.

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I DARE thee to forget me ! go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel’s helm, or on the sabre’s hilt ;
Away ! thou ’rt free ! o’er land and sea, go rush to danger’s brink !
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought ! thy curse will be—to think !

Remember me ! remember all—my long enduring love,
That link’d itself to perfidy ; the vulture and the dove !
Remember, in thy utmost need I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly ; thy curse shall be—to think !

Then go ! that thought will render thee a dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost, will fill thee with affright ;
In some wild dungeon mayst thou lie, and, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall be—to think !

Go ! seek the merry banquet-hall, where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of *me* shall make thee *there* endure a deeper gloom ;
That thought shall turn the festive cup to poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy curse will be—to *think* !

Forget me ! false one, *hope* it not ! When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days will gall thee while they sing ;
The airs I used to love will make thy coward conscience shrink,
Aye every note will have its sting ; thy curse will be—to *think* !

Forget me ! No, that shall not be ! I'll haunt thee in thy sleep—
In dreams thou 'lt cling to slimy rocks that overhang the deep ;
Thou 'lt shriek for aid ! *my* feeble arm shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy curse will be—to *think* !

KÖRNER, THE GERMAN POET.

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER was born at Dresden, on the 13th of September, 1791. His father was an enlightened magistrate, well known by his writings on politics and the fine arts. Weak and unhealthy in his infancy, his first school was a garden and the country ; his first education, but few lessons and regular gymnastic exercises. Without evincing any precocity of talent, which is but too frequently deceptive, he early exhibited strong passions, a quickness of imagination, and an affectionate temper. The chief objects of attraction for him were history, natural science, the mathematics, and drawing. Subsequently, when he felt the force of his inspiration for poetry, he became aware that close study, and an enlarged intimate knowledge of men and nature, form the proper food of the truly poetic genius.

Being intended for the occupation of a miner, he quitted his father's roof at the age of seventeen, and, in the summer of 1808, entered the public school of Freyberg. Indefatigable in the pursuit of his new career, he overcame all difficulties, and gave himself up to the study of the collateral sciences ; whilst, at the same time, his passionate love of nature and poetry made him view his future profession in its most poetic and imaginative light,—making frequent journies on foot in the garb and with the implements of a miner, and scaling steep rocks, at the peril of his life, in order to enrich his collection of fossils and minerals.

His conduct at Leipsic and Berlin, where he entered at the universities in 1810 and 1811, was a mixture of hardihood, independence, and taste for cultivated society ; of a love of study and a love of enjoyment ; of youthful loyalty and the extravagances of an university. It was with a poetic feeling that he adopted the life of the students ; at Leipsic, he even formed a society of poets, and produced his first attempts—a collection of poetical pieces—under the title of *Flower-buds* (Knospen).

About this time the father of Körner, who was averse to the manners and habits that prevailed at the universities, removed his son to a sphere of intellectual activity less bounded than the narrowed path of an academic student, and in which talent might secure to itself a proper elevation. Vienna was chosen as the new abode of Körner. There, in the house of the Prussian ambassador, M. W. Humboldt, and in the society of M. Schlegel, he entered upon a new career. His arrival at Vienna, which was in the month of August, 1811, was the commencement of an important epoch in his life. The brilliancy which the theatres of Vienna then boasted, drew Körner forcibly towards dramatic poetry. Sixteen pieces of different kinds, begun or finished in the space of fifteen months, and most of them played with a success which greatly surpassed the poet's hopes, were, together with some fugitive pieces, the first fruits of his residence in a world purely literary, and evinced

the flexibility of his talents and the facility of his versification. At the first representation of one of his tragedies, the audience demanded the appearance of the author,—an honor seldom conferred in Vienna. Thus flattered by the public, he was soon appointed dramatic poet to the Court; and, to add to this apparent prosperity, he enjoyed the satisfaction of an honorable attachment to a virtuous actress. Such was the flattering situation of Körner, when, in the beginning of 1813, came the appeal of Prussia to her children to recover their national independence. This appeal found a ready echo in the breast of the young poet, and from that moment all his thoughts and affections were turned towards the liberators of his country, in whose service and for whose liberty he was ready to sacrifice life, fortune, and all his future prospects of love and glory.

Taking his departure from Vienna on the 15th of March, he was admitted at Breslau into the corps of volunteers under the orders of the Mayor of Lutzow. Here he found young men, distinguished by the elevation of their sentiments and the education they had received; officers, already known by honorable service; philosophers and statesmen, who, from a patriotic enthusiasm, had joined the standard of the mayor to revenge the oppression of their liberties. Ardent, courageous, and devoted to his military duties, Körner avoided no fatigue nor danger;

inactivity alone wearied him. By degrees he became adjutant to the mayor, rising solely by his own intrepidity and the intelligence he evinced upon all occasions.

Music, however, and poetry, occupied all his leisure moments, and, instead of being mere amusements, they became, in his hands, weapons of great power. His lyre was as much to be dreaded as his sword,—his songs taking for subject the events of the time, his own emotions, and all the inspiration of German patriotism. Having been, for the first time, severely wounded, he soon recovered, and had again joined the service. On the 26th of August, the corps of Lutzow found itself opposed to a French corps. During an hour's halt in a wood, Körner composed his famous "*Song to his Sword*." At day-break, he wrote it in his portfolio, and read it to a friend, when the signal was given for the attack. Although superior, in point of numbers, the enemy fled after a short resistance, and Körner became conspicuous by his eagerness for the pursuit. Of sixty shots, which the French in their retreat showered from behind the thicket upon the Prussians, three only took effect. One of these terminated the existence of the young poet, at the age of twenty-two; and he thus died as he had presaged in his songs, and prayed for in his enthusiasm.

His remains were interred by the road-side, at the foot of an oak.

OLD MORTALITY.

THE new edition of Vol. I. of the "*Tales of my Landlord*," which has just issued from the Edinburgh press, contains the following introductory notice of the individual known by the name of *Old Mortality*,—a man whose singular pilgrimages and occupations have given rise to one of the most successful productions of the most successful author of the age.

"The remarkable person, called by the title of *Old Mortality*, was

well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, and probably a mason by profession—at least educated to the use of the chisel. Whether family dissensions, or the deep and enthusiastic feeling of supposed duty, drove him to leave his dwelling, and adopt the singular mode of life in which he wandered, like a

palmer, through Scotland, is not known. It could not be poverty, however, which prompted his journeys, for he never accepted anything beyond the hospitality which was willingly rendered him; and when that was not proffered, he always had money enough to provide for his own humble wants. His personal appearance, and favorite or rather sole occupation, are accurately described in the preliminary chapter of the foregoing work. It is about thirty years since, or more, that the author met this singular person in the church-yard of Dunnottar, when spending a day or two with the late learned and excellent clergyman, Mr. Walker, the minister of that parish, for the purpose of a close examination of the ruins of the Castle of Dunnottar, and other subjects of antiquarian research in that neighborhood. Old Mortality chanced to be at the same place, on the usual business of his pilgrimage; for the castle of Dunnottar, though lying in the antio-covenanting district of the Mearns, was, with the parish churchyard, celebrated for the oppressions sustained there by the Cameronians in the time of James II. It was in 1685, when Argyle was threatening a descent upon Scotland, and Monmouth was preparing to invade the west of England, that the privy council of Scotland, with cruel precaution, made a general arrest of more than a hundred persons in the southern and western provinces, supposed, from their religious principles, to be inimical to government, together with many women and children. These captives were driven northward like a flock of bullocks, but with less precaution to provide for their wants, and finally penned up in a subterranean dungeon in the castle of Dunnottar, having a window opening to the front of a precipice which overhangs the German Ocean. They had suffered not a little on the journey, and were much hurt both at the scoffs of the northern prelatists, and the mocks, gibes, and contemptuous tunes played by the fiddlers and pipers who had come from every

quarter as they passed, to triumph over the revilers of their calling. The repose which the melancholy dungeon afforded them was anything but undisturbed. The guards made them pay for every indulgence, even that of water; and when some of the prisoners resisted a demand so unreasonable, and insisted on their right to have this necessary of life untaxed, their keepers emptied the water on the prison-floor, saying, 'If they were obliged to bring water for the canting whigs, they were not bound to afford them the use of howls or pitchers gratis.' In this prison, which is still termed the Whigs' Vault, several died of the diseases incidental to such a situation; and others broke their limbs, and incurred fatal injury, in desperate attempts to escape from their stern prison house. Over the graves of these unhappy persons, their friends, after the Revolution, erected a monument, with a suitable inscription. This peculiar shrine of the whig martyrs is very much honored by their descendants, though residing at a great distance from the land of their captivity and death. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Walker, told me, that being once upon a tour in the south of Scotland, probably about forty years since, he had the bad luck to involve himself in the labyrinth of passages and tracks which cross, in every direction, the extensive waste called Lochar Moss, near Dumfries, out of which it is scarcely possible for a stranger to extricate himself; and there was no small difficulty in procuring a guide, since such people as he saw were engaged in digging their peats—a work of paramount necessity, which will hardly brook interruption. Mr. Walker could, therefore, only procure unintelligible directions in the southern brogue, which differs widely from that of the Mearns. He was beginning to think himself in a serious dilemma, when he stated his case to a farmer of rather a better class, who was employed, as the others, in digging his winter fuel. The old man at first made the same excuse with those

who had already declined acting as the traveller's guide; but perceiving him in great perplexity, and paying the respect due to his profession, 'You are a clergyman, sir?' he said. Mr. Walker assented. 'And I observe, from your speech, that you are from the north?' 'You are right, my good friend,' was the reply. 'And may I ask if you have ever heard of a place called Dunnottar?' 'I ought to know something about it, my friend,' said Mr. Walker, 'since I have been several years the minister of the parish.' 'I am glad to hear it,' said the Dumfriesian, 'for one of my near relations lies buried there, and there is, I believe, a monument over his grave. I would give half of what I am aught, to know if it is still in existence.' 'He was one of those who perished in the Whigs' Vault at the castle?' said the minister; 'for there are few southlanders besides lying in our churchyard, and none, I think, having monuments.' 'Even sae—even sae,' said the old Cameronian, for such was the farmer. He then laid down his spade, cast on his coat, and heartily offered to see the minister out of the moss, if he should lose the rest of the *day's dargue*. Mr. Walker was able to requite him amply, in his opinion, by reciting the epitaph, which he remembered by heart. The old man was enchanted with finding the memory of his grandfather or great-grandfather faithfully recorded amongst the names of brother sufferers; and rejecting all other offers of recompense, only requested, after he had guided Mr. Walker to a safe and dry road, that he would let him have a written copy of the inscription. It was whilst I was listening to this story, and looking at the monument referred to, that I saw Old Mortality engaged in his daily task of cleaning and repairing the ornaments and epitaphs upon the tomb. His appearance and equipment were exactly as described in the novel. * * * Old Mortality went on his way, and I saw him no more. * * * I am also informed, that the old palmer's family,

in the third generation, survives, and is highly respected both for talents and worth. * * *

"The following is an exact copy of the account of his funeral expenses, —the original of which I have in my possession:—

Memorandum of the Funeral Charges of Robert Paterson, who dyed at Bankhill on the 14th day of February, 1801.

To a Coffon	£0 12 0
To Munting for ditto	0 2 8
To a Shirt for him	0 5 6
To a pair of Cotten Stockings	0 2 0
To Bread at the Founral	0 2 6
To Chise at ditto	0 3 0
To 1 pint Rume	0 4 0
To 1 pint Whiskie	0 4 6
To a man going to Annan	0 2 0
To the grave digger	0 1 0
To Linnen for a sheet to him	0 2 8
	<hr/>
	2 1 10
Taken off him when dead	1 7 6
	<hr/>
	0 14 4

"The above account is authenticated by the son of the deceased. * * *

"For the purpose (says Mr. Train, in a letter to Sir Walter,) of erecting a small monument to his memory, I have made every possible inquiry, wherever I thought there was the least chance of finding out where Old Mortality was laid: but I have done so in vain, as his death is not registered in the session-book of any of the neighboring parishes. I am sorry to think, that, in all probability, this singular person, who spent so many years of his lengthened existence in striving with his chisel and mallet to perpetuate the memory of many less deserving than himself, must remain even without a single stone to mark out the resting-place of his mortal remains. Old Mortality had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; the former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Balmaclellan, in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by his neighbors. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now respectably situated in this point. John went to America in the year 1776, and, after various turns of fortune, settled at Baltimore.'—Old Nol him-

self is said to have loved an innocent jest—(see Captain Hodgson's Memoirs). Old Mortality somewhat resembled the Protector in this turn to festivity. Like Master Silence, he had been merry twice and once in his time; but even his jests were of a melancholy and sepulchral nature, and sometimes attended with inconvenience to himself, as will appear from the *following* anecdote. The old man was at one time *following** his wonted occupation of repairing the tombs of the martyrs, in the churchyard of Girthon, and the sexton of the parish was plying his kindred task at no small distance. Some roguish urchins were sporting near them, and by their noisy gambols disturbing the old men in their serious occupation. The most petulant of the juvenile party were two or three boys, grandchildren of a person well known by the name of Cooper Climent. This artist enjoyed almost a monopoly in Girthon and the neighboring parishes, for making and selling ladles, caups, bickers, bowls, spoons, cagues, and trenchers, formed of wood, for the use of the country people. It must be noticed, that, notwithstanding the excellence of the cooper's vessels, they were apt, when new, to impart a reddish tinge to whatever liquor was put into them, a circumstance not uncommon in like cases. The grandchildren of this dealer in wooden work took it into their head to ask the sexton what use he could possibly make of the numerous fragments of old coffins which were thrown up in opening new graves. 'Do you not know,' said Old Mortality, 'that he sells them to your grandfather, who

makes them into spoons, trenchers, bickers, bowls, and so forth?' At this assertion, the youthful group broke up in great confusion and disgust, on reflecting how many meals they had eaten out of dishes which, by Old Mortality's account, were only fit to be used at a banquet of witches or of ghoules. They carried the tidings home, when many a dinner was spoiled by the loathing which the intelligence imparted; for the account of the materials was supposed to explain the reddish tinge which, even in the days of the cooper's fame, had seemed somewhat suspicious. The ware of Cooper Climent was rejected in horror, much to the benefit of his rivals the muggers, who dealt in earthenware. The man of cutty-spoon and ladle saw his trade interrupted, and learned the reason, by his quondam customers coming upon him in wrath to return the goods which were composed of such unhallowed materials, and demand repayment of their money. In this disagreeable predicament, the forlorn artist cited Old Mortality into a court of justice, where he proved that the wood he used in his trade was that of the staves of old wine-pipes bought from smugglers, with whom the country then abounded—a circumstance which fully accounted for their imparting a color to their contents. Old Mortality himself made the fullest declaration, that he had no other purpose in making the assertion than to check the petulance of the children. But it is easier to take away a good name than to restore it. Cooper Climent's business continued to languish, and he died in a state of poverty."

ANCIENT SPARTA.

So long as the recollections of
Glorious structures and immortal deeds
Enlarge the thought and set the soul on fire,
Sparta will remain consecrated ground

—perpetuated in history and the roll
of never-dying fame. The poet and
the philosopher—the lover of hoar an-
tiquity and the student just free from

* This is a sample of the loose construction of Sir Walter Scott; and his lapses in this way are so frequent that it would be hypercritical to notice them.

"college rules"—all delight in exploring the classic stores of GREECE: yet among them is there not a spot more closely associated with the valor of her best sons, and the glory of her people, than SPARTA. Illustrious for their courage and intrepidity, their love of honor and liberty, and their aversion to sloth and luxury, the Spartans were courted and revered by neighboring princes, for their bravery in the field and moderation and temperance at home; and such was their magnanimity that they learned to contemplate death without fear or regret. Leonidas and Thermopylæ! what a flood of glory is shed around these two names! Yet they relate but to a single episode in Grecian history, and they are but two of the bright lights of her past ages. In our times we trace but faint lineaments of all this fame; yet the poet and the sentimental traveller love to linger beside Sparta, to meditate on the spot which gave birth to her heroes, and perchance to invoke her in song:—

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake! and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a giant raging,
Expired in seas of blood;*

or to bewail her fallen glory in the words of England's last great poet:—

Climb of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

Thus Byron sung.

Sparta is now known by the name of Misitra. It has been severally known by the names of *Lalugia*, from *Leleges*, the first inhabitants of the country, or from *Lalex*, one of their kings; and *Æbalia*, from *Æbalus*, the

sixth king from Eurotas. It was also called *Hecatompolis*, from the hundred cities which the province once contained. The city was situated on the Eurotas, about thirty miles from its mouth. The classic reader will turn to the following description, by Clateaubriand, with intense interest. The enthusiasm of the traveller is so amiable, and the colors in which he paints his delight on approaching this hallowed spot, are so vivid and attractive, that we hope to merit the reader's approval of its selection.

"I determined," says M. Chateaubriand, "not to lie down, to employ the night in taking notes, to proceed the next day to the ruins of Sparta, and then continue my journey without returning to Misitra.

"We proceeded for an hour along a road running direct north-west, when, at break of day, I perceived some ruins and a long wall of antique construction. My heart began to palpitate. The janissary, turning towards me, pointed with his whip to a whitish cottage on the right, and exclaimed, with a look of satisfaction, 'Palæochori!' I made towards the principal ruin, which I perceived upon an eminence. Upon turning this eminence by the north-west for the purpose of ascending it, I was suddenly struck with the sight of a vast ruin of semicircular form, which I instantly recognised as an ancient theatre. I am not able to describe the confused feelings which overpowered me. The hill, at the foot of which I stood, was consequently the hill of the citadel of Sparta, since the theatre was contiguous to the citadel; the ruin which I beheld upon that hill was of course the temple of Minerva Chalcicæos, since that temple was in the citadel; and the fragments of the long wall which I had passed lower down must have formed part of the quarter of the Cynosuri, since that quarter was to the north of the city. Sparta was then before me, and its theatre, to which my good fortune conducted me

* Translation of the famous Greek War Song, by Riga.—Lord Byron.

on my first arrival, gave me immediately the positions of all the quarters and edifices. I alighted, and ran all the way up the hill of the citadel.

"Just as I reached the top, the sun was rising behind the hills of Mene-laion. What a magnificent spectacle ! but how melancholy ! The solitary stream of the Eurotas running beneath the remains of the bridge Babyx ; ruins on every side, and not a creature to be seen among them. I stood motionless, in a kind of stupor, at the contemplation of this scene. A mixture of admiration and grief checked the current of my thoughts, and fixed me to the spot : profound silence reigned around me. Determined, at least, to make echo speak in a spot where human voice is no longer heard, I shouted with all my might, ' Leonidas ! Leonidas ! ' No ruin repeated this great name, and Sparta herself seemed to have forgotten her hero.

"The whole site of Lacedæmon is uncultivated : the sun parches it in silence, and is incessantly consuming the marble of the tombs. When I beheld this desert, not a plant adorned the ruins ; not a bird, not an insect, not a creature enlivened them, save millions of lizards, which crawled without noise up and down the sides of the scorching walls. A dozen half-wild horses were feeding here and

there upon the withered grass ; a shepherd was cultivating a few water-melons in a corner of the theatre ; and at Magoula, which gives its dismal name to Lacedæmon, I observed a small grove of cypresses. But this Magoula, formerly a considerable Turkish village, has also perished in this scene of desolation : its buildings are overthrown, and the index of ruins is itself but a ruin."

Once again, classic reader, let us turn to the scene of our traveller's enthusiasm. We read of its glories in the pages of eloquent history and sublime song—a radius is shed around yon holy citadel—her brave sons stream forth like

Long trails of light—

all that is great and glorious is associated with this spot ; yet our mind's eye sweeps rapidly over the events of its history, and Sparta dwindles to the forlorn Misitra—

Whilst in the progress of the long decay
Thrones sink to dust, and nations pass away.

Yet such is the end of high renown on earth, and so fragile and fleeting are the scenes of their enactment. It has been said with painful truth,

Ubi seges, Troja fuit ;

and with similar feelings must we view the present Misitra in connexion with the pride of ancient Sparta.

THE GATHERER.

"Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather."

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

LOCAL attachment seems to have an almost universal influence on human nature ; for it may rationally be inferred that the exceptions which we observe are often rather apparent than real ; or, if they do sometimes exist, they may be considered as deviations from a generally pervading principle, like some phenomena, which happen contrary to the established laws of nature. It will readily be granted that this feeling operates most pow-

erfully on delicate and susceptible minds ; and has, accordingly, furnished a theme for poets, from Homer down to the present day, forming the subject of many a tender lay and melting effusion. In the *Iliad*, we admire the imagination, and are delighted with the descriptive powers of the poet ; but the *Odyssey* reaches the heart, and, forgetting the poet, we think only of Ulysses and his home. Among the poets of our own times, this feeling has furnished the

basis of some tender strains, which, we may almost predict, will only die with the language in which they are written; for instance, Campbell, Rogers, Montgomery, and Erskine in his *Emigrant*. But among our modern poets, none seems to have felt the influence of this principle more powerfully, nor to have expressed it with greater sensibility, than Goldsmith. It forms the groundwork of his "*Deserted Village*," and is often powerfully expressed in his "*Traveller*:" and, although it has been found that there is often a great difference between an author's head and his heart, it would be a calumny on human nature not to believe, aye, and be convinced, that the author of the following lines felt what he wrote:—

In all my wanderings round this world of care;
In all my griefs, and God has given my share;
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down:
And, as a hare, when hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last!

An apology might seem necessary for quoting lines so generally known, and, I hope, felt; but, as the eye can turn again and again to look on a fine painting, and the ear listen with delight to the repetition of an exquisite air, so it is presumed there are few readers who will be displeased with again perusing this recital of these feelings, with such genuine simple paths; for all who possess, or lay a claim to sensibility, will own they speak to the heart.

Even our school copy of *Cæsar* or *Horace*, the wild heath where we rambled, the lake where we bathed or skated, all afford an undefinable pleasure in our after years; and the longer time that has intervened, perhaps that pleasure is relished the more keenly. Should the heath be turned into corn-fields, and the lake drained, our reason may be convinced that the general good is promoted, but still we deplore the altered features of the scene.

SICILIAN STATISTICS.

According to the last census, Sicily contains 1,780,000 inhabitants, of whom 300,000 are ecclesiastics, or persons living on ecclesiastical revenues. There are in the island 1117 convents, containing 30,000 monks and 30,000 nuns. The nobility of this small population consists of six dukes, 217 princes, 217 marquesses, 2000 barons, and the same number of an order called gentlemen. In Palermo, the population of which is only 150,000, there are 388 churches.

WEST'S INTRODUCTION TO GEORGE THIRD.

Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, a dignified and liberal prelate, and an admirer of painting, invited West to his table, conversed with him on the influence of art, and on the honor which the patronage of genius reflected on the rich; and opening Tacitus, pointed out that fine passage where Agrippinus lands with the ashes of Germanicus. He caused his son to read it again and again, commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make him a painting of that subject. The artist went home; it was then late, but before closing his eyes he formed a sketch, and carried it early next morning to his patron, who, glad to see that his own notions were likely to be embodied in lasting colors, requested that the full size work might be proceeded with. Nor was this all,—that munificent prelate proposed to raise three thousand pounds by subscription, to enable West to relinquish likenesses and give his whole time and talents to historical painting. Fifteen hundred pounds were accordingly subscribed by himself and his friends; but the public refused to co-operate, and the scheme was abandoned.

The Archbishop regarded the failure of this plan as a stigma on the country; his self-love too was offended. He disregarded alike the coldness of the Duke of Portland and the evasions of Lord Rockingham, to whom he communicated his scheme—

sought and obtained an audience of his Majesty, then young and unacquainted with cares—informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted, at his request, such a noble picture that he was desirous of securing his talents for the throne and the country. The King was much interested with the story, and said, "Let me see this young painter of yours with his Agrippina as soon as you please." The prelate retired to communicate his success to West.

Now all this happened to be overheard by one of those officious ladies who love to untie the knots of mysteries, and anticipate the natural disclosure of all secrets. Away flew her ladyship to the house of the artist—refused to disclose either her name or condition—acquainted him with the application of Drummond and the kindness of the King, and retired. She was not well away when a gentleman came from the palace to request West's attendance with his picture of Agrippina. "His Majesty," said the messenger, "is a young man of great simplicity and candor; sedate in his affections, scrupulous in forming private friendships, good from principle, and pure from a sense of the beauty of virtue." Forty years' intercourse, we might almost say friendship, confirmed to the painter the accuracy of these words.

The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favorable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the coloring.—"There is another noble Roman subject," observed his Majesty, "the departure of Regulus from Rome. Would it not be a fine picture?" "It is a magnificent subject," said the painter. "Then," said the King, "you shall paint it for me." He turned with a smile to the Queen, and said, "The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West;

but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus." So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted.

West's life was long and laborious, and his productions are very numerous. He painted and sketched in oil upwards of four hundred pictures, mostly of an historical and religious nature, and he left more than two hundred original drawings in his portfolio.

THE WHITE LILY.

Oh! those beautiful white lilies are out! How elegant is their form! How pure their whiteness! How delicate their texture! How majestic their height! This is the flower of Juno; and is, perhaps, the only one that could have saved that jealous goddess from grudging to Venus the possession

Of the rose, full-lipp'd and warm,
Round about whose riper form
Her slender virgin train are seen,
In their close-fit caps of green.

Some other of the lilies show well, side by side, with this white one: that fine red lily, called *Jacobea* (*Amaryllis formosissima*), for instance. The lilies are a noble family, and splendid in their attire. We see them glowing in the most dazzling colors,—crimson, vermilion, and fire-color; some dropped with gold; all large, rich, and elegant; yet we doom the rest of these fine flowers to oblivion, in favor of the white lilies. Though no flowers boast of finer, and of a greater variety of colors, we persist in considering them as emblems of the very perfection of whiteness and purity. It is remarkable, that, with the exception of these bridal flowers, the lilies are particularly warm-colored: they affect no pale pinks, blues, or lemon-colors,—but, be it red, blue, or yellow, assume each hue in all its strength and power. The white lily has some color, just enough to make it appear the whiter: the six large golden anthers play in the centre like flame in a lamp of

alabaster. It has been observed of flowers, that many of the more fragrant are the least handsome; as birds of the homeliest plumage are mostly gifted with the sweetest song: but the white lily has a perfume equal to its beauty.

VACCINATION.

M. Robert, a physician at the Marseilles Lazaretto, has made a number of experiments, from which he concludes that the vaccine eruption had no other origin than the accidental transmission of the variolous virus of man to the udder of a cow, and its consequent mitigation. He thinks that this discovery will diminish the number of the opponents of vaccination; as it will show the vaccine virus does not proceed from any impure and disgusting animal malady, but is simply a mild and local smallpox.

WINE MAKING.

The natural ill-qualities of our fruits must be corrected by art; and to do this with effect, to imitate the qualities of the more perfect fruits of warm climates, constitutes the whole secret of domestic wine-making. Every economist, housekeeper, and servant,—every cookery book and receipt book, is full of processes for making a multiplicity of domestic wines. These never take into account that an unvarying process cannot be adapted to the ever-changing nature of our fruits, the qualities of which are different, according as the season has been wet or dry, cold or warm; according as the soil was exhausted or well manured; according as the trees were skilfully or ignorantly pruned, and several other circumstances not necessary here to enumerate. These popular processes, therefore, almost never succeed: hence our domestic wines have a bad character; and hence the art of making them is but little cultivated. In almost no instance, so far as domestic economy is concerned, can the principles of chemistry be applied with better effect than to the preparation of our native wines. And, in a na-

tional point of view, it is to be lamented that no sufficient encouragement has been given to the art, either by the legislature, or by the various learned societies, which in other respects have so materially contributed to the progress of knowledge.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

Our forefathers paid more attention to the periodical occurrences of Nature, as guides for direction in their domestic and rural occupations, than perhaps we of the present day are accustomed to do. They seem to have referred to the book of Nature more frequently and regularly than to the almanac. Whether it were that the one, being always open before them, was ready for reference, and not the other, certain it is that they attended to the *signs of the seasons*, and appear to have regarded certain natural occurrences as indicating and reminding them of the proper season for commencing a variety of affairs in common life. The time was, perhaps it is not yet gone by, when no good housewife would think of brewing when the beans were in blossom. The bursting of the alder buds, it was believed, announced the period at which eels begin to stir out of their winter quarters, and therefore marked the season for the miller or fisherman to put down his leaps, to catch them at the weirs and floodgates. The angler considered the season at which tench bite most freely to be indicated by the blooming of the wheat; and when the mulberry tree came into leaf, the most cautious gardener judged that he might safely commit his tender exotics to the open air, without apprehension of injury from frosts or cold. Then there was a variety of old sayings or proverbs in vogue, of a corresponding character, such as,

“When the sloe tree is white as a sheet,
Sow your barley, whether it be dry or wet.”

“When elder is white, brew and bake a peck,
When elder is black, brew and bake a sack.”

“You must look for grass on the top of the oak tree,” &c.

People talked of “the cuckoo hav-

ing picked up the dirt," alluding to the clean state of the country at the time of the arrival of the cuckoo; and of "blackthorn winds," meaning the bleak north-east winds, so commonly prevalent in the spring, about the time of the blowing of the blackthorn. Virgil, in the recipe he gives in the fourth Georgic for the production of a stock of bees, states that the process is commenced (translated)

"Before the meadows blush with recent flowers,
And prattling swallows hang their nests on
high;"

and Shakspeare, in his *Winter's Tale*, speaks of

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

TO PRESERVE CHERRIES.

The best way to preserve cherries is to procure some of the common cherries very ripe, and add to them two pounds of sugar, four pints of brandy, four ounces of clove pinks, and a few Morel cherries; bruise some of them with the hand, and boil them over a slow fire, until they have the consistency of syrup. They are then to be strained, and the juice is to be poured into the mixture as before ordered, which is to be left in infusion, and exposed to the sun for a fortnight or a month. By this process the cherries will have a very fine flavor. A few cloves may be used as a substitute for the clove pinks.

FASHION.

It would be a laudable ambition in a young female to curb those excesses of "each revolving mode," with which she is in some measure obliged to comply; to aim at grace and delicacy rather than richness of dress; to sacrifice exuberance of ornament (which is never becoming to the young) wherever it is possible, to an admirable neatness, equally distant from the prim and the negligent; to learn the valuable art of imparting a charm to the most simple article of dress, by its proper adjustment to the person, and by its harmonious blending, or agreea-

bly contrasting, with the other portions of the attire. It is a truth which should ever be borne in mind, that a higher order of taste is often displayed, and a better effect produced, by a paucity or total absence of ornament, than by the most profuse and splendid decorations.

IMITATION GOLD.

The following preparation, which is much used in Germany, for articles of jewelry, has been made public in the Journal of Hanover by the inventor, Professor Hermstadt:—Take of pure platina sixteen parts; pure copper seven parts; pure zinc one part. Put them into a crucible, which is to be covered with powdered charcoal, and leave them on the fire until they are melted into one mass. It is said that this composition has not only the color of gold, but also its ductility and specific gravity.

TO KEEP CABBAGES FRESH.

When the cabbages are cut, leave about two or three inches of the stalk, the pith of which is to be hollowed out, taking care not to cut or bruise the rind; tie the cabbages up by their stalks, and then fill the hollow with water. By repeating this daily, they may be kept for several months.

PAPER FOR PRESERVING ARTICLES OF TIN AND STEEL FROM RUST.

Dry some pumice-stone in red-hot charcoal, and then reduce it to powder, which is to be ground up with varnish and linseed-oil. It is then to be further liquified with the same varnish until it is in a fit state to be laid on paper with a brush. A coat of this composition is to be spread on good stout paper, and when that is dry a second. The paper being thoroughly dry, the article to be preserved is tied up in it.

THE JESUITS.

There are at the College of Jesuits, at Fribourg, 193 students, of whom 152 are French. There are 130 out-door students.

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THE HEADSMAN.

A TALE OF DOOM.

ABOUT the middle of the last century a murderer was condemned to suffer death by the sword, at a town in western Normandy ; and, on the morning of the execution, two senior pupils of the Jesuit-seminary went, by permission of their superiors, to view a spectacle of rare occurrence in that province. The cordial intimacy subsisting between these youths had long been a problem, both to their teachers and schoolfellows. So widely different, indeed, were they in appearance and character, and so harshly did the ferocity and cunning of the one contrast with the pure and gentle habits of the other, that they were called the "Wolf and the Lamb."

The older of them, named Bartholdy, was a native of Strasburg, tall and robust in person, but high-shouldered, stooping, and in dress and gait slovenly and clownish. His yellow visage was deeply furrowed with the smallpox, and his remarkably large and staring eyes, which were of a pale and milky blue, indicated a dullness bordering on imbecility. This appearance, however, was belied by his habitual cunning, and by the dexterity with which he often contrived to exculpate himself under criminatory circumstances. His spreading jawbones, large mouth, and coarsely-moulded lips, truly betokened his proneness to sensual gratifications ; and the collective expression of his forbidding features was so remarkable, that a single glance sufficed

to fix it in the memory forever. It was rumored in the seminary, that this youth had been sent by his friends to a school so remote from Strasburg in consequence of some highly culpable irregularities ; and certainly these rumors were justified by occasional instances of wolfish ferocity and deliberate duplicity, for which he was severely, but vainly, punished.

Florian, the friend of Bartholdy, although nearly of the same age, was shorter by the head. His figure was slender and elegant—his countenance eminently prepossessing and ingenuous. His complexion was of that pure red and white, through which every flitting emotion is instantaneously legible. His hazel eyes sparkled with intelligence ; locks of glossy chesnut curled round his fair and open forehead ; and there was about his lips and smile a winning grace, which, at maturer age, would have been thought too feminine. Although not regularly handsome, there was in his form and features that harmonious configuration which is termed beauty of character, and which, when accompanied by the correspondent moral graces of gentleness and refinement, often lays a more enduring hold of the affections than beauty of a more dignified and masculine order. An habitual and blushing timidity of address, of which he was painfully conscious, made him shrink from a free and general intercourse with his fellow pupils. He had few

friends, because his bashful habits had made him fastidious and reserved ; but his gentle and unassuming deportment, and the invariable sweetness of his temper, endeared him to the few who had penetration enough to discern his real merits,—and so far recommended him to all, that the existence of an enemy was impossible.

Thus widely opposite in physical and moral attributes were Florian and Bartholdy ; and yet, so cordial appeared their attachment, so incessant was their intercourse, that the presiding Jesuits could only solve this psychological enigma by conjecturing that Bartholdy, whose fierce temper and great bodily strength made him detested, and shunned by every other boy, had found in the gentle sympathies of the unspoiled and credulous Florian a relief, which long habit had made essential to him. It is probable, too, that the often guilty and ever equivocal Bartholdy had found a protecting influence in the warm adherence of one whose purity of mind and character were universally acknowledged. His specious reasoning rarely failed to convince the confiding Florian that he was unjustly accused, and on several occasions he was screened from well-merited punishment by the favorable testimony of a friend whose veracity was above all suspicion.

Florian, on the other hand, was flattered by the consciousness of his power to protect one so much feared by all but himself, and whom he thought unjustly persecuted. He was bound to him also by the tie of gratitude, for the protection which he derived from the size and strength of Bartholdy when insulted or aggrieved in the quarrels which so often occur in large seminaries. Gradually, however, this exclusive intercourse with one so generally detested, alienated from Florian the good-will of his schoolfellows. Even the few who had most esteemed him, now shunned his society ; and the two friends, finding themselves excluded from all participation in the sports and feelings of others, became more than ever essen-

tial to each other. This enduring intimacy of two beings so opposite had been long watched by the Jesuits who conducted the establishment ; but, with their wonted sagacity, they forbore to check this singular friendship ; not, however, in the hope of any amelioration in the habits of Bartholdy, but with a view to learn from the unqualified sincerity of Florian, what the duplicity of the other would have concealed. Hoping that the trying spectacle of a public execution would make a salutary impression upon the hitherto callous feelings of Bartholdy, the reverend fathers had permitted him and his friend to be present on this awful occasion. Florian, who, at the urgent and often repeated entreaties of Bartholdy, had applied for this permission, followed him with reluctant steps, and a heart beating with terror, and was prevented only by the jeers and remonstrances of his companion from running back to school, and burying his head under his bedclothes, until the rush of the excited multitude, and the deep rolling of the drums and deathbells, had ceased. As usual, however, his complying temper yielded to the persuasion of his plausible and reckless friend, with whom he gained an elevated station, and so near the scaffold as to enable them to discern the features of the hapless criminal. Florian saw him kneel before the headsman ; the broad weapon glittered in the sunbeams, and the assumed firmness of the trembling gazer utterly failed him. An ashy paleness overspread his features ; his joints shook with terror ; and closing his eyes, he saved himself from falling by clinging to the arm of Bartholdy, who, with unshaken nerves, opened to their full extent his large dull eyes, and glutted his savage curiosity by gazing with intense eagerness on the appalling scene. In a few seconds the severed head fell upon the scaffold ; the headsman's assistant, grasping the matted locks, held it aloft to the gazing crowd ; and Bartholdy exclaimed, with heartless indifference, "Come along, Florian ! 'tis all over,

and capitally done ! I would bet a louis that you saw nothing, and yet your face looks as white as if it had left your shoulders. Be more a man, Florian. If thus daunted at the sight of another's execution, how would you face your own, if destined to mount the scaffold ? ”

“ Face my own ! ” exclaimed Florian, shuddering at the suggestion. “ God forbid ! I shall take good care to avoid it. ”

“ Say not so, ” rejoined Bartholdy ; “ no man can avoid his doom ; and it may be yours or mine to die upon the scaffold. *Avoid it*, indeed ! I wish from my soul that you had never uttered those unlucky words. How often do the very evils we most carefully shun, fall upon our devoted heads. My mind has been long made up to avoid nothing ; and, soon as I become my own master, I will throw myself on the world, and grapple with it boldly. *Avoid* your destiny, indeed ! Beware of using those words again ; for, trust me, Florian, they bode no good to you. ”

The timid Florian felt his blood freeze as he listened ; but, recollecting himself, he was about to express his perfect reliance upon the integrity of his life and principles, when he shuddered with new dismay as he recollected the judicial murder of Calas, and considered the complexities of human and circumstantial evidence. In deep and silent dejection, he walked homeward with his friend. He felt as if his existence had been blighted by some sudden and dreadful calamity ; and even fancied that he saw his future fate rising before him in storm and darkness, through which menacing images were indistinctly shadowed. Bartholdy, meanwhile, appeared as much exhilarated as if returning from a comedy, and amused himself with making sarcastic and ludicrous remarks upon the saddened countenances of the returning spectators.

The lapse of several months gradually weakened the strong hold which the execution, and the strange comments of Bartholdy, had laid upon the

imagination of Florian ; but they tended to increase the timid indecision of his character, and induced a disposition to endure in uncomplaining silence many school annoyances, which more energy of character would have easily repelled. An extraordinary incident, however, gave a new turn to his situation. About six months after the execution, Bartholdy suddenly disappeared from the seminary ; and this unaccountable event, by which Florian was the only sufferer, was neither explained nor even alluded to by the reverend fathers. To the scholars, who in vain sought an explanation of this mystery from the friend of Bartholdy, it was for some weeks a subject of wondering conjecture, which soon, however, subsided into indifference with all save Florian. He had lost his only, and, as he firmly believed, his sincerely-attached friend and companion ; and, as this friendship had deprived him of the sympathy of every other schoolfellow, he had now no alternative but to retire within himself, and lean upon his own thoughts and resources. For some time he brooded incessantly upon the strange disappearance of his friend. He recollected that for several days preceding the event, the spirits of Bartholdy were so obviously depressed as to create inquiries, to which his replies were vague and unsatisfactory. Notwithstanding the guarded silence of the reverend fathers, it was evident to Florian that his friend had not absconded from the seminary, as not only his clothes and books, but even his bed, had disappeared with him. One article only remained, which had been left in the custody of Florian. It was a large clasp-knife, of excellent workmanship and finish. The handle was of the purest ivory, wrought in curious devices, and the long blade, which terminated in a sharp point, was secured from closing by a powerful spring, thus serving the double purpose of a knife and dagger. The owner of this remarkable weapon had told Florian that it was precious to him, as the legacy of a near rela-

tive, and requested him to take charge of it, from an apprehension that if discovered in his own possession, it would either be stolen by the boys, or taken from him by the Jesuit fathers. "And now," sighed Florian, as he gazed with painful recollections on the knife, "it is too probably lost to him forever. But if he is still in being, I may yet see and restore to him his favorite knife; and, that I may be always ready to restore it, as well as in remembrance of the owner, I will henceforth always carry it about me."

During the remainder of Florian's stay at the seminary, his thoughts continually reverted to his lost friend, who had, he feared, from a mysterious expression of the presiding Jesuit, met with some terrible calamity. During confession, he had once expressed his grief for the sudden deprivation of his friend, when, to his great surprise, the venerable priest, placing his hand upon the fair and innocent brow of Florian, exclaimed, with fervent emphasis, "Thank God, my son, that it has so happened!"

Florian often pondered upon these remarkable words, which, until some years after his departure from school, he could never satisfactorily interpret. For a long period he fondly cherished the memory of Bartholdy, and this feeling was prolonged by the knife, which, from habit, he continued to carry about him, even when the lapse of time had reconciled him to the loss of his early friend, and his riper judgment told him that that friend had unworthily imposed upon his credulity, and that the consequences of their exclusive intimacy still exercised a pernicious influence upon his character and his happiness.

About three years after the disappearance of Bartholdy, the guardians of Florian, who had been an orphan from infancy, removed him from the seminary, and placed him as a law-student at the university of D.; but here again, although advantageously introduced and recommended, he found himself a stranger, unheeded, and desolate. His timid and now invincible

reserve, which prevented all advances on his part towards a frank and social communion with his fellow students, chilled that disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, which his graceful person and intelligent physiognomy had excited; while his hesitating indecision, at every trivial and commonplace incident, made him ridiculous to the few who had been won, by his prepossessing exterior, to occasional intercourse. Thus, amidst numbers of his own age and pursuit, and in the dense population of a city, the timid Florian continued as deficient as a child in all practical acquaintance with society. Without a single friend or associate, he acquired the habits of a solitary recluse; and, yielding supinely to what now appeared to him his destiny, he became anxious, disconsolate, and misanthropic. Conscious, however, that in France a sound and comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence was a frequent avenue to honorable civic appointments, and yet overlooking his own incompetency to make any degree of legal knowledge available for this purpose, he pursued his studies for some years with indefatigable assiduity; and, during the last year of his stay at D. his endeavors to ensure himself, by accumulated knowledge, an honorable support, were stimulated by a growing attachment to the lovely daughter of a merchant, through whose agency he drew occasional supplies of money from his guardians.

But even the passion of love, which so often rouses the latent powers of the diffident into life and energy, failed to inspire the timid Florian with that external ardor and prompt assiduity so essential to success; and, although the fair object of his regard did not appear insensible to his silent and gentle homage, he never could collect resolution to reveal his feelings. His diffidence was increased, too, by the unmeaning gallantry of two young and lively officers of the garrison, who, although precluded by their nobility from marriage with the daughter of a citizen, employed a portion of their abundant leisure in making skirmish-

ing experiments upon the affections of the lovely Angelique. While these military butterflies were fluttering round the woman he loved, poor Florian, daunted by the painful consciousness of his comparative disadvantages, rarely presumed to enter the villa in which her father resided, about half a league beyond the city gates, and endeavored to console himself by wandering in a pleasant grove immediately contiguous. Here a majestic elm was endeared to him by the knowledge that his beloved Angelique often took her work to a turf seat beneath its spreading branches. Here, too, he sometimes left a flower, or other silent token of his regard, the ascertained acceptance of which did not, however, encourage him to any decisive measure. At length arrived the autumnal vacation, which closed his academic studies; and he determined to pass the winter in his native province, where he thought the influence of his guardians, and the favorable testimony of his Jesuit teachers, would procure for him such recommendations as would render his extensive legal knowledge available for his future support. He proposed to return in the ensuing spring to D.; and should his mistress have stood the test of six months' absence, and still regard him with an eye of favor, he would then openly declare himself. He called upon her father at his counting-house, and after explaining to him the probable advantages of his visit to Normandy, bade him farewell, and hastened with a beating heart to the villa, where he had the good fortune to find his Angelique alone. Always timid and irresolute in her presence, the fear of betraying his feelings on this occasion made him tremble as he approached her. Her young cheek glowed with unaffected blushes, as she observed a confusion which led her to anticipate an avowal of his attachment; and when he merely told her that he was going to pass the winter in Normandy, and had called to say farewell, her fine eyes became humid with the starting tears of sudden and uncontrollable emotion.

Yet even this obvious proof of sympathy failed to encourage the timid and ever-doubting Florian. Persuaded that he had nothing but his sincerity to recommend him, he dreaded a repulse; and, pressing with gentle fervor her proffered hand, he hastily quitted the apartment, without daring to take another look.

After having secured a place in the diligence for the following morning, he called upon the few acquaintances he had in D., and late in the afternoon repaired with eager haste to the grove behind the abode of Angelique. He had determined that his favorite elm, hitherto the only witness of his love, should become the medium of a more palpable declaration of his feelings than he had hitherto dared to convey. Intending to carve in the bark the initial letters of his own and his fair one's names within the outline of a heart, he drew from his pocket the ivory clasp-knife of Bartholdy, which, after seven years of faithful custody, he had begun to consider as his own; and, kneeling on the bank of turf, he was enabled, by the sharpness of the point, to cut in deep and firm characters the initials of the name so dear to him. Laying down the knife upon the seat, he gazed, with folded arms, upon the beloved cipher, and fell into one of his accustomed reveries. An hour had thus elapsed, when suddenly he was roused from his dream of bliss by tones of loud and vehement contention at no great distance from the elm. Prompted by his natural aversion for scenes of violence, he concealed himself behind the tree, from whence he was enabled to discern his two military rivals, out of uniform, approaching the elm, and indicating, by furious tones and gestures, feelings of mutual and deadly animosity. Florian, whose sense of the awkwardness of his situation was increased by his timidity, fancied that he should be accused of listening to their conversation, and, retreating unobserved into the wood, he had gained the high-road before he recollected that he had left his knife on the seat of turf. Ashamed of his

cowardice, he determined to return and claim it, in the event of its having been discovered and taken by one of the contending parties. He was solicitous, also, to complete the intended cipher on the bark of the elm, while there was light enough for his purpose; and, concluding that his angry rivals had walked on in another direction, he hastily retraced his steps. Looking over some tall evergreen shrubs, which were separated by a footpath from the elm, he observed that the turf seat was unoccupied. Supposing, from the total silence, that the hostile youths had quitted the grove, he emerged from the evergreens with confidence, and approached the tree, but recoiled in sudden horror, as he almost stepped upon the body of one of his rivals, who lay dead on his back, while the blood was issuing in torrents from a wound in his throat, inflicted by the knife of Bartholdy, the remarkable handle of which protruded from the deep incision. His blood froze as he gazed on this sad spectacle; and, covering his face with his hands, he stood for some moments over the body in stolid and sickening horror. Soon, however, his strong antipathy to scenes of bloodshed and violence impelled him to rush, with headlong precipitation, from the fatal spot. Leaving his knife in the wound, he darted forward through the wood, and fortunately without meeting any one within or near it. When he reached the high-road, the darkness had so much increased as to render his features undistinguishable to the passengers, and, running towards the city, he soon reached the public promenade without the barriers, where he threw himself upon a bench, exhausted with terror and fatigue. Looking fearfully around him through the darkness, he endeavored to collect his reasoning faculties, and immediately the recollection that he had left his knife in the throat of the murdered officer flashed upon him. With this fatal weapon were connected many old associations, which now crowded with sickening potency upon his memory. Again he

saw the sarcastic grin with which his friend had said, "What we most carefully shun is most likely to befall us." And would not the remarkable knife of Bartholdy too probably verify the malignant prophecy of its owner? Forgetful of the improbability that any one had seen in his possession a knife which, before that evening, he had never used, his senses yielded to an irresistible conviction that this instrument of another's guilt would betray and lead him to the scaffold. Immediate flight was the only resource which presented itself to his bewildered judgment; and, rising from the bench, he hastened to his lodgings, to complete his preparations for departure the following morning. After a sleepless night, during which he started at every sound with apprehension of a nocturnal visit from the police, he proceeded at day-break, with a heavy heart, to the post-house, where, observing a carrier's waggon on the point of departure for Normandy, he availed himself of the opportunity to facilitate his escape, by putting a few essentials into a cloak-bag, and forwarding his heavy trunk by the carrier. After some delay, of which every moment appeared an age, the diligence departed; and when the church-towers were lost in distance, the goading terrors of the unhappy fugitive yielded for a time to feelings of comparative security. His apprehensions, however, were renewed by every rising cloud of dust behind the diligence, and by every equestrian who followed and passed the vehicle. In vain did he endeavor to console himself with the consciousness that he was innocent, and under the protection of a just and merciful Providence. The judicial murder of Calas, and of other innocent sufferers, detailed in the "*Causes Célèbres*" of Pitaval, were ever present to his severed fancy; and when he closed his eyes and assumed the semblance of sleep, to avoid the conversation of his fellow travellers, his imagination conjured up the staring orbs and satanic smile of Bartholdy, who pointed at him jeeringly, and

exclaimed, "In vain you seek to shun your destiny! In France, the innocent and the guilty bleed alike upon the scaffold." And then he shouted in the ear of Florian, "Why did you part with the knife I confided to you? Why provoke me to become your evil genius?" Or, with a hoarse and fiendish laugh, he seemed to whisper to the shrinking fugitive—"You are a doomed man, Florian! doomed to the scaffold!"

Thus busily did the frenzied fancy of the unhappy youth call up a succession of imaginary terrors, until at dusk the diligence stopped at a solitary inn, and Florian heard, with new alarm, that here the passengers were to remain the night. "And here," thought the timid fugitive, "I shall certainly be overtaken and arrested by the *gens-d'armes*." A traveller, who arrived soon after the diligence, and supped with the passengers, afforded him, however, another chance of escape. This man was lamenting that, at a neighboring fair, he had not been able to sell an excellent horse, and Florian, watching his opportunity, concluded the purchase with little bargaining. Pleading the necessity of going forward on urgent business, he mounted his purchase, and quitted the inn-yard, with a heart lightened by the certainty that he should gain a night upon his pursuers. At that time France was at peace both abroad and at home; passports were not essential to the native traveller; and Florian, turning down the first cross-road, proceeded rapidly all night, and the four following days; pausing occasionally to refresh his wearied steed, changing his name whenever he was required to declare it, and observing a zig-zag direction to blind his pursuers. On the fifth morning he found himself in a fertile district of central France; and, considering himself safe from all immediate danger, he pursued his journey more leisurely between the vine-covered and gently swelling hills, till the noonday heat and dusty road made him sensibly feel the want of refreshment. While gazing around him for

some hamlet or cottage to pause at, his attention was caught by sounds of lamentation at no great distance, and a sudden turn in the road revealed to him a prostrate mule, vainly endeavoring to regain his legs, one of which was broken. A tall boy, in peasant-garb, was scratching his head in rustic embarrassment at this dilemma, and near him stood a young and very lovely woman, wringing her hands in perplexity, and lamenting over the unfortunate mule, a remarkably fine animal, and caparisoned with a completeness which indicated the easy circumstances of his owner. Florian immediately stopped his horse; and, with his wonted kindness, dismounted to offer his assistance. The young woman said nothing as he approached, but her beautiful dark eyes appealed to him for aid and counsel with an eloquence which reached his heart in a moment. Examining the mule, he said, after some consideration, "There is no hope for the poor animal; and the most humane expedient will be to shoot him as soon as possible. Your side-saddle can be strapped on my horse, which shall convey you to the next village, or as much farther as you like, if you have no objection to the conveyance."

Expressing her thanks with engaging frankness and cordiality, the fair traveller told him that she was returning from a visit to some relations, and that she was still four leagues from her father's house. She would gladly, she said, avail herself of his kind offer, but insisted that her servant should not kill her favorite mule until she was out of sight and hearing. Then turning briskly towards Florian, she told him that she was ready to proceed, but objected to the exchange of saddles; and, as she was accustomed to ride on a pillion, would rather sit behind him, as well as she could, than give him the trouble of walking four leagues. Finding all opposition fruitless, Florian remounted; and, with the assistance of her servant, the fair unknown was soon seated behind him. Blushing and laughing at the necessi-

ty, she put an arm around his waist to support herself, and then begged him to proceed without delay, as she was anxious to reach home before night.

Conversing as they journeyed onward, their communications became every moment more cordial and interesting; and as Florian felt the warm hand of his lovely companion near his heart, he began to feel a soothing sense of gratification, which cheered and elevated his perturbed spirits. He had never before found himself in such near and agreeable relation to a beautiful and lively woman; and, whenever he turned his head to speak or listen, he found the finest black eyes, and the most lovely mouth he had ever seen, within a few inches of his own. So potent, indeed, was the charm of her look and language, that he forgot, for a time, the timid graces and less sparkling beauty of her he had lost forever, and was insensibly beguiled of all his fears and sorrows as he listened to the lively sallies of this laughter-loving fair one. Meanwhile, they had quitted the cross-road in which he had discovered her, and pursued, by her direction, the great road from Paris towards eastern France. Here, however, he remarked, with surprise, that she invariably drew the large hood of her cloak over her face when any travellers passed them; and his surprise was converted into uneasiness and suspicion, when, after commencing the last league of their journey, she drew the hood entirely over her face; and her conversation, before so animated and flowing, was succeeded by total silence, or by replies so brief and disjointed, as to indicate that her thoughts were intensely pre-occupied.

The sun had reached the horizon when they arrived within a short half-league of the town before them, and here she suddenly asked her conductor whether he intended to travel farther before morning. Florian, hoping to obtain some clue to her name and residence, replied, that he was undetermined; on which she advised him to give a night's rest to his jaded

horse, and strongly recommended to him an hotel, the name and situation of which she minutely described. He promised to comply with her recommendations; and immediately, by a prompt and vigorous effort, she threw herself from the horse to the ground. Hastily arranging her disordered traveling dress, she approached him, clasped his hand in both her own, and thanked him, in brief but fervent terms, for the important service he had rendered her. "And now," added she, in visible embarrassment, as she raised her hood, and looked fearfully around, "I have another favor to request. My father would not approve of your accompanying me home, nor must the town gossips see me at this hour with a young man and a stranger. You will, therefore, oblige me by resting your horse here for half an hour, that I may reach the town before you. Will you do me this favor?" she repeated, with a pleading look. "Most certainly I will," replied the good-natured, but disappointed Florian. "Farewell, then," she cordially rejoined, "and may Heaven reward your kindness!"

Bounding forward with a light and rapid step, she soon disappeared round a sharp angle in the road, occasioned by a sudden bend of the adjacent river. Florian, dismounting to relieve his horse, gazed admiringly upon her elastic step and well-turned figure, until she was out of sight. He recollected, with a sigh of regret, the sprightly graces and artless intelligence of her conversation; again the sense of his desolate and perilous condition smote him; he felt himself more than ever forlorn and unhappy, and reproached himself for the helpless bashfulness which had prevented him from inquiring more urgently the name and residence of this charming stranger. While thus painfully musing, the time she had prescribed elapsed, and Florian, remounting, let the bridle fall upon the neck of the exhausted animal, which paced towards the town as deliberately as the unknown fair one could have wished.

At a short distance from the town gate the high-road passed under an archway, composing part of a detached house of Gothic and ancient structure; and on the town side of the arch was a toll-bar, at which a boy was stationed, who held out his hat to Florian, and demanded half a sous. "For what?" asked Florian.

"A long established toll, sir," said the boy; "and if you have a compassionate heart, you will give another half sous to the condemned criminals," he continued, as he pointed to an iron box, placed near the house-door, under a figure of the Virgin. Shuddering at the words, Florian threw some copper coins into the box; and, as he hastened forward, endeavored to banish the painful association of ideas, by fixing his thoughts upon the mysterious fair one. Suspecting, from the pressing manner in which she had recommended a particular hotel to his preference, that, if he went there, he might possibly see or hear from her in the morning, he proceeded to the *Henri Quatre*, which proved to be an hotel of third-rate importance, but well suited to his limited means, and recommending itself by an air of cleanliness and comfort. The evenings at this season were cool; and as it would have required some time to heat the parlor, the landlord proposed to him to sit down and take some refreshment in his well-warmed kitchen. Florian complied with this invitation, but not without some apprehension of the presence of strangers; and, stepping into the kitchen, was relieved by the discovery that it was occupied only by servants, who were too busily engaged in preparing supper to take notice of him.

Sitting down in a corner near the fire, the combined effects of a genial warmth and excessive fatigue threw him into a sound sleep, which lasted several hours, and would have continued much longer had he not been roused by the landlord, who told him that his supper had been ready some time, but that he had been unwilling to disturb a slumber so profound. In

fact, the repose of the unfortunate fugitive had not, during the five preceding nights, been so continuous and refreshing, so free from painful and menacing visions. Rising drowsily from his chair, he followed the landlord to a table where a roasted capon, and a glass jug of bright wine, waited his arrival. The servants had all retired for the night,—the landlord quitted the kitchen, and Florian, busily employed in dissecting the fowl, thought himself the sole tenant of the spacious apartment, when, looking accidentally towards the fire, he saw with surprise that the chair he had just quitted was occupied. Looking more intently, he distinguished a short man of more than middle age, whose square and sturdy figure was partially concealed by a capacious mantle. His hair was gray, his forehead seamed with broad wrinkles, and his bushy brows beetled over a set of features stern and massive as if cast in iron. His eyes were small and deep-set, but of a lustrous black; and Florian observed with dismay that they were fixed upon his countenance with a look of searching scrutiny. It was near midnight, and in the deep silence which reigned through the house, this motionless attitude, and marble fixedness of look, gave to the stranger's appearance a character so appalling, that, had he not broken the spell by stooping to light his pipe, the excited Florian would ere long have thought him an unearthly object. The stranger now quitted his seat by the fire, took from a table near him a jug of wine, and approached the wondering Florian. "With your leave, my good sir," he began, "I will take a chair by your table. A little friendly gossip is the best of all seasoning to a glass of wine."

Without waiting for a reply, the old man seated himself directly opposite to Florian, and again fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon his countenance. The conscious fugitive, who felt a growing and unaccountable dread of this singular intruder, muttered a brief assent, and continued to

eat his supper in silent but obvious embarrassment; stealing now and then a timid look at the stranger, but hastily withdrawing his furtive glances as he felt the beams of the old man's small and vivid eyes penetrating his very soul. He observed that the features of his tormentor were cast in a vulgar mould, but his gaze was widely different from that of clownish curiosity, and there was in his deportment a stern and steady self-possession, which suggested to the alarmed Florian a suspicion that he was an agent of the police, who had probably tracked him through the cross-roads he had traversed in his flight from D. The rich color of his cheeks turned to an ashy paleness at this appalling conjecture; and, leaving his supper unfinished, he arose abruptly from the table to quit the room, when the old man, starting suddenly from his chair, seized the shaking hand of Florian, and, looking cautiously around him, said in subdued but impressive tones—"It is not accident, young man, which brings us together at this hour. I came in while you were asleep, and begged the landlord would not awaken you, that I might say a few words to you in confidence, after the servants had gone to bed."

"To me?" exclaimed Florian, in anxious wonder.

"Hush!" said the old man, again looking around the kitchen. "My object is to give you a friendly warning; for, if I am not for the first time mistaken in these matters, you are menaced with a formidable danger."

"Danger?" repeated the pallid Florian, in a voice scarcely audible.

"And have you not good reason to expect this danger?" continued the stranger. "Your sudden paleness tells me that you know it. I am an old man, and my life has been a rough pilgrimage, but I have still a warm heart, and can make large allowances for the headlong impetuosities which too often plunge a young man into crime. You may safely trust me," he continued, placing his hand upon his heart, "in whose bosom the con-

fessions of many hapless fugitive repose, and will repose, so long as life beats in my pulses. I betray no man who confides in me, were he stained even with blood."

Pausing a little, he fixed a keenly searching look upon the shrinking youth, and then whispered in his ear—"Young man! you have a *murder* on your conscience!"

For a moment the apprehensions of Florian yielded to a lofty sense of indignation at this groundless charge. "It is false, old man!" he exclaimed with energy. "I swear by the just God who searches all hearts, that I am not conscious of *any* crime."

"I shall rejoice to learn that I am mistaken," replied the old man, with evident gratification, as again he fixed his searching orbs upon the indignant Florian. "If you are innocent, it will be all the better for both of us; but," he continued, after a hasty look around him, "the danger I alluded to still hangs over your head. I trust, however, that with God's help, I shall be able to shield you from it."

Florian, too much alarmed to reply, looked at him doubtfully. "I will deal candidly with you," resumed the old man, after a pause of reflection. "When you rode by my house this evening"—

"Who and what are you?" exclaimed Florian, in new astonishment.

"Have a little patience, young man!" replied the stranger, while his iron features relaxed into a good-natured smile. "Do you recollect the tall archway under an old house where a toll of half a sous was demanded from you? That house is mine; and I was sitting by the window as you threw an alms into the box for the condemned criminals. Had you then looked upward, you would have seen a naked sword and a bright axe suspended over your head."

At these words Florian shuddered, and involuntarily retreated some paces from his companion. "I see by your flinching," sternly resumed the old man, "that you guess who is before

you. You are right, young man! I *am* the town executioner, but an honest man withal, and well inclined to render you essential service. Now, mark me! When you stopped beneath the broad blade, it quivered, and jarred against the axe. Whoever is thus greeted by the headsman's sword is inevitably doomed to come in contact with it. I heard the hoding jar which every executioner in France well knows how to interpret, and I immediately determined to follow and to warn you."

The unhappy youth, who had listened in disheartening emotion to this strange communication, now yielded to a sense of ungovernable terror. Covering with both his hands his pallid face, he exclaimed, in nameless agony—"O God! in thy infinite mercy, save me!"

"Hah!" ejaculated the headsman sternly, "have I then roused your sleeping conscience? However, whether you conclude to open or to shut your heart, is now immaterial. In either case, I will never betray you, —for accusation and judgment belong not to my office. Profit, therefore, as you best may, by my well-intended warning. Alas! alas!" he muttered between his closed teeth, "that one so young should dip his hands in blood!"

"By all that is sacred!" exclaimed Florian, with trembling eagerness, "I am innocent of murder, and incapable of falsehood; and yet so disastrous is my destiny, that I am beset with peril and suspicion. You are an utter stranger to me, but you appear to have benevolence and worldly wisdom. Listen to my tale, and then in mercy give me aid and counsel."

He now unfolded to the executioner the extraordinary chain of circumstances which had compelled him to seek security in flight, and told his

tale of trials with an artless and single-hearted simplicity of language, look, and gesture, which carried with it irresistible conviction of his innocence. The rigid features of the headsman gradually relaxed, as he listened, into a cheerful and even cordial expression; then warmly grasping the hand of Florian as he concluded, he said, "Well! well! I see how it is. In my profession we learn how to read human nature. When I watched your slumber, I thought your sleep looked very like the sleep of innocence; and now I believe from my soul that you are as guiltless of this murder as I am. With God's help I will yet save you from this peril; and indeed had you killed your rival in sudden quarrel, I would have done as much for you, for I well know that sudden wrath has made many a good man blood-guilty. There was certainly some danger of your being implicated by the singular circumstances you have detailed; but the real and formidable peril has grown out of your flight. That was a blunder, young man! but I see no reason to despair. 'Tis true, the broad blade has denounced you, and my grandfather and father, as well as myself, have traced criminals by its guidance; but I know that the sword will speak alike to its master and its victim. You have yet to learn, young man, that in this life every man is either an anvil or a hammer, a tool or a victim; and that he who boldly grasps the blade will never be its victim. Briefly, then, I feel a regard for you. I have no sons, but I have a young and lovely daughter. Marry her, and I will adopt you as my successor.* You will then fulfil your destiny by coming in contact with the sword; and, if you clutch it firmly, I will pledge myself that you never die by it."

* The numerous individuals devoted to this melancholy office, in Germany and France, compose two large families severally connected by intermarriages and adoptions. In France especially, the executioner is under a compulsory obligation to transmit his office to one of his sons, who grows up with a consciousness of this necessity; and, being systematically trained to it, he submits, in most instances without repining, to his painful lot. If the executioner has only daughters, he adopts a young man, who becomes his son-in-law and successor.

At this strange proposal Florian started on his feet with indignant abhorrence. "Hold!" continued the headsman coolly. "Why hurry your decision? The night is long, and favorable to reflection. Bestow a full and fair consideration upon my proposal, and recollect that your neck is in peril; that all your prospects in life are blasted; and that my offer of a safe asylum, and a competent support, can alone preserve you from despair and destruction. The sword has sent you a helper in the hour of need, and if you reject the friendly warning, you will soon discover that the consciousness of innocence will not protect a blushing and irresolute fugitive from the proverbial ubiquity and prompt severity of the French police."

The headsman now emptied his glass, and with a friendly nod left the kitchen. Soon after his departure the landlord appeared with a night-lamp, and conducted Florian to his apartment. Without undressing, the bewildered youth extinguished his lamp, and threw himself on the bed, hoping that the darkness would accelerate the approach of sleep, and of that oblivion which in his happier days had always accompanied it. Vain, however, for some hours, was every attempt to lull his senses into forgetfulness. The revolting proposal of the old man haunted him incessantly.

"I become an"—he muttered indignantly, but could never utter the hateful word. The shrinking diffidence which had been a fertile source of difficulty to him through life, had been increased tenfold by his recent calamities; he was conscious even to agony of his total inability to contend with the consequences of his imprudent and cowardly flight; but, from *such* means of escape, he recoiled with unutterable loathing. He felt that he should never have resolution to grasp the sword which was to save him from being numbered with its victims; and yet his invincible abhorrence of this alternative failed to

rouse in him the moral courage which would have promptly rescued him from the toils of the cunning headsman. The broken slumber into which he fell before morning was haunted by boding forms and tragic incidents. The sword, the axe, the scaffold, and the rack, flitted around him in quick procession, and seemed to close every avenue to escape. He awoke from these visions of horror at daybreak, and left his bed as wearied in body, and as irresolute in mind, as when he entered it. Dreading alike a renewal of the executioner's proposal, and the risk of being arrested and tried for murder, he saw no alternative but flight—immediate flight beyond the bounds of France. While pondering over the best means of accomplishing this now settled purpose, the tin weathercock upon the roof of his bedroom creaked in the morning breeze. Florian, to whose excited fancy the headsman's sword was ever present, thought he heard it jar against the axe, and started in sudden terror. "Whither shall I fly?" he exclaimed, as tears of agony rolled down his cheeks. "Where find a refuge from the sword of justice? Alas! my doom is fixed and unalterable. Anvil or hammer I must be, and I have not courage to become either."

Again the weathercock creaked above him, and more intelligibly than before. Florian, discovering the simple cause of his terrors, rallied his drooping spirits, and hastened down stairs to order his horse, that he might leave the hotel and the town before the promised visit of the fearful headsman. Notwithstanding his urgency, he found his departure unaccountably delayed. The servants were not visible, and the landlord, insisting that he should take a warm breakfast before his departure, was so dilatory in preparing it, that a full hour elapsed before Florian rode out of the stable-yard. His officious host then persisted in sending a boy to show him the nearest way to the town gate; and the impatient traveller, who would gladly have declined the

offer, found himself obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the eastern gate, and quitted him; while Florian, whose ever ready apprehensions had been roused by the tenacious civility of the landlord, rode slowly forward, looking round occasionally at his returning guide, and determining to take the first cross-road he could find. A little farther he discovered the entrance of a narrow lane, shaded by a double row of lofty chesnuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's head, he saw the old man, whose promised visit he was endeavoring to escape, issuing from the lane on horseback. "I guessed as much," said the headsman, smiling, as he rode up to the startled fugitive. "I knew you would try to escape me, but I cannot consent that you should thus run headlong into certain destruction. You have neither sanguine hopes nor a fixed purpose to support you, and you want firmness to answer with discretion the trying questions which will everywhere assail you. You are silent—you feel the full extent of your danger—why not then embrace the certain protection I offer you? Fear not that I shall either repeat or allude to my last night's proposal. My sole object is your immediate protection at this critical period, when you are doubtless tracked in all directions by the blood-hounds of the police. At the frontiers you will inevitably be stopped and identified; but under my roof you will be safe from all pursuit and suspicion. I live secluded from the world, I have no visitors, and your presence will not be suspected by any one. In a few weeks the heat of pursuit will abate, and you may then take your departure with renewed courage and confidence."

"Courage and confidence!" repeated to himself the timid Florian; "would Heaven I had either!" The good sense, however, of the old man's advice was so obvious, that he determined to avail himself of so kind an offer. Gratefully pressing his hand,

he dismissed all doubts of his sincerity, and said, "I will accompany you; and may God reward your benevolence, for I cannot."

"We must return by the road I came," said the headsman, turning his horse. "It will take us outside the town to my house; and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unperceived. Your landlord, who is under obligations to me, sent you this road at my request. He supposes that you are my distant relative, and that, unwilling to appear in public with an executioner, you had made an appointment with me for this early hour on your way homeward."

After a ride of half an hour through the shady lanes which skirted the ramparts, they reached the back entrance of the Gothic building before mentioned, and Florian entered this singular sanctuary with emotions not easily described. The old headsman was in high spirits; and the blunt but genuine kindness and cordiality of his manners soon removed from the mind of his guest every lurking suspicion that some treachery was intended. The table was promptly covered with an excellent breakfast, and the old man sent a message to his daughter, requesting that she would bring a bottle of the best wine in the cellar.

Florian fixed his eyes upon the door in shrinking anticipation. He suspected new attempts to ensnare him to the headsman's purpose; and, notwithstanding his firm determination to resist them, he recoiled with fastidious disgust from the possible necessity of contending with the meretricious advances of a bold and reckless female, whose limited opportunities of marriage would impel her to lure him by any means to her father's object. How widely different were his emotions when the door opened, and his lovely traveling companion, whom, in the terrors of the past night, he had forgotten, entered, in blushing embarrassment, with the bottle of wine. In a tumult of mingled apprehension and delight, he started from his chair, but the cordial greeting he intended was

checked by a significant wink from the lively fair one as she passed behind her father to the table. It was obvious to Florian that she wished to conceal their previous acquaintance, and with a silent bow he resumed his seat, while the smiling maid, whom her father introduced to his guest by the name of Madelon, took a chair between them, and the conversation soon became general and exhilarating.

The continued fever of apprehension which had almost unhinged the reason of the timid Florian, now rapidly subsided. The cordial hospitality of the old headsman soon made him feel at home in an abode which he had once contemplated with horror and disgust; while the artless attentions and fascinating vivacity of the pretty Madelon soon wove around him a magic spell, and invested the Gothic chambers of her father's antique mansion with all the splendors of Aladdin's palace.

Motherless from the age of fourteen, and secluded by her father's vocation from all society save occasional intercourse with relatives of the same degraded caste, the headsman's daughter had been early accustomed to rely upon her own resources.

Most of her leisure hours had been devoted to a comprehensive course of historical reading, from which her unpolished but strong-minded father conceived that she would derive, not only amusement and instruction, but that sustaining fortitude so essential to the station in which her lot was cast. Thus her innocent and active mind, untainted by the licentiousness and infidelity of French romance, acquired concentration and strength; the study of sacred and profane history induced habits of salutary reflection, and her character gradually developed a masculine yet unpretending energy, which admirably fitted her to become the helpmate of a man so timid and indecisive as Florian. Her mother was a Parisian, of good manners and education, but an orphan and defenceless. Persecuted by a licentious nobleman, who, in revenge for her firm rejection

of his dishonorable addresses, had accused her of theft, she had effected her escape from the chateau in which she resided as governess to his daughters, to the same town in which Florian had been discovered by the headsman. Circumstances somewhat similar, but not essential to my narrative, had induced her to accept a temporary asylum in the house of the executioner, whose mother was then living; and here, in a moment of despair at her destitute and hopeless condition, she accepted the often tendered addresses of the enamored headsman, and became his wife. The life of this amiable and accomplished woman was shortened by her calamities, and by a sense of degradation which she could never subdue. Secluded from all human society save that of an uncultivated husband, who but imperfectly understood her value, she loved her only child with more than a mother's idolatry; and, while her strength permitted, devoted herself, with unceasing solicitude, to the formation of her mind, and to the regulation of her untameable vivacity. Thus happily moulded in early youth, and judiciously cultivated after her mother's death, Madelon combined, with clear and vigorous perceptions, a degree of personal attraction rarely seen in France, and no small portion of the feminine grace and fascination peculiar to well educated French women; while to these advantages were superadded eyes of radiant lustre, a voice rich in soft and musical inflections, and a smile of irresistible archness and witchery. Accustomed, from her limited opportunities of observation, to regard men as collectively coarse and uncultivated, she had been immediately and powerfully attracted by the elegant person and the refined and gentle manners of Florian, during their four leagues' journey; and to one who felt the value of knowledge, and eagerly sought to extend her means of pursuing it, there was, on farther acquaintance, a charm in his comprehensive attainments and in the classic elegance of his diction, which com-

compensated for the unmanly timidity and morbid infirmity of purpose, so easily distinguishable in his character and conduct.

In Florian, whose feelings were fortified by reminiscences of a prior attachment, the progress of sentiment was slower, but not less certain in its tendency. His silent worship of Angelique had always been accompanied by doubts and misgivings innumerable. He thought her lost to him forever; he felt that all his prospects of professional advancement were blighted by the disastrous incident at D. and his consequent flight; and insensibly he yielded to the charm of daily and hourly intercourse with the bewitching Madelon. The consciousness of her admiring prepossession, and of his own superior attainments, gave to him, while conversing with her, a soothing self-possession, an expansion of thought and feeling, and a glowing facility of elocution, which he had never before experienced, and which proved a source of exquisite and inexhaustible gratification. Her unceasing sympathy and kindness, her flattering anticipation of his wishes, lulled the anguish of his recollections, and her sparkling gaiety never failed to rouse his drooping spirits. He soon learned to estimate at its true value the rare combination of gentleness and energy which her character displayed; while her courageous self-possession and unfailing resources, under every difficulty, made him regard her as a woman gifted beyond her sex with those qualities in which he felt himself most deficient. In short, feelings of deep and lasting attachment stole insensibly into the hearts of the youthful pair. Florian had surrendered all his sympathies to Madelon before he was conscious of the power she had gained over his happiness, and their mutual affection was betrayed and sealed by word and pledge before he reflected upon the inevitable consequences. Too soon, alas! he was awakened from this dream of bliss to a long reality of terror and anguish. The spell which bound him was broken, and the scene

of enchantment was abruptly changed into a chaos of interminable dismay and anxiety.

Some weeks after his arrival in this asylum, the headsman had advised him to prolong his stay until all danger of pursuit had subsided; and the fears of the fugitive soon gave way to cheering sensations of security and confidence. To lovers the present is everything: Florian forgot alike the trying past and the menacing future; weeks and months flitted past unobserved by the youthful pair, while the crafty headsman, who had silently watched their growing attachment, crowed in secret over the now certain success of his stratagem.

Several months had thus elapsed, and the old man, after ascertaining from his daughter that the affections and the honor of Florian were irredeemably plighted, took an opportunity to address him one morning as soon as Madelon had quitted the breakfast-room.

"I think it is high time, young man," he said, smiling, "that you should proceed to business. Come along with me into my workshop."

Florian looked at him in silent wonder, but unhesitatingly followed him into the capacious cellars, where the old man unlocked a door which his guest had never before observed. Florian entered with his conductor, but started back in dismay as he saw a number of executioner's swords and axes hanging round the walls of a low vaulted room, in the centre of which several cabbage-heads were fixed with pegs upon an oblong block of wood. The headsman took one of the swords from the wall, drew it from the scabbard, carefully wiped the glittering blade, and then offered it to Florian. "Now, my son," he began, "try your strength upon these cabbage-heads. It is easy work, and requires nothing but a steady hand."

"Gracious Heaven! you cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed Florian, retreating from him in deadly terror.

"Not in earnest?" rejoined the headsman, sternly; "I consider your

compliance as a matter of course. You love my daughter—you have won her affections—and surely, Florian, you are not the man to play her false ! ”

“ God forbid ! ” exclaimed Florian with honest fervor. “ I dearly love her, and seek no happier lot than to become her husband. ”

“ I offered her to you, my son ! ” said the other, with returning kindness ; “ but you did not like the conditions, and declined her. You have since, without my permission, sought and won her affections, and you have no right to flinch from the implied consequences. It is high time to come to a conclusion, and to apply yourself in good faith to the only pursuit through which you can ever obtain my Madelon. ”

“ The only one ? ” timidly repeated Florian ; “ I have, ’tis true, abandoned for your daughter’s sake the world and the world’s prejudices ; but I am young and industrious ; I possess valuable knowledge ; and, surely, I may find some employment which will maintain a wife and family. Do, my good father, relinquish this dreadful vocation ”——

“ And my daughter ! ” exclaimed the headsman, with loud and bitter emphasis. What is to become of *her* ? If even you could step back within the pale of society, *she* would forever be excluded. But you have neither moral courage nor animal bravery enough for any worldly pursuit—your original station in society is irrecoverably gone—and, if you attempt to leave this safe asylum, the sword of justice will face you at every turn. No, no, Florian ! I love my future son-in-law too well to expose him to such imminent and deadly peril. There, read that paper ! the contents will bring you to your senses. ”

With these words, which struck like a wintry chill into the heart of Florian, he took an old newspaper from his pocket-book. The unhappy fugitive received it with a shaking hand, and read a judicial summons from the authorities of D., seeking intelligence of a student, who had on a certain day

quitted the university by the diligence for Normandy, and unaccountably disappeared. His Christian and surname, with an accurate description of his dress and person, were appended. Glancing fearfully down the page, he distinguished some particulars of a murder ; his sight grew dim with terror ; and, after a vain attempt to read farther, he dropped the fatal document, and reeled back, breathless, and almost fainting, against the wall.

“ He is the very man ! ” muttered the headsman, whose keen eye had been intently fixed upon him during the perusal. “ I never asked your real name, young man, ” he continued, “ but now I know it. Your terrors would betray it to a child. How then are you, without fortitude to face the common evils of life, and bearing in every feature a betrayer, to escape the giant-grasp of the French police ? And had this calamity never befallen you, how could you gain a support in a world, which, by your own confession, you have ever found ungenial and repulsive ? Believe me, Florian, here, and here only, will you find safety, support, and happiness. ”

“ Happiness ! ” mournfully repeated Florian.

“ Yes, happiness ! ” rejoined the tempter. “ You and Madelon love each other, and in every station, from the highest to the lowest, love is the salt of life, the balm and cordial of existence. My office descends from generation to generation ; it ensures to the holder, not only a good house and landed property, but an income of no mean amount. Every traveller who passes my house pays me a toll, because fifty years since an inundation compelled the town to cut a high-road through my grandfather’s garden. Of all these benefits I shall be deprived, when old and disabled, if my children disdain to follow my vocation ; and if Madelon were to marry within the pale of that society which regards her father with abhorrence, my house and vineyard would be destroyed by the bigoted and furious populace, and too probably my innocent child along with

them. Have you the heart, Florian, to hazard her destruction and your own, in preference to an office essential to the existence of civil society, and from which that obedience to the laws, which is the first duty of a good citizen, removes all self-reproach? With a due sense of the importance of your official duties, you will find yourself sustained in the performance of them; and a practised hand will soon give you firmness enough to follow a vocation attended with no personal risk: but, if you determine to leave me, where will you find resolution to face the perils which surround you? and, if you escape them, how are you to compete in the race of life with the daring and the fleet?"

The appalling alternatives held out to Florian by the politic headsman, and the consciousness of his own inability either to escape the police, or to steer his way successfully through the shoals and quicksands of life, rendered him incapable of argument or reply. He had for some months been cut off from all that freedom has to bestow—he had neither relations nor friends on whose interposition he could firmly rely; he recollected with agony that every heart beyond the limits of his present home was steeled against him—that every hand was ready to seize and betray him. Should he quit this safe asylum, and even establish his innocence of the imputed murder, his ignorance of the world, and his invincible timidity and self-distrust, would make him the prey of any plausible knavery. Bewildered and stupefied by contending emotions, his mind became palsied by despair, and his powers of resistance began to fail him. The headsman saw his advantage; but, satisfied with the impression he had made upon his hapless victim, he ceased to press any immediate decision, told him to consider of the proposal, and went to his vineyard; while Florian, hastening to his Madelon, was assailed by all the witchery of sighs and tears; by looks, which alternately pleaded and upbraided; and by inspiriting and cogent arguments,

which shamed him into temporary resolution. Thus alternately intimidated by the deep tones and stern denunciations of the father, encouraged by the specious reasonings of the daughter, or soothed by her resistless fascinations; assured, too, by the headsman, that for some years sentences of decapitation, with rare exceptions, had been commuted for the galleys—his power to contend with his tempter abandoned him: he dropped, like the fascinated bird, into the jaws of the serpent; and, yielding to his destiny, he commenced his training in a vocation from which every feeling in his nature, and every dictate of his understanding, recoiled with abhorrence.

It was no sacrifice, to one of his timid and fastidious habits, to abandon a world in which he had ever found himself an alien, and which he now thought confederated to persecute and destroy him. He submitted in uncomplaining resignation to his fate, and ere long found relief in the growing attachment of the headsman and his daughter. His pure and affectionate heart, and the undeviating rectitude of his principles and conduct, soon won the entire esteem of the old man, whose better feelings had not been blunted by his official duties; while the light-hearted and bewitching Madelon, who now loved almost to idolatry a man so incomparably superior to any she had hitherto known, delighted to cheer his hours of sadness, and watched his every wish with intense and unwearied solicitude. Meanwhile, the old man had quietly made every requisite preparation, and a month after the assent of Florian to his proposal, the lovers were united. The official appointment of Florian, as adopted successor to the headsman, took place some days before the marriage, and it was stipulated by the town-authorities that, on the next ensuing condemnation of a criminal to death, he should prove on the scaffold his competency to succeed the executioner.

For many months after this appointment, every arrival of a criminal in

the town-prison struck terror into the heart of Florian. Happily, however, the assertion of the headsman that it was a growing practice of the judicial authorities to substitute the galleys for decapitation, was verified by the fact, and Florian enjoyed several years of domestic happiness, disturbed only by apprehensions which he could never subdue, that sooner or later the evil he so much dreaded would certainly befall him. Meanwhile, his beloved Madelon had made him the happy father of three promising boys, and he began to experience a degree of tranquillity to which he had long been a stranger; when, at a period in which the town-prison was untenanted, the long-dreaded calamity burst upon his devoted head like a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky.

His father-in-law received one morning, at breakfast, an order from the town-authorities to repair early on the following day to a city at ten leagues distance, and there to behead a criminal whose execution had been delayed by the illness and death of the resident headsman. At this unexpected intelligence, the features of Florian were blanched with horror, but the iron visage of the old executioner betrayed not the slightest emotion. Regardless of his son-in-law's terrors, he viewed this unexpected summons as a fortunate incident, and maintained, that any unskilfulness in decapitation would be of less importance at a distance than in his native town. He regarded also this brief summons as much more favorable to Florian's success than a longer foreknowledge, and urged in strong and decisive terms the necessity of submission to the call of duty. The blood of Florian froze as he listened, but he acquiesced as usual in timid silence. In the afternoon he yielded to the old man's wish, that he should give what the headsman termed a master-proof of his skill in the science of decapitation, and with cold sweat on his brow severed a number of cabbage-heads to the satisfaction of his teacher; while the sympathizing but energetic Made-

lon prepared a palatable meal, and endeavored, more successfully than her uncompromising parent, to sustain and cheer the drooping spirits of the husband she so entirely loved. She could not, however, always suppress her starting tears, and as the night approached, even the firm nature of the old headsman betrayed symptoms of growing anxiety, notwithstanding his endeavors to exhilarate himself by deep potations of his favorite wine.

After a night of wearying vigilance and internal conflict, the miserable Florian entered at daybreak the vehicle which awaited him and his father-in-law under the arched gateway. With a view to prevent his trembling substitute from witnessing all the preparations for the approaching catastrophe, the old man so measured his progress as to enter the city a few minutes before the appointed hour, and drove immediately to the scene of action, without pausing at the church to attend, as customary, the mass then performing in presence of the criminal. Soon after their arrival, the melancholy procession approached, and Florian, unable to face the criminal, turned hastily away, ascended the ladder with unsteady steps, and concealed himself behind the massive person of the old headsman, as the victim of offended justice with a firm and measured step mounted the scaffold. The old man felt for his shrinking son-in-law, but kept a stern eye upon him, in hopes to counteract the disabling effects of his rising agony. When, however, the decisive moment approached, he whispered to him encouragingly—"Be a man, Florian! Beware of looking at the criminal before you strike; but, when his head is lifted, look him boldly in the face, or the people will doubt your courage."

Florian fixed on him a vacant stare, but these kindly meant instructions reached not his inward ear. The remembrance of the execution he had witnessed with his friend Bartholdy had flashed upon him, and he recollected the taunting prediction—that he might himself be condemned to the

scaffold. His agony rose almost to suffocation; he compared his own destiny with that of the being whom he was about to deprive of life, and he felt that he could not unwillingly have taken his place. At this moment his attention was caught by the admiring comments of the crowd upon the courageous bearing and firm unflinching features of the criminal. Roused by these exclamations to a stinging consciousness of his own unmanly timidity, he made a powerful effort, and rallied his expiring energies into temporary life and action. The headsman now approached him with the broad axe, and whispered, "Courage, my son! 'tis nothing but a cabbage-head."

With a desperate effort, Florian seized the weapon, fixed his dim gaze upon the white neck of the criminal, and, guided more by long practice than by any estimate of place and distance, he struck the death-stroke. The head fell upon the hollow flooring of the scaffold with an appalling bounce, which petrified the unfortunate executioner. The consciousness that he had deprived a fellow creature of life, now smote him with a withering power, which for some moments deprived him of all volition, and he stood in passive stupor, gazing wildly upon the blood which streamed in torrents from the headless trunk. Immediately, however, his father-in-law again approached him, with a whisper. "Admirably done, my son! I give you joy! But recollect my warning, and look boldly at your work, or the mob will hoot you as a craven headsman from the scaffold."

The old man was obliged to repeat his admonition before it reached the senses of his unconscious son-in-law. Long accustomed to yield unresisting obedience, Florian slowly raised his eyes, at the moment when the executioner's assistant, after showing the criminal's head to the multitude, turned round and held out to him the bleeding and ghastly object.—Gracious Heaven! what were his feelings when he encountered a well-known face—when he saw the yellow pock-marked

visage of Bartholdy, whose widely opened milk-blue eyes were fixed upon him in the glassy, dim, and vacant stare of death!

Paralyzed with sudden and overwhelming horror, he fell senseless into the arms of the headsman, who had watched this critical moment, and, with ready self-possession, loudly attributed to recent illness an incident so puzzling to the spectators. He succeeded ere long in rousing Florian to an imperfect sense of his critical situation, and, supporting his tottering frame, led him to the house of the deceased executioner. For an hour after their arrival, the unhappy youth sat mute and motionless—the living image of despair. Agony in him had passed its wildest paroxysm, and settled down into a blind and mechanical unconsciousness. The old man, who began to suspect some extraordinary reason for emotion so excessive, compelled him to swallow several glasses of wine, and anxiously besought him to explain the cause of his impassioned deportment. It was long, however, before the disconsolate Florian regained the power of utterance. At length a burst of tears relieved him. "I knew him!" he began, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs. "He was once my friend. Oh, my father! there is no hope for me! I am a doomed man—a murderer! He stands before me ever, and demands my blood in atonement for his destruction. How can I justify such guilt? I never knew his crime—I cannot even fancy him a criminal—but I well remember that he loved and cherished me. Away, my father, if you love me, to the judges! I *must* know his crime, or the pangs I feel will never depart from me."

The executioner, in whose stern and inflexible nature feelings of pity, and even of repentance, were now at work, hastened to obtain some information, and returned in half an hour, with indications of anxiety and doubt too obvious to escape the unhappy Florian, who, with folded hands, exclaimed, "For God-sake, father, tell me all—I must know it, sooner or

later. Your anxiety prepares me for the worst. If you, a man of iron, are thus shaken"—

"I? Nonsense!" retorted the old man, somewhat disconcerted. "The fellow was a notorious villain, and was executed for two murders."

Florian, relieved by this intelligence, began to breathe more freely, and gazed upon the headsman with looks which sought farther explanation. "Florian, continued the old man, fixing upon him his stern and searching look, "when you told me the tale of your calamities at D., did you tell me *all*? Had you *no* reservations?"

"None, father, by all I hold most sacred!" replied Florian, with emphatic earnestness.

"One of Bartholdy's crimes," resumed the headsman, "was connected with your story. He is said to have slain the officer in whose murder you thought yourself implicated by suspicious appearances."

"*He?*" exclaimed Florian, gasping with horror. "No! by all that is great and good, he did *not* slay him! I have beheaded an innocent man, and the remembrance will cleave to me like a curse!"

"Can you *prove* that he had no share in that murder?" now sternly demanded the headsman, whose suspicions had been roused by Florian's acknowledgment of former intimacy with Bartholdy.

"I can swear to his innocence of *that* murder," vehemently replied Florian, whose energies rose with his excitement. "And the other crime?" he eagerly continued. "In mercy, father, tell me whom else he is said to have murdered?"

"*Yourself!*" said the old man, turning pale as he anticipated the effect of this communication,—“if the name inserted in the judicial summons from D. was really yours.”

For some moments Florian gazed upon him in speechless despair; his eyes became fixed and glassy—his jaw dropped—and he would have fallen from his chair had not the old man supported him. The headsman look-

ed with anxious and growing perplexity upon his unfortunate victim. "After all," he muttered, "he is my daughter's husband, and a good husband. I forced him to the task, and must, if possible, save him from the consequences."

By an abundant application of cold water to the face of Florian, he succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. The miserable youth opened his eyes, and, leaning on the old man's shoulders, burst into a passion of tears. When in some measure tranquillized, the headsman asked him soothingly if he was sufficiently collected to listen to him.

"Yes, father, I am," he replied, with an effort.

"Recollect then, my son," continued the old man, "that you are under the assured protection of the sword, and that you may open your heart to me without fear of consequences. Say then, in the first place, who are you?"

"I am no other, father," answered Florian, with returning energy, "than I have already acknowledged to you; and I was the early friend and school-fellow of the man whose blood I have shed upon the scaffold. But I must and will have clear proof of *every* crime imputed to Bartholdy," he exclaimed, in wild emotion. "Again I see his large dim eyes fixed on me in reproach; and if you cannot give me evidence that he deserved his fate, my remorse will goad me on to suicide or madness."

It was now evident to the old man that the suspicions he had founded on Florian's acknowledged intimacy with Bartholdy were groundless. Recollecting, too, the undeviating truth and honesty of Florian's character, he felt all the injustice of his suspicions; and his compassion for the tortured feelings of his son-in-law became actively excited. He clearly saw that nothing but the truth, and the whole truth, would satisfy him; he therefore determined to call upon the criminal's confessor; and, after prevailing upon the exhausted Florian to go to bed, he watched by him until he saw his

wearied senses sealed up in sleep, and then departed in quest of farther intelligence.

After three hours of undisturbed repose, which restored, in some measure, the exhausted strength of Florian, he awoke, and saw his father-in-law sitting by his bed, with a confident and cheerful composure of look, which spoke comfort to his wounded spirit.

"Florian," he began, "I have cheering news for you. I have seen the confessor of Bartholdy, a good old man, who feels for, and wishes to console you. He has long known the habits and character of the criminal. More he would not say, but he will receive you this evening at his convent, and will not only impart to you the consolations of religion, but reveal as much of the criminal's previous life as the sacred obligations of a confessor will permit. Meanwhile, my son, you must rouse yourself from this stupor, and accompany me in a walk round the city ramparts."

After a restorative excursion, they repaired, at the appointed hour, to the Jesuit convent, and were immediately conducted to the cell of the confessor, an aged and venerable priest, who gazed for some seconds in silent wonder on the dejected Florian, and then, laying a hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! Florian, is it possible that I see you alive?"

The startled youth raised his downcast eyes at this exclamation, and recognised in the Jesuit before him the worthy superior of the school at which he had been educated, and the same who had congratulated him on the disappearance of Bartholdy. This discovery imparted instant and unspeakable relief to the harassed feelings of Florian. The years he had passed under the paternal care of this benevolent old man arose with healing influence in his memory; and losing, in the sudden glow of filial regard and entire confidence, all his wonted timidity, he poured his tale of misery

and remorse into the sympathizing ear of the good father, with the artless and irresistible eloquence of a mind pure from all offence. The confessor, who listened with warm interest to his recital, forbore to interrupt its progress by questions. "I rejoice to learn," he afterwards replied, "that Bartholdy, although deeply stained with crime, quitted this life with less of guilt than he was charged with on his conscience. The details of his confession I cannot reveal, without a breach of the sacred trust reposed in me. It is enough to state, that he was deeply criminal. Without reference, however, to his more recent transgressions, I can impart to you some particulars of his earlier life, and of his implication in the murder you have detailed, which will be sufficient to relieve your conscience, and reconcile you to the will of Him, who, for wise purposes, made you the blind instrument of well-merited punishment. Know then, my son, that when Bartholdy was supposed by yourself and others to have absconded from the seminary, he was a prisoner within its walls. Certain evidence had reached the presiding fathers, that this reckless youth was connected with a band of plundering incendiaries, who had for some months infested the neighboring districts. Odious alike to his teachers and schoolfellows, repulsed by every one but you, and almost daily subjected to punishment or remonstrance, he sought and found more congenial associates beyond our walls; and, with a view to raise money for the gratification of his vicious propensities, he contrived to scale our gates at night, and took an active part in the plunder of several unprotected dwellings. At the same time, we received a friendly intimation from the police, that he was implicated in a projected scheme to fire and plunder a neighboring chateau, and that the ensuing night was fixed upon for the perpetration of this atrocity. Upon inquiry it was discovered that Bartholdy had been out all night, and it was now feared that he

had finally absconded. Happily, however, for the good name of the seminary, he returned soon after the arrival of this intelligence, and, as I now conjecture, with a view to re-possess himself of the knife he had left in your custody. He was immediately secured and committed to close confinement, in the hope that his solitary reflections, aided by our admonitions, would have gradually wrought a salutary change in his character. This confinement, which was sanctioned by his relations, was prolonged three years without any beneficial result; and at length, after many fruitless attempts, he succeeded in making his escape. Joining the scattered remnant of the band of villains dispersed by the police, he soon became their leader in the contrivance and execution of atrocities which I must not reveal, but which I cannot recollect without a shudder. In consequence of high winds and clouds of dust, the public walk and grove beyond the gate of D. had been some days deserted by the inhabitants, and the body of the murdered officer was not discovered until the fourth morning after your departure from the university. A catastrophe so dreadful had not for many years occurred in that peaceful district: a proportionate degree of abhorrence was roused in the public mind, and the excited people rushed in crowds to view the corpse, in which, by order of the police, the fatal knife was left as when first discovered; while secret agents mingled with the crowd, to watch the various emotions of the spectators. Guided by a retributive providence, Bartholdy, who had that morning arrived in D., approached the body, and gazed upon it with callous indifference, until the remarkable handle of his long-lost knife caught his eye. Starting at the well-remembered object, a deep flush darkened his yellow visage, and immediately the police-officers darted forward and seized him. At first he denied all knowledge of the knife, and, when again brought close to the body, he gazed upon it with all his

wonted hardihood; but, when told to take the bloody weapon from the wound, he grasped the handle with a shudder, drew it forth with sudden effort, and, as he gazed on the discolored blade, his joints shook with terror, and the knife fell from his trembling hand. Superstition was ever largely blended with the settled ferocity of Bartholdy's character, and I now attribute this emotion to a fear that his destiny was in some way connected with this fatal weapon, which had already caused his long imprisonment, and would now too probably endanger his life. This ungovernable agitation confirmed the general suspicion excited by his forbidding and savage exterior. He was immediately conveyed to the hotel of the police, and the knife was placed before him; but, when again interrogated, he long persisted in denying all knowledge of it. When questioned, however, as to his name and occupation, and his object in the city of D., his embarrassment increased, his replies involved him in contradictions, and at length he admitted that he *had* seen the knife before, and in *your* possession. This attempt to criminate you by implication, failed, however, to point any suspicion against one whose unblemished life and character were so well known in the university. Your gentle and retiring habits, your shrinking aversion from scenes of strife and bloodshed, were recollected by many present: their indignation was loudly uttered, and a friend of yours expressed his belief *that* you had quitted the city some days before the murder was committed. In short, this base and groundless insinuation of Bartholdy created an impression highly disadvantageous to him. A few hours later, intelligence arrived that the diligence in which you had left D. had been attacked by a band of robbers, while passing through a forest, the day after your departure. Several of the passengers had been wounded; some killed; others had saved themselves by flight; and, as you had disappear-

ed, it was now conjectured that Bartholdy had murdered you, and taken from your person the knife with which he had afterwards stabbed the young man in the grove. This presumptive evidence against him was so much strengthened by his sudden emotion at the sight of the weapon, and by the apparent probability that the murder of the young officer had succeeded the robbery of the diligence, that the watch and money found upon the body failed to create any impression in his favor, as it was conjectured, by the strongly-excited people, that he had been alarmed by passing footsteps before he had succeeded in rifling his victim. He was put into close confinement until farther evidence could be obtained; and, ere long, a letter arrived to your address from Normandy, stating the arrival of your trunk by the carrier, and expressing surprise at your non-appearance. A judicial summons, detailing your name and person, and citing you to appear and give evidence against the supposed murderer, led to no discovery of your retreat, and the evidence of your wounded fellow travellers was obscure and contradictory. Meanwhile, however, several of the robbers who had attacked the diligence were captured by the *gens-d'armes*. When confronted with Bartholdy, their intelligence was sufficiently obvious, and he at length confessed his co-operation in the murderous assault upon the travellers; but stoutly denied that he had either injured or even seen you amongst the passengers, and as tenaciously maintained his innocence of the murder committed in the grove. Your entire disappearance, however, his emotion on beholding the knife, and his admission that he knew it, still operated so strongly against him, that he was tried and pronounced guilty of three crimes, each of which was punishable with death. During the week succeeding his trial, he was supplied by a confederate with tools, which enabled him to escape and resume his predatory habits; nor was he re-

taken until a month before his execution, while engaged in a robbery of singular boldness and atrocity. He was recognised as the hardened criminal who had escaped from confinement at D.; and as the authorities were apprehensive that no prison would long hold so expert and desperate a villain, an order was obtained from Paris for the immediate execution of the sentence already passed upon him at D. Thus, although guilty of one only of the three crimes for which he suffered, the forfeiture of ten lives would not have atoned for his multiplied transgressions. From boyhood even he had preyed upon society with the insatiable ferocity of a tiger; and you, my son, ought not to murmur at the decree which made your early acquaintance with him the means of stopping his savage career, and your hand the instrument of retribution."

The concluding words of the venerable priest fell like healing balm upon the wounded spirit of Florian, who returned home an altered and a saddened, but a sustained and a devout man: deeply conscious that the ways of Providence, however intricate, are just; and more resigned to a vocation, to which he now conceived that he had been for especial purposes appointed. He followed, too, the advice of the friendly priest, in leaving the public belief of his own death uncontradicted; and, as he had not actually witnessed the murder in the grove near D., he felt himself justified in withholding his evidence against an individual, of whose innocence there was a remote possibility.

The mental agony of the unfortunate young headsman had been so acute, that a reaction upon his bodily health was inevitable. Symptoms of serious indisposition appeared the next day, and were followed by a long and critical malady, which, however, eventually increased his domestic happiness, by unfolding in his Madelon nobler and higher attributes than he had yet discovered in her character. No longer the giddy and

laughter-loving Frenchwoman, she had, for some years, become a devoted wife and mother; but it was not until she saw her husband's gentle spirit forever blighted, and his life endangered for some weeks by a wasting fever, that she felt all his claims upon her, and bitterly reproached herself as the sole cause of his heaviest calamities. During this long period of sickness, when all worldly objects were waning around this man of sorrows, she watched, and wept, and prayed over him with an untiring assiduity and self-oblivion, which developed to the grateful Florian all the unfathomable depths of woman's love, and proved her consummate skill and patience in all the tender offices and trying duties of a sick-chamber. Her health was undermined, and her fine eyes were dimmed forever by long-continued vigilance: but her assiduities were at length rewarded by a favorable crisis; and when the patient sufferer was sufficiently restored to bear the disclosure, she kneeled to him in deep humility, and acknowledged, what the reader has doubtless long conjectured, that *she* had, from an upper window, caused that ominous jarring of the sword and axe which induced her father to suspect and follow him, and which eventually led to their marriage.

Florian started in sudden indignation; but his gentle nature, and the hallowed influences of recent sickness and calamity, soon prevailed over his wrath. What *could* he say? How could he chide the lovely and devoted woman, whose fraud had grown out of her affection for him! In an instant he forgot his own sorrows; and, as he listened to the mournful and beseeching accents of her who was the mother of his children, and had been unto him, in sickness and in health, a ministering angel, his anger melted into love. He had no words; but, like the father of the humbled prodigal, he had compassion, and fell upon her neck and kissed her, and forgave her entirely, and forever.

The old headsman survived these events several years; and, while his strength continued equal to the effort, he spared his son-in-law from the trying duties of his office. After his death, however, his successor was compelled to encounter the dreadful task. For sometime before and after each execution sadness sat heavy on his soul, but yielded gradually to the sustaining influence of fervent prayer, and to the caresses of his wife and children. In the intervening periods he regained comparative tranquillity, and devoted himself unceasingly to the education of his boys, and to the labors of his field and vineyard. I have been told, however, that since the execution of Bartholdy he was never seen to smile; and that, when gazing on the joyous sports of his unconscious children, his eyes would often fill with tears of sorrowing anticipation. Thus many years elapsed: his boys became men, and the training and nomination of one of them as his successor, renewed in the heart of the fond father all those bitter pangs which the soothing agency of time and occupation had lulled to comparative repose.

By the French laws the son of an executioner *must* succeed his father, or see the family estate transferred to strangers. When the old headsman was near his end, his son-in-law pledged himself by oath to train a son as his own successor. His eldest boy, who blended with his father's gentle manners some portion of his mother's courage, evinced, from an early age, such determined antipathy to this vocation, that the appointment was transferred to the second son, who had inherited the masculine spirit and prompt decision of his mother. Unhappily, however, soon after his nomination, he died of a malignant fever. His sorrowing mother, who had for some time observed symptoms of declining health in her husband, and was indescribably solicitous to see him relieved from his official duties, prevailed upon her youngest son, in absence of her first-born, to accept the appointment. But this youth,

not then nineteen, and in mind and person the counterpart of his timid father, was equally unsuited to the formidable calling. Well knowing, however, that his refusal would deprive his parents of the home and the support so essential to their growing infirmities, he strung his nerves to the appalling task, and, at the next execution, he mounted the scaffold as his father's substitute. But, alas! at the decisive moment his strength and resolution failed him. His sight grew dim with horror, and he performed his trying duty so unskillfully, that the people groaned with indignation at the protracted sufferings of the unfortunate criminal, and the town-authorities pronounced him unqualified. The consequence of this disastrous failure was an immediate summons to the eldest son, who had for several years thought himself finally released from this terrible appointment. So unexpected a change in his destination fell upon him like a death-blow; and, as he read the fatal summons, he felt the sword and axe grating on his very soul.

It was on a dark and gusty evening in November, about five-and-thirty years after the time referred to at the commencement of the preceding tragical narrative, that it was related to Professor N. and three students belonging to a university in Northern Germany, who were assembled in the Professor's study. The narrator was also a student of the university—a tall and handsome youth—of retiring habits and almost invincible taciturnity, but distinguished by great intellectual promise. There was to be an execution on the following day, and he had called upon the Professor for the purpose of obtaining, through his influence, permission to stand near the criminal at the moment of decapitation. This request excited no little surprise in the mind of the Professor, who was well aware of his gentleness and fastidiousness, both by nature and habit. The young man replied, that as he might embrace the medical pro-

fession, it was essential to his purpose to steel his nerves by inuring them to every trying spectacle. The Professor promised to introduce him in the morning to his nephew, who was to command the detachment ordered on duty for the melancholy occasion. The conversation of the Professor and the three students now turned upon the poor wretch who was so soon to bend his neck to the executioner—and from him their thoughts naturally adverted to the executioner himself. One of them spoke with utter detestation of the man who could, with a firm eye and unsparing hand, shed the blood of a fellow creature—of one who had never injured him in deed or thought. The Professor in reply hoped, for the honor of human nature, that many of those who fulfil this terrible duty possess strong feelings of reluctance and compassion; but he could not believe that this vocation was voluntarily adopted by any man who had not, through early training or a long course of crime, blunted the best feelings of human nature.

Julius Arenbourg, the student before mentioned, who had hitherto as usual been a silent but attentive listener, now addressed the Professor with an animation which surprised all present, who were acquainted with the fact that his replies were generally either commonplaces or monosyllables, and that he rarely uttered a connected sentence. He knew, he said, an instance of adoption which afforded decisive evidence, that even a youth of education and refinement, of spotless integrity, diffident, gentle, and humane to a fault, might be compelled, by the force of circumstances, to undertake an office from which his nature recoiled with abhorrence, and from which, in that instance, he would have been saved by a higher degree of moral courage. In proof of this assertion, he detailed the strange and eventful history which we have given in the preceding pages. He began in tones which, though tremulous at first, became deep and impressive as he proceeded. Towards the conclusion

his mournful voice quivered with suppressed emotion, and as he finished his eyes were clouded with tears. He rose abruptly to depart, and informing the Professor that he should claim his promise of assistance in introducing him within the circle at the execution on the morrow, he shook hands with him and the students, and retired.

* * * *

On the following evening Professor N. determined to seek Julius at his lodgings, and requested one of the students to accompany him. He knew the street, but not the house, in which the young man resided; and as soon as they had entered the street, their attention was excited by a tumultuous assemblage of people at no great distance. Hastening to the spot, the Professor ascertained from a bystander that the crowd had been collected by the loud report of a gun or pistol in the apartments of a student. Struck with an appalling presentiment, the Professor and his companion forced a passage to the house-door, and were admitted by the landlord, to whom the former was well known. "Tell me!" exclaimed the Professor, gasping with terror and suspense, "Is it Julius Arenbourg?"

"Alas! it is indeed," replied the other. "Follow me up stairs, and you shall see him."

They found the body of the ill-fated youth extended on the bed, and a pistol near him, the ball of which had gone through his heart. His fine features, although somewhat contracted by the peculiar action of a gunshot wound, still retained much of their bland and melancholy character. The landlord and his family wept as they related that Julius, their favorite lodger, who had been seen standing, at the time of the execution, with folded arms, and eager gaze, within a few feet of the scaffold, had returned home with hurried steps, and a countenance of death-like paleness. Without speaking to the children, as was his wont, he had locked the door of his apartment, where he remained several hours, and then hastened with some letters to the post-office. In a few

minutes after his return, the fatal shot summoned them to his room, where they found him dying and speechless. "But I had nearly forgotten," concluded the landlord, "that he left upon his table a letter addressed to Professor N."

The worthy man opened the letter with a trembling hand, and, in a voice husky with emotion, read the contents to his companion.

"From you, my dear Professor, and from my younger friends, though but friends of yesterday, I venture to solicit the last kindness which human sympathy can offer. If, as I dare to hope, I have some hold upon your good opinion, you will not refuse to see my remains interred with as much decency as the magistrates will permit. In my purse will be found enough to meet the amount of this and every other claim upon me.

"I have yet another boon to ask, and one of vital moment to my unhappy relatives. I have prepared them to expect intelligence of my death by fever; and surely my request, that the subjoined notice of my decease may be inserted in the papers of Metz and Strasburg, will not be disregarded by those whose kindness taught me the value of existence when I had no alternative but to resign it.

"That those earthly blessings, which were denied to me and mine, may be abundantly vouchsafed to you, is the fervent prayer of the unhappy

JULIUS.

"Died of fever, at ———, in Germany, Julius Florian Laroche, a native of Champagne, aged 22."

"Alas!" exclaimed the deeply-affected Professor, "the mystery is solved, and my suspicions were too well founded. Sad indeed was thy destiny, my Julius, and sacred shall be thy last wishes!"

Kissing the cold brow of the deceased, he hung over his remains in silent sorrow, and breathed a fervent prayer for mercy to the suicide; then giving brief directions for the funeral, the Professor and his friend paced slowly homeward, in silence and in tears.

ON LANGUAGE AND STYLE AS POETICAL VEHICLES,

ESPECIALLY AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE WRITINGS OF CRABBE, WORDSWORTH,
AND BYRON.

IN the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, it is contended by Wordsworth that the language of poetry is not essentially different from that of prose—and that the manners of humble life, as they are more immediately derived from nature and mind, must consequently be the best groundwork for the structures of the muse. At least, stripped of adventitious colorings, we take this to be the basis of his peculiar doctrines.

Of the former proposition we do not intend at present taking any farther notice, having partly discussed its merits in our essay on the genius of the author of “the *Excursion*,” but, with regard to the latter, we must, in a word, remark that it is either erroneous, or that we do not understand it.

Those who fill the superior walks of life, or in other words, the upper classes of society, vary from those in the lower, not in difference of mental organization, but in difference of mental pursuit; not in the configuration of their faculties, but in the purposes to which they are applied. The son of a peasant is not more a child of nature, strictly so speaking, though born in a cottage, within a sequestered valley surrounded by the green forests and “the mountains old,” than is the son of a prince, brought forth in a palace, with its “stuccoed roofs, and frescoed walls,” amid the stir and bustle of a metropolitan city. It is education (taking that word in its least restricted sense) that creates the difference between them. It is the knowledge of man and things derived directly from intercourse with the living world, through personal observation, or indirectly from intercourse with the mind of past ages through “the spectacles of books.” This is leading the principles of thought into proper channels; directing speculation to proper objects; “teaching the young idea how to shoot.” This is

festooning the vine to the wall, and not allowing it to trail along the soil in the untamed luxuriance of nature. Now, will the grapes thus produced be inferior in color or flavor—or, to bring the simile still more directly home to the argument before us, will they be more unnatural than grapes on a vine that “wastes its sweetness on the desert air”? Certainly not.

Education is only the culture of the faculties, and not an eradication of the principles of mind. The motives of the peasant, directed to the accomplishment of any given object, are not more likely to be right, or—if the reader will so have it—natural, because they proceed wholly from the impulses of his own untutored reason, than those of the man who brings in the experience and observation of other men to his aid; simply from this cause, that such experience and such observation were gained from similarly constituted beings, called upon to judge in similar situations. Nature is not synonymous with whatever is lowly, nor art with whatever is elevated. Mankind are but members of one great family; from its loftiest to its lowest grade, society is endowed with the same mental and corporeal appetencies, elevated by the same emotions, and subjected to the same infirmities. The difference alone consists in the language by which men express their wants or wishes; and if any favorable prognoses may be found of Wordsworth’s theory, it is here we are to look for it.

The truth, however, is, that the apophthegms and practice of the patriarch of the Lake School, if they are not in direct opposition, at least cannot be said to coincide. The selection of his pictures from life may be taken from a humble enough sphere, Cumberland Beggars, Gipsies, Idiot Boys, and old Peter—

Who, though he had but one eye left,
His cheek was like a cherry ;

and, although the incidents he may prefer for imaginative embellishment may be as trivial and as simple as possible, yet no one will venture to say that the language in which his ideas are embodied is either without figure or unadorned. His diction, his expression, the physiognomy of his writings, both in prose and verse, are eminently scholastic ; and, in the whole range of our literature, we do not know of a single writer in whom the conception and the expression are so utterly unlike, and at such complete variance.

Were we to expatiate a little farther on this theme, it could readily be shown that the scenes of high and low life are chiefly distinguished by the intensity of degree which the faculty of imagination exerts over them. In him whose daily pittance, gleaned from severe physical exertion, is scarcely adequate for supplying the necessities of life, the faculties must be chained down as with a band of iron. He is doomed to severe reality, and his judgment domineers over his fancy with a steady tyranny, which ever forbids its exertion. Low life, in its intensity and "utter nakedness," is not therefore adapted to poetry ; it is thoroughly prosaic, and all its associations are anti-poetical.

Of what *materiel*, then, it may be asked, is the poetry of Wordsworth constituted ? His poetry is a representation of common life, not viewed with the eye of reality, but as it is reflected in the mirror of imagination. The outlines only remain the same, but the coloring is his own. The poetry of Crabbe is a much better illustration of Wordsworth's theories reduced to practice ; and, if we wish to see any exemplification of them, we would do well to turn from the "Lyrical Ballads" and the "Excursion," to the pages of "the Village" and "the Parish Register." Let us take, for example, the following description — (and it is an exceedingly beautiful one) — of a manufactory, where poor

children are employed, and contrast it with a pauper scene from Crabbe.

An unnatural light,
Prepared for never-resting labor's eyes,
Breaks from a many-window'd fabric huge ;
And, at the appointed hour, a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the curfew knoll,
That spoke the Roman Conqueror's stern be-
hest—

A local summons to unceasing toil !
Disgorged are now the ministers of day ;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded
door—

And in the courts—and where the rambling
stream,

That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Then, maidens,
youths,

Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offer'd up
To gain—the master idol of the realm—
Perpetual sacrifice.

Excursion.

The handling, the style, and the execution of this, are widely different — although not so the subjects—from those of the following. It is the description of a Parish Poor House. In the above, truth is conveyed to us by bold outline and majestic versification ; while, in Crabbe, we shall find the same result to proceed from bald unadornment, and a minute circumstantiality, similar to that of the Flemish school of painting.

There in yon house, that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
door,—

There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the
day,—

There children dwell, who know no parent's
care ;

Parents, who know no children's love, dwell
there ;

Heart-broken matrons, on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood's
fears !

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick, their final doom receive—
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief to
grieve ;

Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,

Mix'd with the clamors of the crowd below ;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow
scan,

And the cold charities of man to man :
Whose laws, indeed, for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride ;

But still that scrap is brought with many a sigh,

And pride embitters what it can't deny.
 Say, ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance,
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
 To name the nameless ever-new disease;
 Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
 Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
 How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
 Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
 How would you bear to draw your latest breath
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room, which one rude beam divides,
 And naked rafters, from the sloping sides;
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
 And lath and mud are all that lie between:
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day.
 There, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
 Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

Wordsworth's delineations are too vividly colored by his all-absorbing imagination, to bear any striking resemblance to the scenes of real life and existing nature. In his selection of poetical subjects, he always prefers those which are picturesque, and we have nothing of them but what their picturesqueness affords. In his highly original ballad of "The Thorn," this is strikingly illustrated.

And close beside this aged thorn,
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,
 A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
 Just half a foot in height.
 All lovely colors there you see,
 All colors that were ever seen;
 And mossy net-work too is there,
 As if by hand of lady fair
 The work had woven been.

As also in Peter Bell, about whom hung the savage aspect of "marshes and of dreary moors;" the old serving-man of Ivor-hall, whose livery coat "was fair behind and fair before;" and Goody Blake, in the overt act of stealing sticks for her fire from the hedge of Harry Gill—

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing—
 While Harry held her by the arm—
 "God! who art never out of hearing,
 O may he never more be warm!"
 The cold, cold moon above her head,
 Thus on her knees did Goody pray.

We could quote fifty other instances. He listens to the speech (as in the ballad of "The Beggars"), and attends to the association in the ideas of human beings (as in the splendid poem, "Resolution and Independence"), not to find actually, but to make poetry out of elements the most uncongenial. People in his pages are made to talk, as if from a consciousness that their thoughts were regulated by metaphysical laws, and as if each of their actions was to be noted down as the operation of some distinct faculty of mind, in accordance with his own poetical classification. In every touch he makes there is an end to be gained—it is done for a specific purpose. He endeavors to reduce human life, which is truly "a thing of shreds and patches," to a system, and does not content himself, like Crabbe, with a series of detached pictures, illustrative of the manners of society, its virtues and its vices. Compare, for instance, his admirable picture of the deserted wife in "the Excursion," whose very child

Had caught the trick of grief,
 And sigh'd amid its playthings,
 with Crabbe's equally admirable sketch of Phæbe Dawson, illustrative of a similar heart-breaking calamity, and the justice of our remark will at once appear obvious.

Wordsworth takes everything in its most imaginative, consequently in its most poetical, point of view—Crabbe, in the darkest aspect of its reality. Wordsworth paints the shepherd's sheiling as the abode of independence, honor, and the household virtues, sweet as the shepherd's own pipe

Upon the mountains,
 With all his little flock at feed beside him.
 Crabbe shows the incompatibility, in almost all instances, of integrity with abject dependence; and, in his own words,

Paints the cot
 As truth would paint it, and as bards would not.

Indeed, exaggeration is one of the besetting sins of the Lake School. Coleridge says of his "Auncient Mariner," that he

Is long, and lank, and lean
As is the ribbed sea sand.

Wilson, in apostrophising a sleeping child, beautifully imagines it to have communication with Heaven in its dreams :—

Sometimes sudden sights of grace,
Such is the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe ! by God are given,
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

Southey dwells with delight on the
“ Bird of Ages,” that

Had a human meaning in its eye.

Keats speaks of

A little noiseless noise amid the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

Shelly carries his rapturous contemplation of flowers to the length of endowing them with human sensibilities :

The naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom love makes so fair, and passion so pale,
And narcissi, that gaze in the stream’s recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

The pages of Wordsworth abound with illustrations. In “ the Excursion ” he compares the bleating of a strayed lamb among the hills to distant thunder ; and, in the introduction to Peter Bell, he declares

There’s something in a flying horse,
There’s something in a huge balloon ;
But through the clouds I’ll never float
Until I have a little boat,
Whose shape is like the crescent moon.

Crabbe’s notions are at antipodes with all this. He strips nature of her artificial disguises, and anatomizes error with a skill as unshrinking as it is repulsive. Wordsworth says that “ the child is father of the man ; ” and Crabbe so far acquiesces in the philosophy, as, in the boy, to behold the seeds of those vices which are to deform his manhood.

From both Wordsworth and Crabbe having chosen plebeian life as the principal *matériel* of their poetry, their peculiar characteristics are thus rendered more distinctly prominent ; as, in the handling of their subjects, they have scarcely one excellence in common. Wordsworth wishes to dignify human nature ; Crabbe to show it as it is—and not generally in its more favorable aspects. In accordance with these particular views, the one lays

his scene in the country, the other in the city or village. The one throws around his peasants the grandeur of external nature ; the sublimity of the mountains—the chastened beauty of the valleys—the woods in their awful silence, or when “ tossing and roaring like a sea ”—the dreary solitude of the heath—the silver expanse of the waters, where the swan

Floats double, swan and shadow—

the rural quiet of the pastoral hamlet, and the simple innocence of country life. The other turns from these to the crowded mart and the noisy street—to children in ignorance, manhood in error, and old age in garrulous imbecility—to the over-reaching merchant and the heartless debauchee—to the tinker and the poacher—to the drunkard blaspheming over his beer—to the nefarious churchwarden—to the slattern and the scold—to “ forsaken wives, and mothers never wed.”

Taken all in all, we consider Crabbe the truest, the minutest, the most faithful, delineator of life and manners, as exhibited in our own day, that our literature can boast of ; and as the most poignant satirist that ever kept himself above the lowness of personality. His portraits are fac-similes of actual existence ; and we recognise them in an instant, although they seldom give us reason to be proud of their acquaintance. In the exhibition of a series, almost all of whom can be considered in scarcely any other light than as blots on human nature, we regret that he has not more frequently presented us with likenesses, which, we fondly hope, would be possessed of equal truth and more amiability.

The heroes of Byron are equally erring and equally wretched. Childe Harold passes from a youth of error into a manhood of misanthropy ;

For he through sin’s long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss.

The Giaour flies off with the bride of another, whom, on her death, he murders ; Selim falls in love with Zuleika, his supposed sister, and is shot by his uncle Gaffier ; the Corsair, according to his own verses,

Left a name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes ;
and, to crown all, he has added cart-
loads of flagrancies to the charge of
Don Juan, who, long ere his celebra-
tion of him, was,

Even in the Pantomime,
Sent to the Devil long before his time.

In fact, they are almost all, from Harold and Manfred to Sardanapalus and Cain, the slaves of perverted principles and tempestuous passions. They differ from Crabbe's in their situations being elevated—their deportment majestic—and their lineaments classical. Even in their degradation, they bear the stamp of native nobility. Like the ruins of an ancient fortress, they breathe an air of commanding dignity ; and scowl aloof in princely exaltation from the contamination of every meaner thing—

Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd.
Their vices are brought forward in reflections upon their conduct, but carefully avoided in the incidents described. We are told that they are ruffians ; but we see them act like heroes : and if we are informed in one page that they are at war with the world and themselves, we are sure to behold them, in the next, the devoted worshippers of female loveliness—the slaves of an overwhelming and volcanic affection, alternately blessing them

and rendering them miserable—a passion which is the star of their dark and troubled night, the rainbow over the tempests of existence.

Crabbe works on different materials : the weakness and malevolence of the heart ; the frailties of the human frame, and the human intellect ; the obtuseness of the feelings ; the pride of conceited ignorance ; the petty artifices of society. Nothing, at a *prima facie* view of the subject, could be well imagined more repulsive and less poetical than such materials ; and no one could well see how they were to be rendered interesting. Yet the truth is, that under the management of Crabbe they are made to enchain and rivet attention, producing a degree of excitement in the mind, which borders on oppression. The interest of his poetry is totally and intrinsically different from that of “the Beggar's Opera,” which is nothing more than an admirably sustained paradox, in which vice assumes the lineaments almost of virtue. Gay's heroes and heroines sing and moralize, declaim and talk witticisms, with all the gaiety and grace imaginable, although they are the very persons to whom “right and wrong are accidents,” and who ought, as Shakspeare hints by implication, “to have no music in them.”

AFRICAN PANTOMIME.

DURING our stay at Katunga (says Mr. Lander in his “African Records,” recently published) we were witnesses to a kind of pantomime, which amusement the inhabitants generally prefer, in honor of the caboceers, whenever they pay a visit to the king, as was the case in this instance. The place chosen for the exhibition was a large enclosure, contiguous to the king's residence, covered with verdure, and as level as a bowling-green. It was rendered particularly pleasant by the refreshing shade afforded by clumps of tall trees,

which studded the spot in all directions. Two huge shapeless rocks of crumbling granite marked the limits of the play-ground to the south ; the king's house those to the north ; and a range of trees intercepted the view to the east and west. A lofty fan-palm-tree grew in the centre of the place, under the branches of which the actors were accommodated ; and a temporary fence, erected round its trunk, screened them from observation, whenever they chose to remain concealed. A most astounding din from drums, horns, and whistles, was

the signal for the performers to begin their manœuvres. The first act consisted of dancing, capering, and tumbling, by about twenty men, enveloped in sacks, which novel and elegant divertisement was continued with admirable spirit for a full half hour, when the contents of the sacks becoming fatigued, bundled themselves back to the palm-tree. The second act commenced almost immediately after, with attempting to catch the *boa constrictor*. To effect this object, one of the dancing sacks came out of the place of its concealment, and fell gently and most conveniently to the ground, when a monstrous mis-shapen figure, with an enormous head-dress, from which streamed a variety of strips of scarlet damask and country cloth, slowly approached the recumbent sack from behind the fence. The figure was of most gigantic stature, and changed its appearance as often as the enchanted Turk in our puppet-shows. It held in its hand a sword, and by its motions, as well as the commanding attitude it assumed over the other actors, appeared to be the director of the pageant. Another fellow in a sack was then brought out, and being placed bolt upright by the side of the figure, by the application of a slight blow fell near to its peaceable companion, and by a little shifting contrived to get its head close to that of the other. The mouths of the two sacks having been previously unsewn, the contents of the one crawled into the other, and after these formalities the representation of the *boa* presently began. The reptile at first thrust its head out of the bag and attempted to lay hold of the tremendous figure, who contrived dexterously enough to make it draw itself into the sack again by a flourish of his weapon, which the knowing animal appeared to understand perfectly well. The head of the *boa* was then jutted out in a different direction, and by degrees the whole body protruded itself from the place of its confinement into open daylight, and remained exposed for a few seconds to the gaze of the multitude. It appeared to be

about fourteen feet in length, and by reason of the painted cloth with which it was covered, might easily be mistaken for the animal it was intended to represent. The angry monster, after a short pause, pursued the fantastical figure with the sword, rather slowly, to be sure, but withal very naturally, going through the motions of a snake, by coiling itself round like a rope, opening and shutting its jaws, and darting out its forked tongue; all of which elicited the rapturous applauses of the bystanders. But the pursued, although it never was at a greater distance from the reptile than a few feet, had not the courage to come in contact with its fangs. At length, at a given signal by the manager, the whole troop of actors rushed to the spot; they were then sackless, but their features were effectually concealed by masks reaching to the bosom. The figure then began to act on the offensive, by chopping the irritated monster's tail with his weapon, in a shocking and most unmerciful manner. The snake apparently writhed in agony, and convulsively twisted its body for a few moments, whilst it endeavored, without effect, to be revenged on its formidable adversary by extending its neck to bite; when life seeming to be extinguished, it was borne off, on the shoulders of the actors, to the fetish-house. The third and last part of this extraordinary ceremony consisted in the representation of the caricature of a white man. One of the sack-dancers, placed by himself on a clear spot of ground, near to the palm-tree, gradually detached his covering, and exposed the figure of a man, of a chalky whiteness, to the fixed looks of the people, who set up so terrific a shout of approbation as to startle us, prepared as we had been to expect some such explosion. The figure walked but indifferently well, and mimicked our actions as badly; the composition with which it was bedaubed evidently preventing the actor from using his limbs freely, or performing his part with the facility he could have wished. Although his

embarrassment was apparent to us, yet the populace did not seem to take any notice of this defect, and an universal roar of laughter expressed the delight which filled every bosom. The pantomimic incident had now attained its utmost bounds, and all eyes, swimming in tears, were directed first to us, and then to the intended representation of us, as much as to say, "What a faithful and striking resemblance!" We entered most cordially into the good humor of the moment, not so much on account of the clumsy

and unsightly figure before us, as to see a vast circle of white teeth grinning at the same moment, and producing an irresistibly ludicrous effect. After exhibiting himself in this manner about an hour, the white man was enveloped in his sack, and borne, like the serpent, to the fetish-house, when the amusements ended, and the people quietly dispersed. Between the acts we were entertained with a concert of drums and whistles, as well as country songs from the females, in the choruses of which the people joined.

GRANAWAILE.

AN AMAZONIAN RECORD.

The romance of *real* life frequently exceeds, in an extraordinary degree, the studied novelties of fiction.

THE voice of revelry was heard within the walls of Howth Castle—a fortress, the site of which is yet distinguishable on the coast of the harbor of Howth, amidst the various alterations and interpolations to which it has been subjected. It was, in the sixteenth century, a very strong place, and deemed, on account of its ditches, ramparts, flanking towers, and bastions, almost impregnable;—besides which, the tried valor of Lord Howth's retainers, who garrisoned it, and their devotion to his cause, were well known. Revelry reigned now within the baronial hall of Howth Castle, and a deafening storm wildly raged without; but little recked the heroes of pike, long-bow, and arquebuss, for the angry yelling of the winds, and the furious dashing of the frothy waves, whilst they enjoyed the free circulation of the black-jack, the tale, and the song. A fierce and piercing blast, however, from the warder's horn, and several weighty blows falling rapidly upon the massy nail-studded outer portal of the Castle, aroused the attention of the wassailers; and one of them, despatched by the Earl to inquire who intruded upon the privacy of the Castle dinner hour, returned with a message to this purport:

"Granawaile of Ireland, Queen of the Western Isles, having, upon her departure from the Court of Elizabeth of England, been driven by stress of weather into the harbor and port of Howth, demandeth of the Lord of the Manor, as a leal knight, succor and hospitality."

The Earl, enraged at the lack of etiquette and deference towards himself, which he fancied, or rather was willing to fancy, observable in the message of Granawaile, and little heeding the consequences which might ensue from exasperating the formidable Queen of the West, bade his henchman return this answer to the envoy of her Majesty:

"The Lord of Howth Castle hath, a law, from which he cannot depart: therefore, to the greatest potentate in the universe could he not open the gates of his fortalice whilst he dines. Queen Granawaile is welcome to his hospitality if she will condescend to wait for it."

The reception which this answer to her request met with from the high-spirited Semiramis of Erin may easily be surmised; and vowing that the insolent Earl should drink the last drop of her blood, ere she ate a morsel of his bread, she ordered the driving

vessels, if possible, to be moored, resolving, should the sea spare herself and little fleet, to reconnoitre Castle Howth on the morrow, and plan its effectual destruction. Great as was the danger of being run a-ground on a lee shore, Granawaile's men, fired at the insult offered to their celebrated and beloved Queen, succeeded in performing her commands, and trusted that close reefing and stout cables would enable them to weather the blast, should its violence not increase, during the night. Providentially, the storm ere morning had not only considerably abated, but the wind had veered round to a quarter extremely favorable for the Queen's return. Granawaile was not, however, to be deterred from her stern purpose, even by the precarious nature of a fair wind; and the early dawn beheld the intrepid heroine, accompanied by a naval and military officer, surveying, with scientific eye, the exterior of that massy fortification, of which the interior had been so rudely denied to her gaze.

"That's a tremendous battery. Yonder situation for the arquebusiers would be terrible to us. The height and steepness of that scarp, and the depth of the ditch, are almost inconceivable: a sharp fire from such ramparts would sweep our vessels cleanly off the waters. But let us land our troops here; give us the advantage of this hill on our right, that woody ravine on our left, and the chapel and village in our rear, and the castle must be ours in no time."

Such, and many more, were the remarks of Granawaile, as she slowly wandered around the walls and outworks of the almost impregnable fortress; and feeling that, though she was formidable on the seas, her martial genius was little able to compete on land with that of those who raised such tremendous fortifications, and well knew how most advantageously to use them, she said to the admiral of her fleet, "No, Rimbauld, it will never do; we must draw the insolent Earl into Clew Bay; there perhaps

you will teach him, at a trifling expense, better manners; but to attack the bravo in such a strong hold is impossible!"

"How now, my little fellow!" continued she, addressing a fair boy, in whose lively countenance and brilliant eyes shone a sense and spirit above his years, "What! at play so early!—why, you have well filled your cap with stones, shells, and seaweed, whilst the eyes of many are not yet open."

"Hush! lady—hush!" said the child, "I ought not to go by myself further than the angle of yon bastion, but have stolen out of bounds this morning, to look at those strange ships which were beat about so in the great storm yesterday."

"Do you like ships, then?"

"Oh, yes—love them!"

"And were you ever in one, my little man?"

"Not I, indeed!—father fears I might be lost, and then Howth Castle, this fine place, which is to be mine, would go to my cousin Dermott."

Granawaile perceived her advantage; and, after a little cajolery on the part of herself and the officers, persuaded the young heir of Howth to visit, by way of a frolic, "the finest of those ships," which he was so anxious to see; but no sooner had he stepped on board *The Queen's Carrack*, than the signal to weigh anchor was given; and the vessels, slipped from their moorings, sailed "homeward bound" from the harbor in gallant style.

Granawaile, fully anticipating the issue of her bold abduction of the heir of Howth, was well prepared to meet the irritated Earl, of whose advancing armament she had, some months afterwards, a full view from the turrets of her favorite castle, which commanded a prospect of Clew Bay, and a vast expanse of ocean besides.

The heroine had posted troops around Clare Island, at such intervals as were permitted by the nature of the coast, in order to oppose Lord

Howth's landing, should he attempt it, and to give time to her own fleet to proceed to the scene of action and form for the engagement. She had now the satisfaction of observing the Earl's squadron considerably a-head of Achill Isle, and making for the Bay, where, with her principal maritime force, she had, in fact, prepared for his reception. Granawaile then slipped the cables of some of her favorite vessels, which were always coiled round the posts of her own bed when in harbor; and her naval officers, who had been previously instructed, commenced at this signal their preparations for action.

The Earl's squadron, though hastily collected, was not deficient either in strength or beauty, his vicinity to the port of Dublin rendering the equipment of a tolerable fleet no very difficult matter.

On entering the Bay, an envoy was despatched by the Earl to Granawaile, demanding the restoration of his son, "by her unlawfully abducted and detained, &c.; in default of which restoration, accorded in peace and courtesy, he, the Earl of Howth, held himself in readiness to give battle," &c. &c.

To which defiance Granawaile replied in his own spirit:

"The Lady of the Isles hath a law, from which she cannot depart: therefore could she not restore, to the greatest potentate in the universe, his son, unless he complied with her own conditions."

"Oh, never!" cried the impetuous Earl, "never will I—can I—bend me to a woman's will, or abide her pleasure!" Then signifying his determination, his fleet immediately formed in line of battle, and was imitated by that of the Princess—so that the rival armaments now stood opposed to each other, and ready to commence the engagement.

Immediately facing the vessel of the Earl appeared that of Granawaile,

distinguished from the rest by its gala array: and—oh! sight of unutterable anguish to a father's heart—the only son of the Earl of Howth lashed to the main-mast of *The Queen's Carrack!*

In a state bordering upon desperation, the Earl despatched to Granawaile a flag of truce; and, requiring the meaning of so cowardly an act, entreated the removal of his son ere the commencement of the engagement.

The wily heroine replied, that "she was guilty of no cowardly act; but, being Queen in her own dominions, would indubitably dispose of her prisoners as she thought proper; and that it was optional with the Earl of Howth to become the murderer of his own child, or to reclaim him without the effusion of blood, by acceding to her terms, which were these:—"That the gates of Howth Castle should stand open now, and forever, at the hours of meals; and that its lords should never refuse hospitality to the stranger who sought it there." Granawaile added, that "she allowed Lord Howth fifteen minutes after the reception of this message to consider of it; but that, should he then refuse to come to terms, she would fire the first shot herself, follow it by a broadside, and expect him to have the spirit and gallantry to return the compliment."

The terrified Earl took little time to deliberate; in a few minutes the colors of his lordly fleet were lowered to those of Granawaile, the Amazon of the Western Isles; who, with all the generosity and tenderness of her sex, deemed an innocent stratagem to save life far more heroic than the expenditure of a thousand volleys to destroy it! And in a short space the darling son, whose account of Granawaile's kindness to him during his captivity ensured for her the Earl's lasting gratitude and esteem, was locked in the arms of his anxious and idolizing father.*

* The leading incidents of this tale are strictly historical, though not, we have understood, generally known to English readers.

THE STRANGER.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD, BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

CONE, list, while I tell of the heart-wounded stranger,
 Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground,
 Where often at midnight the lonely wood-ranger
 Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the home of that heart-stricken lady,
 Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand;
 But her features so sunn'd, and her eye-lash so shady,
 Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
 A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears;
 So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,
 Like music that sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us;
 But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
 With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
 All lovely and lone as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
 For pale was her cheek with that spirit-like hue,
 Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
 And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes when she sung,—oh! but once to have seen them
 Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart;
 While her looks and her voice made a language between them,
 That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream—no skill could restore her,—
 What e'er was her sorrow, its ruin was fast;
 She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
 That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor even in the grave is her sad heart reposing,—
 Still hovers her spirit of grief round her tomb;
 For oft when the shadows of midnight are closing,
 The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.

THE THREE KINDS OF FERMENTATION.

In the modern acceptance, the word fermentation expresses the changes which vegetable or animal matters spontaneously undergo, and which terminate in the production either of a vinous liquor, an acid liquor, or of a remarkable fetor.

Many chemists have considered these three different terminations as constituting three different kinds of fermentation. It is, however, more convenient to understand the whole series of changes as merely stages of one great process. And to this simple view it will be no objection to urge, that the last stage very often

takes place without being preceded by any other; and that all the stages may be brought about separately. For, on the other hand, we have various instances in which they follow each other, not only in succession, but in an unvarying succession; the second following the first, and the third following the second; thus evincing consecutive stages. The following will serve as an illustration both of the process of fermentation and of its stages.

If some grape-juice be left to itself, at the ordinary temperature of summer, it soon begins to suffer remarka-

ble changes : the liquor becomes muddy ; an internal motion takes place ; the temperature perhaps rises ; a bubbling noise is heard, owing to the breaking of minute air-bubbles at the surface ; and the whole appears not only to boil, but it tends to boil over, its bulk being swollen by the envelopment of so many air-bubbles. On account of this resemblance to boiling, the process is called *fermentation*, from *fervere*, to boil. Meanwhile a dense froth, composed of these bubbles involved in viscid matter, rises to the surface, and after remaining there sometime, it parts with the involved air which floated it, and the viscid matter subsides to the bottom. At length the liquor remains tranquil, and soon after becomes transparent. The viscid matter possesses the property of exciting fermentation in certain other substances not spontaneously disposed to such a change, and hence it is called *ferment*, but commonly *yeast* or *barm*.

At this period it is found that the grape-juice has lost its natural sweetness ; the taste becomes strong, stimulating, and aromatic ; and it acquires the singular property of intoxicating, which it did not before possess. In short, it has become *vinous*,—it is wine ; and the whole series of phenomena constitute the *vinous fermentation*. An *ardent* or burning-tasted spirit may be now extracted from the vinous liquor, and the ardent spirit, when very strong, is called by chemists *alcohol*.

After these changes, the fermented liquor being preserved for sometime, corked in bottles if weak, or partially exposed to air if strong, and the temperature being maintained at about 75 degrees, a new set of phenomena will take place. Provided the quantity is large, a hissing noise is heard, and the temperature rises perhaps 10 or 15 degrees. A little gas is given out ; the liquid exhibits an intestine but inconsiderable motion ; floating shreds make their appearance, and at length partly subside and partly collect into a gelatinous cake which con-

tinually thickens. The liquor is now transparent ; the vinous flavor and the alcohol have disappeared ; and the taste has become extremely sour : in short, the wine is converted into vinegar, called in Latin *acetum* ; and although the obvious symptoms of fermentation are inconsiderable, the process is called the *acetous* fermentation.

If vinegar be kept for a length of time, its surface becomes covered with a green mould, which constantly increases ; its acidity gradually disappears ; its peculiar pungent acid smell gives place to a highly disagreeable odor ; and, as this last effect proceeds from the rottenness (*putredo*) of the vegetable matter present, the whole change is called the *putrefactive* fermentation.

The change produced in dough, by the addition of yeast, is to be included in the class of vinous fermentations, although some chemists, on the supposition that dough, in that state, if distilled, did not yield alcohol, have insisted on drawing a distinction in this case, and proposed to call the effect produced *granary fermentation*. It is ascertained, however, that dough, in the state alluded to, will yield alcohol on distillation ; there are, consequently, no grounds for the distinction. In all cases of fermentation a certain quantity of moisture must be present ; and where the fermentation in question is the vinous, the body must be in a state of actual liquidity. A certain temperature is also necessary to support fermentation of any kind. The temperature most adapted to produce vinous fermentation is about 60° ; at 50° the process goes on with languor ; at 70° it is too rapid, and tends to the acetous stage ; at the freezing point it will not occur. On the other hand, at a high temperature far below the point of boiling water, it cannot exist.

Fermentation is produced by the action of certain substances, called *ferments*, on other substances, which, being capable of fermentation, are included in the term fermentable mat-

ters. Bodies susceptible of the vinous fermentation, (says Mr. Donovan,) do not undergo it, unless the proper ferment be present. A solution of pure sugar in water will not decidedly ferment unless yeast be added; nor will the juice of grapes, or other fruits, ferment, if they be deprived of a substance which they naturally contain analogous to yeast. The acetous fermentation has also its peculiar ferment; but this substance, it seems, has never been obtained in a separate form.

What is the nature of the different ferments which produce these changes? No answer can be given to the question put in this general form, as the researches of chemists have been particularly directed only to that one called *yeast*; and this accordingly is the only one the nature of which is at all understood, and our knowledge of it is still extremely imperfect.

Yeast has been variously represented by different chemists who have investigated it. Fabroni considered it identical with *gluten*. This is a substance contained in wheaten flour, which imparts to it the property of forming a tough paste with water; and which may be separated from the flour by kneading a handful of it under water, until it no longer communicates whiteness to the liquid. What then remains in the hand is a grey, tenacious, tough, elastic mass, stretching out and collapsing again like Indian rubber. The white matter which has mixed with the water soon subsides; it is starch: and of this, along with the gluten, was the original flour composed.

This gluten, or some modification of it, is what Fabroni considered to be the true vinous ferment; and he supported his opinion by some striking facts, which have been added to by the researches of Thenard. It was found that solution of sugar, which by itself does not ferment, does so, although feebly, if some gluten be added, and much better if the gluten be dissolved, as by the addition of tartar. Without the presence of tar-

tar, the juice of grapes refuses to ferment; and its effect is supposed to depend on its power of holding the natural ferment of the grape in solution. Gluten is not only contained in the different kinds of grain used for making fermented liquors, but also in different kinds of fruits, especially those which readily enter into spontaneous fermentation, as grapes and gooseberries. The juice of these fruits may be deprived of their yeast by heating and filtering. What remains on the filter is a tasteless substance, insoluble in water, and decomposable by heat into the same ultimate elements as yeast from grain. Grape-juice deprived of its yeast refused to ferment; but when its yeast was restored, the juice fermented freely. Fruit yeast added to solution of sugar caused an abundant fermentation; so also did wheat gluten in this solution, or in grape-juice deprived of its natural yeast.

If common yeast or barm be allowed to stand for sometime undisturbed in a tall vessel, a whitish curdy matter rises to the surface. This matter, if separated, will be found to be very active in exciting fermentation in saccharine liquors; at the same time the yeast remaining in the vessel has lost that power. It therefore follows, that this curdy matter is the true ferment: it is found to partake very much of the nature of gluten; and seems to differ very little from the yeast of the grapes, or of other fruits.

In some respects there are differences between the gluten of wheat flour and that obtained from yeast, or from the juice of fruits: one of the most important is, that gluten of grain is much less efficacious in exciting fermentation than that of fruits. As a spontaneous fermentation takes place in the juice of grapes, gooseberries, apples, and various other fruits, as well as in worts drawn from the nutritive grains, although it is exceedingly feeble, it would be sufficient evidence of the existence in these fruits and grains of the principle which excites fermentation, be its

name and nature what they may. And all the facts seem to prove that the gluten of wheat is either identical with, or a near approximation to, the nature of yeast. Most probably the latter is the truth; and, perhaps, *ferment* is as much a proximate principle of vegetables as sugar or starch, and extensively diffused throughout nature.

Seguin, however, has endeavored to prove that the true fermenting principle is *albumen*, which he found to exist in all those vegetables, the juice of which readily runs into decomposition. He even affirmed that animal albumen, as the white of egg, is capable of exciting fermentation,—a fact which Fabroni had denied. The opinion of Seguin seems to be ill supported.

The yeast of beer kept for some days in a close vessel, and at the temperature of 70°, to 90°, undergoes the putrefactive fermentation. If the contact of oxygen be allowed, that gas is converted into carbonic acid, while probably a little water is also formed. Hence the yeast affords carbon, and perhaps a little hydrogen, to the oxygen. The grounds of the latter supposition are, that the volume of carbonic acid is somewhat less than that of the original oxygen. When the yeast is pressed, so as to separate the chief quantity of water, and exposed to a gentle heat, it dries into a hard granular substance which retains all the original properties for a great length of time. It may be preserved much longer by dipping twigs in it, and drying them in the air. By drying it is reduced to one-third of its weight. By maceration for sometime in boiling water, its fermentable powers are either greatly diminished or destroyed. (Thenard.)

From all the statements adduced, it therefore appears that the opinion of chemists, as to the nature of the proper subject of the vinous fermentation, is not contradicted by any known fact. It appears that sugar, or at least some saccharine matter, as we call the modifications of sugar,

is the only substance which supports the process in question; and that where sugar is not palpably present, its elements are, as also some substance which is the instrument by which they are arranged in such a way as to produce sugar. It may be converted into alcohol as soon as formed, and may thus escape detection *in transitu*. In seasons when,—the corn being very nearly ripe,—there are considerable falls of rain, the ears are bowed down to the earth; the grain is actually steeped in water, and a commencement of germination takes place. The grain is then said to be malted; that is, it has commenced the growing process, just as if it had been sown in the earth. This being checked, it can never grow again, and therefore cannot be malted further. Such corn may, in this state, be unfit for any purpose; it is too little malted for the purposes of fermentation, and too much altered for any other use. This would be an irremediable calamity, but for the fact already described. Such corn is, notwithstanding, as fit for fermentation as malt itself; for, during the malting, the starch remaining unchanged, is converted into sugar, by the sugar already formed, as Dr. Irvine says, according to the experiment of Kirchoff already detailed, or by the gluten of the grain.

But although sugar thus appears to be the proper subject of the vinous fermentation, we are not to infer that, if sugar is present, it must necessarily be possible to induce fermentation on it. On the contrary, we are acquainted with one kind of sugar, namely *manna*, which, when purified from some common sugar which it naturally contains, seems incapable of undergoing fermentation—at least, chemists have not succeeded in inducing it; and there may be other kinds of sugar which refuse in the same manner.

There is one other condition, essential to a successful fermentation, which naturally flows from those already noticed, and which has been

previously adverted to under different heads. This condition is the proportion of all the ingredients concerned in the vinous fermentation. If there be too much sugar compared with the water, the process is impeded in two ways, according as the excess is great, or very great. If very great, the liquor is not sufficiently diluted to allow freedom of motion to the acting particles; they are entangled, and their agency is obstructed in the same way as we know other energetic agencies to be by viscosity. If the excess be not very great, the impediment to the process of fermentation arises from the too abundant formation of alcohol, which, when concentrated, impedes the fermentation of all bodies. The quantity of alcohol formed is proportionate to the quantity of sugar which actually undergoes fermentation; and hence, if there be too much sugar in the act of fermenting, there will be too much alcohol formed for the continuance of the process, and it must at length cease, the sugar being actually preserved from further change by the abundance of alcohol. Thus, a very great excess of sugar prevents the fermentation from taking place at all, and a more limited excess checks the process before it has been completed. Too little sugar, or what is the same thing, too much water, produces proportionately little alcohol; and the presence of that little, far from preserving the liquor from further change, promotes its transition to a new stage.

The ratio of the yeast is equally important: if there be too much, and the temperature be high, the vinous fermentation can scarcely be prevented from running into the acetous. If there be too much at a low temperature, the fermentation is languid, and the liquor acquires a sickly taste, which it ever after retains. An effect not very different from this last follows from the use of too little yeast at a high temperature.

From all that has been said, it now appears that there are several conditions essential to the production of

the vinous fermentation: they may be summed up as follows:—

1. There must be water present, and in such ratio as produces moderate dilution.

2. There must be a moderate temperature; the process does not go on at either the freezing or boiling point of water; at summer heat it is most active.

3. There must be a substance called a *ferment* present to commence the process; and once commenced, it will go on without the presence of the ferment.

4. Besides the ferment there must be fermentable matter—that is, sugar, or some modification of it; and this is the subject-matter on which the change is effected, and which gives rise to the new products.

During the vinous fermentation an immense quantity of carbonic acid gas is generated, and escapes by effervescence. Alcohol is at the same time gradually produced, and remains mixed in the liquor. The taste of the liquor becomes less sweet, and when the formation of alcohol is complete, the sweetness has totally disappeared. In short, the sugar is decomposed; and the only products found resulting from it are carbonic acid and alcohol. * * *

The changes which take place during the vinous fermentation may be thus briefly expressed:—Some of the carbon and some of the oxygen combine to form carbonic acid; while the remainder of the carbon, the remainder of the oxygen, and the whole of the hydrogen, combine to form alcohol; and we may totally neglect the decomposition of the yeast, it amounting to almost nothing. Thus is this inert, solid, fixed, sweet matter resolved by a new arrangement of its principles into substances which possess none of these properties, and one of which exerts a control of so singular a nature over the animal economy.

The manner in which the decomposition is effected is difficult to understand. Yeast is admitted to be the agent; but chemists are not agreed as

to the nature of its agency. None of the theories which have been advanced seem satisfactory, and much yet remains to be done before we can consider the theory of fermentation as understood.

THE WISHING-GATE.

"LET the whole earth praise thee, oh Lord! from the rising up of the sun, to the going down of the same; for glorious and bountiful are thy works, my God and my Saviour, and may my soul ever declare the greatness and goodness of thy name!" said old Michael Raeburn, as he closed the door of his humble cottage, and stepped forth and met the face—the rejoicing and happy face—of creation, on a lovely morning in August, when nature appeared in all the freshness and calm beauty that must have delighted our first parents on their awakening each blest morning in Paradise, save the *last* fatal morning. Michael was a man of piety, and of poetry too; indeed, I almost think that the purity and aspiring thoughts, yet humble contentment, of the first, imply the possession of the other. None can look from nature up to nature's God, as he was wont to do, without having a living fountain in their hearts ever springing, upon which the Iris, the beauteous beams of light from heaven, will often delight to set; and in its enchanting minglings, sparkle into a starry poetry, which shines for them *alone* perhaps, but still is the true essence of poetry.

But Michael deemed little of these things—*nothing*; to have told him that the sublimities he treasured in his memory, and delighted to repeat in the secret places of the lofty mountains, or whilst tending the sheep on the open hills, as he pleased himself in lingering beside the calm waters, as evening shades were closing around him, and leaving him to guess at what the scene might be—to have told him that "the plaintive tenderness of Jeremiah," or the soarings and gladness, the deep-toned patience, and lofty, glorying praises of the Psalms,

were *Poetry*, would not, could not, have more endeared the Book of Promise unto him; for he knew it to be the *word of God*—he knew that to study it and practise it with humility and prayer, would tend to make him holy—and he sought no wisdom or learning, save only to be "wise in heart." He was a very *poor* man, if, with a many-veined mine of contentment, any can be so called; he was a man of sorrows, too, if parting with those best loved, in the assured trust that they were gone to the regions of the blessed, to the land which is watered by no tears, can be called a source of grieving; and surely it may—for if the light in the eyes of those who love us is a gladsome happiness to us, who *can* look up with the same joyfulness when in the darkness or the shadows of bereavement? But he had one tie to this world—one loved link that bound him to life, and made him pray to be spared for her sake. And a little joy she was to him; and little did she know, when she was smiling with her sunny eyes upon the old man's face, and doing all she could to please him, that she was repaying him four-fold for days, months, years of anxious watching over her, for never did womankind tend more devotedly on her heart's best treasure, than did old Michael Raeburn on this one precious legacy of a darling child. Little Mary Glenthorne never knew a mother's tenderness, for her mother died ere she had seen her babe; but she had never *wanted* it, for the old man had friends who loved and pitied him, and though he never would part with the little orphan, yet there was one kind soul near who was ever ready to watch by it and nurse it; and Michael's deep love soon taught him to take kindly care of it when he had it for hours out

in the fields with him, the while he tended sheep. It was the pleasant talk of the country folk round about where they lived, how nice a mother old Michael made to the sweet child; and many thought it a happier day when they could go to their home in the evening and tell that they had seen the babe of the Violet Hut, as the old man's cot was called, because for years and years far back the first violets were to be found in the neat bit of ground that lay round his tenement.

But I am a long time in introducing you to this good old man, and I am leaving him all this time making his slow way, with feeble steps, in the still, fresh sweetness of opening morning. He was going to his day's work, that he would not give up, though he was barely strong enough to do *any*; but his employer knew him well, and made it an easy task to him; and so highly was he venerated and looked up to by all, that his younger and stronger fellow-laborers would gladly have worked double, to have saved the trembling knees of old Michael; and often has he been found stretched in comfort on the grass, and repeating whole chapters of the Blessed Book, as he ever called it, to those who were around him, or teaching hymns to the young children whose parents were at work. In the winter he was generally ill, and unable to leave his home; but he could then make nets for the trees, and a number of other little works; and when his cough was not too bad, he would have the young ones come to him of a morning, and teach them; and many a neighbor delighted to join in the evening prayer and reading at Old Michael's ingle. He had, for some years, given shelter to a poor widowed soul who had none else to care for her, and she took a grateful care of him when he was sick, and looked to little Mary; but old Martha was no companion to Michael, though a good quiet body; and though she and Mary were excellent friends, yet her dear grandfather was Mary's teacher, and what he told her of her mother's ways, went to the forming her feminine character and habits.

Years had glided on, and Mary was seven years old at the time my story opens. Well, the old man walked forth to the music of his own holy thoughts, and the first chirpings of the awakening birds; he made his way, and by the sun soon found that he was something earlier than usual, so he determined to go a little out of his course, and rest him for a while on the WISHING-GATE. He was no rare visiter, but he never came but on some day that was especially marked in his heart's calendar, and this was the day when his own lovely Mary, the child almost of his old age, had been married. High had they all been in hope on that joyous day! But it had pleased the Lord first to take the youth—Oh! early was it in their wedded life!—and then poor Mary herself, or ever she had tasted the bliss of being a mother. “Yea, high were we all in hope *that* day!” said the old man, and he sighed, and looked down in sadness; but it was only for a moment. “And are not they happy?” said he, with upraised and cheerful gaze; “and shall not *I* on *this* day too be high in hope? Yes, yes; Heaven be praised, *I am*! And for the dearest wish of my heart—what is it? I know the time when I used to have to weigh what ought to be the dearest—to reflect, ere I asked a boon of the Spirit, or the Angel of the Gate—to consider whether I was about to show myself a selfish worldly man, or a sincere, a heaven-seeking Christian; yea, I can remember when on my lips I had it to wish for some creature-comfort for those dear unto me, and then would my better self, that part of me that seems *not* myself, put it into my spirit, that far better would it be to wish them and *all* of us the contented hearts that would make us grateful even for our *wants*; but *now* I have seen too long the mercies of my God—I have known the riches of poverty, the possessions of having nothing, the rejoicings of sorrow; I have read mercy clearly written on the darkest spots of my life; and *now*, at the end of many days, and after many wishes, I have but *one* to ask

of the kind spirit—and that is, that I may bring up my dear one in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and that she may be holy in heart, in hope, and in life.”

He rested awhile, and then, with staff in hand, went on his way; he had more than a mile to walk before he came in sight of the prettiest little cottage in the country, where he had a daily summer duty to perform in his way to the corn-fields in which he labored. He quietly opened the wicket in the lane where the cottage was, and walked in as one welcome, and expected; he made his way up to a side of the house upon which grew, in beautiful luxuriance, a broad-leaved myrtle, which was in fine flower; he seemed about to pluck it where it was the thickest, as he placed his fingers carefully between the branches—but it was not to rob the stem of its blossoms, but to quietly unhook a loop of string from a nail, and by that act he opened the pretty rustic cottage window that was above; and the most silvery-sounding little bell was just heard to strike as the casement of the window flew open; not a moment had passed ere a beautiful young head appeared at the window, and bending over, said, in the sweetest of woman’s tones, and whisperingly, “Wait one instant, good Michael, and I will be down.” Now, let every reader paint for himself the loveliest young creature that can spring up in their imagination—let them give her a *soul*, and a *heart*, and a *mind*, and a *manner*—a person, a voice, a countenance,—and add unto it all that *nameless charm* which is *emitted* by such a combination, and even *then* the being they picture will fall short in loveliness of what was Medora Blessington! But how dare I speak for her, after all I have here said?—Well, I must be forgiven, for I know I shall not, I *cannot* do her justice;—and again I ask the gentle reader to supply the *charm*, the enchantment, which my subject deserves, but which my poor words, I feel, will never yield.

The old man had just seated him-

self on a bench near the myrtle, when, from a glass door of the small room, stepped the Aurora of the scene. She brought a glass of milk, and a slice of bread, to the old man. “We are both very early this morning, Michael, and it will be nearly two hours before you get your breakfast, so just take this, for I am sure you are tired.”—“A little feeble, dear, kind lady—but I would not say tired, on such a morning as this, though I have been out since four. But how comes it I was not in time to wake you?—how comes it, my loved young mistress, that you have already asked the day’s blessing for the old man, before he was here to tell you to wake up to see how gracious the Lord was to us—What another glorious day to our harvest!”—“I know not why it was, but it was nature’s own doing. I did not ask the lark to come to my window,” said she, playfully, looking at the ancient man; “no, no; dear Old Michael is *my* lark, and as he first taught me to lift up my heart, it is he who shall have his wish of seeing me in these calm morning hours, in awakening me to thanksgiving for the blessing of the day-spring from on high that visiteth us. Yes, I can never forget that you have been a father, or a pastor to me, dear Michael;” and as she gently took the emptied glass from the old man, a tear fell on his hand from the most beautiful fount tears ever flowed from. It was just one dew-drop of the soul, fresh, pure, and grateful as those that lie among the choicest violets. The sun-shine of those eyes was not for an instant clouded by it—but all, all the brighter and more exquisitely beaming. The old man looked at her awhile, as if he could only *look* and love her, and then said, with an earnest, pious tone, “May God ever bless thee!”

“I will go in and fetch my books, and then I will walk with you as far as the seat on the common, for I shall have time this morning for my favorite spot.” She soon came back, with a large and shady straw bonnet, a little basket with three or four small vol-

umes in it, pencil and paper, and a little sketch book ; and closing the door softly after her, for the whole house seemed hushed, they went out together at the same gate where Michael had made his entrance.

"What a morning it is, my lady ! I can almost fancy I hear the birds utter the praises of God, so sweet and holy-sounding are their warblings in the still of such a dawning as this was."—"And why not, Michael ? I ever feel sure that they do. I even go so far as to believe, sometimes, when their notes call up good feelings in us, and win us to short prayers, and sending sudden thankings to heaven for all the gifts our Father sends us to enjoy in the calm of summer evenings, and all the various periods when nature shows most lovely ; then do I feel almost that the gentle birds that speak to us, and teach, and comfort us, must be ministering angels. The thought will come across me, at least—Do you think there is folly in it, Michael ?"

"Folly ? O no—I think nothing folly, dear lady, that has aught of piety in it. But why ask a poor old man, ignorant and unlettered as I am ? Thy heart is pure, young creature—and may God keep it so !—and any thoughts like unto that need not be checked whilst it is a passing thought, for it would not be wholesome to indulge too much in what we have no warrant for in God's word ! and those who *take hold* of a fancy of *this* kind, and love it too much—more than a thought of their own should be loved—have been known to become *visionaries*—to live in little worlds of their own, and, neglecting those straight-forward paths of holiness that our Heavenly Father has already pointed out to us, have chosen instead little flowery footways, where there is only room for *one* to walk—where they tread alone, dear lady, doing no good to others, and, ten to one, getting into a maze themselves."

"I love to hear you talk, dear Michael ; it reminds me of my very young days, when I thought it my best holy-day to be let walk out with you among

the mountains—when we used to be out for hours together—and when I used delightedly to run to dear Mary, on my return, to tell her what you had taught me, how many things you had told me, and where we had been. What happy days those were ! and how much do I owe, and must I *ever* owe, to you and to her ! But do rest on the bank, Michael, for you must be tired, and I'll sit on my favorite little nook beside you." Old Michael rested himself in the sun, and Medora took her little sketch book, and was using her pencil. "They *were* happy days, and days that can be looked back upon without any bitterness in the sorrow that must shade every memory of the loved ones who have been taken from us—No, there is no bitterness, for I feel assured, dear Lady, that Mary is happy ; and if I can but be the means of leading her little Mary in the same paths, the dews of my evening of life will not be heavier than it is good they should be."

"What I can do to brighten them, you know I will do—gladly, oh ! more than gladly ! And you have promised, you know, Michael, to leave me two legacies—the little Bible you used to read to me in those long rambles of ours, whence I first learned *what* it was, and *whose* word—and your dear little Mary ; and I must forget all that there is in the first,—aye, this beating heart must be made all silent and hard, before I can cease to do all in my power for the good, here and hereafter, of the second gift. I think, I hope, and I will ever pray that I may do well for her ; what you, good Michael, would approve, and thank me for."—"Oh ! talk no more of it, dear one ; I know it—I know it. May the old man's prayer bring some blessing upon you ; for if there lives one who deserves to have all they wish, 'tis my own dear lady."—"You think too well of me, Michael. I am not the very good girl you think I am—no, alas ! my heart is a little rebel too, too often. *You* know it not, and often *I* know it not ; but sometimes I find it out. Besides, I am not quite hap-

py, Michael. Methinks, at times, that my poor mother, had she lived, all angel as you say she was, would not have been quite happy either.—And yet so kind, so excellent, so benevolent as he is!—it is so strange, so very unaccountable, that the one thing needful should be wanting. Oh! it is so sad too—but I will not speak more of it. You know what I refer to; and so now tell me on what you have been meditating, as you walked by the way, Michael.”—“Why, I think, lady, what most I dwelt on was the rich promises and comfortings in the 103d Psalm: and what language it is, too! it is music to hear one’s self say it, here in the stillness of morning, as one can gaze from east to west, and adore the Maker of all, and only wish that the same fine thoughts, and holy ones, might abide with one throughout the day, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same; but then I must tell you that, finding I was so early, and remembering *the day* that it was, I went to the *Wishing-Gate*——” “Indeed! did you, Michael? Then will you be the happier; for the spirit or the angel that hovers there to listen to us is a good spirit, I am certain. I have a multitude of superstitions about that gate. They say, or you say, for it was from you I first learnt the legendary about it, that we may visit it, to put up a wish at least, three times only in the course of the year. Methinks I have a wish due; this very evening will I go, if my father does not need me to go with him elsewhere. I should like all the better to go the same day you go; besides, I too remember what day it is——” “Well, I must leave you now, dear Lady; they’ll be looking for me at the Squire’s; and Mary will be there before me if I don’t make good my way. She’s to bring me my breakfast; and old Martha is told not to expect her home all day.”—“Well, then, you will send her to me when she has done her breakfast and read to you, and I will keep her till you come to dinner: there is much for her to do in the garden; I can make her very

useful.”—“Thank you, kind one; so she is with you, I am happy about her. So fare ye well, and may a blessing be with you through the day!”

The old man, with slow steps, departed, and Medora, who seemed to have begun a new drawing, lifted up her head, and looked at him awhile, and then penciled on quickly for some twenty minutes longer; then she put away the drawing, and took to some little books she had in her basket—a small Testament, an Italian Dictionary, and a volume of Wordsworth; she read a time in the first, and then she looked into the last, and she pondered and seemed in doubt. At length she took a little sheet of note paper and the pencil, and the paper quickly received clear, distinct, and beautiful pencil writing on two of its pages; and then all were shut up and put in the basket, and left on the bench, save the volume of the poet, which she took in her hand, and walked away with, rambling about, and, ever and anon, turning to the page she held open. She had just reached the most retired and beautiful part of the lake, when she was met by one meditative stroller, who seemed to have sought the tranquil spot, to obtain calm to an anxious and agitated spirit. The footstep made him raise his eyes, and with a start, and a look of delighted surprise, he said, “Medora!” She blushed, and the blush was a “joy flush,” as she held out her hand and said, “How little did I hope, how little did I expect to meet you. Your uncle is not worse, I trust?”—“No, no; at least I hope not, for I have not yet seen him. I am but just arrived; I have traveled all night. I am come to ask his advice, his consent; to TELL him, rather, that I am going to India.”—“To India!” said Medora, with a look of unfeigned sorrow, and dismay, and surprise. She raised her head to look at him as he finished his hurried, and almost agitated recital; her bonnet hung back and showed her beautiful eyes and forehead, and clustering dark curls. At the word *India*, she let fall her book, and it seemed to re-

mind her that she was expressing an interest too great ; for as she stooped to pick up the volume, she blushed excessively, and almost muttered, " You know I have no reason to love India. I wish not those I know to be doomed to go there." A change seemed to have taken place in Frederic de Lacey in the short moment when all this was passing ; a beam of happiness shot across his intelligent countenance, and his mouth, which was more expressive of sweetness of disposition than any other mouth I ever beheld, looked its kindest, and smiled its gentlest, as he took the book from her hand, and, taking her hand, placed her arm within his, and then said, " Now that I have once spoken this, let us calmly consider it, and let me teach you, my dear Medora, to look upon a residence in India as something better than a doom." They walked on a few paces ; and though this was said with a steadier voice, both seemed under some restraint, for a short silence followed. Medora no longer looked at her companion, though she made no effort to release her hand. At length he said, by snatches, and as in much discomfort, " Ought I not to think it a fair opening in life to me, to one dependent as I am on an uncle, or rather solely and wholly relying on my own exertions, when nothing offers here ? Ought I not to be grateful, and more than grateful ? Ought I not to be delighted with the prospect of going where so much is to be done—where youth, and health, and energy, and—God grant I may add devoted zeal in the cause !—are so much wanted ; all which, as I hope, I could offer. It is not from my friend here, whom I have sometimes called in heart a female missionary, until she chid me for it,—it is not from such a friend that I expected discouragement in these my views ; ties enough are there of early friendship—deep attachment—to draw me from my purpose, to incline me to stay my acceptance of this offered preferment ; to make me refuse the service of God ; in short, that I may cherish and delight myself still with

these affections that must ever cling to my heart : but surely Medora is not one to keep me back when she thinks of the good, little though it may be, which her friend may be enabled to aid others in performing, for the benefit of those many millions of souls whose state of darkness she has so often marveled at and mourned over ? Tell me, tell me !—if I have not you for a strengthener of my weakness, one who will speak sweetly to me of its rich and high compensations for all of privation that the prospect compasses ! " He pressed her hand, and sought her face, which was shaded and almost turned from him ; at length she said, in accents almost inaudible,— " No, indeed ; I can give you no comfort. How can I strive to reconcile you to a plan of which you speak with a tone of such deep sorrow ? Oh ! surely, surely, HERE you may do good ; here there are souls to save—many, too many, it may be, of those to whom none other could speak as you would speak, whom none other is ordained to bring to the foot of the Cross. But forgive my earnestness ; sorrow to me must ever come with the name of India ; it deprived me of the blessing of a mother, a sainted mother too, who would have made me what I never now can be ; and for my father—did it render to him in early life what home and England would ? Oh ! no, no ; I cannot say go to you ; besides, CAN I say aught to banish an old, an early friend ? Ask me not then to strengthen you, but rather ask me to plead on the other side, and then I will be eloquent, for, in truth, Medora Blessington cannot afford thus to part with those whose place in her regard no new friends can ever supply. Now may your uncle speak as I speak ! "

At one part of this speaking, she could scarcely refrain her tears ; but at the latter part she made an effort to be more cheerful and assured.

" Thank you for all those words of kindness," said he mournfully ; " and yet another pang, it may be the severest, is thus added to the cruelty of my fate—to give pain to you ; and

yet to hear from your own lips that my absence will give you pain, this has soothing in it: for what that indicates your feeling an interest can fail to soothe? But I am not fit to speak: my heart is too full; my happiness, my well doing, my destination for my whole life, depends on the next few hours. The will of God will assuredly be done; and what have I to do but to rest in faith on his directing me to what is best for me, and most for his glory, and then resigning myself to that sad conflict between the duties that lead to holiness and the deep affections that lead to happiness, which, alas! in this case must be mortified as well as sanctified? Here, then, I must leave you; but I will see you ere the day is done, and then may I have gained more courage and comfort to speak, of bidding adieu with a steadier voice and a less perturbed spirit. Have I your forgiveness for having thus broken forth, and given utterance to the melancholy thoughts of my night journey, which has fevered, you perhaps think, my very brain?"—"Forgiveness! is it not the best proof of true friendliness and kindness to tell our sorrows? and think you that the 'little Medora,' whom you used to call your sister, could grow up to *forgive* your showing her confidence, and speaking of those things so near your heart, that prove you think her sympathy worth having? You know that this morning's sad tidings can in no way call for my forgiveness, but much for my prayers, that—yes, yes, I must say it—that you may not go. Say no more to me, do not answer my foolish words, but just tell me, for my father is sure to ask, though I have not asked, how it is you are going? what post to fill?"—"That happily I can answer, as those who care most for me would wish I should. For a greater mitigation of my banishment I could not have. The new bishopric of Madras is given to my excellent friend, my almost *father*, Charles Townsend; and to be his confidential chaplain is the enviable, the happy place which is

offered, in the most affectionate of terms, to the acceptance of the ungrateful being, who has passed hours of *agony* since it came within his reach! *what* to so many would be the summit of their wishes. You know all I feel for this man; judge, then, what I must feel for those who must be left behind!—but I must leave you." And, disturbed to a degree of anguish, he hurried from her, scarcely looking at her, as he tore himself away. Medora was greatly discomforted, and her brow told it. Millions of thoughts ran rapidly across the surface of poor Medora's brain, as she slowly bent her steps towards home; but *one* feeling pressed upon her heart, and to calm that, and to comfort it, and to gain strength and composure to meet her father's eye, and speak to him, as though that feeling was not, seemed her purpose as she sat for awhile on the bench which had rested her, a little more than an hour before, in peacefulness and tranquillity. And now! but she had learnt where to seek submission; and that she might find it ready for her when she reached her home, and find it hand in hand with cheerfulness, was the short petition that she made in the few minutes that were left her. Some tears she shed, and then she looked up at the same lovely scene that had delighted her in the early morning; *THAT* was even more gladsome; and why should she be less so? She gathered her little books and papers together; she looked at the page she had written, and this seemed to cheer her. She found that her volume of Wordsworth was missing. Had it fallen into the lake? She could not remember; she knew it had fallen from her hand. Well, she would ask old Michael to look for it; and now home, for it was later, her little watch told her, than it ought to be.

"You are rather late this morning, my love," said Colonel Blessington, as his daughter came into the breakfast room; "you have tired yourself, for you do not look so well as usual. Have you been up long?" said he, most affectionately meeting her, and

kissing the lovely lips that met his with a smile of sweetness, as she thanked him, and told him she had been up very long, and had been walking farther than usual. "Then shall I find something to employ and please me much, no doubt, here, beside my breakfast plate—What! the Sketch book, and a page of writing besides! That is indeed industry, or rather, that is like my loved girl, to give a double delight to her father, who so prizes all that his child does."

"Now do I fancy I shall see a sonnet of my friend Wordsworth's put into as sweet Italian as Petrarch himself would have sung; but stop—what have we here? dear me, what could induce you?—well, well, good—yes, very good—Though so strange a selection for a rendering into Italian—Beautifully done, really." He read on between these words, and when he came to the end, said, "In truth, Medora, you have quite made poetry of it."—"MADE poetry of it! Oh, my dear father, it is poetry—all is poetry almost in that book—too beautiful, too sublime, for me to dare to translate it, and I never before attempted it; but old Michael was with me this morning, and was saying how much he loved that psalm—how much he delighted to dwell on its promises, and repeat it as he walked among the glories of Him who inspired it—and this it was which made me think I would try to write it."—"It is done as you do everything, my child, and it has given me so much pleasure, that I almost think I shall ask you to try your hand upon more of these songs of the King of Israel."—"Gladly, most gladly, will I do my best, my dear father. Oh! you know not half the delight this little volume would give you as it is thus, in our native tongue," (and she placed her little hand fervently and affectionately on the very small Bible that had been in her basket;) "but if I can lead you to look into its treasures, by taking from it my morning translation, how I shall rejoice. Milton has tried to tell of its beauties; but do you not

think, sir, that he is very feeble—worse than feeble, I should say—in *Paradise Regained*? When he gives language to be uttered by our Saviour, it seems as if the very presumption took from him the powers and the talents he possessed, and could exert to sublimity when dealing with men and angels? I never could like his speakings for our Heavenly Father in the '*Paradise Lost*;' and in the other, I sometimes think the poverty of the language, the liberties he takes, the strange and most unpleasant words and phrases that he uses, amount almost to profanation."—"Come, come, Medora, I must cry, Hold—enough! I quarrel enough with 'the orb of song, the divine Milton,' myself, and have got into sad disgrace, you know, with our *own* poet on that account; so I must not have you come and suggest fresh criticisms against him. I never got through the last poem, having, to say truth, been disgusted in the outset, so I know not the part to which you allude."—"I am quite sure you would not like it, and I am at a loss to think how he could speak so tamely of the Holy Volume, when weighing it with the works of uninspired men—the men of Greece—of whom Satan speaks so grandly."—"Ah, my dear, 'tis a melancholy moral, or a severe satire upon poor human nature, that even such a man as Milton—(and we must, spite of what we love not in him, place him on that pinnacle where few can stand, of minds of might and souls that soar)—'tis, I say, a saddening and humbling reflection, that he depicts best and most forcibly those fallen spirits, whose influence over us is so enthralling, that they infect us with all their evil, by linking us so closely to them. Who, alas! can burst their bonds?"—"Now, my dear father, if so you speak, I could say, Do read '*the Paradise Regained*:' there you will see that the bonds may be burst. Oh, indeed, there is one by whose aid, if we ask it, they will readily be broken.—But you will let me, you ask me, to show you more from whence I have this morning gathered. I will

leave all, therefore, to time; and a day will come when you will read this with me—and that will be happiness indeed!"—"Dearest Medora! child of my heart! what would I not do to give you happiness? and if it is in the power of any one to give it *me*, it is you, my love, it is you! But let no cloud disturb the sunshine of this most beauteous morning. Let us leave this subject—and now I turn to the drawings. Ah! this is sweetly done, my dear. What, your old friend Michael Raeburn!—and where is it you have placed him in such pensive mood? is it not 'the Wishing-Gate?' Yes, I see it is, and it could not be better—'tis the very thing to place beside the poem. I must show our friend how well you have illustrated his last little poem. I'm sure he will be pleased—but what made you think of such a sketch?"—"Old Michael and I were together for a long time this morning, and he told me he had been visiting the Gate in his way here; and, as we were talking together, I sat on my bench by the hillside, and just began this part of the Gate and the mountains, and, as he walked away from me, I took the liberty of taking him."—"And then, when your morning tasks were done, or rather, when the labor you delight in—when what gives gladness to your father—was completed, you walked, and walked too far, for surely you are tired—the morning has been too warm for you. Well, I must tell you a bit of news—our worthy rector has got a living given him, such as there are few of—I would there were none—they say, of £2000 a-year, on which he means to reside. Now this rejoices me, for it will be strange indeed if we get not a pleasanter neighbor than he has proved, and whoever he may appoint as a curate, can scarcely be so intolerable in desk or pulpit as he is. I wish to my heart our friend De Lacey were to have the curacy, though it is so poor that the wish is unfriendly, and the person he went to assist for a time may have

found some permanent duty for him perhaps; but if ever I missed the society of a man—if ever I took real delight in social intercourse with a man so much my junior—it was in that youth. So much do I love him, that I am often on the brink of desiring the death of his poor old uncle Sir Herbert, and that our friend Frederick might find himself master of the Priory! But Medora will frown at me for any wish that, to do good to *one*, harmeth another; she will have the last lines of *Hart-leap* well in her mind, so I must say no more in that strain—I only wish fervently that the youth would come to Font-vale for a visit; and in *that* wish, you, my dear, will join me—will you not?" The father looked up at his daughter, in some surprise that the answer did not tread on the heels of the question, and he saw the blush with which she said, "*Certainly*, papa—and your wish is granted, for Mr. De Lacey is *there*, but only for a short, short time, I fear. I have seen him this morning, and he brings ill news—to *my* thinking, at least—for he is going to *India* as chaplain to the new Bishop, who is his particular friend."—"Now may India be without Bishops for the rest of her days! may her widows go burn! and her pagodas be filled forever! sooner than Frederic de Lacey should court an early grave by joining the infatuated party that imagine they can do good there equivalent to the loss of the men of worth and talent that have been sacrificed to such delusion!"—"Stop, stop, my dear father, you know not what you say! you know not the holy purposes, the high hopes, the truly Christian self-devotion of those men, nor do you reflect on the blessing they have already proved among a people who were in darkness;—the seed is already in the ground—the harvest is *sure to come*—but must there not be laborers to gather it in? Remember, dear, dear father, how you yourself delighted in Bishop Heber's book. Can I ever forget your marking the passage about

Archdeacon Corrie,* and saying, 'Now that man I envy?' Indeed you did! so what you are now saying is not your real feeling. 'Tis indeed painful to part with dear friends—the excellent, the amiable, the kind—but we ought not to murmur if they are parted from us, that they may serve God better elsewhere. I know that we ought not, though I feel that it is a heavy sorrow, and the murmur will arise."—"I cannot believe that his uncle will let him go," said Colonel Blessington, as he paced the room much disturbed, and ever and anon looking with deep interest and kindness at his lovely daughter. The breakfast was finished; and as both seemed musing, we will draw before them the curtain of conjecture as to what was passing in their bosoms, and take our reader out once more into "the world in the open air."

When Frederic de Lacey parted from his loved companion, it was doing a violence to his nature. Had he followed the devices and desires of his own heart, he would not so have torn himself from her: more would he have said. But I am speaking of those who are actuated by higher and better motives than selfish ones; his heart might be bursting, but he must endure that agony, sooner than relieve it at the risk of bringing future trouble on another. He was turning towards the entrance to Font-vale Priory, but he remembered that his invalid uncle would not be visible for hours; why not, therefore, ramble and loiter amid the beautiful scenery, which has ten thousand sympathies for one ever ready,—which meets us soothingly, be we in sadness—or gladsomely, be we in joy? He took the path to the lake again, and thought, Surely in its calm bosom I shall find peace to this troubled heart within me. It reflects the clouds that are passing, but not one leaves a shade of sadness, or disturbs the tranquil loveliness of its still wa-

ters. Heaven is ever to be seen there; and who can gaze upon the heaven above, and the heavens on the face of those fair waters, without being the better for such vision—without receiving a ray of that peace which the world cannot give?

He was about to open the volume he discovered he still had possession of, as he lay stretched on the rough ground beside the margin of the lake, when a soft footstep made him turn his head. He watched a little girl putting down a basket, which seemed to contain provisions; and then she went close to the water, and put a foot forward, and then drew back—and then she turned and looked round, and seeing one on the ground looking at her, she came to him, and said, "O! pray do, if you can reach them, get me some of those rushes, I want them so much; and if grandfather knew I got them he would chide me. I told him I never would. I'm so glad you are here, sir; pray, get up and get them—you must be able." Now, if ever there was a lovely little cottage girl, the one who spoke was one—a little ardent creature, with such eyes that could be so gladsome, so beaming—the very spirit of a laughing summer day—and yet they could be so full of deep feeling and sadness, if aught was sad with those she loved. In this case, they varied in their expression most bewitchingly; for there was all the radiance of hope and joy at attaining, and yet the eager anxiety and doubt whether she should. And then she spoke her little entreaty in a sweet touching voice, that even a child-hater could not have resisted. "That I will, my dear little maid," said Frederic, rising, "But why don't you remember me, Mary? You see I know you. I don't know that I shall get rushes for little girls who forget their old friends." Mary now opened her eyes, and seemed puzzled. "Oh, I know you now! It

* Mission School in Benares.—"One of the most pleasing sights of all was the calm but intense pleasure visible in Archdeacon Corrie's face, whose efforts and influence had first brought this establishment into activity, and who now, after an interval of several years, was witnessing its usefulness and prosperity."—*Heber's Journal*.

was you who came and read to grandfather when he was ill; it was you read him the beautiful hymn, which our dear lady sent him afterwards to keep; and 'twas you gave old Martha the red cloak, and you gave me a little prayer-book. I *do* remember you. You are one of our best friends—and grandfather always prays for our best friends; and then I think of our dear lady and of you; and I think, too, of my pretty little red prayer-book. But grandfather says I should not think of that *then*—only I cannot always help it. Pray, forgive me, sir, but when I wanted the rushes, I did not look at your face, only at your boots, which looked as if they would not mind the water.” She had got quite close to him during this long and most animated explanation, and was stretching her little neck to look up at him all the time. He took her up in his arms, and gave her a kiss. “I shall certainly forgive you, Mary, for not finding out by my boots that I gave you a prayer-book for being a good child;—and so now for the rushes. Do you wish me to go into the very middle of them, and gather the finest? or will you be satisfied with some of those near the edge?”—“Oh, not into the middle! you would be drowned; and then so many would be sorry. Only just these, which your long arms will reach.—Oh, thank you! thank you! Why, this will make a large one, or two little ones. I am so glad I’ve got them; and your shining boot is not wet at all! How much longer your arms must be than mine!”—“And what are you going to do with these rushes?”—“I can make pretty little baskets with them, while grandfather eats his breakfast, and I say my lessons to him; and, you’ve got me such a many of them, I shall be able to make one for old Martha too.”—“And who is the other for? Is it to be for me, Mary?”—“Oh, no, not for you, but for our dear lady; but, if you want one, I can make you one; only you have nowhere to put it, have you?”—“Why, where will your dear lady put hers, think

you?”—“Oh, she’ll put flowers in it, and place it on the stand in her own little room, where everything is prettier than anywhere else in the world. She has got many lovely flowers on the green stand, and one is a myrtle, that she loves best of all, and takes such care to water it. It was only a bit gathered off when Lady first had it. Wasn’t it you brought it her that evening from the Priory? Oh, it is such a beauty! I made a little rush basket to go over the pot, but no handles, you know.” Thus did the lively little girl run on, looking all the time earnestly at him to whom she spoke; and then she suddenly said, “But I mustn’t stay. Grandfather will want his breakfast; he’s up in the corn-fields at the Squire’s. Good bye, sir—thank you for these nice rushes.” And off she went, first taking up her basket. Frederic stretched himself on the bank again, and bethought him of all that his little friend had let fall. “Oh, would that I had unloaded to her all my heart! And yet why do I say so? Would it not have been base selfishness till I know my doom?” This he muttered to himself, scarcely to be heard by the spirit of the waters. He then again opened the volume, and was attracted to the fly-leaf, where he espied, in the sweetest writing in the world, a manuscript poem, by the author of the rest. He caught at it eagerly, not wholly from a love for that writing, but from a delight in the bard whom he venerated. It was a short poem, called “The Wishing-Gate;”—and suppose we repeat it, as all may not have it engraven on their memories as I have.

THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grassmere, by the side of the highway leading to Amble-side, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-Gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favorable issue.

Hope rules a land forever green.
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;

Points she to aught ? the bliss draws near,
And fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—There
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife ;
Yet, how forlorn should *ye* depart,
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
How poor were human life !

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate ;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-Gate.

Inquire not if the fairy race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired ;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell ;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love ;
Peace to embosom and content,
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yes ! even the stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his beloved—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim ?
The local Genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot ;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favor'd scene
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-Gate.

The sage, who feels how blind, how weak,
Is man, though loath such help to *seek*,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And yearn for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws ;—

Or when the church-clock's knell profound,
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight, makes reply :
Time pressing on, with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread Eternity !

They pleased much our youthful
and ardent reader, and gave a gentle
turn to his thinkings—for he dwelt
more upon the important question
which his uncle was in a manner to
decide. "I will wend my way to this
gate," said he ; " why should not I
seek a friendly sympathy in the being
who rules there ? Why should not I
ask of that good angel a boon, such as
my heart is panting for ? " He saun-
tered on, and there were his hopes,
his life, his all of promised joy and
blessing, again turned to the haven of
his happiness—again with——But
stop ; suffice it, they were *not* in In-
dia ; they were not with the zealous
bringers of glad tidings to the children
who wanted light ; they were *not* with
his friend, the heavenly-minded, the
truly apostolic Townsend ; they were
not even with his old infirm uncle,
smoothing his thorny pillow, or striv-
ing to lead him to the only fountain of
comfort and refreshment after a life
of many gifts, and much forgetfulness
of the Giver. No, no, one radiant
image filled his heart, and to part with
it seemed anguish. He came in sight
of the gate ; a stillness reigned around
it—a solemn stillness ;—it struck him,
and the pensive, almost warningly sweet
note of one only bird told of the si-
lence, and spoke to him whose foot-
steps interrupted it. " What note is
that ? " he inwardly asked himself.
" I never heard it before ; I feel there
is meaning in it. I could fancy that
it says to me that I am scarcely in fit
mood to commune with the Spirit of
the Gate ; it seems to warn me not to
wish rashly—to remember that a good
angel listens, and will not grant the
wish of one who thinks only of his
happiness, and overlooks the high and
holy purposes for which he was called
into being, and for which he was en-
dowed with noble faculties, and vari-
ous talents. Stop, and reflect ! Calm
the ardor that is glowing in thine
heart, and frame a wish that will be
worthy of you—one that is untainted
by selfishness, and that will not bring
upon you the ranklings of remorse ! "

I tell not whether the bird's note of
touching sadness whispered all this to

him; or whether the spirit, hoverer o'er the gate of tears, of sighs, of penitence, of prayer, aye, and of smiles and joyfulness too, or whether the light within him, lit up this pure flame, by which he saw into himself, I say not; but, after resting on the moss-grown bars, and meditating such a volume of pure thoughts and heavenly breathings as even spirits delight to read, there came from him a wish, not such as was beaming in his eye when first he approached it, but one that proved him a true Christian, a disciple who desired, fervently desired, to be a faithful follower, a useful minister, of his beloved Master. "May, then, my lot be cast where I can do most for His glory—bring most to His cross;—and may strength be given me to bear meekly the sorrowful partings and privations that the fulfilment of this wish may involve."

And was he not his BEST self when he turned from the gate? had he not fought the good fight?—for it is no light thing to put up a wish, or a prayer rather, on this spot. A few paces from the gate he again met the little Mary. "Well, my little friend, what, again are we to meet? And what do you want me to do now? for you look wistfully upon the bank beyond the ditch.—And the basket is made! and very pretty it is; I must certainly have one some day."

"I daresay the kind lady would give you this if she knew you liked it; but you must not ask for it, because grandfather says that it is not right. But to-morrow, if you'd get me more rushes, sir, I would make you one, and fill it with roses off my own bush; but will you, if you please, reach me some of those corn-flowers, they would look so pretty with all these sweet grasses I have been gathering? and Lady always likes the corn poppies and those blue flowers—Will you?"

"Yes, that I will, Mary; only you must hold my hat, or I may drop it into the ditch as I scramble under that old thorn."

"Oh, that is a nosegay of them! I shall have enough for dear old Mar-

tha's basket too—How very good you are to me, sir! You do look so LIKE the picture when your hat's off, sir, I wish you would not wear it."

"Not wear my hat this hot day, Mary? what can you mean? And what picture have you ever seen that is like me? and where?"

"Oh, it is quite like your face, though not your clothes; haven't you seen it? There's an old man, and he's just like grandfather; and then there's one young, and he's leading him, and that's like *you*; but Lady calls it Bellesa, or something like that; She did it; and I love to look at grandfather, and she looks at it too, when she is singing and playing sweet music, for it hangs just before her. Wouldn't you like to see it? I'll ask her, sir, if you may, and I think she will let you, when I tell her how kind you've been, and that you've got me all these, and the rushes."

"I will ask her, my little Mary; you had better not trouble her with such things; when you are with her, you should be doing all she tells you, and not thinking too much of all the pretty things you see in the room.—But here we are near the 'Wishing-Gate,' Mary. Do you ever wish there? and have you nothing to wish to-day? I think you must. I am going on to Sir Herbert's, but suppose you stop and make a wish—and let it be a good wish,—one that you can think of after you have said your prayers at night, and feel the happier for; mind that, Mary,—And now good bye; I will not go away again without bidding good bye to you and your grandfather."

Mary was left alone; she stood still before the Gate—(I wish I could draw her;) she looked at it; she looked at her bunch of grass and flowers; she saw one little bird hopping near her: "I wished for the Lady to give me some chickens, but I don't think that's a good wish. I wish old Martha was always dear old Martha, and never spoke angry to me; but that's not quite the goodest wish. Oh, I know what must be a good wish! I wish I may always be a good child, and do

all grandfather and Lady tell me, and never make him look sad at me. This shall be my wish, and I won't mind the chickens; and I'll be kind to old Martha when she *does* speak sharp, for I know she loves me and grandfather. I'll kiss the Gate! and leave the prettiest pop-py, and the prettiest blue flower (thus she sung it out as she selected them), and some of the grass; I'll tie them to the bar in a nosegay, and tell the Gate, for that and the kiss it must let my wish come true." And this she did, after a pretty fashion, and I took care those flowers should not wither for that day; she then hastened to the cottage in the lane, and opened the gate where old Michael had entered so many hours before.

Medora had passed two hours of musing—melancholy musing, we fear—since we left her with her father, who soon left her for his own study, where he passed most of his mornings. She could not read as usual—she found her thoughts wandering far, far away from the subject. One only thought was with her; it was a troubled stream, and yet it had much of loveliness; fair and enchanting were its scenes and prospects in some of the windings that it took—endearing spots of peacefulness and joy would the sunshine of her heart sometimes show her, as she traced that deep-flowing current; and then again all would be overclouded, and she felt the rain-drops of those clouds of her bosom's happiness come dropping on her hands as she sat working, mechanically, for she knew not what she did. She was aroused by this gentle shower of feeling—she felt it was wrong to continue such an indulgence—she had duties to attend to, and, Desdemona like, she must draw herself off from the story that was calling forth her sighs, and all her dearest sympathies, and attend to the comforts of others. She did arouse herself, and bestir herself, and then she went to her own little sitting-room, which young Mary had lauded so highly, and there she felt that her best occupation would be

drawing; she arranged it all, and then she looked out at the window at the silver bell, almost hidden by the jessamine that twined itself around and within the little casement,—she saw little Mary close the gate, and she called her to come up to her. "Why, Mary, what a pretty basket! Oh, and what beautiful grasses and corn poppies! But how did you get the rushes, Mary? I hope you did not get them yourself?"

"No, indeed, lady; the gentleman got them for me, and he did not go in the water for them; and will you please to have the basket and flowers, lady?"

"That I will, Mary, and thank you too, my dear child. I like them very much; but what gentleman was it who reached the rushes for you?"

"Oh! you know him, lady; 'twas the gentleman what is so like that man that grandfather's leaning on in the picture!"

"Indeed, Mary! It was very kind of him;" and Medora blushed deeply, as the little girl pointed to the picture. "And where did you find these corn flowers?"

"Oh, they were growing so beautiful on that high bank, lady, very near 'the Wishing-Gate;' I could never have reached them!"

"Then how did you get them, my dear?"

"He was there, too, when I got them, and saw me longing for them, and then he scrambled, and took his hat off,—and then I knew he was like the picture!"

"And then what did you do? make the basket?"

"Oh no, that I'd made, lady, when I was with father up in the hill-fields; then I went to the Gate, 'cause the gentleman told me to go and wish. I think he'd been wishing, for he looked very solemn, and something sad, when I first saw it was him; and he told me to make a good wish, that I should not be sorry for at prayer time; so I tried, but grandfather says we ought not to tell those wishes, only to the Gate."

"No, don't tell me, Mary; I hope it was a good wish, and if you thought first of what your friend said to you, I daresay it was a good wish, so I will wish it may come to pass. And now, Mary, as 'tis very late, you must sit down at once to your work, and see if you cannot finish making your grandfather's stockings, and hemming Martha's handkerchiefs, because I wish you to give them to them this evening when you go home."

Mary soon established herself on her little stool by the window. Her dear lady did not talk to her so much as she often did, or ask her questions on what she had learnt, for she was busy with many thinkings. "How strange that three so dear to me should have been to the Gate already this morning! Methinks I would like to read their wishes," said she inwardly. "Now, Mary, dear, let me look how you get on with the R. There's a wrong stitch here. Mary, Mary, why don't you look at it?"

"Oh, he is so very pretty, I must look at him! Please, lady, do let me. And I think I know who it is—I think!"

The ecstasy into which the little cottager was thrown, was by having turned her eye to the drawing her kind mistress had nearly finished. Medora looked pleased at the child's raptures. "And who do you think it is, Mary?"

"Why, I think it is little Samuel; is it not, lady?"

"It certainly is, Mary; but how came you to think so?"

"Because it looks just like what I used to see inside my head, or somewhere, where no one else could see it, when grandfather first used to tell me the story when I was a very little girl; and I never hear of him but I think of him as I saw him then—and that's quite like."

"It is meant for Samuel, Mary; and now, my love, work steadily and finish this, as there are many dead roses that want cutting off."

The work was soon done, and then they went into the garden, and Mary

was set to cut the roses. Medora passed into her father's study, but he was not there; so she went again to her own room, and then went on with little Samuel, till Mary came up and showed how many beautiful roses had lived and had died. When this was done, Mary was allowed to go and feed the chickens; her kind lady came to her, to enjoy her little ecstasies with her feathered favorites. "Now, Mary, you've been a good child for many weeks, and as I hope you will do your best always, I will give you three chickens, and your grandfather will tell you how to manage them."

"Three chickens, lady!" and poor Mary seemed almost dumbfounded with delight. "Oh how very kind of you—how can I be ever good enough at my lessons and work!—and that was one of the things that I wanted to wish for, but did not dare. Oh you dear little creatures! how I shall love you!"

"Yes; but Mary, you must take care and not kill them with kindness!"

"Why, that could not be, lady, could it? I should not have been alive now, should I, if people were killed so?"

Mary was torn from the chickens, and sent to do more work in the garden; and we must now just see what Medora's father was about.

"Ah! thus it ever is with me," said Colonel Blessington, as he sauntered forth; "thus it ever was, and thus it ever will be; those that my heart leans to, those in whom I take delight, are soon separated from me forever! This young man, whom I so trusted might be settled near to us—become to me even more than a friend—but why is not my heart hardened to meet my destiny? Why, even as age draws on, am I still to feel these things, even as in youth I felt them?—But not for myself, my loved Medora! surely that brow, which is truth and openness, and all sincerity, was shaded by sorrow this morning! and yet those words she spoke to me! The consolation she drew from his

going, if go he must—I would her consolations were mine! and how deeply she seems to wish it; surely she is an angel!”

By this time he found himself beside my temple—this my “*Wishing-Gate*.” He thought of the drawing that had pleased him so much; he went and rested his arms on the gate; he looked, and smiled at the pretty nosegay tied to the bar; he was lost in a deep and painful memory of days gone by, that never could be recalled; he looked through the postern of time long elapsed, with a melancholy not unmingled with remorse and sincere penitence. He thought, “What might not I have been, if Frederic de Lacey had been my equal in age and my companion in India; and what might I not now be, might I, by God’s blessing, in some sort redeem the time that I have lost—oh, more than lost—were I to be led by one like unto him? Oh, could I part with all that pride that keeps me from being taught in these high things by those who are not among the most gifted in intellect, or my own equals in other things! but could I have a pastor here whom I loved, this heart which has ever ruled me, would turn unto him and ask his aid to lead me to those waters of comfort which I find, but too late, can alone refresh and soothe us in this life of pain and sorrow; and then do I not see that the daughter of my own loved treasure—my sun of happiness that brightened on me for so short a day—do I not see that she desires I should tread, as she does, the heavenward path? Oh! that this might be! What blessings hast thou given me, great God! But where has been my gratitude? scarcely on my lips in thanksgiving and prayer, and never shown forth in my life, and therefore hast thou only given me to taste of them. A little while thou didst wait for my acknowledging them, yea, more than a little while; but then thou, in thy mercy, no doubt, withdrew them, that then I might humble myself before thee. One blessing remains to me. Grant that from this hour I may

indeed be grateful for it; and may I become a blessing unto my angel child, even as thou wouldst have me to be. Grant, too, that she may not need all the consolation a father’s love can yield to a bereaved and forsaken heart. It would seem I, too, had been breathing my wishes at the gate of mystery and tradition, and why should I not?” He turned from the spot with a more cheerful temper than he had reached it, and he then went on towards the Priory, in the hope of finding his young friend, and hearing the result of his interview with Sir Herbert. We will leave him; the solitary walk in the beautiful woods that led to that fine old residence will cherish and nurture all those high and holy aspirations, all those humble feelings and pious hopes, that have been with him at our Gate.

“Come, Mary,” said Medora, “it is four o’clock, and I am quite ready; we shall but just be in time for old Martha before she makes her tea, and I wish her to have a nice cup of tea this afternoon, so I’ve got a little canister here, and some sugar, and this nice little milk-loaf; so come, put them in your basket and let us go.”

“But the chickens, lady?”

“Oh, I will send them by Nanny this evening, and you must be very *patient*, as you will not see them till you get up to-morrow, I daresay.”

“That I will, lady; for how many things I’ve got!—the handkerchief and the stockings, and the rushes and flowers for Martha’s basket—Oh! so many.”

They walked to Violet Hut; and Medora spoke kindly to old Martha, and pleased her with the presents; and then she went to see old sick Donald, and read to him; and then, after bidding Mary good bye, and telling her when to come the next day, she went towards home alone.

“I will go now to the *Wishing-Gate*,” thought she; “and then, if my father walks in the evening, I shall not be vexed, and wishing to go elsewhere; so she turned that way, and felt thankful that she was so much

more cheerful than in the morning. Oh! if indeed all the joys of one's own heart were lost to us forever in this world, yet still what contentment, and almost gladness, might one not derive from doing kindnesses to others!" This she strove to make herself believe; but it was *only* a striving, for she soon felt the sadness coming over all her heart, at the thought of parting with one in whom, thus in life's early morning (when the soul requires so much, and pictures so highly, the one only friend that it desires to rest on, for time and for eternity), she had found ALL—yes, quite, and more than all. "What then is thy wish?" seemed to be said solemnly to her as she came in sight of the Gate. What could it be, but for the confirmation of her heart's happiness? If she could but know that she was loved, this would be consolation; and yet, surely, she could not quite mistake a manner that thrilled her with its tenderness and kindness. But stop; she had not touched the Gate. Again, a voice from within her, or around her, seemed to say—"Medora is not selfish—another desire lies buried in the recesses of her heart—a wish of ten thousand prayers—a wish that is with her at sunrise and sunset, and parts not from her through all the day."—"Yes, yes; oh did I for one instant let another take its place? Oh! how closely twined must he be with my whole being, that I should have let the agony of thinking of this parting put from me the wish that ought to be first—that is first—that ever shall be first! Could I ever be happy, if all my selfishness were listened to—and I became the loved companion of —? How could I be happy if I thought that my dear father was not treading a path that would lead him to everlasting blessedness? Grant, then, my wish, thou pure spirit of this place! Grant that he may be led to cling to that Cross, and to trust in that Saviour, who alone can save us!"

Many tears did she shed ere she turned towards home. She noticed the pretty bunch of flowers, and knew it to

be the fancy of her dear little Mary. She then prepared herself for dinner, and met her father with smiles. He was particularly lively, indeed quite glad some and happy. His daughter asked him how he had spent his morning, as she had missed him from his study since one o'clock.

"I have had a chequered day of it, my dear love," said he; "but the brightest colors came at last to delight me, after the sombre hues that had something shaded the first part of my morning. I really don't know when I have felt so much joyousness as I now feel; and you, my beloved Medora, seem all the better for your rest after your fatiguing early walk; you must not let that old beau of yours—that venerable old Michael—beguile you into such rambles."

"Oh, you must not blame him, dear father, for he only beguiled me to the bench on the common; but I have not been resting, for I went home with Mary, and then I came home by the *Wishing-Gate*."

"What! have you been to speak with the gentle spirit of the Gate? Then are thy good looks accounted for; she can spread a ray of sweet serenity over the features as well as the hearts of her votaries. It may be she has wrought in me the change I have undergone since the morning—it may be I owe to her mysterious enchantment the peaceful calm I feel within me—for I too, dear Medora, found myself, some few hours since, in deep reflection at her shrine; there were lamentations for the past; there were wishes, yea, even hopes, for the future, all mingling in my busy thoughts; and I know not but that even I asked her to shed, upon what of good feeling was aroused at those moments, a few drops of that dew from Heaven, so pure and peace-giving, that would nurture into good fruit those desires after a better and a holier life."

"My dear, dear father!" said Medora; but she could say no more,—her heart was full, and the thought of what her own wish had been, and the

prospect of its fulfilment, was too, too much for words; the tears would fall, and her kind father kept silence, and in no way disturbed her. She soon recovered her composure, and accepted, with the loveliest of smiles through her glistening eyes, the fruit her father offered her, and then she said, "Have you not been to the Priory, sir?—have you seen nothing of Mr. de Lacey?"

"Yes, my dear, I have; oh, yes! I was some time with Sir Herbert, and after that walked down to the vicarage with our young friend, who wished to call there before he again left us. But talking of the *Wishing-Gate*—Medora, who was it adorned it with that nosegay of wild flowers? Was it you, or was it your little protégée, Mary, who has more native rustic taste than is to be found in many of the pastoral poems that attempt to describe it? Your little jewel of a sketch gives not the adornment, so how came it to be there?"

"Oh, you are quite right in thinking it was Mary's taste—it is just like her; and though she did not tell me, I feel sure no other little lass in the village, or miles round, would have thought of such a thing. This is a treasure of a child, so very affectionate, and really so good. I wish, my dear father, you could have seen her young raptures when I gave her three chickens! I must, some day, take her with us to Rydal. I am quite sure our friend would make a volume of poetry out of her; for she has none of that shyness that would make her silent and dull among strangers. She is at that happy age, that with such an ardent mind as hers thinks not of restraining her delighted feelings, or curbing her restless curiosity. Don't you think he would like her?"

"Assuredly he would, my dear; the very sight of the child would call forth a sonnet, at least,—for no sunbeam on the lake ever looked more the picture of bright happiness than does little Mary Glenthorne, as she passes over on the hill side, with her looks of love, and her laughing glad-

someness. I often think, when looking at her, that instead of saying to her, '*Who made you?*' as the catechists do, one should speak poetry, and say, '*Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?*' You shall take her, my dearest, and that before many days are gone by; but where is the volume in which you wrote out '*The Wishing-Gate?*' I was looking for it this morning, and could not find it on the Wordsworth shelf."

"I'm sorry to say, my dear father," said Medora, blushing deeply, "that I was careless enough to leave it somewhere in my walk; but it cannot be *lost*."

"Why, I don't know, my love. I think it's a chance if you find it, and I own I should be grieved to lose the copy Wordsworth himself gave you. I never knew you so careless before; cannot you remember at all where you last had it? Do think!"

There was a strange look—a sly or saucy curl at the corner of his lip, as with an affected seriousness her father said this, which puzzled, whilst it pleased Medora. "I certainly do remember where I last had it, or knew that I had it," said she; "but there is my writing in it—my own name too. Oh, I am sure, no one who found it would keep it,—they would see whose it was, and bring it."

"I don't know that," said her father, with the same expression;—"your writing in it may be the very reason for their choosing to keep it. But I would advise you to go this very evening to the spot where you remember holding it, and perhaps the Kelpie of the Lake may tell you if she has taken it, and placed it in her library of liquid poetry; or, perhaps, she may tell you, if you dropped it on the land, whether it was caught up by an adoring swain who chanced to be passing at the time."

Medora was quite at a loss to understand her father, and yet she felt a consciousness that made her cheeks tingle, and she knew she must be looking very confused.

"I will go at once, my dear father, and retrace my steps of the morning, and I doubt not, in a short time, I shall return with the volume untouched and uninjured; and it will be all the dearer to us from our having feared losing it; and besides, perhaps it will have gained a few more pages of poetry from having passed this lovely day among the mountain daisies, or near the grateful broad leaves of the water-lily, that teaches us all, as Coleridge tells us, how to delight and rejoice in Heaven's gifts the more and the more, as the more abundantly they are showered upon us."

"Yes, that is a pretty idea, though you have *mored* it, my dear. You speak not with your usual correctness and elegance—But you are vexed about the volume, so go, and endeavor to recover it; but stop, Medora—In case our poor young friend should call in the evening, do not be absent,—return soon, that we may both bid him adieu ere he leaves us. Deny him not the consolation of seeing that he parts with friends much attached to him, and deeply interested in his future life—So now, my love, hasten away."

And here he left her, perplexed and saddened,—she knew not what to think. What could her father have heard to please him? What meant his strange manner? She was all in doubt, and a mystery seemed to cling to her; but his last words—they could have but one meaning. In sadness, then,—yea, in deep, deep sadness and melancholy, did she pass along. It was a lovely evening, just such an eve as does end, as should end, so brilliantly beautiful a day—a still—a calm—a pensive evening—such as can be felt, but never described,—an evening when all that is dearest in our existence is thought of, and mingles with the delicious repose of the scene; but 'tis folly to attempt to paint it,—for those who have never experienced the enchantment of such hours, would not understand the separate existence they seem to give one; and those who have, can imagine what this especial

evening was. It was late, later than Medora had thought when she left home; the shades of evening, that seem peopled with tranquillizing and heavenly spirits, were fast approaching, and the moon was gently rising; she gained the very spot where she had been in the morning, and sat her down on the rough ground I mentioned, near the rushes. Her heart, if not in unison with the scene that lay before her, was so filled as to find an exquisite relief and soothing in contemplating it. Her eyes were on those peaceful waters, and it was just that light, or twilight, when she was wont to delight in seeking in their depths that undefined mysterious scenery, which gives such a charm to evening communings with the riches of the deep, and which, I suppose, must be a species of that disease of the heart called, I think, the Calenture. But now, though her eyes were there, their expression was not derived from aught without her. Imagination was then at rest. No, they were filled with tears—the purest fountain within her heart of hearts was disturbed and overflowing, and in those waters of life and of happiness she feared she saw the sunset of her hopes, and of all her bliss, on earth. So much was she lost in these saddening reflections, that she heard her own name pronounced by the voice that was dearest to her, ere she was aware that any human being was near. It was Frederic de Lacey, who gently seated himself by her side, and with one gaze of kindness and that one word spoken, took her hand within his. A few minutes passed ere either spoke, and then Medora said, "What can there be here on earth more like unto heaven than this scene!" The words were scarcely uttered, but yet the effort was made, and she gained composure to say, "I believe I came here to look for a book which I dropt in the morning, and which my father is desirous I should find." She seemed much distressed, and withdrew her hand, intending to rise.

"Stay! stay! I have the book; go

not away, I entreat you ; I have to question you, to petition you, dear Medora ; there is a sweet little drawing between the leaves of the book, some lines at the back of it, which, though they belie what you spoke in the morning, yet are so full of beauty, and so touching, that if, as an old friend, I might keep the drawing, I can only say, there is nothing I at present possess which I should prize so dearly."

"What is it ? oh ! what can I have so carelessly left about ?" She appeared almost alarmed, till he showed her the sketch.

"Oh, it is this ! I'm sure if you think it pretty, or at all like it, I can have no reluctance to giving it, save its being so very unworthy your acceptance, and my regret that it is not much, much better."

He looked his thanks so meaningly, that Medora talked on as though timidly dreading their expression in words. "You see that it is the tomb of Mr. Cleveland, mentioned in a way to make all hearts love him, in Bishop Heber's Journal ; and I have placed in its neighborhood one of the Sagoe Palms, which the Bishop tells us grow in this beautiful form, and must therefore appear as temples in the wilderness ; and who shall say that in those far-away countries, where the blessings of Religion are so little known, the exquisite formation of this tree, with all its rich gothic arches, may not arouse some of our own people to remembrance of those places of worship that adorn their own land, and lead them, by a train of newly-awakened holy feeling, to pour forth those praises and prayers which have too long been unbreathed ?" This was said hurriedly, as a thought long since born, and as in explanation of the picture ; the devoted look of deep delight of him who listened, again met her, and she went on to say, "I could not have put the tomb in better scenery, I thought,—it must be a

beautiful tree ; little, oh how little, did I think or fear when I drew this, that my kind and early friend would perhaps see it growing in its native soil ! and now, alas ! ere this harvest moon again visit us, you will perhaps have rested under its shade." She could say no more ; she was altogether overpowered by the effort she had made to speak at all ; but she had not an instant to feel this, ere he clasped her towards him, and said, "No, no, Medora, not such is my fate ! in you alone does it rest ; this moon that now is, that is just ready to peep above yon mountain, before she has gladdened the bosom of the lake by her gentle beams, has, my own, my loved Medora ! the power to make me the happiest, the most blessed of beings. Tell me, oh tell me, that I am loved !" As the moon sheds her first spangle on the rippling of the lake, Medora sent, by one look, the deepest, the most lasting ray of happiness, into the soul of him who all but adored her.

It scarcely needs to tell, that no evening had been so blissful to the happy party at the Cottage in the Lane as this. The Vicar had given up the living to the patron Sir Herbert, who, in answer to his nephew's proposal of going to India, offered it to him. It was of course accepted, and the first reflection of those moonbeams on the calm bosom of the lake, shone upon two of the happiest hearts, and showed them to each other in all their fulness of affection and fervent love.

The father, too—to him it was the opening of a new life—a life of hope and holiness ; and thus were the loved votaries of *THE GATE* listened to in their tenderest wishes—thus were they all rewarded, for not following too much the devices and desires of their own hearts, when their duty and devotion to the Maker and Giver of those hearts bade their wishes tend *Heavenwards*.

ANECDOTES OF WOLVES.

WOLVES not unfrequently destroy people in Scandinavia. Many lamentable instances of the kind have occurred within the last few years. Wolves that have once tasted human flesh are said to be more dangerous than others. In the year 1819 those ferocious animals destroyed no less than nineteen persons in a very confined district of country. This was at no great distance from Gefle, situated on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. The poor sufferers were, however, almost all children. It was supposed to have been the same drove of wolves that committed this dreadful devastation. "Wolves," Mr. Nilsson says, "only attack the human race when dying of famine." He farther observes, "that in those parts of the country where they abound, it has often happened, even in the daytime, that they have suddenly come into houses, and killed and carried away children that were alone." The following circumstance, related to me by Captain Eurenus, will go far to corroborate this statement. The occurrence took place in the vicinity of Frederickshall, in Norway, near to which place that individual was then residing. In the year 1799 a peasant was one day looking out of his cottage-window, when he espied a large wolf enter his premises, and seize hold of one of his goats. At this time he had a child of about eighteen months old in his arms; this he incautiously laid down in a small porch fronting his house; when, catching hold of a stick, the nearest weapon at hand, he attacked the wolf, who was in the act of carrying off the goat. The ferocious animal now dropped the latter, but, getting a sight of the child, almost in the twinkling of an eye he seized hold of the little innocent, threw it across his shoulders, and was off like lightning. The poor father was driven almost distracted at this horrible sight; but his sorrow was unavailing, for he was

unable to overtake the wolf, who, together with his prey, quickly disappeared in an adjoining thicket.

About twenty years ago, during a severe winter, and when there were known to be many wolves roaming about the country, a Captain Nordnald, together with several companions, started off on a hunting excursion. The party were provided with a large sledge, such as are used in Sweden to convey coke to the furnaces, a pig, and an ample supply of guns, ammunition, &c. They drove on to a great piece of water which was then frozen over, in the vicinity of Forsbacka, and at no great distance from the town of Gefle. Here they began to pinch the ears, &c. of the pig, who of course squeaked out tremendously. This, as was anticipated, soon drew a multitude of famished wolves about their sledge. When these had approached within range, the party opened a fire upon them, and destroyed or mutilated several of the number. All the animals that were either killed or wounded were quickly torn to pieces and devoured by their companions. This, as I have observed, is said invariably to be the case, if there be many congregated together. The blood with which the ravenous beasts had now glutted themselves, instead of satiating their hunger, only served to make them more savage and ferocious than before; for, in spite of the fire kept up by the party, they advanced close to the sledge with the apparent intention of making an instant attack. To preserve their lives, therefore, the captain and his friends threw the pig on to the ice; this, which was quickly devoured by the wolves, had the effect, for the moment, of diverting their fury to another object. Whilst this was going forward, the horse, driven to desperation by the near approach of the ferocious animals, struggled and plunged so violently, that he broke the shafts to pieces. Being thus disengaged from

the vehicle, the poor animal galloped off, and, as the story goes, succeeded in making good his escape. When the pig was devoured, which was probably hardly the work of a minute, the wolves again threatened to attack the party; and as the destruction of a few, out of so immense a drove as was then assembled, only served to render the survivors more blood-thirsty, the Captain and his friends now turned their sledge bottom up, and took refuge beneath its friendly shelter. In this situation, it is said, they remained for many hours, the wolves in that while making repeated attempts to get at them, by tearing the sledge with their teeth. At length, however, assistance arrived, and they were then, to their great joy, relieved from their most perilous situation.

The following circumstance, showing the savage nature of the wolf, and interesting in more than one point of view, was related to me by a gentleman of rank attached to the embassy at St. Petersburg: it occurred in Russia some few years ago. A woman, accompanied by three of her children, was one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and, at last, were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring.

To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may be more easily conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavored to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live. This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.

This gentleman related to me another curious circumstance regarding wolves: it happened at no great distance from St. Petersburg, only two years previously. A peasant, when one day in his sledge, was pursued by eleven of these ferocious animals; at this time he was only about two miles from home, towards which he urged his horse at the very top of his speed. At the entrance to his residence was a gate, which happened to be closed at the time; but the horse dashed this open, and thus himself and his master found refuge within the court-yard. They were followed, however, by nine out of the eleven wolves; but, very fortunately, at the instant these had entered the enclosure, the gate swung back on its hinges, and thus they were caught as in a trap. From being the most voracious of animals, the nature of these beasts, now that they found escape impossible, became completely changed: so far, indeed, from offering molestation to any one, they slunk into holes and corners, and allowed themselves to be slaughtered almost without making any resistance.

 "THE STATION."

OF the many writers who have taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by the remarkable position which the peasantry of Ireland occupy in the social state, to work up tales and sketches calculated to interest a reading public athirst for novelty and excitement, we know of no one who has so completely succeeded in deserving to engage the attention of his readers, by the force of the pictures he lays before them, and at the same time in convincing them that he is giving them a real insight into Irish manners, as the author of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," just published in Dublin.

These stories are nine in number, and the immediate subjects from which they derive their title are admirably selected for their aptness to the purpose of displaying in an effective light the general prejudices, habits, and manners, of the inhabitants, at least, of the north-western parts of Ireland, as would be judged from those titles themselves, of which the following are the principal:—"The Irish Wedding," "Larry Mac Farland's Wake," "The Battle of the Factions," "The Funeral and Party Fight," "The Hedge School," and "The Station."

The most amusing, and by no means the least characteristic among them, is the last. It will be objected to by some persons, perhaps, for exhibiting the Catholic clergy in an unfavorable and unfair light. We use the term unfair, not because we doubt the fidelity of the portrait itself—for we are persuaded that, as far as it goes, it is true to the letter. Our own experience, not only in Ireland, but in other Catholic countries, where the changes in the ideas of men which the last half century has brought about, and the circumspection in the conduct of the clergy which has been the consequence, have scarcely penetrated, or at least have had but little influence, enables us to bear witness at least to its probability. We have no

hesitation therefore in accepting the portraits of Father Philemy and Father Con, as real resemblances of individuals; they may be even aggregate examples of a class; but they are not to be received, as there is danger that they may be, in the absence of any picture which exhibits the other and more favorable side, as representations of the body of the clergy.

The Station signifies the coming of the parish priest and his curate to some house in the town land on a day publicly announced from the altar on the preceding Sabbath, in order that those who live within the district in which the Station is held may have an opportunity of *confessing*, or *coming to their duty*, as it is called. The person, at whose house the Station is so appointed to be held, considers himself honored by the distinction, and piques himself on preparing a suitable entertainment for his spiritual director. In the case which the author of the tale chooses to describe, the peasant selected is represented as a man not particularly disposed to prostrate himself, and who had no particular cause for attachment to his priest, by whom, when in poverty, from which he had but recently risen, he had been left neglected and unnoticed. He had the shrewdness, moreover, to see through the character of *his Reverence*; yet was he not on those accounts less proud of the honor done him, or less disposed to do credit to himself by giving him a fitting reception. The whole proceedings, both preparatory to the important day, and during its course,—from the arrival of the curate and the commencement of the shriving operation to the glorious and uproarious conclusion of the festive occasion, are described with a minuteness which defies analysis, but which has too much spirit and evidence of truth ever to become tedious. The following dialogue, at least, will give some insight into the characters

of the principal personages—the priest and his host.

"Hitherto, Father Philemy had not time to bestow any attention on the state of Katty's larder, as he was in the habit of doing, with a view to ascertain the several items contained therein for dinner. But as soon as the breakfast things were removed, and the coast clear, he took a peep into the pantry, and after throwing his eye over its contents, sat down at the fire, making Phaddhy take a seat beside him, for the especial purpose of sounding him as to the practicability of effecting a certain design which was then snugly latent in his Reverence's fancy. The fact was, that on taking the survey of the premises aforesaid, he discovered that, although there was abundance of fowl, and fish, and bacon, and hung-beef—yet, by some unaccountable and disastrous omission, there was neither fresh mutton nor fresh beef. The priest, it must be confessed, was a man of considerable fortitude, but this was a blow for which he was scarcely prepared—particularly as a boiled leg of mutton was one of his favorite joints at dinner. He accordingly took two or three pinches of snuff in rapid succession, and a seat at the fire as I have said, placing Phaddhy, unconscious of his design, immediately beside him. Now, the reader knows that Phaddhy was a man possessing a considerable portion of dry sarcastic humor, along with that natural quickness of penetration and shrewdness for which most of the Irish peasantry are, in a very peculiar degree, remarkable; add to this, that Father Philemy, in consequence of his contemptuous bearing to him before he came in for his brother's property, stood not very high in his estimation. The priest knew this, and consequently felt that the point in question would require to be managed, on his part, with suitable address.

"'Phaddhy,' says his Reverence, 'sit down here till we chat a little, before I commence the duties of the

day. I'm happy to see that you have such a fine thriving family; how many sons and daughters have you?'

"'Six sons, your Reverence,' replied Phaddhy, 'and five daughters. Indeed, Sir, they're as well to be seen as their neighbors, considering all things. Poor crathurs, they get fair play* now, thank God, compared to what they used to get—God rest their poor uncle's soul for that. Only for him, your Reverence, there would be very few inquiring this or any other day about them.'

"'Did he die as rich as they said, Phaddy?' inquired his Reverence,

"'Hut, Sir,' replied Phaddhy, determined to take what he afterwards called a *rise* out of the priest, 'they knew little about it—as rich as they said, Sir! no, but three times as rich, itself: but any how, he was the man that could make the money.'

"'I'm very happy to hear it, Phaddhy, on your own account and that of your children. God be good to him, —*requiescat animus ejus in pace per omnia secula seculorum, Amen!*—he liked a drop in his time, Phaddhy, as well as ourselves, eh?'

"'Amen—amen—the heavens be his bed!—he did, poor man! but he had it at first cost, your Reverence; for he *run* it all himself in the mountains: he could afford to take it.'

"'Yes, Phaddhy, the heavens be his bed, I pray; no Christmas or Easter ever passed, but he was sure to send me the little keg of stuff that never saw water; but, Phaddhy, there's one thing that concerns me about him, in regard of his love of drink.—I'm afraid it's a throuble to him where he is at present: and I was sorry to find that, although he died full of money, he didn't think it worth his while to leave even the price of a mass to be said for the benefit of his own soul.'

"'Why, sure you know, Father Philemy, that he wasn't what they call a drinking man: once a quarter, or so, he sartinly did take a jorum, and except at these times, he was very

* By this is meant a liberal allowance.

sober. But God look upon us both, your Reverence—or upon myself, any way; for I haven’t your excuse for drinking, seeing I’m no clergy; for if *he’s* to suffer for his doings that a-way, I’m afraid *we’ll* have a troublesome reck’ning of it.’

“‘Hem! a-hem!—Phaddhy,’ replied the priest, ‘he has raised you and your children from poverty, at all events; and you ought to consider *that*: if there’s anything in your power to contribute to the relief of his soul, you have a strong duty upon you to do it; and a number of masses, offered up devoutly, would—’

“‘Why, he did, Sir, raise both myself and my children from poverty,’ said Phaddhy, not willing to let that point go farther; ‘*that* I’ll always own to; and I hope in God that whatever little trouble might be upon him for the drop of drink, will be wiped off by his kindness to us.’

“‘He hadn’t even a *month’s* mind!’

“‘And it’s not but I spoke to him about both, your Reverence.’

“‘And what did he say, Phaddhy?’

“‘Phaddhy, said he, I have been giving Father M’Guirk, one way or other, between whiskey, oats, and dues, a great deal of money every year; and now after I’m dead, says he, isn’t it an ungrateful thing of him not to offer up one mass for my sowl except I leave him payment for it?’

“‘Did he say that, Phaddhy?’

“‘I’m giving you his very words, your Reverence.’

“‘Phaddhy, I deny it; it’s a big lie—he could not make use of such words, and he going to face death. I say you could not listen to them; the hair would stand on your head if he did: but God forgive him; that is the worst I wish him. Did not the hair stand on your head, Phaddhy, to hear him?’

“‘Why then, to tell your Reverence the blessed truth, I can’t say it did.’

“‘You cannot say it did! and I was in your coat, I would be ashamed to say it did not. I was always troubled about the way the fellow died,

but I had not the slightest notion that he went off such a reprobate. I fought his battle and yours hard enough yesterday; but I knew less about him then than I do now.’

“‘And what, wid submission, did you fight our battles about, your Reverence?’ inquired Phaddhy.

“‘Yesterday evening, in Parrah More Slevin’s, they had him a miser, and yourself they set down as very little better.’

“‘Then, I don’t think I desarved that from Parrah More, any how, Father Philemy; I think I can show myself as dacent as Parrah More or any of his faction.’

“‘It was not Parrah More himself, or his family, that said anything about you, Phaddhy,’ said the priest, ‘but others that were present. You must know that we were all to be starved here to-day.’

“‘Oh! ho!’ exclaimed Phaddhy, who was hit most palpably upon the weakest side—the very sorest spot about him, ‘they think bekase this is the first station that ever was held in *my* house, that you won’t be thrated as you ought; but they’ll be disappointed; and I hope, for so far, that your Reverence and your friends have no rason to complain.’

“‘Not in the least, Phaddhy, considering that it was a first station; and if the dinner goes as well off as the breakfast, they’ll be biting their nails: but I should not wish myself that they would have it in their power to sneer or throw any slur over you about it.—Go along, Dolan,’ exclaimed his Reverence, to a countryman who came in from the street, where those stood who were waiting for confession, to see if he had gone to his room—‘Go along, you vagrant; don’t you see I’m not gone to the *tribunal* yet?—But it’s no matter about that, Phaddhy; it’s of other things you ought to think: when were you at your duty?’

“‘This morning, Sir,’ replied the other; ‘and I’d have them to understand, that had the presumption to use my name in any such manner, that I

know when and where to be dacent with any mother's son of Parrah More's faction; and *that* I'll be afther whispering to them some of these mornings, plase goodness.'

"Well, well, Phaddhy, don't put yourself in a passion about it, particularly so soon after having been at your confession—it's not right—I told them myself, that we'd have a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine at all events, for it was what *they* had; but that's not worth talking about: when were you with the priest before, Phaddhy?"

"If I wasn't able, it would be another thing; but, as long as I'm able, I'll let them know that I have the spirit," said Phaddhy, smarting under the imputation of niggardliness—"when was I at confession before, Father Philemy? Why, then, dear forgive me, not these five years;—and I'd surely be the first of the family that would show a mane spirit, or a want of hospitality."

"A leg of mutton is a good dish, and a bottle of wine is fit for the first man in the land," observed his Reverence—"five years!—why, is it possible you stayed away so long, Phaddhy!—how could you expect to prosper with five years' burden of sin upon your conscience? What would it cost you—"

"Indeed, myself's no judge, your Reverence, as to that; but cost what it will, I'll get both."

"I say, Phaddhy, what trouble would it cost you to come to your duty twice a year at the very least? and, indeed, I would advise you to become a monthly communicant; Parrah More was speaking of it as to himself, and you ought to go—"

"And I will go and bring Parrah More here to his dinner, this very day, if it was only to let him sec, with his own eyes—"

"You ought to go once a-month, if it was only to set an example to your children, and to show the neighbors how a man of substance and respectability, and the head of a family, ought to carry himself."

"Where is the best wine got, yer Reverence?"

"Alick McLaughlin, my nephew, I believe, keeps the best wine and spirits in Ballyslantha.—You ought also, Phaddhy, to get a scapular, and become a scapularian; I wish your brother had thought of *that*, and he wouldn't have died in so hardened a state, nor neglected to make a provision for the benefit of his soul, as he did."

"Lave the rest to me, yer Reverence, I'll get it—Mr. McLaughlin will give me the right sort, if he has it betune him and death."

"McLaughlin! what are you talking about?"

"Why, what is yer Reverence talking about?"

"The scapular," said the priest.

"But I mane the wine and the mutton," says Phaddhy.

"And is that the way you treat me, you reprobate you?" replied his Reverence, in a passion: "is that the kind of attention you're paying me, and I advising you, all this time, for the good of your soul? Phaddhy, I tell you, you're enough to vex me to the core. Five years!—only once at confession in five years! What do I care about your mutton and your wine!—you may get dozens of them if you wish; or, maybe, it would be more like a Christian to never mind getting them, and let the neighbors laugh away; it would teach you humility, you hardened creature, and God knows you want it. For my part, I'm speaking to you about other things; but that's the way with the most of you—mention any spiritual subject that concerns your soul, and you turn a deaf ear to it. Here, Dolan, come in to your duty. In the meantime, Phaddhy, you may as well tell Katty not to boil the mutton too much; it's on your knees you ought to be at your rosary, or the seven penitential psalms."

We regret that we cannot present our readers with a specimen of the mode of confession; but as they will feel a curiosity to know how the leg of mutton and the wine turned out, we must find room for the following additional extract:—

“ ‘Now, Parrah More,’ said Phaddhy, ‘you must try *my wine*; I hope it’s as good as what *you* gave his Reverence yesterday.’

“The words, however, had scarcely passed his lips, when Father Philemy burst out into a fit of laughter, clapping and rubbing his hands in a manner the most astonishing. ‘Oh, Phaddhy, Phaddhy!’ shouted his Reverence, laughing heartily, ‘I *done* you for once—I done you, my man, *cute* as you thought yourself: why, you nagur you, did you think to put us off with punch, and you have a stocking of hard guineas hid in a hole in the wall?’

“ ‘What does yer Reverence mane?’ said Phaddhy; ‘for myself can make no understanding out of it; at all, at all.’

“To this his Reverence only replied by another laugh.

“ ‘I gave his Reverence no wine,’

said Parrah More, in reply to Phaddhy’s question.

“ ‘What!’ said Phaddhy, ‘none yesterday, at the station held with you?’

“ ‘Not a bit of me ever thought of it.’

“ ‘Nor no mutton?’

“ ‘Why, then, not a morsel of mutton, Phaddhy; but we had a rib of beef.’

“Phaddhy now looked over to his Reverence rather sheepishly, with the smile on his face of a man who felt himself foiled. ‘Well, your Reverence has *done* me, sure enough,’ he replied, rubbing his head—‘I give it up to you, Father Philemy; but anyhow, I’m glad I got it, and you’re all welcome from the core of my heart. I’m only sorry I haven’t as much more now to trate you all like jintlemen; but there’s some yet, and as much punch as will make all our heads come round.’”

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. I.

By *Mary Anne Browne.*

THE FIRST AND LAST FLOWER.

FLOWER, earliest flower of Spring!
Born before thy sisters fling
From their heads the leafy veil,
Hiding blossoms fair and pale—
Born before the changeful sky
Looks out with its proud blue eye
(’Tis so full of trembling glee)
For a moment steadily,—
Daisy floweret! how I love
To watch thee peeping first above
The emerald blades of springing grass
That brighten as the breezes pass.

First fair flower! yet soon arise
Round thee buds of brighter dyes.
Who observes thy pensive eye
Meekly turning to the sky?
Who would pluck thee, whilst around
Blossoms gaudier far are found?
Heed it not: an hour shall come
When they shall not slight thy bloom;
Like the meek, retiring mind,
Wait until the winter wind
Shall have wither’d leaf and flower;
Then shall they too feel thy power.

Flower, the latest of the year!
Wherefore dost thou still appear?
There thou art, a living gem
In Winter’s frozen diadem!
On the trampled turf thou art,
Speaking deeply to the heart;
Looking sweet, as when was burst
Thy tiny crimson bud at first.
Daisy flower! I look on thee
As something half akin to me;
Both have seen the roses’ birth,
And both have watch’d them drop to
earth.

Last dear flower! yet dearer far
For the thoughts, thou earth-born star,
That thou awak’st, than for thy bloom,
Scatter’d thus o’er Nature’s tomb:
Thou art like the faith that first
In the young warm heart is nursed,
Keeping still its hallow’d ground,
Whilst life’s joys are young around,
And blooming out in age, to bring
The promise of another spring.

CUSTOMS, &c. IN RIO JANEIRO.

BY DR. WALSH.

THE shopkeepers of Rio are rather repulsive in their address; and so little disposed to take trouble, that a customer is often induced to leave the shop, by the careless way in which he is treated. They are exceedingly fond of sedentary games of chance, such as cards and draughts, and often engage at them on their counters. I have sometimes gone in at those times to purchase an article, and the people were so interested in their game, that they would not leave it to attend to me and sell their goods. They are, however, honest and correct in their dealings, and bear good moral characters. Their charity is boundless, as appears by the sums expended on different objects by the irmandades or brotherhoods which they form. They are, as far as I have heard, generally speaking, good fathers and husbands, and their families are brought up with strictness and propriety. It is pleasing to see them walking out together, the corpulent parents going before, and the children and domestics following in their orders. The women are fond of black, wear no caps, but a black veil is generally thrown over their bare heads, which hangs down below their bosom and back; and as it is generally worked and spotted, it makes their faces look, at a little distance, as if they were covered with black patches. They always wear silk stockings and shoes, and are particularly neat and careful in the decorations of their feet and legs, which are generally small and well-shaped. The boys of this rank are remarkably obliging; when I saw anything among them that seemed curious, and I expressed a wish to look at it, they always pressed it on my acceptance with great good nature, and seemed pleased at an opportunity of gratifying me. The Brazilians, in any difficulty or danger, make vows to perform certain acts, in token of their gratitude to

Providence if they are extricated. These vows they religiously keep, and they are sometimes productive of great unhappiness. The patrona, or master of a boat, in which I used to cross the bay, was a remarkably good-looking man. He was once overtaken by a storm in the same place, and made a solemn vow, that if he reached the shore, he would marry the first disengaged woman he met. He faithfully kept his word; connected himself with a person he knew nothing about, who proved to be a vile character, and his domestic comforts are forever embittered. They are not indisposed to hospitality, and they constantly accept invitations from strangers, but seldom ask them in return. This arises from the exceeding deficiency of their domestic economy. A Brazilian never keeps a store of anything in his house; but even those of the highest rank send to a neighboring venda for whatever they want, in the smallest quantities, and only when they want it. They never purchase more at a time than a pint of wine, or a few ounces of sugar, or coffee: and this, they say, is, because if they laid in a store, it would be impossible to prevent their slaves from getting at, and consuming it. When the slave goes for the article, he takes up anything he can lay his hand on to carry it in. I have often seen one of them returning from a venda with a china tureen full of charcoal under his arm, and a silver cup on his head, holding a few loose candles. Some trades are associated in a manner seemingly as incongruous. On many shops you see written *vidros e xa*, glass and tea; intimating that the shopkeeper is both a glazier and a grocer. Some, however, are latterly approximating to a more natural association, and have added china to their glass, and so sell both tea and tea-cups. The avocations of barbers are also very various.

They vend and prepare tortoise-shell to make combs. They bleed and draw teeth as usual; and so far are only employed in business connected with their calling as barber-surgeons. But besides that, they exclusively mend silk stockings, and are remarkable for the neatness which they sole and vamp them. I never passed a barber's shop, that I did not see him, when not otherwise engaged, with a black silk stocking drawn on one arm, and his other employed in mending it. They are, besides, the musicians of the country, and are hired also to play at church doors during festivals. All the persons who compose the bands on these occasions are barbers. Over the middle of every shop is an arch, on which are suspended the different articles for sale. In a barber's shop, the arch is always hung round with musical instruments. This association of trades was formerly the usage in England, when the lute and cithern were always found in a barber's shop, to amuse the customers of better condition who came to be trimmed, as they are now presented with a newspaper; or sometimes to alleviate the pains of a wound, which the barber, in his avocation of surgeon, was probing or dressing. But the remains of those customs, which have entirely

disappeared in Europe, still linger in America among the descendants of those who originally brought them over. It is highly creditable to the citizens of Rio, that no native beggars are ever seen in their streets. The only persons of this class I ever was accosted by were foreign sailors, particularly English and North Americans, who often attacked me, complaining rudely that they were out of employment. They had all the appearance of being worthless, intemperate fellows, whose poverty was their own fault. All the natives in distress are fed and clothed by the different *irmandades* of citizens, or by the convents; and it is a pleasing sight to see the steps of religious edifices filled, at stated times, with poor people disabled by age or infirmity, and the good Samaritans walking among them, distributing food and raiment as they require them. It is also much to be commended, that no women of bad character are ever seen in the streets, either by day or night, so as to be known as such. The decency and decorum of this large town, in this respect, is particularly striking to those who have been accustomed to the awful display of licentiousness which besets them in the streets and public places of Paris and London.

A LETTER FROM LONDON.

Wednesday, April 7, 1830.

WHEN people have little to think about or talk about, it is but natural that they should drink a bout or walk about. The cure is worse than the distemper; more especially when one has a very heavy troublesome purse. In dilemmas of this kind, the Bazaars may surely be reckoned a most providential invention. Exhibitions of paintings, &c. are all well enough; so are lounges in the back-shops of Colnaghi, Graves, and a few of the other print publishers, where you may hear dissertations (*viva voce*) on the fine arts, which would put to shame

the shade of Sir Joshua, not to mention the living fabric of Phillips. After all, there is nothing like a coffee room or an exhibition room for your regular talkers. But what man (or woman) of sense will run the risk of coming in contact with the whirlpool-mouths of such "private lecturers?" They must, to avoid such perilous personages, betake themselves to the streets or the bazaars; and often—often have we in our misery during good weather found the efficacy of either. We are not precisely certain how many of these covered streets are already in existence—we know of about half-a-

dozen. We happened to lounge for half an hour in the Oxford Street bazaar the other day, chiefly because it happened to be a novelty. Not long ago the concern was reduced to ashes ; it is now rebuilt, and presents as varied and lively a scene as we ever witnessed under the same circumstances. The number of stalls and pretty stall-keepers is considerable, and the variety of articles which tempt the purse is out of all conception. Every taste may find something to excite a purchase ; and were it only for the sake of the pretty girls, we think the beaux are called upon to display their gallantry in that most enticing of forms—hard cash. The western Bazaar, in the very sanctum of gentility, Bond Street, is most brilliantly thronged ; and we should think the fair merchants are well rewarded for their toil and trouble. It is but proper, and in the best of tastes, that young women should alone be the sellers of these fashionable wares ; if Bazaars were haunted by smirking shopkeepers, we verily believe the whole matter would blow to air like a soap-bubble. Then there is Regent Street (distinguished as the Macadamized), where one may have the pleasure (query) of seeing the Duke of Wellington take his ride, or probably you may have the chuckling satisfaction to observe him surrounded by a rabble of little urchins who are sure to haunt his skirts, and even pull them, when he attempts to perpetrate the plain pedestrian. It would be vain to endeavor to describe the state of Regent Street on a fine day at about four o'clock, when the whole world take it into their heads to drive hither in cab or coach, or on horse-back. The street is utterly impassable ; and it is not in the power of whip or thong to force a movement. It is a complete stand still, till gradually the vehicles are allowed to extricate themselves. The British Museum may be conveniently resorted to ; and if a person chances to understand ancient inscriptions, or has a liking for the *lusi naturæ*, or the *lusi artis*, he will find himself so much the more at home.

A contest of a somewhat interesting character is at present raging in the literary world. It is the talk of all circles, the moot-point of every conversazione. Tom Moore is the sinner, though he asserts that he is "more sinned against than sinning." Tom Campbell is the flagellator, though it is hinted that he has taken up the cudgels against both Byron and Moore, because he thinks that in some parts of the Irish Minstrel's book he has been somewhat scurvily treated. What degree of truth there is in such a report can be known only to Tom's own conscience. But the main thing which he wishes to establish is, the unspotted virtue and disposition of Lady Byron. Moore was certainly right when he thought that Byron was ill-matched. Miss Millbanke was a precisean—he was a rake. Byron's wife ought to have been a creature of passive flesh and blood, with mind and intellect, not upon her tongue, but in her eye. At least this is the *belle ideale* of his imagination. Again, Campbell himself is right, when he observes that Moore has *canted*, contrary to the dictates of common sense, in his palaver respecting Byron's morals. The whole question seems to resolve itself within the compass of a nut-shell, and it is this : Byron did wrong in marrying ; so did Miss Millbanke ;—Moore did wrong in attempting to vindicate either of the parties ; Campbell has done wrong in mixing up his name or his lucubrations with the discussion. The whole party seem to have gone wrong ; and a person may as well attempt to discover the truth amidst such a multiplicity of motives, as to square the circle, or invent a perpetual motion more lasting than a woman's tongue. It would be better for all parties if eternal silence were at once thrown around this "miserable piece of business."

By the bye, in regard to Mr. Campbell, it has been rumored that he is about to sacrifice at the altar of Hymen. We do not know what truth there is in the report. The lady who has fixed his affections is said to be Miss Crumpe, well known as the au-

thoress of some pretty poetry which has been set to music. We repeat that we know nothing of such private matters; but if the *on dit* be true, the poet is a lucky man, and will no doubt one day or other sing to the tune of

“Crumpity, crumpity, Crumpe.”

Talking of Mr. Campbell leads us to mention that there have been some farther *disagremens* at the Literary Union. The thing is common talk. It would appear that the body of the society and the committee are at open war upon the subject of the admission of members, and other formularies. We do not intend to render ourselves odious by repudiating individuals. But it certainly strikes us that there must be something under all this—the remote cause of dissension. If so, the sensible part of the society ought, in lawyer phrase, “to take steps;” and some have even gone so far as to hint at a division. There are many most respectable members; and it is a pity that they should be forced to blush for their connexion, through the stupidity or arrogance of others. A word to the wise.

The Italian Opera closed on Saturday evening, after a most unproductive and unprofitable season. The house was well attended—all the fashionables were present. Rossine’s

“La Gazza Laddra,” and the new ballet, were the entertainments; and, of course, they presented nothing of novelty. We trust that Laporte will be better prepared when he re-opens; such another season will effectually extinguish him. The Adelphi, too, has closed for a while; but it will open shortly with Charles Mathews. The Easter holidays have as usual put the brains of managers in a ferment; and we have heard that the novelties at the great houses will be particularly splendid. The French company have hardly succeeded so well as they expected at the Haymarket. Potier leaves immediately. A new musical establishment, called the Panharmonion, has been a short while in flower under the sunshine of Signor Lauza’s countenance, the same who tutored Miss Stephens. His theatre is small, and his performers of no great pretension; but as they are merely pupils, allowances must be made in their favor.

A new edition of Robert Montgomery’s “Satan” has just appeared. He has had the good luck to receive a castigation from almost every magazine in existence, including the Westminster Review. One thing is clear, however, his books have sold; and he got six hundred pounds for his last volume.

THE MARMOSET.

MANY ingenious publications have at various times proceeded from the pen of eminent writers on that singular class of animals, whose conformation, mental and physical, is so naturally calculated to humble human pretensions, and to moderate those lofty ideas of self-importance, which vanity is so apt to excite, particularly in the higher walks of human life. I say the higher walks, not because I am not ready to do justice to the superior acquirements which eminently distinguish that portion of the titled and the affluent, who, mindful of the advantages of birth,

have sedulously improved the *ten talents* with which they have been entrusted,—but because many, so circumstanced, deem it unnecessary to cultivate their minds by a laborious course of severe study, under the fascinating, but delusive idea, that, as times go, and in the common acceptation of the fashionable world, “WEALTH is everything!” But to return to my subject. Notwithstanding the positions advanced by the great French naturalist, and the elaborate disquisitions of La Brosse, Schouten, and others, whose works have immor-

talized their names, I flatter myself that many of your intelligent readers will readily accede to my theory, when I maintain that the human race does not really constitute one uniform indivisible genus, but that it diverges and branches forth into a variety of species, comprehending a considerable diversity of animals, originally, constitutionally, corporeally, and intellectually dissimilar, yet generally concordant and homogeneous.

In like manner, the monkey, ape, and baboon genera are extremely different in form and action, yet universally homologous. Whilst they exhibit a more evident multiformity than man, as to construction and magnitude, like man the whole race are endowed with many peculiar characteristics. It is true, they are not gifted, at least humanly and articulately speaking, with the faculty of speech; but they certainly fall not far short of their proud rivals in the faculty of grinning! I mean that broad, unmeaning, empty grin, so expressive of fatuity! But besides the power of grinning, common to men and to monkeys, there are many other peculiarities exclusively inherent in the two races. Indeed, the parallel is very striking and wonderful. They are gregarious, or social creatures. They are bipedaneous; nor has any other animal been as yet discovered, in the old or new world, who can dispute that singular prerogative with them. The structure of the teeth, the formation of the cranium, the mechanism of the dorsal process, the palms of the hands, soles of the feet, and curious digitated articulation; the pensive air, the unmeaning gravity, the sagacious stare; the nice sense of honor, or impatience under imaginary insults and injuries; the cunning, deceitful, thievish propensity, flowing remotely from the great principle of self-preservation; ingenuity, curiosity, and avidity after spirituous liquors,—in short, view them at every point, and the analogy, affinity, and similitude, are most mortifyingly conspicuous. The ourang-outang is swift, strong, and, in all phy-

sical bearings, confessedly superior to man. He is intrepid, and goes generally armed with a thick club for defensive and offensive operation. That in the immense island of Borneo they have their laws, government, and polity, and, no doubt, their language, is a fact which the Dutch no longer hold problematical.

The head of the ourang, like the head of man, presents to the astonished contemplation of the scientific phrenologist its eighty-three organs, all more or less capable of development!—and on his expressive countenance, the penetrating Lavater could discern more intellect than on many countenances commonly called human!

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
Os homini, cercopithecoque dedit.

Between an ourang-outang and a Newton, the distance is indeed immense; but is there no difference then between a Newton and a brutal Andaman?—and between a well-educated civilized ourang (such as I saw at Calcutta, and whom I really mistook for a Bramin, as he sat at table with his European master, dressed in the costume of India), and a ferocious disgusting cannibal, the distance vanishes, and the ourang, I will not say approximates, but surpasses his inflated protoplast. But even here, *reason*, however debased, or unexcited and dormant it may be in the savage—the “*mentis capacious altæ*,” the distinguishing stamp and attribute of man, asserts its immortal prerogative, and draws the line, beyond which not even the ourang, with all his boasted similitude, erect position, and approximation, can possibly go; like the gulf that separated Lazarus from Dives, it is indeed impassable; or, at all events, *we* are pleased to account it impassable;—for where is the man who will allow monkeys a particle of reason?

And yet monkeys, the very least of them, are possessed of a something, the which, if it is not reason, is at least an *instinctive undescribable power*, bordering closely upon it. I will conclude this dissertation upon the com-

parative excellence of men and monkeys, by the following trivial incident :—

On my return from the West Indies some years ago, during a sudden gale off the Floridas, a cage suspended, over the hatchway, in which a sailor kept a favorite marmoset, happened to be violently thrown down, by which accident the little creature's arm received a compound fracture. After the squall and confusion had abated, the honest tar brought the little animal aft to the medicine-chest, and earnestly requested the good-humored son of Æsculapius to examine him. The surgeon, with much kind feeling, very tenderly went through the operation of setting the bone, and after dressing and bandaging, a sling was fixed round his neck *secundum artem*, and the limb carefully suspended. The marmoset attended with great punctuality every morning at the chest, and the surgeon went regularly through the motions of dressing the broken arm. After two or three weeks the monkey was well, and the bandage taken off. But to the end of the voyage, he continued to hold his arm to his side, nor did he once attempt to use it without extreme caution. His gratitude to his benefactor knew no bounds ;—he seldom quitted him during his walks on the quarter deck ; when reading in his cabin, he would often slide in and sit close by his side ;—and when the surgeon left the ship, the little creature moaned and lamented like a child. So much for gratitude in monkeys !

Nor are monkeys merely capable of gratitude ; their attachment to their young has been eulogized in very high

terms : and of their surprising capacity and imitative powers innumerable and well-authenticated testimonies might be adduced. The ourang lately exhibited at Ghazepore, Benares, and all the upper settlements on the Ganges, by those noted Hindus, Rhoop Chaund and Meetah Dhood, has been the object of general admiration. This animal was caught in Borneo when very young—purchased by the master of a country ship, and after making the tour of the Archipelago, was brought to Chandernague and sold to a French merchant, in whose family he received the rudiments of a modern polite education. Dress and finery were his delight—he would waltz, and dance a quadrille, with a grace and gentility truly enviable. He made no progress in the fashionable accomplishment of swearing ; but he would toss off his glass, and whiff his cigar with an air that did honor to his instructors, and excited the jealousy of half the *haut ton* who came to witness his accomplishments. He was rather partial to riding, and latterly was as good a shot as many a cockney sportsman who consumes his time and money in popping at tom-tits and sparrows ! His manner of laughing set all Chesterfield's principles at defiance—it was loud, modish, and *comme il faut* ; he had a trick of showing his very grinders when he grinned ; extremely fond of admiring his person in the glass ; and he would spend hours in oiling and curling his moustaches, and trimming his sidelocks and whiskers ! He was never without perfumes in his handkerchief, took snuff, and picked his teeth with an air of ton.

AN ANALYSIS OF PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE, in its ordinary and literal sense, is *prejudging* any question without having sufficiently examined it, and adhering to our opinion upon it through ignorance, malice, or perversity, in spite of every evidence to the

contrary. The little that we know has a strong alloy of misgiving and uncertainty in it : the mass of things of which we have no means of judging, but of which we form a blind and confident opinion as if we were thorough-

ly acquainted with them, is monstrous. Prejudice is the child of ignorance ; for as our actual knowledge falls short of our desire to know, or curiosity and interest in, the world about us, so must we be tempted to decide upon a great number of things at a venture ; and, having no check from reason or inquiry, we shall grow more obstinate and bigoted in our conclusions according as they have been rash and presumptuous. The absence of proof, instead of suspending our judgments, only gives us an opportunity to make things out according to our wishes and fancies ; mere ignorance is a blank canvass on which we lay what colors we please, and paint objects black or white, as angels or devils, magnifying or diminishing them at our option ; and in the vacuum either of facts or arguments, the weight of prejudice and passion falls with double force, and bears down everything before it. If we enlarge the circle of our previous knowledge ever so little, we may meet with something to create doubt and difficulty ; but as long as we remain confined to the cell of our native ignorance, while we know nothing beyond the routine of sense and custom, we shall refer everything to that standard, or make it out as we would have it to be, like spoiled children who have never been from home, and expect to find nothing in the world that does not accord with their wishes and notions. It is evident, that the fewer things we know, the more ready we shall be to pronounce upon, and condemn, what is new and strange to us ; that is, the less capable we shall be of varying our conceptions, and the more prone to mistake a part for the whole. What we do not understand the meaning of must necessarily appear to us ridiculous and contemptible ; and we do not stop to inquire, till we have been taught by repeated experiments and warnings of our own fallibility, whether the absurdity is in ourselves or in the object of our dislike and scorn. The most ignorant people are rude and insolent, as the most barbarous are cruel and ferocious. All our

knowledge at first lying in a narrow compass (bounded by local and physical causes) whatever does not conform to this shocks us out of reason and nature. The less we look abroad, the more our ideas are introverted ; and our habitual impressions, from being made up of a few particulars always repeated, grow together into a kind of concrete substance, which will not bear taking to pieces, and where the smallest deviation destroys the whole feeling. Thus the difference of color in a black man was thought to forfeit his title to belong to the species, till books of voyages and travels, and old Fuller's quaint expression of " God's image carved in ebony," have brought the two ideas into a forced union, and Mr. Murray no longer libels men of color with impunity. The word *republic* has a harsh and incongruous sound to ears bred under a constitutional monarchy ; and we strove hard for many years to overturn the French republic, merely because we could not reconcile it to ourselves that such a thing should exist at all, notwithstanding the examples of Holland, Switzerland, and many others. This term has hardly yet performed quarantine : to the loyal and monarchical it has an ugly taint in it, and is scarcely fit to be mentioned in good company. If, however, we are weaned by degrees from our prejudices against certain words that shock opinion, this is not the case with all ; for those that offend good manners grow more offensive with the progress of refinement and civilization, so that no writer now dare venture upon expressions that unwittingly disfigure the pages of our elder writers, and in this respect, instead of becoming callous or indifferent, we appear to become more fastidious every day. There is then a real grossness which does not depend on familiarity or custom. This account of the concrete nature of prejudice, or of the manner in which our ideas by habit and the dearth of general information coalesce together into one indissoluble form, will show (what otherwise seems unaccountable) how

such violent antipathies and animosities have been occasioned by the most ridiculous or trifling differences of opinion, or outward symbols of it; for, by constant custom and the want of reflection, the most insignificant of these was as inseparably bound up with the main principle as the most important, and to give up any part was to give up the whole essence and vital interests of religion, morals, and government. Hence we see all sects and parties mutually insist on their own technical distinctions as the essentials and fundamentals of religion, and politics, and, for the slightest variation in any of these, unceremoniously attack their opponents as atheists and blasphemers, traitors and incendiaries. In fact, these minor points are laid hold of in preference, as being more obvious and tangible, and as leaving more room for the exercise of prejudice and passion. Another thing that makes our prejudices rancorous and inveterate, is, that as they are taken up without reason, they seem to be *self-evident*; and we thence conclude, that they not only are so to ourselves, but must be so to others, so that their differing from us is wilful, hypocritical, and malicious. The Inquisition never pretended to punish its victims for being heretics or infidels, but for avowing opinions with their eyes open which they knew to be false. That is, the whole of the Catholic faith, "that one entire and perfect chrysolite," appeared to them so completely without flaw and blameless, that they could not conceive how any one else could imagine it to be otherwise, except from stubbornness and contumacy, and would rather admit (to avoid so improbable a suggestion) that men went to the stake for an opinion, not which they held, but counterfeited, and were content to be burnt for the pleasure of playing the hypocrite. Nor is it wonderful that there should be so much repugnance

to admit the existence of a serious doubt in matters of such vital and eternal interest, and on which the whole fabric of the church hinged, since the first doubt that was expressed on any single point drew all the rest after it; and the first person who started a conscientious scruple, and claimed *the trial by reason*, threw down, as by magic spell, the strongholds of bigotry and superstition, and transferred the termination of the issue from the blind tribunal of prejudice and implicit faith to a totally different ground, the fair and open field of argument and inquiry. On this ground a single champion is a match for thousands. The decision of the majority is not here enough: unanimity is absolutely necessary to infallibility; for the only secure plea on which such a preposterous pretension could be set up is, by taking it for granted that there can be no possible doubt entertained upon the subject, and by diverting men's minds from ever asking themselves the question of the truth of certain dogmas and mysteries, any more than *whether two and two make four*? Prejudice in short is egotism: we see a part, and substitute it for the whole; a thing strikes us casually and by halves, and we would have the universe stand proxy for our decision, in order to rivet it more firmly in our own belief; however insufficient or sinister the grounds of our opinions, we would persuade ourselves that they arise out of the strongest conviction, and are entitled to unqualified approbation; slaves of our own prejudices, caprice, ignorance, we would be lords of the understandings and reasons of others; and (strange infatuation!) taking up an opinion solely from our own narrow and partial point of view, without consulting the feelings of others or the reason of things, we are still uneasy if all the world do not come into our way of thinking.

THE ABORIGINES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE lengthened descriptions we have read in the volumes of the historians of these countries, and the romantic narratives corroborating those descriptions, that have interlined the pages of almost every modern traveller, and have afforded a prolific subject for the high coloring of the American novelist, induce an interest in the native children of the forest, which survives the fall of all those expectations that must ensue upon a comparison of the past with the present state of the Indian tribes generally, and more especially of the tribe at present existing in this province. Who is there that, after observing in the tales of Indian lore, instances of fortitude, throwing into the shade that of Mutius Scævola;—of devoted patriotism, rivaling that of Leonidas;—of heroism, surpassing both in enthusiastic valor and in misfortune the deeds of a Kosciusko,—can land in the soil where once these cultivators of the sterner virtues roamed in the freedom of undisturbed possession, without a mingled feeling of reverence, of curiosity, and of admiration for their posterity! How miserably are all these ideas leveled with the dust, at first sight of the abject beings who loiter about the wharves, or infest the barbers' shops of Halifax,—meagre, squalid, dirty in person and in habit,—clothed in filthy rags or tattered blankets, and too often reeling half stupefied under the effect of ardent spirits. Yet still, I have frequently observed about these Indians that which I could not refrain from deploring as the last faint traces of their former grandeur. Many of them are of stature above the common height; of step firm and undaunted; a form thin, yet discovering a bone and muscular action that bespeak powerful energy on excitement. Their dark piercing eye, lank black hair floating over the shoulders, and complexion of tarnished copper, mark them to the European as sons of an

aboriginal race; while their blue cloth surtout, edged at the seams with stripes of red, open at the neck, closely fitted to the body, and belted round the waist, their leggins of the same material, and seal-skin or stuff cap, or a common hat, although somewhat out of character, still do not destroy the picture, and form a costume which is far from unbecoming. Would that there could be traced in them any certain relics of the lofty character that once swelled proudly within the breast of every warrior, and empowered the weakness of human nature to triumph even over agony and death; but, with the change of physical habit, which their gradual association with Europeans has produced, the bold and independent spirit of the natural lord of the soil appears to have become merged in apathetic indifference, and the fire of the warrior to have subsided into the inoffensive and peaceful demeanor of a weak dependent, content to live under the equal protection of the laws, and to seek, amid those wilds where the woodman's axe is yet unheard, the means of indulging the still savage habits from which every effort has hitherto failed to wean him.

The tribe to which the Indians of Nova Scotia belong is called the Micmac, once among the most numerous, but never, I believe, held in particular estimation for warlike courage. The Bæothic or Red Indians of Newfoundland are supposed to be a branch of the same family. The number of those who may be termed residents in Nova Scotia is not easily ascertained. They themselves will tell you in conversation, "suppose 'em thousand;" less than half this number may probably be stated as the true amount of their male population; and their numbers are gradually diminishing. They all profess the Romish creed—the first converts having been made by the Jesuits when the French were in possession of the country; and many

of them have been so far instructed by their priests as to be capable of reading the forms of prayer in their own language. A few individuals among them possess farms, and have submitted to the first approaches of civilized life, as a measure of stern necessity. "White man," I have heard them say, "settle this side, that side, everywhere. Indian no see moose, caraboo; Indian no like 'em starve—force 'em go farm." These farms are but poor, and chiefly for live stock, of which I have known eight or ten head belonging to one proprietor; but their natural inberitance is not to be thrown off by mere dint of reasoning; and far more time is passed by these Indian farmers over the brook, or in ranging the woods, than in attending to the farm. The greater part live a wandering life, similar to that of our gipsies, frequenting the neighborhood of the towns in summer time, when the smoke of a dozen wigwams curling over the shrubbery of some sheltered cove marks the abode of as many families, from the month of May till November. In each of these parties is one Indian generally of age and experience, to whom the

rest submit, in a manner most nearly resembling the patriarchal form; but the authority is exercised and the obedience given without much rigor on either side.

I am not aware that any one Indian claims authority over the whole Micmac tribe; there is certainly no one chief to whom obedience is acknowledged. The Indians are included as subjects, under the common protection of the laws; but it is very rarely that any cases respecting them appear before the bar, their petty differences being arbitrated by their respective leaders. Their wigwams are simply a few poles placed upright, in the form of a sugar-loaf, and bound together at the top, over which a few sheets of birch bark are laid, so as to render them impenetrable to rain. The men employ themselves in fishing chiefly with the spear, and in shooting. The Squaws sit for hours and days, in their smoky wigwams, making baskets, or ornamental trifles, generally a sort of Mosaic work, in moose hair or quills of the Nova Scotian porcupine, stained of various colors, and worked upon a shell of birch bark.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARISIAN BALL DRESS.

ONE of the most elegant ball dresses we have lately seen consists of a rose-colored watered silk; a deep blond frill round the corsage, and sleeves *à la Donna Marie*; the frill raised and fastened in the middle of the bosom by an agraffe of diamonds; no trimming above the hem; hair dressed with a bandeau of diamonds across the front; bands of hair placed low on the back of the head; ornaments of diamonds in the form of sheaves, *à la Ceres*, complete this entirely Greek coiffure.

Robes of velvet, black or rose color, with sleeves of blond, very full and gathered at the wrist, are much worn. Most dresses are trimmed at the waist and sleeves with blond; that on the shoulders falls below the

elbow, and is raised and fastened on the arm inside with knots of ribbon or a diamond; ceintures fastened at the side; ends floating to the bottom of the dress, and finished with fringe. Waists continue to be worn long, and very closely fitted. Sleeves small at the wrist, and extremely large at the top. Hats partly raised, in such a manner as to show great part of the hair in front, are worn; the hair arranged in two bands, to which is sometimes added a jeweled bandeau. We have observed plumes of two shades, such as a deep green and a pale green, placed on a hat of green satin. Hats of Italian straw are of a diminished size this spring, and, as well as those of the rice straw, are in general favor.

LONDON HATS AND BONNETS.

The return of spring is announced by green for hats, bonnets, &c., which is associated or made up with white. We have seen some white clouded *gros de Naples*, lined with delicate green; green ribbons have, in the middle, a wreath embroidered in white. Some carriage hats are of emerald green *gros des Indes*, or watered *gros de Naples*; they are trimmed with ribbons and feathers of a different shade of green. Velvet hats are still worn by many *élégantes*. The most novel are those of green velvet, lined with granite satin, and ornamented with a bouquet of short feathers, half green and half granite.

We have already seen some beautiful Spring hats and bonnets of changeable *gros de Naples*, rose color and white, or blue and white. There are also some of citron colored *gros de Naples*, lined with the same. These head dresses are not only novel, but singularly elegant and becoming.

LONDON OUT-DOOR COSTUME.

A few Spring mantles of emerald green *gros des Indes* have been made for ladies of high fashion; they are not so wide as those worn in the winter. The pelerines are excessively large, and quite square; they are bordered with an uncommonly rich and deep fringe; there are different shades of green in the fringe. A new and elegant wrap for evening parties is a mantle of figured *gros de Naples*; the ground is light blue, with white flowers. The pelerine is excessively large, and bordered with blue fringe. A very elegant carriage pelisse is of changeable *gros de Naples*, citron and white; the collar and lapelles are lined with the same. The collar is very open on the bosom, and extends much more over the shoulders than the lapelles; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with black blond lace, and the pelisse fastens up the front with *nœuds*, the ends of which are trimmed with blond lace.

THE GATHERER.

“Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather.”

MILITARY FORCE OF CHINA.

I HAVE been told that the whole military force of the empire is upwards of a million of men. This may be true; but I will answer for it there never existed an army of the same numerical force, so feeble, so little adequate to the defence of the country, or so perfectly ignorant of the art of war. In the province of Fokien, civil wars have occurred between two powerful clans, which the military were unable to quell. Indeed, they never attempt it, when eight or ten thousand men of a side meet to decide some family quarrel. They look calmly on until the affair has had its bloody issue, when they intrigue with the stronger party to deliver over for trial some of those whom they have conquered. The governor then despatches a flam-

ing account to Peking, relating the victory obtained over the rebels; and asks permission to cut off the heads of the prisoners. On receiving an answer (always in favor of cutting off heads), these poor wretches suffer punishment, and there ends the affair.

BISHOP PRETTYMAN AND TOMLINE.

Mr. Tomline, an old gentleman who had resided some years abroad, and had amassed a very large fortune, on his return to England resolved to conceal his wealth, and visit all his former friends as a man comparatively poor. By all of them he was received with coldness,—he was an old man, and they did not wish to be troubled either with his society or his infirmities. After meeting with this heartless reception from all those who had,

in former times, been enthusiastic in their professions of friendship, he called on Dr. Prettyman, then Bishop of Lincoln (afterwards of Winchester), at Bukden Palace. The Bishop was in London, but Mrs. Prettyman received him with all the warmth of friendship, and insisted on his remaining at the Palace until the return of the Bishop. In a few days Dr. Prettyman returned, and was as delighted to see Mr. Tomline as the latter was charmed at finding there was one family in the world whose hearts were in the right place. Dr. Prettyman would not hear of Mr. Tomline's departure so early as he proposed going, and for more than a fortnight the old gentleman was entertained with genuine hospitality. The amiable conduct of the Bishop and his family towards an old friend, from whom they had no expectations, and of whose wealth they were ignorant, did not lose its effect on the heart of Mr. Tomline, who was paying a farewell visit to all his former connexions. He quitted his real friends with the most hearty good wishes for their welfare, and for about two months nothing more was heard of or from Mr. Tomline. About that period, however, a stranger made his appearance at the episcopal residence, and requested a private audience of the Bishop. He was shown into the study, and when the prelate appeared, he said, "My Lord, I come to inform you that your old friend Mr. Tomline is dead." "Indeed!" returned Dr. Prettyman, with great feeling, "I am sorry to hear it: I respected him very much." "And so did he you, my Lord, as you and your family will find, for he has left his entire fortune at your disposal." He then informed him of the cause of this unexpected and splendid bequest, for Mr. Tomline had left everything he possessed to him, in consequence of his being the only one, among his circle of acquaintance, who had the liberality to notice and protect an old man, who was not supposed to be rich.

CHINESE DANDIES.

Many persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or *bons vivans*. They are, however, mistaken; few countries possess more of these worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese *petit-maitre* is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high-priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth pick, hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with *chulan* flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable.

CRISPIN A CONNOISSEUR!

At Milan, there lives a boot-maker, possessor of a "Gallery of Sculpture, Paintings, and Engravings," which contains choice specimens of many of the most eminent masters, not only of the Italian Schools, but, what is rare in Italy, of the Flemish, and also several productions of the best chisels. The name of this tasteful son of Crispin is Ronchetti; and I can assure you (says a correspondent in Galligani's Messenger), by my own experience, his zeal as a Mæcenat has not prejudiced his skill as a professor of the "last." On the contrary, I never in my life was so well fitted, while the materials and workmanship

are admirable. His habit is to prepare only one boot at first, to try, and there is an anecdote of Napoleon and him, arising out of this custom. The Emperor, when at Milan, hearing of the famous boot-maker, ordered a supply. Ronchetti, according to custom, came in a day or two with one boot to try on. The Emperor was in Council, and the fitter of his UNDERSTANDING had to wait two hours, until his patience was wholly exhausted. "I leave the boot," said he to the servant in waiting, "and His Majesty may try it at his leisure." It fitted to perfection, but never could the Italian Hobby be prevailed upon to make a fellow to it. The Emperor alternately menaced and cajoled, but the man of leather was proof against both. We wonder never to have seen this singular and ingenious person named by tourists in Italy—he is quite a lion in his way. His conversation is interesting and piquant with anecdotes of the Arts, and eminent personages whom he has seen in his double capacity of connoisseur and artist.

A NEW ORGAN FOR THE PHRENOLOGISTS.

There are many men who cannot hold their tongues; and the very charge of loquacity, which is even to a proverb brought against women, is brought by these men who would fain gabble everlastingly. They are like the great fat priest in the play, who rebukes the lean, hungry brother for gnawing a dry crust, and says, "You eat, and you drink, and you gormandize." It is wrong for any Englishman, and altogether a species of moral treason, to quote with approbation the sneering remark of the Frenchman, who said of Hume, that he had great talent for silence. The remark was intended for a sneer, but it is veritably a compliment. There are myriads of the human race who cannot be quiet—who are afflicted with a grievous incontinence of prate. Their tongues must and will go. If one of these meet you in a street, he is not contented with a sober *How d'ye do?*

Pretty well, thank you; but splash comes a whole torrent of words as soon as he catches your eye, and you are sure to hear him till he is fairly out of sight. He may be talking then, for anything you know to the contrary. In fact, you cannot form an idea of him as not talking; for you have never seen him but you have at the same time heard him. You cannot say of such an one, that you know him by sight; you know him much better by sound. The phrenologists have not, I believe, in their enumeration of organs, hit upon one called the organ of Chatterboxativeness. If they were to look for it, there is no doubt they would find it; for they are not much in the habit of missing anything that they look for.

CRÉBILLON.

I know nothing more characteristic of the strange mixture of levity and daring that we sometimes find in the French character, than Crébillon's answer to the observation, that his tragedies turned too much upon fierce and fiendish passions. "What was I to do?" said he, "Corneille had taken the heavens, and Racine the earth; I had nothing left me but the infernal regions."

BOSSUET.

The expression of Bossuet, to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the Iliad open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I always have Homer beside me, when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp *à the sun!*"

LITERARY NOTICES.

In the Press.—The Aphorisms of Hippocrates: with a Free Version and Notes—Gregory's *Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ*, to be published in Numbers—A second volume of the *British Naturalist*—A new edition of the *Stories of Popular Travels in South America*—Oxford English Prize Essays, now first collected—A *Disquisition on the Geography of Herodotus*, with a Map; and *Researches on the History of the Scythians, Getæ, and Sarmatians*, from the German of Niebuhr.

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LOSS AND GAIN.

JOHN NORIE, in the morn of life,
Left Ferney Green for shire of Fife.
John, fleet of limb, and light of heart,
Aye whistled blithe at plough or cart,
And many a maiden's heart was glad
At gloamin' hour to meet the lad ;
But Kitty Swan's black pawky een
Made prize of John on Lesly Green.
I need not tell how lang he sigh'd ;
She smiled consent—the knot was tied.
Love was their fond domestic guest,
And each was in the other blest.
If Kate, his wife, and Meg, his mare,
Were right, John had nae ither care :
For Kate was buxom, blithe, and bonny,
With fond affection for her Johnny ;
And Meg, the mare, was sleek and young,
And at a darg was never dung.
Between Kirkaldy and Kinghorn
She daily toil'd, baith night and morn ;
In summer's heat, or winter's frost,
Still John and Maggy kept their post.

With thrifty wife and willing mare,
John every day was gathering gear.
So dear were both—his pride and boast—
He kentna which he valued most.
Kate loved her husband, prized the mare,
And made their wants her earthly care—
Had Maggy's sack and manger stored,
John's supper ready on the board ;
So kind her looks, so sweet her smile,
They could each earthly care beguile.
Her blushing cheek, and sparkling ee,
Made Johnny's heart loup light with glee,
Till he would her in kindness clasp,
And fling his earnings in her lap,
Requesting her to keep the purse,
Because she was its fittest nurse.

Twa townmouts thus had row'd around
them,
And still with growing kindness found
them ;

From east to west, from south to north,
No happier pair 'twixt Tay and Forth.
John felt and own'd that he was bless'd,
And bauldly bragg'd that he possess'd,
Of rich or poor in shire of Fife,
The strongest mare—the bonniest wife.

But clouds o'ercrest the fairest skies,
And blighting fogs in summer rise ;
A worm in secret may devour,
And nip the sweetly blooming flower ;
For, from the king that wears the crown,
Through every rank, to country clown,
In court or cottage, still we find
No perfect bliss for man design'd,—
Some folly, or some trivial failing,
O'er human nature still prevailing.
Such is the lot of man and woman ;
And John had one, alas ! too common,—
For, though a leal good-hearted youth,
The lad was sometimes fash'd with drouth.
No doubt, the summer roads were dusty,
Which made the earter's thrapple *rusty* ;
And had he kept by jug or bicker,
With moderate draughts of wholesome
liquor,

It scarcely would been term'd a fault ;
For good brown ale 's the pith o' malt,
And he who labors hard and sair
Requires support his toil to bear.

But John prefer'd the canty stoup,
Blue ruin o'er his craig to coup.
Vile poison ! shortening human life ;
The bane of mony a man and wife.
Yet whisky has such witching charms,
Dram-drinkers say it cools and warms :
In winter, when the frost is bauld,
They take it to keep out the cauld ;
In summer it can strength impart,
Can brace the frame, and cool the heart.
'Twas thus for tippling, every season,
John still was ready with a reason.

Thus he, seduced by whisky's charms,
Found less delight in Kitty's arms—
Was less impatient to get hame,
And far less happy when he came :
For often he came in at late,
And either kiss'd or scolded Kate,
Just as the frenzied humor seized him,
Or as her looks provoked or pleased him.
And still on him the habit grew,
Till nightly he came staggering fu' ;
Perhaps so doited, drunk, and blind,
He left the mare the road to find ;
While Maggie, wearied with her load,

Had learn'd to pause upon the road,
To cool her mouth with cauler grass ;
And thus an hour or twa would pass,—
Till careful Kitty often came
To guide the cart and Maggy hame.

Though still a kind and thrifty wife,
Less pleasant now was Kitty's life ;
Her winning smile at times forgot
To welcome in her drunken lot ;
Less blithe, her brightly sparkling een—
Love's myrtles, once so gay and green—
Now languish'd like the drooping flower
That sickens for the vernal shower.
John miss'd the rose, but felt the thorn,
For Kitty had with patience borne,
And tried his habits to restrain ;
But, finding kindly counsel vain,
She now began to knit her brows,
And scold or scorn her drunken spouse ;
Would jeering say she wish'd no quarrel,
But would not kiss a whisky barrel.
No wonder though her temper sour'd
When fortune's sky around them lower'd ;
And musing on her husband's folly
Wad sometimes make her melancholy.
She saw her John—when sober, lazy ;
When drunk, deleerit, daft, or crazy :
Besides, their gear forgot to swell,
For John now kept the purse himsel' !
His mare, though still her master's pride,
Had langer hair, and rougher hide ;
And John, when Maggy was his boast,
Said he was married to his cost—
For Kitty, once the fondest wife,
Was now the torment of his life.

One lovely summer afternoon,
About the latter end of June,
It happen'd that a country crony,
Crossing the road, met in with Johnny.
'Twas lang since they saw ane anither,
And 'greed to wet their mou's together.
And now, set down, the drouthy pair
Out o'er the stoup forgot their care ;
To days of yore, and bonny lasses,
They gleesome coupit up their glasses,
Till dwindled down to clishmaclaver,
The couple could do naught but haver.
Behind the blue hills of the west
The summer sun had sunk to rest,
When they, although it grieved the heart,
Concluded it was time to part.
John's mare, beneath a heavy load,
Four hours had stood upon the road ;
He sallied out, cried, " Maggy !—Hip ! "
And zig-zag staggering, crack'd his whip.

A mile or so they creeped on,
But Maggy tired, and so did John ;
Some dizziness came o'er his crown,
And on a knoll he hunker'd down,
Where sleep in short time seal'd his een ;
On every side the grass was green,
Which hungry Maggy thought good luck,
And busily began to pluck.

He sleepit sound—the night drew on,
When Kate came up in search of John,
Who dreaming cried, " Come, Pate, sit
still !

Here, Marion, bring another gill ! "
The night was calm, the air was warm,

Kate thought that he could catch nae harm,
So left him there to doze and dream—
Unyoked the mare, and led her hame.

Midnight an hour or so had pass'd
When John raked up his een at last ;
A traveller passing heard him grumph,
And kent he was some drunken sump,
So, for a joke, cried, " Mount yond Tam !
Come, follow me and get a dram ! "
John, quite bewilderd and amazed,
Now goupit round like ane bambazed ;
First scratch'd his head, then rubb'd his
een,
And, wondering much what this could
mean,

He thus began soliloquizing :—
" A cart without a horse !—surprising !
I canna think how this can be,
And have my doubts if this be me ;
I was John Norie, I'll be sworn,
This morning when I left Kinghorn ;
But wha I'm now I canna guess—
There's warlock cantipris in the case.
If I am changed by magic art
To Tam—Gook luck ! I've found a cart ;
But if I'm John, then much I fear
I've lost my bonny gude brown mare.
If I be Tam—then lucky fate
Has set me free from canker'd Kate.
But if I'm John, why am I here ?
And if I'm changed—'tis wondrous queer.
Weel, I must find a plan to show
Me whether I be John or no.
I have it now—I'll hameward rin,
And speir if Johnny Norie's in :
If he's in bed with Kate his wife,
Then I am changed, as sure's I've life !
But wha will tell me wha I am ;
And what's my name—what mair than
Tam ?

I've surely suffer'd witchery's spell—
A man, and yet no ken mysel' !
I canna settle till I see
The end, and ken wha I can be.
If I be Tam, it's very droll
That I should find a cart o' coal ;
And if I'm John, oh ! hard's my fate,
To lose my mare, and keep my Kate !
But now—for wha or what I am—
I'll ken if I be John or Tam ! "

The lark was welcoming the morn
Before the earter reach'd Kinghorn ;
Up to his door with speed he came,
And rapping, call'd, " Is John come
hame ? "

Kate kent his voice, and whisper'd low,
" Ay, John's asleep some hours ago ;
Whate'er you want—whae'er you be,
You are a stranger, Sir, to me.
I winna waken John the night ;
Come back, gude friend, in braid daylight. "

Joy glisten'd in the earter's een—
He lap and danced upon the green,
Toss'd up his cap, and cried " Hurra !
This is indeed a lucky day ;
And Bonaparté in his glory
Was no'er so happy as John Norie.
Hout fy !—I'm wrang—as Tam, I mean,
Forgetting I was changed yestreen.

Tam?—Tam?—what mair?—I canna tell,
But I nae langer am mysel' ;
And though my good brown mare is gone,

Thank heaven!—I am nae langer John!
I'll bless my luck while I have life—
I've found a cart, and lost a wife!"

TOM HOPKINS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THEY who knew the little town of Cranley some thirty years ago, must needs remember Tom Hopkins, the loudest, if not the greatest man in the place, and one of the most celebrated sportsmen in that sporting neighborhood, which he had honored with his residence for a longer time than he—still in the prime of life, and as tenacious of his pretensions to youth as a fading beauty—cared to hear tell of. Tom, whose family was none of the most illustrious, his ancestors having been, from time immemorial, grocers in the town, had had the good luck, before he was out of petticoats, to take the fancy of a rich relation, a grand-aunt, who, captivated, as grand-aunts are wont to be, by a happy union of prettiness and mischief, rosy cheeks and naughty tricks, the usual merits of a spoilt child, installed the chubby-faced Pickle into the post of present pet and future heir,—sent him to school at her own expense, and declared her intention to make a gentleman of him in proper time,—a prospect which, as her hopeful grand-nephew happily conceived the immunities and privileges of gentility to consist of idleness and field-sports, proved sufficiently delightful to reconcile him to the previous formality of learning “small Latin and less Greek,” and bore him safely through the forms, with no worse reputation than that of being the greatest dunce that ever quitted the school. When that happy time arrived, however, there was some difference of opinion as to his destination, Tom having set his heart on one mode of killing, whilst his grand-aunt had decided on another. “I will be a soldier,” cried Tom, already enamored of the art of gunnery. “You shall be an apothecary,” replied Aunt Deborah, equally

devoted to the draught and the pill. Physic and arms fought a pitched battle, and long and obstinate was the contest; there was even some danger that the dispute might have ended in disinheritorship, to the probable benefit of the county hospital, when a discreet friend prudently suggested the possibility of uniting the two modes of putting people out of the world, and Tom consented to don the apron and sleeves, and become *un garçon apothicaire*, under promise of flourishing at some future period as an army surgeon—a promise which, though not kept to the letter, was at least so far realized as to make him a surgeon of militia, and obtain for him the enviable privilege of wearing a red coat, and meddling with fire-arms. These delights, however extatic, soon lost their gloss and their novelty; Tom speedily discovered that hunting and shooting were his real vocation; and aunt Deborah happening to die and to leave him a comfortable independence, he retired from the service, after one winter spent in country quarters, returned to his native town, built himself a house, set up an establishment, consisting of a couple of hunters, a brace of pointers, a servant lad, and an old woman, and began to make war on the hares, foxes, pheasants, partridges, and other *feræ naturæ*, under the character of a sportsman, which he filled with eminent ability and success, being universally reckoned one of the boldest riders and best shots in the county.

At the time of which I speak, he was of an age somewhat equivocal; public fame called him forty, whilst he himself stuck obstinately at thirty-two; of a stout active figure, rather manly than gentlemanly, and a bold jovial visage, in excellent keeping

with his person, distinguished by round, bright, stupid, black eyes, an aquiline nose, a knowing smile, and a general comely vulgarity of aspect. His voice was hoarse and deep, his manner bluff and blunt, and his conversation loud and boisterous. With all these natural impediments to good company, the lowness of his origin recent in their memories, and the flagrant fact of his residence in a country town, staring them in the face, Mr. Tom Hopkins made his way into almost every family of consideration in the neighborhood. Sportmanship, sheer sportmanship, the qualification that, more than any other, commands the respect of your great English landholder, surmounted every obstacle. There was not a man in the —shire hunt who fenced so well, or went so fast over a country; and every table in the county was open to so eminent a personage.

With the ladies, he made his way by different qualities; in the first place, he was a character, an oddity, and the audacity of his vulgarity was tolerated, where a man only half as boisterous would have been scouted. Then he was gallant in his way, affected, perhaps felt, a great devotion to the sex, and they were half amused, half pleased, with the rough flattery which seemed, and probably was so sincere. Then they liked, as all women like, his sturdiness of character, his boldness, his staunchness, and his zeal. He won Lady Frances's heart by canvassing for her husband in a contested election, during which he performed more riding, drinking, and roaring, told more lies and made more noise, than any ten of the fee'd agents. He achieved the Countess's good graces by restoring her fat asthmatic lap-dog to health, appetite, and activity;—(N. B. As Mr. Thomas Hopkins took Chloe home to Cranley to be nursed, it is likely that the Abernethy system may fairly claim the merit of that cure;)—and he even made a favorable impression on a young Marchioness, by riding to London, above seventy miles, in order to

match a shade of netting silk, thereby winning a considerable wager against time of the Marquis. In short, Tom Hopkins was so general a favorite with the female world, that, but for three or four flat refusals, consequent on as many very presumptuous offers, he would certainly have fallen into the mistake of thinking he might marry whom he would. As it was, he kept his own counsel, only betraying his soreness by a transient avoidance of ladies' company, and a proneness to descant at the Hunt dinners on the comforts of a single state, and the manifold evils of matrimony.

His house was an ugly brick dwelling of his own erection, situate in the principal street of Cranley, and adorned with a green door and a brass knocker, giving entrance into a stone passage, which, there being no other way to the stable, served both for himself, and that very dear part of himself, his horses, whose dwelling was certainly far more commodious than their master's. His accommodations were simple enough. The dining-parlor, which might pass for his only sitting-room,—for the little dark den which he called his drawing-room was not entered three times a-year,—the dining-parlor was a small square room, colored pea-green with a gold moulding, adorned with a series of four prints on shooting, and four on hunting, together with two or three portraits of eminent racers, riders, hunters, and grooms. Guns and fishing-rods were suspended over the mantel-piece; powder-horns, shot-belts, and game bags, scattered about; a choice collection of flies for angling lay in one corner, whips and bridles in another, and a pile of books and papers,—Colonel Thornton's *Tour*, Daniel's *Rural Sports*, and a heap of *Racing Calendars*, occupied a third; Ponto and Carlo lay basking on the hearth rug, and a famous little cocking spaniel, Flora by name, a conscious favorite, was generally stretched in state on an arm-chair.

Here, except when the owner was absent on a sporting expedition, which,

between fishing, shooting, hunting, and racing, did, it must be confessed, happen pretty often; here his friends were sure to find a hearty welcome, a good beef-steak (his old housekeeper was famous for cookery!) and as much excellent port and superexcellent Madeira (Tom, like most of his school, eschewed claret and other thin potations) as their host could prevail on them to swallow. Many a good fellow hath "heard the chimes at midnight" in this little room. Here Tom sat in his glory, telling interminable stories of his own exploits, and those of his dogs and horses; stories in every sense of the word, but yet as innocent as falsehoods well can be—in the first place, because they were always lies of vanity, not lies of malice, and could do harm to no creature upon earth;—in the second, because the orator, being somewhat lengthy and prosy, his hearers were apt to be troubled with "the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking," and seldom knew what he was talking about. Moreover, having told fibs of this sort all his life, I don't think he could help it; I don't even believe that he knew when he did it, or that he could, to save his life, have separated the true from the false, in any one of his legends. He was incurable. It did not even hurt his conscience to be found out.

Such was Tom Hopkins; and such, allowing for the difference of thirty years, Tom Hopkins is still. Some changes are however observable in that gallant sportsman, such changes as thirty years are wont to bring. He sits somewhat heavier in the saddle, and mounts somewhat seldomer,—has wellnigh given up fishing and shooting,—has exchanged fox-hunting for coursing,—sold his hunters and purchased a staid roadster,—keeps a brace of greyhounds, of whose pedi-

gree he vaunts much,—belongs to two coursing meetings, and swears every year that his dog was cheated out of the cup.

This is his winter amusement. In the summer he diverts himself like other idle gentlemen: cons over the *Sporting Magazine*, and the newspaper of the day; lounges to the inn to see the coaches change horses, and observes to a second whether the *Regulator* or the *Defiance* keeps time best; or stands sentinel in the garden, firing, from time to time, to keep the sparrows from the cherry-trees. On wet days he is often seized with a fancy for mending and altering, and walks about the house, with a hammer sticking out of his pocket, doing no good, or a carpenter at his heels doing harm; sometimes dozes in his easy chair, and sometimes complains of a twinge of the gout. He has nearly given up country visiting, but is a great man at the Cranley Club, where he tells longer stories than ever of the chases, the hounds, and the hunters of his youth; of the great contested election; of matchless belles, now, alas! no more, and lords who have not left their fellows; rails at the degeneracy of the times, the decline of beauty, the increase of dandyism, the adulteration of port wine, and the decrease of good fellowship; gets half tipsy, and finally staggers home, escorted by his maid Dorothy, a rosy-cheeked damsel, of whose handiness and skill in cookery (his old housekeeper having long been dead) he boasts almost as much as of the breed of his greyhounds, and whom the President of the Cranley Club has betted with his Vice, "that old Tom Hopkins," (so he irreverently calls him,) "with all his talk of Duchesses and Countesses, will marry before the year is out;" and truly I think so too.

ON THE MUSICAL MEMNON.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LATE TRAVELLER.

THERE are few examples among the numerous remains of antiquity which are better authenticated, and to which a greater interest has been attached by the ancients as well as the moderns, than the musical statue of Memnon, which still majestically occupies its old situation, defying alike the effects of time, and the often more destructive attempts of human power.

Cambyzes, indeed, succeeded in breaking it in two, but, with all his efforts, was unable to have it overturned; it was again repaired, and, springing up, as it were, out of its own ruins, it still faces the sun, whose risings it hath witnessed forthousands of years. The habitations of its creators have been swept off, generation after generation has passed away, the conquering and the conquered have both disappeared: yet it survives, one of the very few memorials of the heroes of the Trojan war, more picturesque at least, if not more interesting, than the few scattered tumuli, which now dot the plains of Troy. These having no inscription, no trace to fix any of them as the certain tombs of their reputed heroes, the antiquary and the traveller pace round, doubt, debate, dispute, and decide on nothing; or, if they do come to any conclusion, it is in contradiction to him who preceded them, they themselves being contradicted by those who follow.

To look upon this statue, when you know how many of those whose works you are taught to consider as ancient, have come, like yourself, to gaze on and wonder at what to them was an object of antiquity; to see their names scratched over the different parts of the ruin, still fresh and legible, as if a few years only had passed away since they were there; when you reflect that their historians had written, and their poets had sung, of the marvellous tales which rendered this spot so celebrated,—you feel you have be-

fore you what may truly be termed, “the antiquities of the ancients;” and whatever toil, whatever fatigue, you may have undergone, all are more than recompensed by the pleasurable sensations which this prospect cannot fail to excite. One of the most interesting accounts, that given by Strabo, may perhaps illustrate the foregoing remarks. It is this;—“Of the two colossi, consisting of an entire stone, and near each other, the one is still preserved; but of the other, the upper parts, from the seat, are fallen down, occasioned, as they say, by an earthquake. It is believed that once every day a noise, as of a stroke, but not a great one, is made from the remaining part of the seat and base; and I being on the spot with *Ælius Gallus*, and many of his friends and soldiers attending him, about the first hour of the day heard the noise; but whether from the base of the colossus, or whether it was made purposely by some one of those who stood round the base, I cannot affirm. On account of the uncertainty of the cause, I am inclined to believe anything rather than that a sound is now emitted from stones so disposed.”

One of our principal intentions, on arriving at Thebes, was to visit this spot “at the first hour of the day;” but so deeply were we interested in our examinations of the tombs, to say nothing of the temples, that three weeks had passed over before we found leisure to pay our long-deferred visit. An hour before daylight, we left the tomb where we had taken up our residence, unaccompanied by any one, that we might not be left in any doubt by the noise of the chattering Arab guides. Arriving about half an hour before sunrise, we clambered up the base, one seating himself on the foot, while the other stood between the legs of the colossus, and thus, with our eyes fixed towards the east, scarcely breathing, lest we should

make any noise, anxiously watched for the appearance of the sun, whose approach was soon indicated by the crimson-capped mists which hovered over the ruins of Diospolis. Gradually the vapors became thinner; the dark massy outlines of the temple at Luxor, with its two spire-like obelisks, could be clearly distinguished on the brightened horizon, and soon after, the sun spread its long looked-for rays over the plain; but, as might be expected, no sound followed, nor was anything to be heard except the chirping of the sparrows, which had roosted in the crevices of the stone; and some of them had gone so far as to build their nests in one of the immense ears of the statue. Singular are the reflections which moments,

like these, give rise to in the traveller's mind! A few days before, we had shot a wild cat, in our excursions to the tombs,—an act that, in times gone by, would have been punished with instant death. The jackals, which formerly were an object of worship, we saw stealing away to their haunts in the rocks and ruins; and the sites once occupied by the habitations of those philosophers from whom Pythagoras obtained the tenets of his sect, were now overgrown and covered by fields of beans. Days might be occupied in copying the inscriptions which cover the limbs of the colossus. Among many others were the following, most probably by the Roman officers quartered in the neighborhood:—

AINSTVLEIVS TENAX PRIMI PILARIS LEG. XII.
FVLMINATAE ET CVALERIVS PRISCVS LEG. XXII.
ET L. QVINTIVS VIATOR AVDIMVS MEMNON
ANNO XII. NERONIS IMP.
CLAVDIVS MAXIMVS LEG. XXII. AVDIVI HORA PRIMA.

Other inscriptions were in Greek. We traced the name of "Adrian;" but part of this inscription was obliterated. Among the many means which seem to have been resorted to for the mutilation of the statue, that of fire appears to have been one, judging from the appearance and color of the stone, which has come off in flakes, and many pieces still remain in part dissevered from the original block. We spent three hours in our examinations, and having resolved to return the next day, mounted the donkeys which the Arabs had just brought down, and returned home to breakfast. One of the drivers, for want of a better substitute, had possessed himself of the thigh-bone of a mummy, which he had broken, and very ingeniously sharpened and transformed into an instrument answering the double purpose of a whip and spur. Wonderful indeed are the changes which time works in the world! The possessors of these bodies, whose principal object during life was to provide a secure and quiet resting-place after death, little imagined that their per-

sons would become a source of livelihood to the succeeding inhabitants in other ages; yet such is the case. Day after day are tombs forced open, the bodies dragged out of their coffins, and torn into a thousand pieces, in search of papyri, beads, or any trifling ornament with which they may happen to be decked: these are sold to the traveling virtuosi; and the meals, thus purchased, are cooked over a fire, the fuel for which is supplied by the wooden coffins.

Thousands of bodies have thus been disinterred, and their limbs scattered over the sands; yet no traveller has ever raised his voice against this wholesale profanation of the grave. If you remark on it, your mouth is stopped by replies such as, "the valuable discoveries which may be made from the papyri," of which, when found, hardly any can be read,—you are told of "the doubts which the antiquary will have cleared up," "the lights which will be thrown upon history," &c. &c.

The late English consul was perhaps one of the greatest "resurrec-

tionists" that ever existed: he made his fortune, was called a man of talent, had his name celebrated among all the literati of Europe, was considered a great advancer of antiquarian knowledge, and died worth 30,000*l*.

In England, if a man is detected in taking but *one* body out of the tomb, his object in the disinterment being not to gratify an almost useless curiosity, but really to advance the cause of science, and to benefit his fellow-creatures, he is sent to prison, tried like a felon, and, perhaps, transported for life. Mark the contrast: the antiquary, who is the greater offender, is treated with honor and distinction; the other with contempt and disgust: such are the anomalies of public opinion!

These two statues are not granite, as has generally been supposed, but a hard grit stone, exceedingly difficult to be worked, so much so as almost immediately to destroy the edge of any steel instrument. This has given rise to the belief that the Egyptians were acquainted with some other amalgamation of the metals, more durable than steel; in fact, it is much doubted whether they were at all in the habit of using iron. The ornaments on the bases are executed in the most masterly and delicate manner; and the hieroglyphics on the backs of the statues are cut with a precision and correctness which evidently show the workmen to have had some powerful means of carrying their designs into execution.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.*

Tickler.—How are your transplanted trees, James?

Shepherd.—A' dead.

Tickler.—I can't endure the idea of a transplanted tree. Transplantation strikes at the very root of its character, as a stationary and steadfast being, flourishing where nature dropt it. You may remove a seedling; but 'tis sacrilege to hoist up a huge old oak by the power of machinery, and stick him into another soil, far aloof from his native spot, which for so many years he had sweetly or solemnly overshadowed.

Shepherd.—Is na that feelin' no a wee owre imaginative?

Tickler.—Perhaps it is—and none the worse of that either—for there's a tincture of imagination in all feelings of any pith or moment—nor do we require that they should always be justified by reason. On looking on a tree with any emotion of grandeur or beauty, one always has a dim notion of its endurance—its growth and its decay. The place about it is felt to belong to it—or rather they mutually belong to each other, and death alone should dissolve the union.

Shepherd.—I fin' mysell convincin'—that is, being convinced—but no by your spoken words, but by my ain silent thochts. I felt a' you say, and mair too—the first time I tried to transplant a tree. It was a birk—a weepin' birk—and I had loved and admired it for twenty years by its ain pool, far up ane o' the grains o' the Douglas water, where I beat Mr. North at the fishin'—

North.—You never beat me at the fishing, sir, and never will beat me at the fishing, sir, while your name is Hogg. I killed that day—in half the time—double the number—

Shepherd.—But wecht, sir—wecht, sir—wecht. My kreel was mair nor dooble yours's wecht—and every wean kens that in fishin' for a wager, wecht wins—it's aye decided by wecht.

North.—The weight of your basket was not nearly equal to mine, you—

Shepherd.—Confound me gin, on an average, ane o' my troots did na cou-teen mair cubic inches than three o' yours—while, I had a ane to produce, that on his first showin' his snoot, I cou'd hae sworn was a sawmon;—he wou'd hae filled the creel his ain laue

—sae I sent him hame wi' a callant I met gaun to the school. The feck o' yours was mere fry—and some had a' the appearance o' bein' baggy-menons. You're a gran' par-fisher, sir; but you're nae Thorburn either at troots, morts, or fish.

*North—(starting up in a fury).—*I'll fish you for——

Shepherd.—Mr. North! I'm ashamed to see you exposin' yoursell afore Mr. De Quinshy—besides, thae ragin' fits are dangerous—and, sometime or ither, 'll bring on an apoplexy. Oh! but you're fearsome the noo—black in the face, or, rather, blue and purple—and a' because I said that you're nae Thorburn at the fishin'! Sit doon, sit doon, sir.

[*Mr. North sits down, and cools and calms himself.*]

English Opium-Eater.—Mr. Hogg, you were speaking a few minutes ago of transplanting——

Shepherd.—Ou aye. There it stood, or rather hung, or rather floated, ower its ain pool, that on still days showed anither birk as bonny's itsell, inverted in a liquid warld. A hed o' fine broom mould had sunk down frae the brae abune, a' covered wi' richest moss-embroidery, and there a' by itsell, never wearyin' in the solitary place, grew up that bonniest o' a' bonny birks frae a seedlin—when first I saw't—like a bit wee myrtle plant—ilka year gracefu'er and mair gracefu', till a full-grown tree—sic brae-born birks are never verra tall—it waved its light masses o' delicate leaves, tress-like, in the wind, or let them hang doon, dependin' in the loun air as motionless as in a pictur. The earliest primroses aye peeped out a' round its silver stem—and whether 'twas their scent or that of the leaves of my sweet tree, I never cou'd tell—but oh! as I used to lie in my plaid aneath its shade—scarcely a shade, only a sort o' cool dimness—beside the dancin' linn—as Thamson says, the “air was balm,” indeed—and sae thocht the wee moorland birds that twittered—unalarmed at me—among the foliage. Like a fond but foolish lover, I said until my-

sell, ae day o' especial beautifulness, as I was touchin' its silken bark—“I'll tak' it doon to Mount-Benger, and plant it on the knowe afore the door, early some morning, to delight wee Jamie wi' astonishment.” Wae's me! for that infatuation! I did sae, and wi' as much tenderness as ever I took a bonny lassie in my arms—but never mair did the darling lift up its head—lifeless-lookin' frae the first were a' its locks o' green licht—the pale silk bark soon was sairly ruffled—and ere Midsummer came—it was stane-dead! Aften—aften—in the drought, did wee Jamie gang wi' his watering-pan, and pour the freshness amang its roots—but a' in vain—and wud ye believ't, the lovin' cretur grat when he saw that a' the leaves were red, and that it had dee'd just as his pet-lamb had dune—for his affection had imbued it with a breathin' and a sentient life.

Tickler.—Why, James, you are “poachin' for the pathetic.” Sir Henry Steuart's groves are a living proof of his skill and science—but they are not the haunts dear to my imagination. I love the ancient gloom of self-sown, unviolated woods. But these trees were not born here—they are strangers—aliens—or, worse—upstarts. I should wish to feel round my mansion the beauty of that deep line of Cowley's (I think)—

“And loves his old contemporary trees!”

But these—whatever their age—were carted hither—all their roots have been handled——

Shepherd.—Nae mair about it. It's still usefu'—sic transplantation—and I esteem every man who, by ony sort o' genius, skill, or study, contributes to the adornment o' naked places, and, generally speakin', to the beautifyin' o' the earth. Sir Henry has dune that—in his degree—and may therefore in ae sense or licht, be ranked among the Poets. Nae man loves trees as he does, without poetry in his soul—his skill in transplantin' is equal to his skill in translation; and I'm tauld he's a capital Latin scholar—

wutness his English Sawlust; and I wush he had been at Mount-Benger when I carried aff that bonnie virgin birk frae her birth-place—in that case, she had been alive at this day, wi' bees and burdies amang her branches.

Tickler.—What say ye, James, to the vote t'other day in Parliament about the Jews?

Shepherd.—I hae nae objections to see a couple o' Jews in Parliament. Wull the members be made to shave, think ye, sir? Ould cloes! Ould cloes! A' that the Hoose 'll want then, for picturesque as weel as political effect, will be a few Blacks—here and there a Negro.

North.—Gentlemen, no politics.

Shepherd.—Be't sae.—Mr. North, what for do you never review books about religion?

North.—Few good enough to deserve it. I purpose, however, articles very soon, on Dr. McCrie's Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, (also his History of similar events in Italy,) and Inglis's admirable View of the Evidences of Christianity; Mr. Douglas' of Cavers' delightful volume, The Truths of Religion—The Natural History of Enthusiasm, a very able disquisition—Le Bas' Sermons, eloquent, original, and powerful—Dr. Morehead's ingenious and philosophical Dialogues—

Shepherd.—I love that man—

North.—So do I, James, and so do all that know him personally—his talents—his genius—and better than both, his truly Christian character—mild and pure—

Shepherd.—And also bricht.

North.—Yes, bricht.

“In wit a man—simplicity a child.”

Shepherd.—What sort o' volls, sir, are the Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, published by Curry in Dublin?

North.—Admirable. Truly, intensely, Irish. The whole book has the brogue—never were the outrageous whimsicalities of that strange, wild, imaginative people so characteristically displayed; nor, in the midst

of all the fun, frolic, and folly, is there any dearth of poetry, pathos, and passion. The author's a jewel, and he will be reviewed next number.

Shepherd.—The Eerishers are marchin' in leeterature, pawri pashu, wi' us and the Southrons.

North.—Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh!

Shepherd.—What's the maitter, my dear sir?—what's the maitter?

North.—Racking rheumatism.

Shepherd.—It's a cruel complaint. I had it great pairt o' the wunter—first in my head—then in my—

North.—Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Shepherd.—I'll gie ye a simple and infallible receipt for't, if you hae courage to ack on't. The morn's mornin' tak a doze o' drogs,—then get Mr. Nibbs—Mr. Mapplestone's successor—to cup you atween the shouthers;—he's maist expert wi' his box o' lancets;—then tak the shoor-bath—no, that's an anachronism—tak it the first thing in the morning afore the drogs;—then get an auld woman—be sure she's an auld one, sir—no Mrs. Gentle—to nip your arms, and legs, and back, wi' her finger and her thoomb—to nip you severely, sir, and you manna mind the sairness—for at least twa hours; then get in twa cawdies and gar them beat a' the same pairts wi' swatches as if they were dustin' carpets—say for twenty minutes;—then get some one to rub and scrub your naked body, frae head to heel, wi' ane o' the hard brushes that John polishes the tables wi'—say for half an hour; then a change o' instrument or weapon—for hard brush coarse towel—and ten minutes o' dichtin'; then—the receipt's drawin' to a close—gar the gardener flog you a' ower, and smairtly, wi' a succession o' fresh bunches o' nettles, that'll burn your skin as red's red currans—and mak ye dance, aiblins, up and doon the floor withouten mindin' the want o' music;—then cover your limbs and trunk wi' a peculiar pastey plaster that you can get at Duncan and Ogilvie's—the princes o' apothecaries;—then on wi' your leathern and your flannel waistcoats, and

your nicht-shirt, and in atween twa feather beds in a room wi' a roosin' fire; if the thermometer out o' doors in the shade is at auchty sae muckle the better;—and if your rheumatism stauns *that*, there's nae houp for you on this side o' the grave, and you maun e'en lay your account wi' bein' for life a lamiter.

North.—Tomorrow, James, I will assuredly try your receipt. Will you step down to the Lodge, and help to administer the medicine?

Shepherd.—Wi' a' my heart. But I'm wearyin' to hear Mr. De Quinshy taukin'. Tak up some coffee, my dear sir. I wish you may na burst yoursel' wi' swallowin' sic coontless cups o' coffee. But what's this I was gaun to ask ye—ou aye—what's your Idea o' Education?

English Opium-Eater.—The over anxiety of improvement, Mr. Hogg, introduces into education much perilous and injurious innovation. An anxiety for particular objects of minute regard often urges on the understanding of those who do not understand properly the single and great ends which alone make education important; and they are not aware that the prosecution of those pursuits injures and weakens the mind itself, diverting its powers from their proper aim, and disturbing their silent and spontaneous growth.

Shepherd.—I like that weel. Silent and spontaneous growth—like a bit blade o' grass, or a bit flower, or a bit buddie no the size o' my nail unsaulding itsel' to the dew and sunshine into a leaf as braid's my haun'—or a bit burdie, the beginnin' o' ae week a blin' ba' o' puddock hair, at the beginnin' o' the neist a mottled and spangled urchin hotchin' restlessly in the nest, and ere three weeks are ower, glintin' wi' short, uncertain, up-and-down flichts in and out amang the pear-blossoms o' a glorious orchard—sic an orchard, for example, as in spring makes the bonny toun o' Jeddart a pictur o' Paradise in its prime. Silent and spontaneous growth—a wise expression!

English Opium-Eater.—The prima-

ry objects of education are few and great:—nobleness of character, honorable and generous affections, a pure and high morality, a free, bold, and strong, yet a temperate and well-governed intellectual spirit.

Shepherd.—Hoo many miss these great ends a'thegither! Perhaps frae bein' a' huddled thegither under ae general system.

English Opium-Eater.—Just so, Mr. Hogg. The means which nature has provided for attaining the great ends of education are infinitely various. To each she has assigned individual character. According to that character must be his virtue, his happiness, his knowledge. The feelings and affections, which are different to different minds; desires which reign powerfully in one heart and are unknown to another; faculties of intelligence infinitely diversified, springing up into glad activity, and by their unseen native impulses,—all these make to each, in his own mind, a various allotment of love, joy, and power,—a moral and intellectual being, individual and his own. In the work of education, then, we look on one who has not only a common nature which he shares with us, but a separate nature which divides him from us. Though we may understand an infancy—and that is not easy—which reflects to us the miniature of our own mind, it is difficult indeed to understand that of any mind which is unlike our own, which in intellect, in imagination, and love, has faculties and affections with which our own mind does not acquaint us. This is a circumstance which peculiarly exposes us to the danger of thwarting the providence and bounty of Nature, and of overruling, in our rude unskilful ignorance, the processes she is carrying on in her wisdom for the happiness, the virtue, and the power of the human soul she is rearing up for life.

Shepherd.—Oh! but you're wise, sir, Mr. De Quinshy—oh! but you're unco wise!

English Opium-Eater.—Look at a child on its mother's breast.

Tickler.—Hem!

English Opium-Eater.—The impulses, and movements, and quick impressions of sense—or of a sentient being living in sense—are the first matter of understanding to a high intellectual nature.

Shepherd.—Mr. Tickler, nae yawning—hearken till Mr. De Quinsby.

English Opium-Eater.—By these touches of pleasure and pain it is wakened from the sleep of its birth. By sounds that merely lull in it the sense of pain, or reach it with emotions of delight, it is called to listen in that ear which will one day divide with nicest apprehension all the words of human discourse, and receive in the impulses of articulated sound the communicated thoughts of intellectual natures resembling itself.

Shepherd.—The bit prattler!

English Opium-Eater.—That eye, which watches the approach or departure of some living object yet unknown, which traverses its little sphere of vision to look for some living toy, is exercising that vision which shall one day behold all beauty, and read wisdom in the stars of heaven. And that hand, with its feeble and erring aim now so impotent and helpless, shall perhaps one day shape the wonderful fabrics of human intelligence—shall build the ship, or guide the pencil—or write down wisdom—or draw sounds like the harmonies of angels from the instruments its own skill has framed. And what are the words to which those lisped out murmurings shall change? Shall Senates hang listening to the sound? Shall thronged and breathless men receive from them the sound of eternal life? Shall they utter song to which unknown ages shall listen with wonder and reverence? Or shall they only, in the humble privacy of quiet life, breathe delight with instruction to those who love their familiar sound—or the adoration of a spirit prostrate before its Creator in prayer?

Shepherd.—That's real eloquence, sir. Fu' o' feelin'—and true to nature, as the lang lines o' glimmerin' licht—streamin' frae the moon shinin'

through amang and outowre the taps o' the leafy trees.

English Opium-Eater.—Let us hear with scorn, O gifted Shepherd! of the mind of such a creature being a blank, a *Tabula Rasa*, a sheet of white paper.

Tickler.—Like Courtenay's.

English Opium-Eater.—On which are to be written by sense, characters which sense-born understanding is to decipher. If we must have an image, let it be rather that of a seed which contains a gerin, crelong to be unfolded to the light, in the shape of some glorious tree, hung with leaves, blossoms, and fruit; and let it be “Immortal Amaranth, the tree that grows fast by the throne of God.”

Shepherd.—Beautifu'—philosophical—and religious!

English Opium-Eater.—How does it lift up our thoughts in reverent wonder to Him who framed this spirit and this its natural life; and through the intervention of sense, and from the face of a material world, discovered to that intelligent and adoring Spirit, the evidences of his own being, and the glory of his own infinite perfections!

Shepherd.—Baith sound asleep! That's shamefu'.

North.—Broad awake, and delighted.

“That strain I heard was of a higher mood.”

Tickler.—Let us two leave Mr. De Quincy and Mr. Hogg for a time to their metaphysics, and have a game at chess. [*North and Tickler retire to the chess-board niche.*]

Shepherd.—Pronounce in ae monosyllable—the power o' education. Praise?

English Opium-Eater.—LOVE.

Shepherd.—Hoo often fatally thoct to be—Fear!

English Opium-Eater.—LOVE! Look on the orphan, for whom no one cares—for whom no face ever brightens, no voice grows musical; who performs in slavish drudgery her solitary and thankless labors, and feels that, from morning to night, the scowl of tyranny is upon her—and see how

nature pines, and shivers, and gets stunted, in the absence of the genial light of humanity.

Shepherd.—Like a bit unlucky lily, chance planted amang the cald clay on a bleak knowe to the north, where the morning sun never, and the evening sun seldom shines, and bleakness is the general character of the ungenial day. It struggles at a smile—does the bit bonnie stranger white-lily—but you see it's far frae happy, and that it'll be sune dead. The bee passes it by, for it's quite scentless; and though some draps o' dew do visit it—for the heavens are still gracious to the dying outcast—yet they canna freshen up its drooping head, so weak at last, that the stalk could hardly bear up a butterfly.

English Opium-Eater.—Even the buoyant—the elastic—the airy—the volatile spirit of childhood cannot sustain itself against the weight of self-degradation thus bearing it down with the consciousness of contumely and contempt. The heart seems to feel itself worthy of the scorn it so perpetually endures; and cruel humiliation destroys its virtue, by robbing it of its self-esteem.

Shepherd.—God's truth.

English Opium-Eater.—Look on that picture—and on *this*. See the child of the poorest parents, who love it, perhaps, the better for their poverty——

Shepherd.—A thousan'—a million times the better—as Wordsworth nobly says—

“A virtuous household, though exceeding poor.”

English Opium-Eater.—With whom it has been early made a partaker in pleasure and in praise—and felt its common humanity, as it danced before its father's steps when he walked to his morning labor—or as it knelt beside him at morning and evening prayer; and what a contrast will there be, not in the happiness merely, but in the whole nature of these two beings!

Shepherd.—A rose-tree full in bearing, balming and brightening the wilderness—a dead withered wall-flower on a sunless cairn!

English Opium-Eater.—Change their lot, and you will soon change their nature. It will, indeed, be difficult to reduce the glad, and rejoicing, and self-exulting child to the level of her who was so miserably bowed down in something worse than despair; but it will be easy—a week's kindness will do it—to rekindle life, and joy, and self-satisfaction, in the heart of the orphan-slave of the workhouse—to lift her, by love, and sympathy, and praise, up to the glad consciousness of her moral being.

Shepherd.—Aye—like a star in heaven set free frae the cruel clouds.

English Opium-Eater.—So essential is self-estimation, even to the happiness, the innocence, and the virtue of childhood; and so dependent are they on the sympathy of those to whom nature constrains it to look, and in whom it will forgive and forget many frowning days for one chance smiling hour of transient benignity!

Shepherd.—I defy the universe to explain the clearness, and the cawmness, and the comprehensiveness, to say nothing o' the truth and tenderness, o' your sentiments, sir, in spite o' metapheesicks, opium, and lyin' in bed till sax o'clock o' the afternoon every mornin'. You're a truly unaccountable cretur.

English Opium-Eater.—I have read little metaphysics for many years—and I have reduced my daily dose of laudanum to five hundred drops. My chief, almost my sole study, is of the laws of mind, as I behold them in operation in myself, and in the species.

Shepherd.—And think ye, sir, that sic a study—pity me but it's something fearsome—is usefu' to men o' creative genius, to poets, and the like, sic as me and——

English Opium-Eater.—The knowledge acquired by such study alone can furnish means to execute the enterprises of nobler art and spiritual genius.

Shepherd.—I houp, sir, you're mistaen there—for I never, in a' my life, set mysel doon seriously to study human nature, and to commit any o't to memory, as I hae often tried, always

in vain, to do the Multiplication Table—

English Opium-Eater.—

“Impulses of deeper mood
Have come to you in solitude :”

But they had all passed you by, unless your heart, your imagination, and your reason, had all been made recipient by divining dreams, which, when genius dreams, are in verity processes, often long, dark, and intricate of thought, terminating finally in the open air, and on the celestial soil of eternal truth.

Shepherd.—Aiblins, I’ve been mair studious than I was sensible o’ at the time, when lyin’ by the silver springs amang the hills—for a shepherd’s life is aften sedentary ; and gin a body ’ll just let his sowl alane, leeve it entirely to its ainsel, and no tram-mel’t in its flights, it’s wonderful hoo, being an essence, it ’ll keep hummin’ awa’ outowre far distant braes, gangin’ and comin’, just like that never-weary insect the unquarrelsome bee, that draps doon instinctively on ilka honey-flower that scents the wild, and wheels hame to its hive by air-ways never flown afore, yet every ane o’ them the nearest and directest to the straw-roof’d skep in the lone sunny neuk o’ the garden, that a’ day lang murmurs to the sunshine a swarming sang, and at night emits a laigh happy hum, as if a’ the multitude were but ane bee, unable to keep silence even in the hours o’ sleep.

English Opium - Eater. — Yes — those high minds which, with creative genius, have given, in whatever form, a permanent being to the conceptions of sublime Imagination ; whether they have embodied their thoughts in colors, in marble, or in imperishable words, have all trained and enriched their genius in the same self-meditation. This is true of those whose arts seem to speak only to the eye :—The same derivation of its strength is yet more apparent in respect to the productions of those arts which use Language as the vehicle of representation. That eloquence which, in the words of great historians, yet preserves to us,

in living form, the character of men and nations—which, from the lips of great speakers of old or modern times, has swayed the passions, or enlightened the reason of multitudes—that Poetry which, with a voice lifted up from age to age, has poured forth, in awful or dazzling shapes, imagery of the inmost passions and feelings of men, and made almost the soul itself a visible Being—

Shepherd.—That’s capital—indeed wonderful—on Coffee.

English Opium-Eater.—The very powers which Bacon imparted to the science of Nature, he drew from the science of Mind. It was in the study of the Mind itself, that he found the true principles which must guide Natural Philosophy.

Shepherd.—Na—there you’re beyond my depth altogether. If I gang in to dook wi’ you in that pool, I’s be droon’d to a moral.

English Opium-Eater.—But the yet highest character of all high study, is when viewed in its reflection on the mind. The discoveries of Astronomy have perfected Navigation. But it was not the prospect of that augmentation of human power that was in the mind of Galileo when he watched the courses of the stars, and strove in thought to explore the mechanism and motion of worlds. It satisfied him that he could *know*.

Shepherd.—That’s a fine thoct, sir. I’m no sleepy.

English Opium - Eater. — In the trance of long and profound meditation, the power that rose in his spirit, and the illumination that flowed in upon his mind, standing alone amidst surrounding darkness, were at once the requital of all his painful vigils of thought. These were the recompense that was with him, when the prisons of jealous and trembling power were closed upon the illustrious Sage, as if the same walls could have buried in their gloom his mind itself, and the truth which it enshrined.

Shepherd.—Galileo and Milton met at Florence or somewhere else in Tuscany. I wush I had been o’ the

pairty, and had got a keek through the Italian's telescope.

English Opium-Eater.—Are we under any necessity, Mr. Hogg—

Shepherd.—Nane whatsoever.

English Opium-Eater.—Of remembering the same fruits of astronomical knowledge, in order to venerate the name of Newton? Or, do we imagine that he himself saw in his sublime speculations, nothing more than the powers they would furnish to man? We never think of such advantages. We conceive of his mind as an intelligence satisfying its own nature in its contemplations, and our views of what he effected for mankind terminate, when we have said, that he assisted them to comprehend the sublimity of the universe.

Shepherd.—Chalmers never spoke better—nor sae weel—in his *Astronomical Discourses*,—yet in preaching he's a Paul.

English Opium-Eater.—A world as full of wonders—aye far fuller—my dear Shepherd—is disclosed to the metaphysical eye—yours or mine—exploring the manifestations of spirit, and all its heavenly harmonies. All sorrow and all joy, the calamities

which have shaken empires, the crimes which have hurried single souls into destruction, the grounds of stability, order, and power, in the government of man, the peace and happiness that have blossomed in the bosom of innocent life, the loves that have inwoven joy with grief, the hopes that no misery can overwhelm, the stern undaunted virtue of lofty minds,—if such thoughts have any power to produce tenderness, or elevation,—if awe, and pity, and reverence, are feelings which do not pass away, leaving the mind as unawakened and barren as before,—if our capacities are dilated by the very images of solemn greatness of which they are made the repository—then is such study important, not merely by the works which may spring from it, when genius and science meet, but by its agency on the mind itself engaged in it, which is thereby enlarged and elevated.

Shepherd.—I would like to hear ye, sir, conversin' wi' Coleridge and Wordsworth—Three cataracts a' thundering at ance! When you drap your voice in speaking, it reminds me o' that line in Cammell—

“The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.”

(To be continued.)

QUANTITY OF CIRCULATING BLOOD IN MAN.

EACH cavity of the heart may contain from two to three ounces of blood. The heart contracts four thousand times in one hour: therefore, there passes through the heart, every hour, eight thousand ounces, or seven hundred pounds of blood. The whole mass of blood in an adult man is about twenty-five or thirty pounds, so that a quantity of blood equal to the whole mass passes through the heart twenty-eight times in an hour, which is about once every two minutes. What an affair must this be in very large animals! It has been said, and with truth, that the aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main-pipe of the water-works at London Bridge,

and that the water roaring in its passage through the pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from a whale's heart. Dr. Hunter, in his account of the dissection of a whale, states that the aorta measured a foot in diameter, and that ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke with an immense velocity, through a tube of a foot diameter.

It has been well observed, that we cannot be sufficiently grateful that all our vital motions are involuntary, and independent of our care. We should have enough to do had we to keep our hearts beating, and our stomachs at work. Did these things depend, not

to say upon our effort, but even upon our bidding, upon our care and attention, they would leave us leisure for nothing else. Constantly must we have been upon the watch, and constantly in fear: night and day our thoughts must have been devoted to this one object; for the cessation of the action, even for a few seconds, would be fatal. Such a constitution would have been incompatible with repose.

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office! An anatomist who understood its structure might say beforehand that it would play; but from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on, night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at

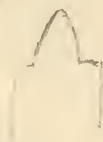
every stroke a great resistance to overcome, and it continues this action for this length of time without disorder, and without weariness.

That it should continue this action for this length of time without disorder is wonderful; that it should be capable of continuing it without weariness is still more astonishing. Never, for a single moment night or day, does it intermit its labor, neither through our waking nor our sleeping hours. On it goes, without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours; yet it never feels fatigued, it never seems exhausted. Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept the whole machinery must have stopped, and the animal inevitably perish. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working forever without the cessation of a moment—without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator in so constructing it can in nothing be exceeded but his wisdom!

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES IN SYRIA.

THE population of Aleppo is considerable, and almost exclusively Mahometan; for the Ensyrian idolaters reside chiefly in the villages, and not more than a hundred Christian families are now to be found at this primitive seat of their religion,—and all of them Greekschismatics. To one of the principal of these,—a young man named Yussuff Saba,—I had letters of introduction. He received me very kindly, but excused himself from lodging me at his house, which was in a state of great confusion. An old steward who had lived for many years in his family was going to be married; and, according to the customs of these countries, where the distinction between master and servant is not so strongly marked as among nations which have made a greater progress in refinement, the marriage was to take place at his master's house; and Yus-

suff, in order to show his respect for his old domestic, had determined that it should be celebrated with due magnificence. The ceremony was not to take place till two days afterwards, but the visitings and feasting had already commenced, and the bustle of preparation was at its height. Yussuff therefore provided me with an apartment at the house of his brother-in-law, another wealthy Christian, where he thought I should be more quiet than in his own. During the greater part of the next day the rain kept me indoors; and when evening came, I was glad to seek for amusement in a visit to the wedding party. I found a large assemblage, chiefly composed of the Christian inhabitants of the town, but intermixed with a few of the Ensyrian peasants. In the middle of the room was an emaciated old man with gray hair and beard, whom I



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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1830. [VOL. 4, No. 9.

FIRST AND LAST.

By Miss Mary Anne Browne.

NO. II.—FIRST AND LAST HOURS.

Lov'st thou the hour, the first of day,
When the dewy flowers are opening
bright,
When through the curtains of morning gray
Are stealing streaks of crimson light?
Hath it not a power, a spell?
Doth it not to thy warm heart tell
Of life, fresh, sparkling, new-born life,
And scenes as yet too young for strife?
Lov'st thou the hour in twilight time,
When every flower is closing round,
When fainter and fainter the far bell's
chime
Come with a soothing, dying sound?
Hath it not a spell, though it be
Differing from the first, for thee?
Doth it not tell of visions deep,
And a gradual dropping down to sleep?

These hours are types and signs of thine:
Thy first hour brought both smiles and
tears,
And call'd forth feelings half divine,
In those who look'd to future years,
And watch'd how grew each feature's
mould,
And saw their little buds unfold,
And trusted strife should never come
To cast on heart and brow a gloom.
And thy last hour—'tis thine to make
It calm, as twilight's lovely time,
A blessed sleep, from which to awake
Will be the better world to climb:
Remember, 'tis thine, ay thine, to choose,
If storms shall take place of stars and dews,
Or if thy spirit shall have a power
To make its parting like day's last hour.

NO. III.—THE FIRST AND LAST AGONY.

Oh! the tears that fell
When we were parting, as we deem'd, for-
ever,
The quickening throb, the bosom's an-
guish'd swell,
That pain'd the more for every strong
endeavor:
Oh! the thoughts that came,
Like withering lightning through a twi-
light calm,
Destroying, in their wild and feverish
flame,
The gentle dreams that were to us like
balm!
Oh! the long embrace,
The tearing of the impassion'd hearts
asunder,
The burning tears upon the quivering
face,
That rose from the hot fount the bosom
under!
This was the earliest sorrow known to
me,
'Twas my first agony!

But thou hast forgot
The vow of truth in that dark moment
spoken,
The heart that swore to rest on one dear
spot,
And never wander, though it should be
broken.
And the memory
Of that last parting from thy heart is gone,
Even like a raging billow of the sea,
That burst, and left no echo of its tone.
Thou wert lost to me;
Yet still I trusted I might keep thy heart:
But I have learnt thy falsehood; and for
thee
Could not one sweet, one soothing tear-
drop start.
And the shock that rang
Upon my tortured feelings, withering all,
Was such a maddening and o'erwhelm-
ing pang,
No more upon my crush'd cold heart can fall.
I have but now to lay me down and die:
'Twas my last agony!

NO. IV.—THE FIRST AND LAST PRAYER.

"PRAY for me, mother ! pray that no blight
May come on my hopes and prospects
bright ;

Pray that my days may be long and fair—
Free from the cankering touch of care ;
Pray that the laurels I grasp at now
May live ere long around my brow ;
And pray that my gentle ladye-love
May be fond as the nightingale, true as the
dove."

The mother knelt by her own hearth-stone,
With her hand on the head of her only
son,

And lifting up her glistening eye,
Pray'd for all blessings fervently ;
And then she took one lock of hair
From his manly forehead smooth and fair,
And he kiss'd her cheek, and left her side
With a bounding step and a smile of pride.

NO. V.—THE FIRST AND LAST CAPTIVE.

SHE sat in silence on the floor,—
Her raven hair, unbound,
Spread her pale cheek and bosom o'er,
And swept the very ground ;
Her eye was dim and downward cast,
And now and then a sigh,
Within her heart till then lock'd fast,
Heaved deep and bitterly.

It was a splendid palace-room,
Around with tapestry spread,
And, chasing back the twilight gloom,
A lamp its radiance shed ;
Faintly it lit that pensive face,
Where strong and still despair
Had fix'd its heavy darkening trace,
Stiffening each feature fair.

A pencil was within her hand,
And carelessly it moved ;
Scarcely under her own will's command
Along the floor it roved ;
At length, the letters, slowly traced,
Stood like a wizard's spell—
(Even yet they are not quite effaced)—
"Remember Isabelle !"

She sat awhile, then started up,
To her cheek rush'd back the blood—
She dash'd away the silver cup
Of wine that near her stood :
She leant beside the window high,
She grasp'd its iron bars—
Whilst, pitying her, from the azure sky
Look'd down the silent stars.

It was in vain—her hands, too weak,
Forced not those bars apart,
And down she fell with one wild shriek,
That seem'd to burst her heart ;

"Pray for me, mother ! pray that ere long
My soul may be free as a wild bird's song,
That away on the wings of the wind is
driven,

And goes to rest with them in heaven :
Pray for it, mother !—nay, do not weep !
Thou wast wont to bless my infant sleep ;
And bless me now with thy gentle breath,
Ere I sink away in the sleep of death."

The mother knelt by his side again—
Oh, her first prayer had been all in vain !
His ladye-love had been false to him—
His fame in slander's breath was dim :
She look'd on his alter'd cheek and eye,
And she felt 'twas best that he should die ;
Then she pray'd for his death in her fond
despair,
And his soul pass'd away with that last
wild prayer !

Still she lay through the night hours mirk ;
They came at morning tide,
And found that Death had done his work—
So their first Captive died.—

Years pass'd away—they brought again
A Captive to the tower ;
Now many a dark and bloody stain
Profaned the palace bower.
The tapestry had fallen down,
The golden lamp was quench'd ;
From the cornice rich the silver crown
Of mimic flowers was wrench'd.

Their captive was an aged man,
Grief on his forehead high,
And on his lips, so thin and wan,
Tales but of misery.
His love, so beautiful and young,
Years gone, from him was torn,
And he had wither'd, yet thus long
His load of life had borne.

They placed him in this prison strong—
"Ay, be it so," he cried ;
"I care not—in yon heaven ere long
I'll meet my murder'd bride."
He cast his eyes to heaven, and then
Down on the floor they fell,
And he read, while thrill'd each aged vein,
"Remember Isabelle !"

It was enough—the nerves that held
Through all that life's decay,
No longer by his pride compell'd,
Resign'd at once their sway :
He perish'd, the last Captive there ;
And still the peasants tell,
At eve these words sound through the air,
"Remember Isabelle !"

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.*

"Many people are apt, in their stupidity, to suppose that the Noctes of Blackwood's Magazine are merely funny things, and not a few that they are mere extravaganzas. Those, however, who have the intellect to search, and the heart to feel, find in them, combined with those more superficial attributes, a Wordsworthian insight into the ways and workings of the human soul, and a metaphysical knowledge of the springs of thought and action, sufficient to set up at least half a dozen lecturers on the philosophy of mind."—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette*.

North (flourishing his crutch, and marching from the chess-board niche)—HURRA! Tickler's done brown.

Tickler (agitatedly pulling up the waistband of his tights)—I'll play you a main of Three for a Thousand Guineas.

Shepherd.—A thoosan' guineas! That's fearsome.

English Opium-Eater.—Will you suffer me, Mr. Tickler, to be your antagonist for a single game?

Tickler.—For Love and Glory. [They retire to the niche.]

Shepherd.—I want to hear your opinion, Mr. North, about this Lord and Leddy Byron bizziness.

North.—I see no need of bad blood between such men as Moore and Campbell, about such a man as Byron. Time—that is, a Month—must have soothed and sweetened the peccant humors—

Shepherd.—Mr. Cammel, I'm thinkin', was the maist peccant—for after patten' and pettin' Mr. Muir on the back, he suddenly up, I hear, with his fists, and tries to floor him afore he can say Jack Robinson. Us poets are queer chieles—that's the only key to the mystery—and it'll open ony door.

North.—As to Mr. Campbell's having admitted into the New Monthly a short critical notice of Mr. Moore's Life of Byron, without having read the volume, and as to his having scored out some oburgatory sentence or two in the said critique about the Biographer, it is silly or insincere to say a single syllable against that; for an editor would needs be in a condition most melancholy and forlorn, who, on the one hand, could not repose any confidence in any of his contributors, and on the other, did not hold posses-

sion of the natural right to expunge or modify, at his will and pleasure, whatever he feared might be painful to the feelings, or injurious to the reputation, of a friend. Truth is sacred—and being so, allows a latitude to her sincere worshipers, at which the false would stare in astonishment.

Shepherd.—Nae need for an Editor to be a Drawco. Neither does an Editor become responsible—in *foro conscientiæ*—for ilka word his periodical may contain; if he did, there would soon be a period pitten till the Periodicals, for sameness and stupidity are twa deadly sins, and on that principle o' conduct, Maga herself would be sune flattened doon into stale and stationary unsaleability—in cellars stinkin' o' stock.

North.—God forbid I should wound the feelings of Lady Byron, of whose character—known to me but by the high estimation in which it is held by all who enjoy her friendship—I have always spoken with respect—as I have always shown my sympathy with her singular sufferings and sacrifices. But may I without harshness or indelicacy say, here among ourselves privately, my dear James, in this our own family-circle, that by marrying Byron, she took upon her, with eyes wide open, and conscience clearly convinced, duties very different indeed from those of which, even in common cases, the presaging foresight shadows with a pensive but pleasant sadness—the light of the first nuptial moon?

Shepherd.—She did that, sir. By ma troth, she did that.

North.—Byron's character was a mystery then—as it is now—but its dark qualities were perhaps the most prominent—at least they were so to

* See page 303.

the public view, and in the public judgment. Miss Milbanke knew that he was reckoned a rake and a roué; and although his genius wiped off, by impassioned eloquence in love letters that were felt to be irresistible, or hid the worst stain of that reproach, still Miss Milbanke must have believed it a perilous thing to be the wife of Lord Byron. Blinded, we can well believe her to have been in the blaze of his fame—and she is also entitled to the privilege of pride. But still, by joining her life to his in marriage, she pledged her troth, and her faith, and her love, under probabilities of severe, disturbing, perhaps fearful trials in the future, from which, during the few bright days of love, she must have felt that it would be her duty never, under any possible circumstances, to reſile.

Shepherd.—Weel, weel, sir. Puir things! they a' dream theirsells awa' into a clear, dim, delightfu' delirium, that sae brightens up, and at the same time sae saftens doon, the grim precipices and black abysms o'-danger in the light o' love and imagination, that a bairn, sae it seems, micht fa' asleep, or walk blindfauld along the edges o' the rocks, and even were it to fa', would sink doon on wings, and rest at the cliff-foot on a bed o' snaw, or say rather o' lilies and roses, and a' silken and scented flowerage!

North.—I would not press this point harshly or hardly, so as to hurt her heart; but *now* that the debate, or rather the conjectural surmises, are about the Truth, and the Truth involving deep and dark blame of the dead, this much, I trust, may be said *here*; and if I be in aught wrong or mistaken, James, I have at least spoken now in a mild, and not unchristian spirit.

Shepherd.—Age has mellowed the strang into the wise man. In ither twenty years you'll be perfeck.

North.—That Byron behaved badly—very badly to his wife, I believe, as firmly and as readily as Mr. Campbell does, on the word of that unfortunate, but I hope not unhappy lady.

Shepherd.—She canna be unhappy—for she's good.

North.—But I think Lady Byron ought not to have printed that Narrative. Death abrogates not the rights of a husband to his wife's silence, when speech is fatal—as in this case it seems to be—to his character as a man. Has she not flung suspicion over his bones interred,—that they are the bones of a—monster?

Shepherd.—I hae na seen, and never wish to see, her Remarks; but may she enjoy peace!

North.—If Byron's sins or crimes—for we are driven to use terrible terms—were unendurable and unforgiveable—as if against the Holy Ghost—ought the wheel, the rack, or the stake, to have extorted that confession from his widow's breast?

Shepherd.—Pain might hae chirted it out o' her tender frame.

North.—But there was no such pain here, James; the declaration was voluntary—and it was calm. Self-collected, and gathering up all her faculties and feelings into unshrinking strength, she denounced before all the world—and throughout all space and all time—for his name can never die—her husband as excommunicated by his vices from woman's bosom!

Shepherd.—'Twas a fearsome step—and the ledy maun hae a determined speerit—but I am sorry that her guardian angel didna tell her to draw back her foot afore she planted it resolutely over the line o' prudence and propriety, I fear indeed o' natur' and religion. Oh! that she had had some wise and tender being o' her ain sex by her side, aulder than herself, and mair profoundly impressed, in the mournfu' light o' declinin' years, wi' the peril o' takin' on ourselves the office o' retribution—mair especially when our ain sorrows hae sprung frae ither's sins—when the heart that conceived evil against us had aften met our own in love or friendship—

North.—When, as in this case, the head once suspected to have been insane, had lain in the bosom of the

injured—was once beautiful and glorious in the lustre of genius—"the palace of the soul," indeed, though finally haunted and polluted by the flesh-phantasms of many evil passions.

Shepherd.—Some day I'll write your Life and Conversations, sir, after the manner o' Zenophon's *Memo-rabilia* o' Socrates.

North.—'Twas to vindicate the character of her parents, that Lady Byron wrote—a holy purpose and a devout—nor do I doubt, sincere. But filial affection and reverence, sacred as they are, may be blamelessly, nay righteously subordinate to conjugal duties, which die not with the dead—are extinguished, not even by the sins of the dead, were they as foul as the grave's corruption. Misinterpret me not. I now accuse Lady Byron of no fault during her husband's life. I believe she did right in leaving him, though she was wrong in the mode of her desertion. But allowing that a painful and distressing collision between her filial and conjugal duties had occurred, ought she not, pure and high-minded woman as she is, to have balanced with a trembling hand, and a beating heart, what was due to her dead husband's reputation—stained and stripped as it had already been by his own evil deeds—against all that in the most reverential daughter's bosom could be due to the good name of her father and her mother, which, though breathed on rudely and unjustly, yet lay under no very heavy, no unsupportable weight of calumny, and was sure, in the tide of time, to be freed, almost or entirely, from all reproach; or, might she not have waited, meekly and trustingly, to a later day, when all good spirits would have listened to her solemn and sacred, pitying and forgiving voice—when it, like her lord's, was invested with the awfulness of death and the grave?

Shepherd.—Something within me says 'twould hae been better far.

North.—To vindicate her mother from an unjust but no deadly charge, she has forever sacrificed her husband. Such sacrifice I cannot but lament and

condemn, though I know how difficult it is to judge aright of another's heart. I speak, therefore, not in anger, but in sorrow—and though in some moods I may soften the blame, in no moods am I able to lessen my regret. Then how calmly—how imperturbably she approaches—with no friendly voice—the gloom of the grave! In widow's weeds—but with no widow's tears visible on her marble cheeks—beautiful, it is said—but, methinks, stern and stoical, rather than meek and Christian—somewhat too lofty, when lowliness would have been lovely—and silent, enduring, misunderstood, and unappreciated forgiveness, angelical and divine!

Shepherd.—In a' the great relations o' life, I suppose I may safely say, sittin' in the presence o' sic a man as Christopher North—for I dinna count thae twa creturs in the corner—that a' human beings are bound by the same ties, be their condition high or low, their lot cast in a hut or in a palace.

North.—There the Shepherd speaketh like himself—and as none other speaks.

Shepherd.—Now, only think, my dear sir, o' what has happened, is happening, and will happen to the end o' time, seein' human nature is altogether corrupt, and the heart o' man desperately wicked, a thoosan and tens o' thoosans o' times in wedded life, a' over the face o' this meeserable and sinfu' earth.

North.—Bliss and Despair are the Lares of every house.

Shepherd.—Oh! wae's me! and pity me the day! hoo many broken-hearted wives and widows are seen sichin' and sabbin' in poortith cauld, and wearin' awa' in consumptions, brought on them by the cruel sins o' their husbands!

North.—When the spring-grove is ringing with rapture, we think not of the many wounded birds dying, emaciated of famine, in the darkness of the forests.

Shepherd.—Not a few sic widows do I mysell ken, whom brutal, and

profligate, and savage husbands hae brought to the brink o' the grave—as good, as bonny, as innocent—and oh ! far, far mair forgivin' than Luddy Byron ! There they sit in their obscure and rarely-visited dwellings : for Sympathy—sweet spirit as she is—doth often keep aloof frae uncomplaining Sorrow—merely because she is uncomplaining—though Sympathy, instructed by self-sufferin', kens weel that the deepest, the maist hopeless meesery is the least given to complaint.

North.—In speechless silence, long cherished, and unviolated as a holy possession, the passion of Grief feeds on materials ceaselessly applied by the ready hands of that officious minister—Memory,—till at last the heart in which it dwells, if deprived of such food, would verily die of inanition !

Shepherd.—There sitteth Sorrow, sir—or keeps daunerin' about the braes a' round her mournfu' hamestead, dimly lichted, and cauldly warmed by a bit peat or wood fire—for fuel is aften dear—and to live, it's necessary first to hae food ;—daunerin' about, ghaistlike, in the sunshine, unfelt by her desolate feet,—faint and sick, aiblins, through verra hunger—and obliged, on her way to the well for a can o' water—her only drink—to sit down on a knowe and say a prayer !

North.—The Lord's Prayer !

Shepherd.—Aye, the Lord's Prayer. Yet she's decently, yea tidily dressed, puir cretur, in her sair-worn widow's claes—ae single suit for Saturday and Sabbath—her hair, untimously grey, is neatly braided aneath her crape-cap, across a forehead placid, although it wrinkled be ;—and sometimes on the evening, when a' is still and solitary in the fields, and a' rural labor has disappeared awa' into houses, you may see her stealin' by hersell, or leadin' a wee orphan in her haun, and wi' anither at her breast, to the corner o' the kirkyard, where the lover o' her youth and the husband o' her prime is buried. Nae ugly hemlock—nae ugly nettles there—but green

grass and crimson flowers—a' peace-fu' and beautifu' as if 'twere some holy martyr's grave !

North.—A consolatory image even of the last stage of human suffering.

Shepherd.—Yet was he—a brute—a ruffian—a monster. When drunk, hoo he raged, and cursed, and swore ! Aften did she dread that in his fits o' unhuman passion, he wou'd hae murdered the babie at her breast ; for she had seen him dash their only callant—a wean o' eight years auld—on the floor, till the bluid gushed frae his ears, and then the madman flung himsell doon on the swarfed body o' his first-born, and howled out for the galls. Limmers haunted his doors, and he theirs ; and 'twas hers to lie—no to sleep—in a cauld forsaken bed—ance the bed o' peace, affection, and perfect happiness. Nane saw the deed—but it wouldna conceal, even frae averted een, for her face was owre delicate to hide the curse o' an unhallowed haun—aften had he struck her, and ance when she was pregnant with that verra orphan now smiling on her breast, too young yet to wonder at these tears, crowin' in the sunshine, and reachin' out its wee fingers—aften, aften covered wi' kisses—to touch the gowans glowing gloriously upon its indistinct but delichtsome vision, owre its father's grave !

North.—*Ut Pictura Poesis.*

Shepherd.—Abuse his memory ! Na—na, were it to save her frae sinkin' a' at ance over-head into a quagmire. She tries to smile amang the neighbors, and speaks o' her callant's likeness to its father. Nor, when the conversation turnis on by-gane times, the days o' auld lang-syne, does she fear sometimes to let his name escape her white lips—"My Robert,"—"Sic a ane owed that service to my gude-man,"—"The bairn's no that ill-faured, but he'll never be like his father,"—and ither sic sayings, uttered in a calm, laigh, sweet voice, and a face free o' a' trouble—nay, I ance remember how her pale countenance reddened on a sudden wi' a flash o' pride, when a silly auld gossiping

crone alluded to their kirk, and the widow's een brightened through their tears, to hear tell again hoo the bridegroom, sittin' that Sabbath in his front seat in the laft beside his bonny bride, hadna his like for strength, stature, and every quality that becomes the beauty o' a man, in a' the congregation, nor yet in a' the parishes o' the hail county. That, sir, I say, whether richt or wrang, was—Forgiveness.

North.—It was, James.

Shepherd.—Is a leddy o' quality, the widow o' a lord, mair to be pitied than a simple cottager, the widow o' a shepherd? Maun poets weep and wail—and denounce and prophesy, about the ane, wi' the glow o' righteous indignation round their laureled brows, illuminin' the flow o' tears frae their een,

“Which sacred Pity doth engender,”—

Calling heaven and earth to witness to her wrongs, and launching their anathemas on the heads o' a' that wou'd, however tenderly, doubt the perfectibility o' a' her motives, and swither about hymnin' her as an angel superior to all frailty and all error,—while they leave the like o' me, a puir simple shepherd, to sing the sacred praises o' the sufferers in shielins, far, far awa', amang the dim obscure hills, frae—Fashionable Life! For what cares Nature in her ain solitudes for—Fashion? What cares Grief?—What cares Madness?—What cares Sin?—What cares—Death? No ae straw o' the truckle-bed on which at last the broken—no, not the broken—but the heart-worn-out-and-wasted widow expires amang her orphans.

North.—Lady Byron deserves sympathy—and it will not be withholden from her—but freely, lavishly given. But there are other widows as woful in this world of woe, as you have so affectingly pictured them, James; and let not men of virtue and genius seem to sympathize with her sorrows, so passionately as to awaken suspicions of their sincerity, so exclusively as to force thoughtful people to think, against their will and their wishes,

that they are either ignorant or forgetful of the lot of humanity, as it is seen and heard, weeping and wailing—in low as in high places—over all the earth.

Shepherd.—I canna think, if a' the world overheard us, that a single person could fin' faut wi' our sentiments. But, being sincere, I'm easy.

North.—Lord Byron sinned—Lady Byron suffered. But has her conduct—on its own showing—been in all respects defensible?—without a flaw? Grant that it was—still think how it must have appeared to Byron, whatever was his guilt. She thought him mad—and behaved to him, during his supposed insanity, advisedly, and from pity and fear of his disease, with apparent affection. “My dear Duck!” How was it possible for him to comprehend the sudden cessation of all such endearing epithets—and to believe that they were all deceptive—delusive—false—hollow—a mere medical prescription? The shock must have been hideous to a man of such violent passions—to any guilty man. No wonder he raged, and stormed; wonder rather that he became not mad—or more madly wicked. Yet very soon after that blow—say that it was not undeserved—we hear him vindicating Lady Byron from some mistaken but not unnatural notions of Mr. Moore, and not merely confessing his own sins, but earnestly declaring that she was a being altogether agreeable, innocent, and bright.

Shepherd.—Poor fallow!—bad as I fear he was—thae words will aye come across the memory of every Christian man or woman, when Christianity tells them at the same time to abhor and take warning by his vices.

North.—Lady Byron did wisely in not making a full disclosure at the first to her parents of all her husband's sins. It would have been most painful—how painful we may not even be able to conjecture. But since duty demanded a disclosure, that disclosure ought, in spite of all repugnance, to have been complete to a single syllable. How weak—and worse than

weak—at such a juncture—on which hung her whole fate—to ask legal advice on an imperfect document ! Give the delicacy of a virtuous woman its due ; but at such a crisis, when the question was, whether her conscience was to be free from the oath of oaths, delicacy should have died, and nature was privileged to show unashamed—if such there were—the records of uttermost pollution.

Shepherd.—And what think ye, sir, that a' this pollution could have been that sae electrified Dr. Lushington ?

North.—Bad—bad—bad, James.—Nameless, it is horrible,—named, it might leave Byron's memory yet within the range of pity and forgiveness—and where they are, their sister affections will not be far—though, like weeping seraphs, standing aloof, and veiling their eyes with their wings.

Shepherd.—She should in-leed have been silent—till the grave had closed on her sorrows as on his sins.

North.—Even now she should speak—or some one else for her—say her father or her mother (are they alive ?)—and a few words will suffice. Worse the condition of the dead man's name cannot be—far, far better it might—I believe it would be—were all the truth, some how or other, declared—and declared it must be, not for Byron's sake only, but for the sake of humanity itself—and then a mitigated sentence, or eternal silence.

Shepherd.—And what think ye o' the twa Tummasses ?

North.—I love and admire them both—their character as well as their genius. I care not a straw for either. They are great poets—I am no poet at all——

Shepherd.—That's a lee—you are—Your prose is as gude one day, and better than a' their poetry.

North.—Stuff. They are, to use Mr. Campbell's expressions about Mr. Moore, men “ of popularity and importance ”—I possess but little of either—though the old man is willing to do his best—and sometimes——

Shepherd.—Hits the richt nail on the head wi' a sledgc-hammer, like

auld Vulcan Burniwind fashionin' swurds, spears, shields, and helmets, for Achilles.

North.—Mr. Moore's Biographical book I admired,—and I said so to my little world—in two somewhat lengthy articles, which many approved, and some, I am sorry to know, condemned. Obstinacy is no part of my character,—and should it be shown that my estimate of Byron, up to the fatal marriage, was, as one whom I greatly esteem thinks, antichristian,—forthcoming shall be my palinode. The petty, and paltry, and poisonous reptiles who crawl slimly over his bones, I kick not into their holes and cran-nies, out of respect to my shoes.

Shepherd.—Sharp-pinted !

North.—Mr. Moore thought better of Lord Byron than many—perhaps than most men do—but he had opportunities of judging which few men had—and I see no more reason for doubting his sincerity than his talents. These are unquestionable ; and though I dissent entirely from some opinions advanced in his book, I will not suffer any outcry raised against it, either by people of power or weakness, to shake my belief in the general excellence of its spirit.

Shepherd.—Nor me. It's an interesting and impressive quarto.

North.—Mr. Moore spoke what he believed to be the truth. If he has drawn too favorable a character of Byron, time will correct it ; but he has no reason to be ashamed of the portrait. The original sat to him often, and in many lights. But a man's soul is not like his face—and may wear a veil of hypocrisy, so transparent as to be invisible to the unsuspecting eyes of friendship. Who will blame Mr. Moore bitterly, if he were indeed deceived ?

Shepherd.—Not me, for anc. I like Muir.

North.—And he likes you, James, and admires you too, as all other men do whose liking and admiration are worth the Shepherd's regard. It is most unfair—unjust—unreasonable—and absurd—to test the truth of what

he has said by Lady Byron's letter. That letter astounded the whole world—opened their eyes, but to dazzle and blind them; and even they who abuse his biographer, are as wise now about Byron as they were before—as much in the dark about facts—for which they go groping about with malign leer, like satyrs in a wood.

Shepherd.—But Mr. Campbell's no o' that class.

North.—No, indeed. But Mr. Campbell—one of the best of poets and of men—does not well to be so angry with his brother bard. He acknowledges frankly—and frankness is one of his delightful qualities—that before he saw Lady Byron's Remarks, he did not know that she was so perfectly blameless as he now knows she is—And, pray, how could Mr. Moore know it either? Nobody did or could know it—nor, had all the ingenuity alive been taxed to conjecture an explanation of “My dear Duck,” could it have hit on the right one—a belief in Lady Byron's mind of her husband's insanity! Mr. Moore believed, (erroneously we now know,) with all the rest of the world, that Lady Byron had been induced by her parents to change her sentiments and her resolutions, and therefore he used—and at the time was warranted in using—the terms, “deserted husband.”

Shepherd.—Completely sae.

North.—As to applying for information to Lady Byron on such a subject, that was utterly impossible; nor do I see how, or even why—under the circumstances—he should have applied to Mrs. Leigh. Thinking that some slight blaine might possibly attach—or say, at once, did attach—to Lady Byron, and more to her parents—he said so—but he said so gently, and tenderly, and feelingly—so I think—with respect to Lady Byron herself; though it would have been better—even had the case not stood as we now know it stands—had he not printed any coarse expression of Byron's about the old people.

Shepherd.—You're a queer-lookin' auld man—and your manners, though polished up to the finest and glossiest pitch o' the gran' auld school—noo nearly obsolete—sometimes rather quaint and comical,—but for soun' common sense, discretion, and wisdom, I kenna your equal; you can untie a Gordian knot wi' ony man; the kittler a question is, the mair successfully do you grapple wi't; and it's a sublime sight—no without a tinge o' the fearsome—to see you sittin' on Stridin-Edge like a man on horseback on the turnpike road, and without usin' your hauns, but haudin' the crutch aloft, descendin' alang that ridge, wi' precipices and abysses on every side o' you, in which, were you to lose your seat, you wad be dashed in pieces sma' like a potter's sherd,—from the cloud-and-mist region whare nae flower blooms, and nae bee hums, though a rainbow all the while over-arches you, doon safely to the green-sward round the margin o' Red-Tarn, and there sittin' a' by yoursell on a stane, like an eemage or a heron.

North.—I do not think, that, under the circumstances, Mr. Campbell himself, had he written Byron's Life, could have spoken—with the sentiments he tells us he then had—in a better, more manly, and more gentlemanly spirit, in so far as regards Lady Byron, than Mr. Moore did; and I am sorry that he has been deterred from swimming through Mr. Moore's Work, by the fear of “wading” *—for the waters are clear and deep, nor is there any mud either at the bottom or round the margin.

Shepherd.—Oh! but I like thae bit rural touches—in which you naturally excel, havin' had the benefit—an incalculable ane—a sacred blessing—o' leevin' in the kintra in boyhood and youth; and sae in auld age, glimpses o' the saft green o' natur' visit the een o' your imagination amidst the stour and reek o' the stane-city, and tinge your town-talk wi' the coloring o' the braes.

* “I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it.”—*Mr. Campbell's Letter.*

North.—I am proud of your praise, my dear James, prouder of your friendship, proudest of your fame.

Shepherd (*squeezing Mr. North's hand*).—Does Mr. Cammell say that he kens the cause o' the separation?

North.—I really cannot make out whether he says so or not—but I hope he does; for towards the close of his letter he acknowledges, I think, that we may still love and admire Byron, provided we look at all things in a true light. If so, then the conduct which was the cause cannot have been so black as the imagination left to itself, in the present mystery, will sometimes suggest.

Shepherd.—That's consolatory.

North.—Mr. Campbell and Mr. Moore—after so slight a quarrel—if quarrel it be—will be easily reconciled. The Poets of "Gertrude of Wyoming," and of "Paradise and the Peri," must be brothers. If Mr. Campbell has on this matter shown any failings—"They lean to virtue's side." Let ducks and geese nibble at each other in their quackery, but let amity be between the swans of Thames, whether they soar far off in flight through the ether, or glide down the pellucid waters, beautifully and majestically breasting the surges created by their own course, and bathing their white plumage in liquid diamonds.

Shepherd.—Floorey and pearly!

North.—I see a set of idle apprentices flinging stones at them both—but they all fall short with an idle splash, and the two royal Birds sail away off amicably together to a fairy isle in the centre of the lake—where for the present I leave them,—And do you, my dear James, put across the toddy.

Shepherd.—The toddy! You've been sip—sippin' awa' at it for the last hour, out o' the very jug—and never observed that you had broken the shank o' your glass. Noo and then I took a taste, too, just to show you the absurdity o' your conduct by reflection. But you was sae absorbed in your ain sentiments, that you would nae hae noticed it, gin for the Dolphin I had substituted the Tower o'

Babel: Na! if you hae na been quaffin' the pure speerit!

[*Tickler and the English Opium-Eater advance from the Niche.*]

Shepherd.—What 'n a face! As lang's an ell-wand. You've gotten yoursell drubbed again at the brodd, I jalouse, Mr. Tickler. A thousand guineas!

Tickler.—Fortune forsook Napoleon—and I need not wonder at the fickleness of the jade. Our friend is a Phillidor.

Shepherd.—I never heard afore that chess was a chance-ggemm.

Tickler.—Neither was the game played at Waterloo—yet Fortune backed Wellington, and Bonaparte fled.

Shepherd.—But was ye near makin' a drawn battle o't?

Tickler.—Hem—hem.

English Opium-Eater.—Like Marmont at Salamanca, by excess of science, Southside out-manœuvred himself—and thence fall and flight. He is a great general.

Tickler.—There is but one greater.

Shepherd.—So said Scipio of Hannibal.

Tickler.—And Hannibal of Scipio.

North.—And Zanga of Alonzo—

"Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me."

Shepherd.—Let's hae, before we sit doon to soop, a ggemm at the Pyramid.

English Opium-Eater.—Sir?

Shepherd.—You maun be the Aw-pex.

English Opium-Eater.—And the Shepherd the Base.—But I am in the dark. Pray—

Shepherd.—Wull you promise to do as you're bidden, and to ax nae questions?

English Opium-Eater.—I swear, by Styx.

Shepherd.—Weel done, Jupiter. Up wi' ye, then, on my back. Jump ontill that chair—then ontill the table—and then ontill my shouthers.

[*The English Opium-Eater, with much alacrity, follows the Shepherd's directions.*]

North.—Now, crutch! bend, but break not. *Tickler.*—up.

[*Mr. North takes up a formidable position, with his centre leaning on the wood, and Tickler in a moment is on the shoulders of old Christopherus.*]

Shepherd.—Stick steady, Mr. De Quinshy, ma dear man—for noo comes the maist diffeecult passage to execute in this concerto. It has to be played in what muscincers ca'—Alt.

[*The Shepherd mounts the Steps of the Green Flower-Stand—and with admirable steadiness and precision places himself on the shoulders of Tickler.*]

North.—All up?

Shepherd.—I'm thinkin' there's nane missin'. But ca' the catalogue.

North.—Christopher North! Here. Timothy Tickler!

Tickler.—Hic.

North.—James Hogg!

Shepherd.—Hæc—hoc.

North.—Thomas De Quincey!

English Opium-Eater.—Adsum.

North.—Perpendicular!

Shepherd.—Strechen yoursell up, Mr. De Quinshy—and clap your haun to the roof. Isna Mr. North the Scottish Hercules? Noo, Mr. English Opium-Eater, a speech on the state o' the nation.

[*Mr. Gurney issues from the "Ear of Dionysius"—and the English Opium-Eater is left speaking.*]

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

"Importuna e grave salma."—MICHAEL ANGELO.

CHAPTER I.

"The fountain of my heart dried up within me,—
With nought that loved me, and with nought to love,
I stood upon the desert earth alone,—
I stood and wonder'd at my desolation."—MATURIN.

AT the age of ten years I was left an orphan, under the direction and tutorage of guardians. Did I say that they were negligent of the trust committed to their care, or failed in the fulfilment of their duties towards their ward, I should be affirming what I have no reason to believe, and gratuitously doing them an injustice. But how many little kindnesses are there which we can expect to find in the exercise of parental solicitude alone!—how many nameless, countless blessings, which, sought everywhere, are nowhere to be found, except within the sacred precincts of home! Alas! I was doomed to feel the truth of all this by melancholy conviction; and the tears with which I have but too often moistened my boyish pillow, attest what must be the sorrows of that heart which is left by sad destiny to a common care.

My constitution was naturally but slender and weakly; and when my compeers were abroad in the clear bracing air, I was but too often con-

demned to the trappings and bucklings of the nursery. But I was the darling of my mother. Nothing that could soothe or please me was withheld, and all my little wants were attended to with a solicitude, that not only seemed to delight in their gratification, but grieved only that it could not forestall them. Of my father I remember nothing: he was a colonel in the army, and had died at Demerara when I was yet a very little child; but I have heard that his features and my own were very similar,—a circumstance which, doubtless, had no tendency to lessen my poor mother's regard for me, for they are said to have lived together in the closest bonds of affection. I recollect yet distinctly, that she one day took a miniature from her bosom, and burst into tears, as she gazed first on it and then on me. I asked her what made her cry? Little did I think then that it was the anniversary of my father's death.

Instead of being oppressed by early deprivations and by the feeling of

misfortune, it would have required all the gentle fostering of a parent's hand to cherish such a hothouse plant as I was, to the strength and stability of vigorous manhood. What can be said? Providence had decreed it otherwise. My dear, dear mother was cut off by a sudden fever; and the home of my childhood was left unto me desolate. An only sister, but five years old, was left to share my orphanage. Poor Matilda! how we used to sit and cry together, half conscious, and half marveling at our untoward destiny. Methinks, as in those far off days, I yet see thy raven hair, and thy bright black eyes, as when I carried thee on my shoulder through the garden, and thou wouldst pluck from the wall the fresh green herbs for our favorite canary bird.

My poor sister was too young to feel the full weight of the loss we had sustained; and, even to myself, the remembrance of my mother's love soon came to me but as a dream—as the memory of some sunlight landscape which floated before my mind with a vague brilliance. Yet I still remember our house, and the pictures in the drawing-room, large, and stern, and gloomy, in their deep gilt frames—and Turk, the shaggy watch-dog, that lay on its green painted kennel in the court-yard, with its tremendous bark, and rattling chain—and the two moss-greened lilac trees beside the porch—and the old woman, Barbara, that kept our gate, and used to sit in the sunshine, amid the rose-bushes, knitting stockings. Other fragments of the olden time, besides these, occasionally come to my mind, like shattered wrecks floating on the ocean,—and then I see my mother's face, as when in rapture she used to lift me from the ground, and press me to her maternal breast,—and now I seem to behold her darkened death-chamber, and hear her faint low voice, as when she blessed me from the depths of that heart, which the lapse of a few moments was to still forever!

On the day subsequent to my mother's funeral, I recollect sitting on

the sofa of the drawing-room beside Mr. Elton, one of my guardians, who was paying off all the servants. All had been long, long in the family, which had become to them, as it were, their own; and each, in turn, shook me by the hand and kissed me. The "old familiar faces" were all scattered. One only remained to extinguish the last household fires; and then I heard the window-shutters barred, and the great door locked. My sister had been taken away, two days before, to the house of one of her guardians, preparatory to fixing her at some seminary for female education. I looked back, as we hurried down the little avenue of limes, at the silent and deserted mansion, every room and nook of which was familiar to my childish remembrance. Mr. Elton chid me for looking so sorrowful, and gave me some sweetmeats. When we came to the turn of the road, a postchaise was in waiting; and from this scene of silence and sorrow I was hurried away to a boarding-school ten miles distant.

But a week before, I had a parent—and I had a home: now I was an orphan, committed to the care of strangers. Yet I must confess, that nowhere could I have been more fortunately placed than under the care of Dr. Singleton, a gentleman of learning and judgment, faithful alike to his pastoral charge and to his pupils, ruling with a mild yet firm hand, and exercising an almost parental sway over the minds of his young charges. Still the boarding-school was a boarding-school; and the house being crowded, was consequently noisy; while, as in all such miscellaneous assemblages, the large boys tyrannised over the smaller.

Brought up, as I had been, on the lap of indulgent attention, it is needless for me to say, that I was but ill calculated to sustain my own part in this bustling and heterogeneous assemblage; for all my wants had been supplied as soon as signified—and all my humors had been gratified—and I had reigned in the affections of a whole

household almost without a rival, for my sister was yet too young to be considered in that light. Here I found myself but one of many, all of whom were contending, by mental or corporeal exertion, for mastery and pre-eminence. When wronged, I had no one to whom I could appeal. Scenes of sombre industry and attention alternated with hours of tumultuous relaxation. From my simple and unsuspecting disposition, I was for some time continually exposed to the dupe-ry of cunning; yet, when pride called upon me to resist, I was too often doomed to find resistance in vain, and obliged to bow down before petty tyranny. Quiet, solitary, and reserved, I was kept in a perpetual fever by the noisy, the mischievous, and the frivolous. In short, I was at once an unwilling actor in a miniature theatre of life—in a drama for which I had no relish; and tiny though its concerns might seem to be, it was at the time as important to all engaged in it as the great one is now, and as pregnant to its performers in chances and changes, in griefs and pleasures, in all that can elevate the heart to gladness, or sink it into despondency. To firmer nerves and more robust frames it might seem otherwise; but to one constituted like me, nothing could be worse suited. From being the sole, the engrossing object of parental love, the apple of my mother's eye, the cherished of all visitors, I was thrown loose amid a crowd of uncaring strangers, to be an insignificant portion of a great unit. Hating all noise and contention, my tortures were as of one chained beside the thunder of a cataract.

I was a lover of solitude; a haunter of the green forests; a wanderer by the still waters; and the perpetual bustle around me transformed my existence into a kind of slow fever—a state of misery, which the attentions, nay, even the marked kindness, of our preceptor, though they tended in some measure to alleviate, were never adequate altogether to remove.

With none of the boys at this seminary did I ever form anything like a

cordial friendship; save with one, whose name was Matthew Berkley, the son of a post-captain. He was two years younger than I; and, notwithstanding my withdrawing manners, he persisted in attaching himself to me, by doing me numberless little kind offices, by consulting me in all his concerns, and calling on me occasionally to assist him in redressing his supposed grievances. He was a slender, graceful-looking boy, with yellow hair, florid complexion, and bright blue eyes. Methinks I see him standing before me still on the green turf, as on that calm, cloudless, delicious summer day, when we reached the margin of the Ouse, for the purpose of bathing together. Poor Berkley was all joy and happiness, from having that morning received a letter from his father, whom he had not seen for two years (his mother was long since dead), of his having arrived at Plymouth, and of his intention of being down at Dr. Singleton's in the course of a fortnight. I envied him the felicity of having a father, and shared in the anticipated gladness of their meeting. Matthew had brought some biscuits in his pocket, and he divided them with me. We were sitting by the water-side, with our waistcoats unbuttoned, cooling ourselves, when we espied several tempting clusters of hazel-nuts on an old tree, overhanging the stream. Immediately we both started up, and Matthew, being lightest, proffered to mount. After having thrown down several clusters, he ascended higher, and trusted his weight on a too slender branch. It broke with him—I saw him caught on some inferior boughs, and hanging, with his feet uppermost for a second, then plunge into the flood beneath. I raised a wild cry of desperation, and stood for a few moments spell-bound; then rushed into the water, to endeavor to save the life of my friend. His hat was sailing on the surface; but the body of poor Berkley arose no more. I ran about frantic with agony, and, supported by the branches of the trees,

floundered beyond my depths; I then mounted aloft, and, tearing off the longest bough I could lay my hand on, groped about with it in the pool, but to no purpose. Amazement, and terror, and confusion, paralysed me. Could it be, that the being who, but a few minutes before, divided his biscuits with me, and whose lesson I had on our way assisted him in conning over, was now gone forever! Was I never to behold him more! Were the laughing blue eyes of Matthew Berkley shrouded in an eternal eclipse!

After remaining by the river for nearly an hour in a sort of lethargic stupor, I awoke to a sense of undefinable horror—I had even some feeling as if the guilt of his death rested on my head. Then hurrying home, I rushed into the study of Dr. Singleton, and told him all. Search was instantly made, the body of Matthew Berkley was recovered, but life had been long extinct.

Perhaps few—and it is well—are so constituted as to be able fully to enter into the feelings of my mind which followed this melancholy circumstance. When wandering alone—and I now hated society more than ever—often, methought, did I hear the voice of Matthew Berkley in its joyous playfulness, then awoken from my reverie to the dread consciousness that it was hushed forever; and often did I awake at midnight from the dream that pictured him in all the kindest looks that he wore in life, to feel that he had perished, and that perhaps his death was occasioned by my negligence.

Matthew Berkley had been a general favorite, and his melancholy end threw a gloom over the whole of our little society; and though I was now more miserable and discontented than ever, to the credit of my schoolfellows let me confess, that the misfortune, to

which I was more nearly connected, instead of lessening me in their eyes, seemed to have, in a great measure, broken down the barriers which separated us, and given me an additional claim to their sympathy and regards. But not the less certainly or severely on that account was I the victim of my over-sensibility.

What boots it, however, to relate the accidents and changes that chequered my lot, or the methods I took to break, one by one, the Lilliputian cords of bondage which fastened me to the groundbed of affliction; for, although accounted an apt scholar, and having unconsciously wormed myself into the friendship or esteem of most of my schoolfellows distinguished for talents and worth, still I never enjoyed that daylight of the mind, that buoyancy of spirit, which is glad, it knows not why or wherefore, and revels in the luxury of its own feelings, extracting delight from everything, as the bee is said to collect honey, even from poisonous flowers. No! nature had moulded me on another construction, and mine was despondency and gloom, instead of that healthiness of soul which triumphs over every care and regret, like sunlight breaking through the morning twilight, and, looking on every object in its most felicitous point of view, sheds, even upon turmoil and tempest, the calm Ausonian serenity of a summer landscape. My mind was a restless thing, never at ease; its surface was like a dark pool, constantly stirred into agitation by the hand of thought. To the present I could not confine myself. I was either reverting to, and mourning over the brilliancies of the past, or conjuring up dark anticipations for the future. Bitter was the cup that destiny had set for my drinking; but at the bottom of it was found a precious unmelted pearl.

SONGS OF A MAY-DAY WEDDING.

WHAT a festival is a wedding ! What an union of hopes and feelings ! What a ceremony for the speculative philosopher—how he may brood over the after joys and woes which may elate or depress the minds of two young beings linked together for life ! The early and deplored death, or the long complaining age ! The happiness of mutual confidence and continuing love, or the strife and the separation !—Then his reveries may retrograde, and the past may fix his meditations : he may imagine the various thoughts, hopes and fears, the fair girl has borne for this her fate ; the dreams that may have passed over her in the morning of her love ; perhaps the frowns of friends may have clouded it ; deep sufferings may have been endured by her—which have but caused her to cling the closer to her heart's elected, and trust her future happiness and life and all to him, with that dear, relying fondness, of which, when obtained, man should be mindful and proud. And He, too—what jealousies and mad doubts he may have known, —what joy, despair, and delirium of heart may have been his, under the influence of the mysterious master passion, and all crowned by this the wedding. And when it is the sweet heaven gained by two young pilgrims of love, then does it become the holiest of human forms, the most delightful ordinance of poor mortality. And when should be the season for this festival ? It is the commencement of a new existence, the spring of a new year, which *will* know its storms and tempests, as well as its sunshine and peace ; it is the blossom of the branch of life, which either brings forth fruit or falls in weak barrenness to the ground : then should it not be, when the buds of leaves and flowers are bursting into life and beauty ? when the growing days are advancing into the manhood of many hours, and the sun is breathing his first warm and gentle kisses upon the enamored

earth ?—May should be the season—May, the blooming and gentle maiden of the months, and the day should be the one following that which has seen the weeping April sink with its showers into the earth.

On a merry May day in those kindly and free times which England knew two hundred years ago, when Elizabeth wore a crown which hath since had many wearers, and Shakspeare's brows were also rounded by a less ephemeral coronet, and which is his own to this day ; the trees and hedge rows were gaily clothed in their fresh garments of green, and few were the flowers that had drooped their heads to the earth with too much love for that glowing amorist the Sun ; while the chirrups of delighted birds and the loud peals of merry bells told the tale of a wedding. And the noon of that day saw a party of young beings sitting in a green and fragrant bower, enjoying the sweet time and searing away the flying hours with merriment and songs. To have heard their gleeful voices, their words of happiness and sanguine predictions of the future, none would have surmised that one aching heart could have been beating in that joyous company ; but is not this a world of sorrow, and does not the sweetest summer know its thunder and its storms ? A beautiful girl was sitting there, and circling her small waist was an arm that seemed grown to the graceful stem it protected ; the girl was a bride, and the youth beside her was her own—her husband ; they were the happiest of the happy. It was a marriage for love—pure and unhallowed love : unmixed with any worldly thought or feeling, his joy was written in his laughing and triumphant eyes ; and there he sat a proud and secure conqueror. She too was blest in the crowning joy of the hour ; but undefined apprehensions were mingled with her feelings. She seemed to shrink from the friends about her : but why, she knew not ;

for they were all familiar faces, and appeared to claim a right to the presence they then and there enjoyed. In the midst of the mirth the color of the bride was called into her cheek by a general wish that she should add to the delight of the merry day by a strain of her sweet singing; and no retreat could she make, when so attacked, as her exquisite skill in music, and the deep feeling with which she was known to trill her pleasing and plaintive airs, were among the fascinations that had won her the hearts and souls of many. The song she was entreated to sing had been written for her by one who sat among them watching her as a mother watches the smiles and tears of her first-born—but of him, anon. It was a madrigal for two voices; and one of her kindred, a fair-haired and blooming boy, who sat rejoicing at her feet, and who, in her sport, she styled her merry foot page, was wont, with his young and clear voice, most skilfully to carol the parts allotted to him. One of the gallants presented the bride with her mandolin, and presently all was hushed, and the guests were listening to

The Song of the Bride and her Page.

The Page.—What is love? sweet lady, tell me.

Is it such a blessed thing?
'Tis a joy which ne'er befel me,
In this world of sorrowing.
I have read in song and story
Of its wildness and its glory;
Therefore do I crave to be
Acquainted with its mystery.

The Lady.—Gentle boy, you'll soon discover,

When a few young days have pass'd,
All the hopes that haunt a lover,
And the fears that follow fast,—
When the smile of one has bound you,
When but one breathes joy around you,
When but one is doom'd to be
Your happiness or misery.

Then will dawn life's April season,
Sunny smiles and rainy tears;
Then will be the sleep of reason,
And the dreams that live for years.
Words will be but weak revealings
For your deep and fervid feelings,
While your thoughts of her will be
A wild and sweet idolatry.

But should you be scorn'd and slighted,
And your sighs no echo find,
All life's blossoms will be blighted,
By the winter of your mind.

Songs of woe, and tales of sadness,
Then will yield a mournful gladness.—
None but those who've known can guess
Slighted love's lone bitterness.

The Page.—Sweetest lady! I implore thee
Cease that soul-subduing strain,
All my darkness breaks before me,
And a glory wreathes my brain.
Every sound of your sweet singing
To my mind new thoughts is bringing;
And I feel I'm bound, by thee,
In all love's wondrous witchery.

The singing ceased,—but so wrapt were the hearers, that several seconds had passed ere their expressions of delight burst loudly and rapturously forth. The blooming boy received his full share of adulation, which was given most especially by the lovely ladies there, who passed him from one to another, smoothing his bright locks with their delicate palms, and those who dared, kissing his red lips so warmly, that the young thing became as proud as the fallen one is said to be; while the beams of his full blue eyes, darting from face to face of those who had so caressed him, gave goodly token that a lover of bright eyes and melting lips was quickly springing up among them. But the bride, whose stealing tones had so thrilled upon every heart, turned towards her chosen one; and, scorning to listen to the praise which so assailed her, murmured a few low words to him, and bright and happy was the smile that answered her; for she spoke of moments of past bliss, and a lovely and a moonlight hour when first that song was listened to by him who sat beside her. A mournful sound was now heard through the revelry; 'twas something stronger than a sigh—it seemed like the wail of a withering heart. Few heard it; and those who did, heeded not from whence it came, for all were now gathering together, and commanding another silence. The bride had breathed a wish that the bridegroom should subscribe his song towards the combination of dulcet sounds, which were now preparing to charm each ear; and a wish from her needing but the expression of a word for its instant gratification, not a moment was lost in need-

less parley ; it had already commenced, and this was

The Bridegroom's Song.

Come tell me, I pray,
Said my dearest to me,
Were you bound by a spell
A new creature to be,
Or permitted to breathe
Your wild spirit away
In a beam of the moon
Or the sun's yellow ray—
What shape would you choose,
Or what element take
For your home, till the spell
Of the wizard should break ?
A wave of the sea ?
Or a cloud of the night ?
Or live a proud palfrey,
Your lady's delight ?
A hound would you be ?
Or a flower ?—ah ! now,
I think I can see,
By the light on your brow,
A rose is your choice,
Far above all the rest,
To die a sweet death
At some beautiful breast.
The palfrey, the hound,
And the beam of the sun,
For my spirit's new course,
With the rest would I shun :
But a sweet stealing breeze
Of the heavens for me,
That my life might be one
Endless kissing of thee.

When the singer had completed his last cadence, it was executed with such apparent ease and boldness, that not a being there who had ever committed to memory a ditty, whether of love, or war, or of any other subject which had been considered worthy of rhyme, but quickly felt inspired with song, and all imagined they were suddenly gifted with melodious attributes. Some were heard tuning the notes of a long-forgotten air, and vainly striving to recall the absent and neglected tones to their recollections ; others were selecting from their most approved roundelays the best of the most approved, that they might dispute the palm with the last singer ; and an ambition for vocal distinction so pervaded the whole groupe, that several voices commenced at one moment several ditties, and all uncalled for, so obliging were they. None were willing to cease, each thinking that his peculiar song was equal to his neighbor's ; and a most strange discord for a brief

space distracted the ears of the musical, and delighted the lovers of noise, till a sudden silence was enjoined, caused by one of the sweetest lady voices in the world commencing a strain at the request of one well skilled in divine sounds ; and as the old god's harpmony fascinated stocks and stones, so did the riotous of the party cease their disjointed attempts, and were charmed by

The Guest's Song.

Oh ! come with me, my only love,
The skies are warm and clear ;
And sin it is, my sweetest love,
To waste our moments here.
The year is now in budding prime,
And all things speak a warning,
That this is love's own precious time—
A fresh and fair May morning.

This is the place, my gentlest love,
For woven hearts like ours ;
These pleasant fields, this silent grove,
And these sweet springing bowers.
Now tell me, love, when you'll be mine—
Shall it be when adorning
This wondrous world, sweet sunbeams shine,
Like those of this May morning ?

Or when they light the merry bee
Through caves of summer flowers ?
Or when the year is old, and she
Weeps o'er her dying hours ?
Yet ere you speak, or breathe the spell
To mark the happy dawning
Of our new life, remember well
How sweet is this May morning.

Still silent, dear ? then let *me* speak,
And be this your reply,
The smile that I so loved to seek
When first I learn'd to sigh.
I'll whisper, love—*now*, shall it be ?
The smile 's my cue for scorning
A moment's waste—'tis there, I see
Your mine this fair May morning.

This song having been sung in a full melodious voice, and with a delighting skilfulness, was much extolled by every one, and its burthen being so appropriate to the festival then celebrating, that a repetition was loudly requested, though many thought the song not adapted for a female ; but the curious who scrutinized the white fingers of her left hand, discovered that one of them was rounded by a plain circlet of gold : and a few who knew her, whispered that this was the anniversary of *her* wedding, and that *that* song had been sung by her husband on the day of his marriage,

and with which she was so well pleased that the learning of it was her earliest matrimonial task; and happy was she to sing that song, as he who had been her tutor was now ploughing the perilous deep,—and many were the sweet thoughts the singing of it revived, and fervent was the silent prayer that went up from her soul for him, while she was preparing again to obey the call of the delighted party.

These songs had followed each other with a rapidity which might have authorised a supposition that no other amusement was to silence the music of their sweet voices; but the merry jest and the waving and sailing dance would assert their right to making a part of the revelries, and despite the various shocks given to the received opinion of good breeding, loud was the laugh of the carousers, and often did that joyous crowing of the lungs startle the birds from the branches which there canopied the beautiful, the gay, and the happy; and truly with their songs, their jestings, and their dancings, a merrier groupe were not at that time breathing the air of heaven.

Yet there was one among them whose gaiety was a hollow mockery, and whose sadness was too mighty to admit the displacing of her pale ensigns from his conquered cheek, by such quickly fading banners as his mournful merriment could there advance. And why was he sad? Alas, alas! the bride of that day he had loved from boyhood with a strong and passionate love; he had received kindness from her, and he had hoped to make himself worthy of the beauty who had so enchained him. He had seen his burning lamp shamed by the rays of morning, when a long vigil of study had been endured, that he might one day win her with glorious lines of immortal poesy; he had toiled long and secretly to gain wealth, not that she might be tempted by its glitter,—*that* thought he spurned,—but that, should she be won by his wooings, he could place her in all the splendor of a queen, and proudly see her reign in

triumph over her compeers, as she reigned and triumphed over his anxious and devoted heart. But that which he could do in his lonely chamber, and dare in the striving throngs of his fellow men, availed him not in the society of her for whom he lived. His spirit then forsook him. With her his passionate breathings and the eloquence of his tongue quailed into cold silence, and where he sought the rich and warm atmosphere of intense love, he but found the freezing air of friendship.

Once when chance had brought them together, and alone,—when stars were looking out of their blue abodes in all their bright and multitudinous beauty, and the silence of the hour was uninterrupted by the slightest breathing of the warm evening air; then, while his heart was overcharged and bursting with the passionate feelings which struggled for freedom,—when there was a confiding kindness in her eyes, and in the low and musical accents of her voice; then did a few tremulous words break from his dry lips, avowing the love he bore her, and told of the faintly springing hopes of his soul, which a moment's sunshine from her dear eyes would call into full life and strength. But none can tell the withering coldness which struck upon his heart, when that voice, whose tones were to him the only music in the world, faintly confessed her love for him—as a brother—as a friend—but other than these she could not; for even then a form was advancing towards them, with whom her heart had been exchanged, and to whom she was irrevocably betrothed. Then did he turn away like one death-stricken, and from that time became a silent and neglecting man.

And why was he there? Why was *he* at this May-day Wedding? Where was the pride of the rejected, that he should sit there to be rack'd and tortured in soul? She whom he had so loved, had begged his presence there with winning smiles and tender kindness,—had taken his attenuated hand, and spoke of the happiness she should

know in seeing her old acquaintance among the guests, and how proud and pleased she was in his friendship, and what unhappiness would be hers were there to come a strangeness and a division between them. Then he, wishing to die, and knowing that the sight of his loved one, *married*, and shut out from him forever, would be the signal of his heart's eternal silence, gave his assent; and when the time came, there he sat, the palest and the saddest, though ever and anon a fierce merriment would burst from him, which those around only looked upon as caused by the excitements of the moment, but which he knew were the wild flashes of the flame of life, which was soon to be extinguished.

And now the pleasant company be-
thought them of another madrigal to vary their delight, and who, alack! was to be the singer but the pale and hollow-eyed youth, who was now sitting apart from them, and looking his last upon the beautiful form of his idolatry, the married one, the Queen of the assemblage; no refusal was heard from him, but fixing his large black eyes full and immoveably upon the bride, he commenced in a low, yet melodious tone,

The Song of the Slighted One.

Oh 'tis a bitter thing to wake
From golden dreams of love and light,
To see a murky morning break,
And chase away the starry night
That gave such fancies to my brain,
Such as it ne'er can give again.

Those shining dreams were all of thee,
Of thee, who sitt'st before me now:
It seems as though the agony
Which sears my soul and burns my brow,
Is but a chastening I must know,
For joys that did enwrap me so.

Was it not joy to sit and trace
Fair pictures of my love for thee,
And as I form'd thy radiant face,
To see it glow with love for me?
To hear sweet whispers in the air
Breathing the death of my despair?

Was it not joy to hear thee sing
Some thrilling and immortal lay
Of deathless love, while I would spring
To kiss the silver sounds away?
As a wrapt madman strives to break
The lute that does his wonder wake.

Was it not joy to see thee smile
Thy sweetest smile on me alone?
To think thy heart some queenly isle,
And I possessor of the throne?
These were my visions, day and night,
In sunshine, cloud, and clear moonlight.

Is it not death to wake and know
All I have dream'd is as the wind,
Whose might can mansions overthrow,
Yet of itself leave naught behind?
Is it not death, to wake and see
How bitter cold is truth to me?

And now beneath its freezing skies
My stricken soul lies chill'd to death;
While like the moonlight are her eyes
(In nights of frost) that view my death,
Lending their clear but coldest beams
To light me from my life of dreams.

The voice of the singer had gradually become lower and lower towards the conclusion of the song, and the last word was scarcely audible; but when the voice ceased, a cry from the bride caused all the company to rise and turn to the place of the singer, towards which she pointed with every demonstration of affright; and there he sat, his eyes glassy and fixed, and his hands hanging helplessly from his body. They spoke to him, but no answer was heard: he was dead—and the gaiety instantly ceased, and a shuddering and a chill came over every one there. The bride was removed by the bridegroom to her apartment, and each guest turned sadly from the bower they had entered so gaily and joyously; and never was there festivity again known under its branches and trained stems, for through neglect the trees and flowers died away, and a shunning of the place brought the rank weeds in usurpation there, and never but with a sigh and a trembling did one of that company name *The Songs of a May-Day Wedding*.

GARLANDS AND GREY HAIRS.

VERY different are the associations called up by the words which are here written. Each one is a volume—but how opposite in spirit! The first opening its perfumed pages, glittering with all the decorations of taste,—the other exhibiting the plain and worn appearance of the moralist's missal or the hermit's tome. We hardly know which has the more immediate power over our sympathies and imagination. There is a graceful sentiment lurking among the leaves of a garland, that awakens a flush of hope and hilarity in the ashy cheek of age; there is, on the other hand, a pathos in a grey hair that tempers the wild impulses of youth into admiration and awe. In the one we see the May, in the other the December, of life. The one brings with it the enjoyments of a healthy harmless festival; the other reminds us how many festivals we have numbered, and how few remain for us to share. To the first we turn as an emblem of the beauty and fragrance of the morning; in the other we see the closing color of the evening, as it steals over the golden tints of nature slowly and silently. A garland exhibits to us a magic circle, into which no evil cares may enter; it brings us at once into the open air, leads us to a merry troop upon the green, and lays bare the whole art and mystery of merriment. Grey hairs, on the contrary, belong especially to the fireside, and are the first objects that catch our eye as we enter the apartment: we give them the first salutation—before the tempting, white, outstretched fingers of the mistress of the house. They shoot a light and warmth to the farthest side of the room; and, though motionless, offer to us a more earnest welcome than the advancing step and animating voice that greet us as we enter.

Flowers may be said to be almost out of fashion. Poetry has nearly worn them out. So much has been said and written concerning them, by

orators and authors of all kinds, that their petals are polluted with ink, and their delicate bloom seems half-brushed away by the breath of tempestuous periods. They have been trodden down by a whole army of epithets. Even philosophy has contributed to exhaust their odors. Roses are now of no other service than to make smiles of; they have fallen into the sear. Not so the occasions that called them into use, and the objects they were meant to illustrate; still less the sentiment that springs like an odor out of them. It is a part of the atmosphere of the mind; it sustains the world that is within us. This is the mysterious charm that, to those who are sensible of it, is an atonement for all the evils of fortune and a secret balm for worldly wounds. Few, however, even of those who lavish their praises upon flowers, can participate in this simple but sacred charm. They admire, for the most part, the glittering frame-work of a lovely picture—the tone and accent of a language they have never learned. Flowers are but implements, the beautiful machinery that sets the springs of love and harmony in motion; and he that stakes hundreds on the stripe of a tulip, instead of looking within it for something undefined which shall feed and refresh the mind with healthy hopes and assurances, has but a slender right to call himself a lover of the flowers. He cannot reach beyond the outward and visible sign of beauty; and is only one grade higher than that natural philosopher, who having contemplated, lost in a delightful abstraction, a particular hue of twilight, was at length left with no other opinion of it than that it would be “a very genteel color for a cravat.” The mountain is not so high as man's spirit; the ocean itself is shallow, compared to the depth of the human heart; and thus the cup of a common wood-flower, the circle of the humblest thing that ever gleamed

among the dream-like solitudes of the earth, may be a depth to hold the germin of feelings that shall one day grow silently up, and wind like ivy round the world.

But if some fail to extract the true fragrance and virtue of flowers, a much greater number overlook them entirely. Those who pay court to humanity in its full dress; and figure in the great levee of the world, are apt to select their decorations not for their loveliness but for their rarity. They substitute mere brilliancy for beauty, and lose, in proportion as they dazzle the eyes of others, the power of using their own; as some naturalists, it is said, have resorted to the expedient of putting out the eyes of birds to increase the splendor of their plumage or the melody of their notes. But to one who preserves the simplicity of nature amidst the refinements of society, his chaplet of green leaves is a crown of gold, which he claims as his inheritance. The sun ripens the seed which he scatters about him into the most precious of all gems. Nothing is too mean or too melancholy to mingle in his wreath, as the merest weed may hold or enjoy something in common with his own nature. The materials that form it have not been brought from the uttermost parts of the earth, but have flourished in spots that are imprinted with his footsteps. Every blade and bud is a memorial of something dear to or desired by him, and a metaphor meant by nature to show that peace and beauty are never divided from her. His garland awakens within him a love of simple pleasures—a sympathy with unobtrusive objects—a compassionating hope for mankind, and a fortitude and forbearance amidst peril and insult.

The introduction of flowers is universal both on mirthful and mournful occasions: they serve alike as a birthday ode or a dirge. Strewn upon the grave, they are indeed a touching comment on the frail loveliness of life. But to the graceful celebration of a wedding, a garland is indispensa-

ble. It is a cluster of fragrant diamonds. It rests among the bride's curls like an eulogium on their beauty. It is the marriage motto: every leaf conveys a compliment "which words could never speak so well." It is besides typical of the state into which the lovers have entered, and who look forward to a life of flowers. They may make it their calendar—counting their days by the leaves.

Let us now for the sake of contrast turn a glance upon Grey Hairs. A strength greater than that of Sampson grows with them—it is that of charity and wisdom. Though covered with the snows of many years, they are as sunbeams to the sense that can find a greatful pleasure in watching the changing seasons of life, and in extracting a vigor from decay. One that thus surveys humanity, will give up his heart as a link in the chain of sympathy; because he knows not how soon his tide may be impeded or dried up, and all his flaxen youth fade away into a blank and lingering uncertainty. "This lock," says Yorick, "even as I twist it, see, it turns grey!" Yet the pride and hopes of man lose their lustre sooner than the glossiest ringlet. They are as things hung by a hair over the deep abyss of time. Nay, life itself visits us but as a spirit; and as we point hopelessly at it, and it starts away with a sudden and a solemn step, we are reminded of the impressive exclamation of Hamlet—"Look where it goes, even now, out at the portal!"

All ages have received grey hairs as the crown and mark of sanctity; and they have not unfrequently proved the passport of an uncorrupted nature, through licentious and perilous times. Whether the locks of youth have slowly and imperceptibly turned to silver, or become so "in a single night," they seldom fail to administer a lesson. With grey hairs there should be no austerity and petulance; the spirit of early life may leave its sunshine within, and lighten upon the brow even amidst the frosts of age. When we find it so—when we see the

trembling hand united to a firm heart, and observe the purity of childhood mingling with the intelligence of years—we call to mind a question pleasantly put, in a play of Decker's—"Though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green?" We look into the human face, illumined by such a feeling as this, not like mine host described by Fielding, "to see if the owner of it has had the small-pox," but to read in it the history of one who has lived wisely, because not too well; and who now, pulling his hat over his eyes which the sun has weakened, and strengthening his steps with a staff cut from a tree which he had planted in his youth, moves tranquilly onward; in the quaint couplet of Marvell,

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

With such a spirit, a garland may be turned to a wise and cheerful use

—like the laurels of Cæsar which concealed his baldness. In other words, the grace of a refined and practical wisdom will be an ample recompense for the loss of the livelier energies of life: and one glimpse of nature will repay the mind for the failure of its early visions, and the destruction of the airy architecture of romance. What a redeeming, and at the same time what a profound and beautiful touch of natural feeling, may be discerned in Mrs. Quickly's description of the death of the inimitable philosopher, Falstaff, where, when all the glories of an unequaled wit, and the raptures of a riotous sensuality, were exhausted, we are told—(it is Shakespeare that speaks, and we cannot wonder, therefore, at the exquisite delicacy of the thought), that the white-haired veteran of the world, even in the last moments of his life, "played with flowers," "and babbled of green fields."

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

SHAKSPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain;
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers:
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
While Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted womb
Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom
Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim,
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LONDON.

Romance and high-soul'd Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustain'd on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The Passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan fife"
Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine;
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.

Oh! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee!

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of Thee!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,
Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream
Meand'ring calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,
Their power—their harrowing truth,—
Their scenes of wrath or woe—
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
 With firm and skilful hand,
 Singing the olden lays
 Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—
 Thou from whose heart the streams
 Of sweet Elysium roll'd
 Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb
 In which thine ashes lie,
 The simple wildflowers bloom
 Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,
 For I'm of *puny* brood ;
 And thou wouldst *punish* me
 With *pungent* hardihood.

TO MY BABE.

BY DELTA.

THERE is no sound upon the night—
 As, by the shaded lamp, I trace,
 My babe, in infant beauty bright,
 The changes of thy sleeping face.

Hallow'd forever be the hour
 To us, throughout all time to come,
 Which gave us thee—a living flower—
 To bless and beautify our home.

Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
 A new creation to my sight ;
 Gives life another look, and makes
 The wither'd green, the faded bright.

Pure as a lily of the brook,
 Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies,
 And heaven is read in every look,
 My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.

In sleep thy little spirit seems
 To some bright realm to wander back,
 And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
 Allure thee to their shining track.

Already like a vernal flower
 I see thee opening to the light,
 And day by day, and hour by hour,
 Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
 Even for the blessing of thy birth,
 Knowing how sins and sorrows try
 Mankind, and darken o'er the earth !

Ah, little dost thou ween, my child,
 The dangers of the way before,
 How rocks to every path are piled,
 Which few unhar'm'd can clamber
 o'er.

Sweet bud of beauty ! how oft wilt thou
 Endure the bitter tempest's strife ?
 Shall thy blue eyes be dimm'd—thy brow
 Indented by the cares of life ?

If years are spared to thee—alas !
 It may be—ah ! it must be so ;
 For all that live and breathe, the glass
 Which must be quaff'd, is drugg'd with
 woe.

Yet ah ! if prayers could aught avail,
 So calm thy skies of life should be,
 That thou shouldst glide beneath the sail
 Of virtue, and a stormless sea.

And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
 The sacred truth should be impress'd—
 Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
 Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path, Religion's star
 Should ever shed its healing ray,
 To lead thee from this world's vain jar,
 To scenes of peace and purer day.

Shun vice—the breath of her abode
 Is poison'd, though with roses strewn ;
 And cling to Virtue,—though the road
 Be thorny, boldly travel on !

For thee I ask not riches—thou
 Wert wealthy with a spotless name ;
 I ask not beauty—for thy brow
 Is fair as my desires could claim.

Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
 Kind, independent, pure and free ;
 Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt
 Be all my soul desires to see !

CORPORAL BARNSELEY.

THE almost incredible account here given of extreme suffering, endured by an individual who survived the effects of severe and improperly dressed wounds, is related in "The Life of Alexander Alexander, written by himself, and edited by John Howell," recently published in Edinburgh. The war referred to was in the East Indies, between the British and the King of Candy.

The retreat of the British army was cut off; many of the native troops had deserted to the enemy; information reached them that the Candians had commenced killing the sick who had fallen into their hands; and, with no prospect of relief, the unfortunate Major Davie, whose mind was in a dreadful agony, gave the word "Ground your arms," then recalled it for a short time, during which he destroyed all his papers. At length the fatal act was done; the troops were marched to a distance from their arms, and halted, when the Europeans were separated from the native troops. Then the officers were likewise separated from the privates, and Corporal Barnsley saw them no more. They were then marched to a greater distance from their arms, and halted, when the Candians came close up to them, staring in their faces, and demanding their clothes and other little articles. One of them seized the neckcloth of an Irish lad, one of the 19th, and began to pull it; he knocked him down at his feet. They stood thus some time exposed to insult, when an Adigar came running down to them, and immediately two Candians seized the two men on the right, and led them out of sight, and soon after returned for two more. This was repeated several times before the unfortunate victims began to suspect the dreadful work that was going on. They were stupefied with horror; yet many were collected. One instance Barnsley often mentioned: as they were leading off two of

their victims, one of them having ten pagodas wrapped in a rag, took them out of his pocket and threw them into a bush. At length it came to poor Barnsley's turn, who, more dead than alive, passively walked to the fatal spot strewn with the bodies of his countrymen. The executioners, with their large swords, chopped their victims down. The sword fell upon the back of his neck, and his head fell upon his breast, the sinews of his neck being cut through. He got but one chop, and became deprived of all sensation. When his recollection returned, the groans of the poor wretches were dreadful. On opening his eyes, he saw several of the natives with gingaul or wall pieces, stalking over the heaps of slain, beating every one on the head, whether life was extinct or not. During this sight of horror, he lay as still as death, receiving only one blow on the head, which again deprived him of sensation. When this butchery was complete they began to strip the dead. He was himself stripped during his unconsciousness, and upon his return to recollection there was only his shirt upon his body, which was a very bad one, or it had gone with the rest.

The next recollection he had was of a great shouting and tumult. He attempted to rise, but his head fell forward upon his breast. Anxious to know the cause, yet fearful of being observed by the barbarians, he rose on all-fours, and supporting his head with his left hand, he could distinctly see a great concourse of them, as if assembled round some object of curiosity, those on the outside jumping up and stretching their necks as if to gain a sight of something that was going on in the centre. At this time he distinctly heard pistol shots, and supposed it was the English officers shooting themselves, as they had their pistols concealed when the arms were delivered up; besides, he had heard some of his own officers say they would

shoot themselves, rather than be chopped down, if they saw no other alternative. This happened in the dusk of the evening. As soon as it was dark, he crawled into the bushes which were close at hand, and, in the best manner he could, made for the brink of the river, which was at no great distance; yet it was a toilsome journey to him.

When daylight came he saw a Candian busy cutting up a raft. The river had fallen much, for the rain had ceased. As soon as he perceived the Candian, he went more to the right to be out of his view. When he came to the banks again, he found the river too wide for him at that place; and, recollecting having seen a bend in it where the stream was not so broad, he urged his painful course towards it, supporting his head with one hand under his chin, and the other under his elbow to aid it. Here he plunged in, swimming with his right arm, and holding his head out of the water with his left. In the middle of the stream he had nearly perished, as the current was so strong it hurried him along with it; to prevent which he had, in desperation, to use both arms, when his head fell under the water, and he was nearly suffocated. Again he raised it; the strength of the current was passed, and he reached the opposite bank in a very exhausted state, where he lay for some time, with part of his body in the river and his breast and arms upon its banks. Anxious to get as far as possible from the scene of his sufferings, and conscious of his exposed situation, he made an effort to rise, and with horror saw a Candian, on the top of the bank upon which he had landed, gazing at him. Concealment was now out of his power. His resolution was at once taken, and he advanced boldly towards the Candian, who retreated in terror to a small distance. The poor corporal made signs for him to give him his mat to cover him, as the Candian showed no hostility nor wish to do him harm, and the rain had again set in. At length the Candian took it off, and held it out upon the end of his staff, saying "po,

po" (go). He accordingly wrapped it round him, and made the best of his way in the direction of Fort Macdowal.

Shortly after, he came to a level part of the country, where there were a great many footmarks, for the ground was very soft on account of the rain. His wound pained him much, and his head ached dreadfully from the blow he had got with the gun. Much as the rain incommoded him, he was pleased at its continuance, for it was a great means of effecting his escape, the Candians seldom leaving their huts in wet weather.

Towards evening he came to a tract of rising land, where he found a deserted house, which wanted the roof. Here he took up his abode, and passed a night of the most acute suffering. The rain poured down upon him in torrents; his wound felt as if a red-hot iron lay on it, and almost drove him to despair. The night appeared to him an age; and though he wished anxiously for day, he knew not when it arrived what was to be his fate: but anything was preferable to the agony he suffered from his wound, which the inclemency of the weather now irritated to a degree almost beyond endurance.

As soon as daylight came, he examined the house in vain for some article or other that might be of use to him. At last he went out and gathered a few leaves; their properties were unknown to him, but they were cooling to his wound. He then tore up his shirt and dressed the wound for the first time, in the best manner he could, and began to descend towards his left. Shortly after, he saw smoke rising out from among some trees. Cautiously approaching the spot, and peeping over the bushes, he saw a number of Indians, a savage race who live by rapine and plunder, and are said to be cannibals. They are tributary to the King of Candy, and get from him a reward for every white man they can kill. He silently withdrew, and again began to ascend to the top of the height he had left. The

opposite side was so steep and slippery that he was under the necessity of sliding down on his breech. The country became again more level, and was interspersed with wood. Here he met a boy carrying two bundles of firewood, on a slip of bamboo, over his shoulder, who immediately on seeing him dropped his load and fled to the bushes. He took no notice, but hurried on, weary and faint from his wound and hunger. Thus he proceeded, concealing himself in the best manner he could, until he met two men and a boy, who stopped him, and began to converse amongst themselves, often pointing to him. He knew not what they conversed about, but made all the signs he could think of to obtain their pity. At length one of them gave him a small cake of their country black bread. He put it to his lips, but was unable to open his mouth, not having the power of his jaws. (It was long after before he could chew his food.) He broke it off in small pieces, and in vain attempted to swallow a little. They then made signs for him to follow them; and as they made no motions which might lead him to think they were going to injure him, he walked with them for a considerable time, when they came to some houses, where there were a good many native soldiers. He was put into a back apartment of one of the houses. Soon after, one of the chiefs came to him, and made signs to him to prostrate himself upon the ground before him, which he did. The chief then departed, and soon after a quantity of excellent curry and rice was brought him. With much trouble and pain he ate some of it, the swallowing it constituting his greatest difficulty.

The tom-toms were then beat, and the army collected in a short time, to the number of about five thousand men and boys. Having placed him in the centre, they moved on in a crowd, in silence, without any appearance of military order, all crowding round and staring at him. At this moment his mind was in great agitation, being unconscious what was to be his fate.

At length they came to a pagoda (a saumah house), and he now thought his doom was fixed, and that he had been brought there to be sacrificed to their god. To his great relief, however, they passed on, leaving him in as great uncertainty as ever what was to be his fate. His agitation now became so great, that his mind grew confused, and he walked onward almost unconsciously, until they came in sight of Fort Macdowal, when they halted. Fort Macdowal is sixteen miles from Candy, on the road to Trincomalee.

The chief then came up to him, and caused a gingular piece to be brought and placed to his shoulder, ready cocked. He did not know the meaning of all this, but thought they meant him to fight against the English, or they would put him to death. He was going to pull the trigger as a signal that he would do anything they commanded, when the chief, who was an old man, caused it to be taken from him, and smiled. After a great deal of dumb show, with the assistance of some of the natives who spoke the Malabar language of which he knew little, he was made to understand that the chief wished the English to come out of Fort Macdowal and fight him in the open ground. When he saw that Barnsley understood what he meant, he was allowed to proceed, along with two of the natives, to deliver his message, and they conducted him to the bottom of the hill where the fort stood. As soon as they came near it, they said *po, po*, and left him, happy to be out of their hands. On his near approach, the sentinel was struck with terror at his emaciated figure and ghastly look. He was conducted to Captain Madge, commander of the fortress at the time, who was thunderstruck at his appearance and the melancholy tidings he bore. The first words he said were, "The troops in Candy are all dished, your honor." Captain Madge, in astonishment, required an explanation, which was too easily given, when he immediately ordered the guns to be spiked, and arrangements made for

evacuating the fort, which was done about ten o'clock, after the moon had sunk behind the hills. All the sick were left to the mercy of the enemy, who had already shown that they had done. The lamps were left burning, and the march was commenced in silence; but it was soon discovered, and those of the sick who were most able followed the line of march until they dropped. Poor Barnsley, after having his ghastly wound dressed by the surgeon, marched on, supporting his head by his hands, as he had done all along, and arrived, with those who were able to keep up, on the Cottier shore, where the man-of-war boats were stationed, which received them

on board, and brought them to Trincomalee, which they reached on the 3d of July.

Corporal George Barnsley, soon after his recovery and return to duty, was made a serjeant; but in a few months after, having got a little in liquor on the parade ground, he was tried by a court martial and reduced to the ranks, and did duty as a private until the year 1805, when he was sent home invalided, along with others, to England. Upon my return from Ceylon, in 1811, while at Glasgow, I learned that he was at that time doing duty in Fort George, in the veteran battalion. Since that time I have heard nothing of him.

A FAMILY QUARREL IN TURKEY.

WE select the following picture of domestic infelicity in a Turkish harem, from "*The Mussulman*," a new work by R. Madden, Esq. the celebrated traveller in Turkey.

Yussuf, through some unaccountable mismanagement, had failed to inspire his wife with that salutary terror which every virtuous wife ought to feel in the presence of her lord and master. There never was a Turkish gentleman more inclined to carry a high hand in his harem than Yussuf; nor was there ever a thorough Turk more ambitious of being a tyrant in his house,—and yet he was unable to manifest more, even in his own harem, than the subdued ferocity of a half-tamed tiger.

It was the more extraordinary that Yussuf should not have been able to have kept his wife in awe, being, like most sons of the provincial Agas, a despot from his cradle, and possessing those physical advantages of a robust frame, and commanding figure, which Oriental women look upon as the manifestations of moral attributes. Neither was Zarafat an ill-tempered wife, nor a haughty woman; she was naturally too indolent to be irascible; but the enjoyment of her indolence arose

from a state of muscular repose, not mental. She was a shrewd sort of person, had clear ideas on common subjects, strong notions of right and wrong, and an unalterable resolution at the service of her opinions. To these qualities was united an hereditary apathy, one of the leading characteristics of high rank in Turkey, as well as in every other country; and this rendered her less alive to the ordinary annoyances of life than other women, and gave her a real advantage over them. But what gave her a decided ascendancy over Yussuf, was a knowledge of his dependency on her father, and the ambition of his soul to succeed the chief executioner in his high office. That his wife had this ascendancy over his spirit he well knew, but how it had been acquired he could not discover. He thought he had not held the reins of household government with a sufficiently tight hand; he therefore determined on changing his system, and in the event of resistance, of subduing it by an awful demonstration of male supremacy. He took occasion, one evening, to enter into conversation on rather a sore subject with his sultana.

"I have been thinking, Zarafat," said he, "how our faces are laughed

at by all our neighbors. Only yesterday I heard two women speaking at a shop in the Bezesteen; one said, 'Do you mean Zarafat, the daughter of the executioner? O, poor thing! I am afraid she will never have any honor in her harem—no favor in the sight of her good lord. Poor thing! I fear she will never have any family.' Then said the other, 'It is not her I pity; it is the poor effendi, her husband.' 'But why,' replied the first speaker, 'do they not bring her to the Hakkim of the Christians? He is a Fronghi, it is true, an English infidel; I spit on all his race: but still he can give pills which do great things. I think people call him Hakkim Lark, or Clark, or some such outlandish name.'"

"And what did you say to all that?" said Zarafat.

"I said nothing," replied Yussuf, "but resolved to send you to the Hakkim."

"I think you would do well to accompany me," said the fair one; "you have not been looking well for some time, Yussuf, and perhaps the Hakkim might have some pills that would restore you to health."

"You shall go alone," said Yussuf, in a high tone; "I have said it."

"Lokman," replied the wife, "said many words; he was a wise man, but he never spoke in a loud voice. Since 'you have said it,' of course it is written in the book of fate, and I suppose I must obey."

"You shall, woman!" exclaimed Yussuf. "Staffer, allah!—is this my own house?—do I see my own right hand?—have I a wife, and whose servant is she? If I bid my slave leap from the summit of the house to the bottom of the sea, shall she refuse? Staffer, allah! Am I a man, or am I not?—have I a beard, or am I as a Giaour?—have I no respect in my own house? or am I as the poor friend who takes the humble place in the divan? Allah Akbar! is this to be endured? If I be your husband, where is my honor? If I be your lord, where is my respect? If I be

your master, where is my authority? Are you not my goods, my 'garden,' as the blessed apostle saith? my purchased wife, my household property? and have I not paid your price? Allah illah! there is rebellion in the harem, a revolution in my house; 'the lord of the creation' is scoffed at by a woman—the master of his slaves is spat on by his menials—the proprietor of the house is sneezed at by the key-hole—the owner of the garden is kept in subjection by a grub. Allah hu! These are not the last words of the Muezzin, if those be not the signs of the end of the world. The order of nature is broken up, the customs of the land are despised, the law of God is set at nought!

"But, Inshallah, there shall be an alteration; 'if it please God' the order of nature shall be restored in the harem, the rebels shall be put down, the disaffected and the disobedient shall be chastised. Ha! am I not the son of the Aga of Bournabashi—who shall I be afraid of? Is not the rich and powerful Suleiman my father? why should I not speak out in my own house? Mahomet, rasour Allah! whose filthy words have been thrown in my teeth? whose dog is it has barked at me on my own threshold? what fool is it has forgotten a husband's hands, has mocked the Cadi, and made a jest of the Courbash? Do you smile at the lash? Is it unlawful? Has the apostle (blessed be his name) given the dimensions of the stick proper for the punishment of a refractory wife, or has he not? Has not 'the perspicuous book' one blessed chapter, taken up with the subject of divorce? and is there nothing in the sacred volume about putting a bad wife to death? Have you never seen a sack (and not an empty one) floating in yonder harbor? and have you still dreamt your life was at the Muf-ti's, beyond the reach of human justice? Fool! fool! whose daughter are you, to think yourself privileged to abuse my goodness?"

Yussuf stopped to draw breath. He frowned most awfully, and he

strutted about the room, making a tremendous clatter with his heavy-heeled boots, to keep up the effect of his harangue, like a bantam cock retiring from a contest, lifting either leg to the greatest possible height, and then tramping it down with a violence becoming the dignity of its anger. It was evident to Zarafat that her lord had been acting a great part,—that he was proud of his performance, but still doubtful of its success; and, like a cunning critic, during the whole piece she preserved a provoking silence, infinitely more galling than any moderate expression of disappointment or displeasure. Even after he ceased speaking and was perambulating the apartment with more immeasurable steps than ever Moslem took before, she sat immoveable and silent, reclining on the divan and gazing on a pearl-handled mirror, which was placed on one of the highest cushions beside her. At length, slowly taking her eyes off the mirror, the slothful rambler traveled round the room at the pace of a tortoise: they finally reached their destination, and having made a voyage of discovery from head to foot, they reposed at last on the white lips and

quivering jaws of her enraged lord. He perceived she was about to speak, and he was summoning all his courage to sustain the shock, when, oh! most lame and impotent conclusion of a domestic quarrel, the only words that met his ear were, “WELL, YUSSUF, IS THAT ALL?”

O ye hen-pecked lords of the creation in every corner of the habitable globe! ye brow-beaten superiors of the earth, in every gloomy parlor of Franguestan! ye spirit-broken masters of fiery-tempered mistresses in every suburb of the world! if household fury have not consumed every spark of pity in your breast; if the shrill voice of “multifarious wrath” have not drowned the feeble cries of male lamentation on the earth,—O listen with a compassionate ear to the sorrows of a poor young husband!

Had Yussuf been felled to the earth by a single blow of the governor’s tob, he could not have been more astonished than he was at the one brief question which had just been put to him. He was prepared for a torrent of abuse, but had no armor for the mind proof against the needle-pointed arrow of contempt.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF SCENERY UPON THE MIND.

THE varied aspect which the face of our globe presents, has, in many respects, a very remarkable influence upon its inhabitants. The native of a mountainous country is a different being from that of a level expanse, and the difference is perceptible even within small geographical limits. In the one case there are compactness, agility, and ardor; in the other bulk, ponderous strength, and dulness. Physical conformation, mental peculiarities of race, and many other circumstances, operate in producing the numberless varieties which our species presents, and of these it is not our intention to speak; but in the very aspect of the mountains and plains, the forests and fields, there is a silent influence which upon all minds operates

in some degree, and upon some minds powerfully. When the dark thunder-cloud hangs overhead, and the big drops begin to fall upon the ground, while the lightning rushes from its hiding-place, mirth and levity have disappeared, and the mind feels heavily oppressed, awed into a sombre and serious mood, as by the presence of some object of dread. When the sun shines bright upon the yellow cornfields, the green and flowery pastures, and the tufted woods with their glittering foliage, it is almost impossible, under any circumstances not productive of utter disregard to external objects, to be sad. Who could stand on the shore of the magnificent ocean, and see the pure moonlight reflected in bright and undulating bands from

its smooth surface, and not feel that his soul participated in the quiet of external nature ? And who, amid the roar of the mighty waves, as they roll tumultuously under the influence of the hurricane, dashing upon the rocky shores, and raising themselves upon the faces of the cliffs, could, from the summit of some beetling crag, look abroad upon the agitated face of nature, and not experience the influence of the storm ? The external aspect of nature, in fact, has as decided an effect upon the mind, as heat and cold have upon the thermometer. In the gloomy months of November and December, Englishmen are said to hang themselves. In the clear frosty days of winter no man ever thought of drowning ; in the joyous days of early summer, when the blossoms are unfolding, and the blackbird tunes his melodious pipe in the apple-tree, we naturally revert to the period of our childhood, and even in old age fancy that we possess the vigor of youth ; and when the autumnal sun has yellowed the fields, and the fruits hang in blushing clusters and groups upon the bent-down boughs of the orchard trees, we look forward to the enjoyment of peace and plenty.

When the toil-worn and sickly inhabitant of the city, sallies, on the sunny Sabbath of summer, from his dwelling in the crowded and filthy alley, and sauntering along the hawthorn-margined road inhales the fragrance of the unfolding flowers, and casts his delighted eye over the expanse of green fields and woods, his soul expands with a new feeling, and he fancies himself a part of the scene. All men have a taste for nature. In cities, where little of her is to be seen save in the workings of the human intellect, they love to decorate their

windows with flower pots, and their tables with the gaudy productions of the garden ; museums and menageries are formed ; and the giddy pleasures of the dance, and the more substantial joys of the civic feast, are enhanced by the artificial groves of fragrant and flowering shrubs by which the splendid halls are decorated. To the country the wealthy citizen retires to spend the summer months ; and the man who by his industry has procured wealth and ease, loves to retire to the rural shade.

He who is most habitually conversant with nature, has the healthiest tone of mind. In the contemplation of fields and flowers, and green woods, and willow-margined rivers, and lakes embosomed among craggy mountains, there is nothing respondent to the temper of mind that impels a man to gratify the malignant or vicious propensities of his nature. In the great inland solitudes, where the mountains are spread around, and the long slopes of the blasted moors stretch away between the hills, there is a pervading spirit that breathes peace upon the mind. Seated on some alpine pinnacle, with the mists rolling below, and the summits of the neighboring mountains rising like islands in a dreamy sea, the wanderer forgets the world, and rises towards the regions of that boundless expanse where the infinity of the Godhead expatiates. The natural influence of the contemplation of all the sublime or beautiful objects of nature, is to draw the mind toward the pervading principle of life and beauty ; and he who, amid the wild scenes of nature, can miss the footsteps of the Deity, must be dull as the ox and stupid as the mule, that graze on the clover and thistle insensible to the magnificence around them.

FROGERE AND THE EMPEROR PAUL.

FROGERE had been a comic actor, of no very great celebrity, in Paris. He went to Russia, where he became the favorite, and the intimate associate, of the Emperor Paul.

Easy and pleasant as was the friendship which for so long a time had subsisted between these two eminent personages, it did once happen that the player was provided with lei-

sure and opportunity for considering the important question, Whether it be altogether prudent or safe to make very free indeed with an Emperor of all the Russias? At supper, one evening, at the Emperor's table, some one present took occasion to pay the illustrious host a compliment at the expense of Peter the Great. The Emperor turning to Frogère, said, "This is really robbing Peter to pay Paul: 'tis hardly fair, is it, Frogère?"—"Quite the reverse, Sire," replied the actor; "for the reputation your Majesty will leave behind you will hardly tempt any one to rob Paul in return." Now, though this was almost as good a thing as any one need wish to say, it somehow happened that his Majesty did not appear to be in the least tickled by it; and as his Majesty did not condescend to honor it with his imperial laugh, no one else could presume to notice it by such a symptom of approbation. In fact, the joke, with all its merit, was a total failure; at which nobody was so much astonished as the perpetrator of it himself. After a short time the Emperor withdrew, and the company separated. Frogère retired to his own apartment. He was anything but happy in his mind. His jest had fallen flat; and such a mishap to a professed joker is as serious a calamity as the failure of a commercial speculation to a merchant. But to what strange cause could he attribute its ill success? The joke was a good joke, there was no denying it; and, were it otherwise, the Emperor was not so squeamish a critic but that he had laughed heartily at many a worse. He thought, and thought—and thought again; but since his cogitations availed him nothing (he being still unable, with all his sagacity, to discover what could have occasioned his failure), he got into bed, and, like a wise man as he was, fell fast asleep.

It was in the middle of a Russian winter. In the dead of the night Frogère was aroused by a loud knocking at his chamber-door. He arose and opened it, and, greatly to his as-

tonishment, an officer, accompanied by four soldiers armed to the very teeth, entered the room. Frogère, having no reason to expect such a visit, naturally concluded that the officer (an old acquaintance of his, who had had the honor of being of the Emperor's party on the previous evening) had mistaken his room for that of some other person. Alas! he was speedily convinced there was no mistake, but that the untimely and alarming visit was indeed to him: the officer exhibited the Emperor's warrant for his arrest and immediate banishment to Siberia!! The effect produced on him by this terrible announcement may—to use a phrase less remarkable for its novelty than for its convenience upon occasions of this nature—"may be more easily conceived than described." The idea of a trip to Siberia has shaken firmer nerves than those of poor Frogère. He wept—he screamed—he knelt—he tore his hair. What crime had he committed to draw upon him so heavy a punishment? Could he not obtain a short delay? Of a day—a few hours only—merely, then, till he could see the Emperor that he might throw himself at his feet? His supplications were in vain: the Emperor's commands were precise and peremptory; and if ever there was an absolute monarch who allowed his mandate to be trifled with, certainly it was not the Emperor Paul. All that the unfortunate man could obtain from the officer, who was his friend, was just sufficient delay to enable him to throw a small quantity of clothes and linen into a trunk; and having done this, he was led forth. A carriage, guarded by a sufficiently strong body of cavalry, was in waiting, and, more dead than alive, he was lifted into it: a soldier, armed with a brace of pistols, and a sabre drawn, taking his seat on each side of him. The officer having seen that the windows of the carriage were carefully closed, so as to prevent the prisoner's communicating with any one from without, headed the cavalcade, gave the word, and

they started, at a brisk trot, on their formidable journey. How long they had traveled till they made their first halt he knew not, for he was in total darkness, and his guards were dumb to all his inquiries: they were strictly forbidden to speak to the prisoner, and few Russian soldiers are so much in love with the knout as to disobey orders: but reckoning time by his sighs, and groans, and lamentations, it seemed to him an eternity. At length the carriage-door was opened. It was broad day; but he was not long permitted to enjoy the blessed light of the sun, for he was instantly blindfolded, and in that state led into a miserable hovel. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a small room, the windows of which being closed, was dimly lighted by a solitary candle. Some coarse food was placed on a rough wooden table, and signs were made to him that he should eat. But a few hours ago he was reveling amidst the splendor and enjoying the luxuries of a palace, princes the partakers of his pleasures, a mighty potentate his boon companion. Now—disgraced; a banished and forlorn man; a wretched shed for his resting-place; his fare so little tempting he would not yesterday have offered it to a starving mendicant; surrounded by faces which, for the sympathy he would have implored, struck hopelessness down into the very bottom of his heart, as he did but look upon them; a traveller on a dreary, dreary journey, which, when ended, no tongue should say him “welcome;” nor should his soul rejoice as he should utter “here will be my dwelling!” SIBERIA! In that one word seemed to him to be concentrated all of human suffering; and as he wildly paced the mud floor of the comfortless apartment, no sound escaped his lips, save only Siberia—Siberia!

That extremes meet is somewhat a trite observation. A trifling incident converted the agony of despair—and such was poor Frogère’s—into a paroxysm of joy. The officer who com-

manded the escort entered the hovel, attended by an estafette. Frogère had not seen him since he got into the carriage on the previous night, nor was he aware that he had accompanied him so far on the journey. He was the only person of the whole number the unfortunate man was acquainted with; and the appearance of a familiar face was to him, in his present unhappy situation, a source of happiness unutterable. He was about to rush into the arms of his quondam friend, but a slight movement of the hand, and a look of withering sternness, sufficiently convinced him that such a demonstration of friendship was not very cordially desired by the other party. He prepared to speak, but a finger on the lip constrained him to silence. The officer went towards the light, and sealed a packet which he held in his hand; and having delivered it to the estafette, to whom he enjoined the utmost possible speed, he ordered the guard to post themselves outside the door. Being left alone with his prisoner, and having again made a sign of silence, “Frogère,” said he, in an under voice, “Frogère, here we part; the officer who will take charge of you to the next station is in attendance. Tell me—what can I—And yet I hardly dare: the Emperor’s commands are not to be disobeyed with impunity; and should it be discovered that I—No matter; to serve an old friend I will run the hazard of my disobedience. Tell me, then, what can I do for you on my return to Moscow?”

The luckless Frogère burst into tears, and instead of replying directly to the friendly inquiry, he indulged in wild exclamations on the severity of the punishment for a crime, the nature of which he had yet to learn.

His companion looked at him with amazement. “Yet to learn! Are you mad, Frogère? Surely you are; and you must have been (as we all thought you) mad last night, or you never would have ventured that bitter sarcasm,”—and he added, in a still lower voice,—“the more keenly felt

as it was not altogether destitute of truth."

"Good Heavens! and is it for a trifle like *that* that I am to be——?"

"This is no time, Frogère, to waste in words: mine is the last friendly face you are likely to see for the rest of your long journey. The Emperor, as you well know, is implacable in his resentments; you cannot hope for pardon; so make up your mind to bear your punishment like a man, and tell me what I can do for you at Moscow."

But the mind of the traveller was too bewildered to think upon any other service which his friend might render him, than the only one which his friend (like many other friends upon trying occasions) declared to be exactly the one *he could not* perform for him: it was to intercede in his behalf with the Emperor. It was impossible:—but for anything else, he would "raise Heaven and earth," "go through fire and water," &c. &c. &c. And, truly, there were many other modes of service open, not the least important of which was the disposal of his property—for not one particle of it (save the wearing-apparel already mentioned) had he been allowed to take with him. He had money and some valuable jewels; and provided nothing to his disadvantage should *come out* upon the examination of his papers, it was possible that those might escape confiscation. In that case, had he any friends or relations in France to whom he wished they might be transmitted? In the event of a contrary result to the scrutiny, a vast deal of trouble would be saved to him and to his heirs forever.—No; he could think of nothing, he could think of nobody: his mind was all engrossed by the calamity which had befallen that one hapless member of his family who was at that moment on the high road to Siberia; nor was it capable of entertaining any other idea.

"Then," said his friend, "I must think for you, and act for you. Should your property, as I have said, escape confiscation, I will deposit it in safe

hands, and on your return you can claim it."

"My return! am I not banished for life? Is there, then, a hope that——?"

"For life!" interrupted the officer; "do you imagine you are banished for life? Ha! ha! ha! No wonder, then, you are so grieved at your departure. No, my dear friend; and happy am I to be the means of pouring consolation into your bosom. Courage, courage, my dear Frogère! thirty years are soon over, and then——"

"Thirty years!!!" groaned the luckless jester—but there was no farther time for conversation. The fresh escort was in readiness; and the eyes of the victim having been bandaged as before, he was replaced in the carriage. His friend at parting kindly pressed his hand, and placing therein a small sum of money, whispered, "You will find this more useful on your arrival at the place of your destination than you are now aware of. Courage! Farewell!" The blinds of the carriage were again carefully closed, the word to proceed was given, and away went the cavalcade, much faster than was agreeable to at least one of the party.

A Frenchman is proverbially the gayest creature in the universe, and blessed with greater aptitude than the native of any other country to accommodate himself to disagreeable circumstances. His language, too, furnishes him with a set of phrases admirably calculated to assist his philosophy, when assailed by the common misfortunes to which poor humanity is liable. He loses his umbrella or his wife; his dog is stolen, or his mistress is unfaithful; he is caught in an intrigue or a shower of rain; and he is speedily reconciled to the event by an "*allons, puisque——*" or a "*c'est une petite contrariété,*" or "*un petit malheur;*" or (if either or all of these should fail) by that last refuge of heroic endurance, the infallible "*ça m'est égal.*" But a "Thirty years in Siberia," albeit it makes a promising

appearance on paper as a title for a new book, is something more than a *petite contrariété*, and it is not by any means *égal*; so that poor Frogère finding that not one of these modes of consolation applied to his peculiar case, and no other source of comfort occurring to him, he unconditionally surrendered himself to despair. For many hours he rode on in total darkness, and in silence unbroken but by his own unavailing lamentations: for his guards were again debarred of speech, either to their prisoner or to each other. At length they stopped. He underwent the same ceremonies as before: his eyes were bandaged; he was led out of the vehicle; and when he was permitted the use of sight, he found himself in another miserable hut, drearily lighted by the flickering glare of two or three burning twigs of the fir-tree. Here another coarse repast was presented to him; and, when he had partaken of it, the escort was relieved by a party of fresh men, and again was he hurried forward on his journey. But on this occasion the sound of no friendly voice met his ear—all were silent, all were strangers. As nearly as he could guess, he had traveled three nights and three days, with occasional halts, always attended by similar circumstances, when, on the night of the third day, again they halted. His eyes were bound; but, instead of being allowed to walk, he was carried in the arms of his guards till he found himself placed on a wooden bench. Here he was left for several minutes, wondering why the bandage was not removed as usual. Presently he heard an indistinct whispering. Footsteps approached him. His hands were suddenly seized, and bound firmly together. He tremblingly asked the reason of this proceeding. No an-

swer was returned. Rapidly, but silently, the upper part of his dress was loosened, and his neck laid bare. His heart sank within him. He began to doubt whether it was intended he should end his mortal journey by taking so cold a place as Siberia in the way. A word of command was given, and he heard the clank of musquetry. The word was given to march! He was carried forward in the arms of four men; and as they proceeded, he heard the regular tramp of many footsteps, before him and behind.—“Halt!”—He was placed on a seat—his hands were unbound—the bandage was removed from his eyes—and he found himself—at the very same place, of the very same table, in the same apartment where he had cut his unlucky joke, the same persons being present, with the Emperor at their head! His wild look of terror, astonishment and doubt, was greeted with a loud shout of laughter—and Frogère fainted. This had been a sort of Tony Lumpkin’s journey, for he had merely been driven backwards and forwards the distance of about half a dozen miles on the same road; and though, computed by the standard of his own melancholy sensations, the time had appeared much longer, he had, in fact, been absent for but little more than four-and-twenty-hours—the Emperor, in disguise, being present at each of the stoppages. Though this was but a *trick*, the anguish and the sufferings of the object of it were *real*; and the consequence was a severe illness, from which it was long before poor Frogère recovered. It was, upon the whole, a piece of pleasantry which, however humorous it may be thought in conception, few would have had the heartlessness to execute but an Emperor Paul.

THE LAIRD'S ARRIVAL.—A SKETCH OF OUR VILLAGE.

OUR village is situated in a landward parish in one of the southern counties of Scotland. It is one of those

modest, quiet-looking places which one so seldom meets with on the Scottish side of the boundary which separates

us from our southern neighbors. The cottages are all neatly whitewashed, and the jessamine and the woodbine gracefully unite over our trellised roofs. Within a bowshot of the end of the "town," as it is kindly denominated by our village worthies, just on the top of the hill which old Jobson the innkeeper blames so much for the murder of so many of his poor emaciated post-horses, stands the mansion of Laird Woodburn—the *Place*, as we call it. It is a fine old castellated building, of a very ancient species of architecture, and its massy walls and deep loopholes tell tales of other and darker times. There is a tradition—but I must not speak of it just now, as it would lead me away from the subject of my sketch. Well, the mansion is approached by a fine old avenue, on either side of which the oak, and the larch, and the hazel, unite their grateful and refreshing foliage. The rooks have kept forcible possession of this avenue since long beyond the memory of old Tibby Aikman, who is sovereign decider of all disputes relating to the antiquity of *our village*. The late laird, soon after the *Place* came into his possession, took it into his head to oust the rooks, because they annoyed him so much with their *caw-cawing*. He shot and poisoned them, pulled down their nests, and tried fifty other ways to expel them from their domain: but it would not do; the more he fired, the louder grew their *caw*, and at last he was fairly obliged to desist, and leave them in peaceable possession, rather than live at open war with such noisy neighbors.

The present laird, or, as he is more commonly called, Jack Woodburn, succeeded to the estate on the death of his brother. There seems to have been a shade of eccentricity inherent in the family of the Woodburns. An old maiden sister, who departed this life a good many years ago, and of whom I have only a dim and shadowy recollection, is still spoken of as making her appearance at church, dressed in such style as was usual "sixty

years since," with her cockernonie and hooped petticoats. The belles tittered, and Widow Wilson loudly uttered an involuntary "Gosh guide us!" holding up both her hands in the most inexpressible astonishment. It was an era in the history of our village, and served as a theme for the tongues of the females to expatiate upon for upwards of a month. Her ladyship, however, took the tittering of the "senseless taupies" so much to heart, that she never afterwards made her appearance at church, and it was the only time she had been there for many years before.

Jack had been in his youth what is termed a "wild lad"—he thrashed the boys of his own age at school, kissed their sisters, and as sure as there was any "devilment" going on, so sure was Jack Woodburn to be at the head of it; so to keep him out of mischief his father marched him off to sea. His maternal uncle was a commander in the royal navy, and he was entered as a midshipman under his care. But if Jack was wild at home, he was ten times worse here. On a night of rejoicing he tied his uncle's queue to his chair, which brought him heels over head on his own cabin floor! For this offence Jack was "broke;" and as it was in time of war, and seamen were hard to get, he was put into another ship as a man afore-the-mast. Here he was kept for several years, and having been advanced to the rank and dignity of boatswain, he conceived an affection for the service, and would not leave it. So long as he got his grog and his "pigtail," he cared not one fig for what was going on. At last his brother died, and he became heir of Woodburn Castle.

It was with heartfelt regret that Jack parted from his companions to take up his abode at the *Place*. The life of a sailor had now become to him a second nature; but as he was getting old, and his "hulk battered," as he himself said, he decided on leaving the sea, and residing on his own estate. "Many a hard fight

have I had with the enemies of my country—O for one kick at them before I'm laid up in dock—and, after all, where could one lie snugger than in Davy's locker, in one's own hammock, with a bag of sand for a pillow?" He was long in coming to the resolution of retiring; but seeing no immediate chance of either of his anticipations being realized, he set sail for the purpose of taking possession of Woodburn Castle.

O what a day of rejoicing did our village present when the laird was expected! The unmarried ladies of a certain age put on their best caps and looked prim. This one was mortal sure he would be in love with her, and Miss Jenny Needles, the village mantuamaker, who had refused two "offers," because they were not genteel enough—(who ever heard of an old maid who had not had offers?)—could scarcely sleep, so keen were her feelings on the subject—"If it were for nothing else than to vex Miss Doty Preen,"—a rival practitioner in a village about three miles off. The men drank, and sang, and whistled; it looked as if the whole inhabitants had gone out of their wits.

The shades of night had already begun to close, and no laird made his appearance. The ladies sighed, and the men stuck to their cups and were glad of it—it would be another day! The least patient had dispersed, and the most patient were sick tired of waiting: all were about to betake themselves "each to his several home," when the sound was heard of an advancing carriage. All were on tip-toe of expectation. At last it came lumbering up the ancient avenue, the horses warm and jaded, and the postilions so tired they could not keep their seats! They dodged about, now on this side, now on that, just for all the world as if they had been tipsy. Then there was such a strive who should first see the laird! Men bawled, women screamed, boys huzzaed, postilions swore—never had

there been such a hubbub at Woodburn Castle.

In the midst of all this din, Jack, honest man, who had traveled far that day, and was somewhat tired with such an unusual mode of conveyance, and who, moreover, it was said, had fallen desperately in love with the grog, if not with the person, of the buxom landlady of a hedge alehouse where they had stopped to feed the horses, had fallen asleep in the carriage, and being awakened by the acclamations of the boys, thrust his grisled and weather-beaten head out of one of the windows, through glass and all! and asked with a real sailor-like oath what was all the noise?

Convulsive bursts of laughter immediately followed this singular exhibition, and, to add to the ludicrousness of the scene, the laird's head, though it had got easily enough *out*, could not by any means get *in*. There he stuck, and whichever way he turned, the glass cut; till, finding that he only made matters worse by his attempts to extricate himself, he stood still, and cursed the spectators for a set of unmannerly lubbers! Only figure to yourself, good reader, the rough and weather-beaten face of the laird, rendered somewhat redder perhaps by his potations and the rage into which he had worked himself, with a huge nasal promontory, no unfit representative of a frosted potatoe! over which peered a little twinkling grey eye—"the other was out"—and a mouth—such a mouth! all writhing in such elegant contortions as are usually seen at a country fair, when some elegant candidate competes for the distinguished prize of a horse-collar—and restrain thy cachinatory propensities if thou canst.

The laird was at length extricated from his perilous situation, but being out of humor at his mishap, was sullen and discontented, and the villagers, though disappointed, went home in great glee, laughing at the odd figure the laird had cut on his arrival.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

BALL DRESS.

A DRESS of rose colored gauze over a *gros de Naples* slip to correspond. *Corsage drapé*. Sleeves of the *berét* form, but shorter than usual. The trimming of the skirt consists of two gauze flounces, which are placed one immediately above the other. They are cut at the edge in lozenges; one end is brought round in the drapery style, above the left knee. A wreath of white roses, with their foliage, is attached to the bottom of the waist on the right side, under the *ceinture*, and it descends in a bias direction to the flounce, to which it forms a heading. A *bouquet*, composed of a single white rose with buds and foliage, is placed on the left side of the bosom. The hair is much parted on the forehead, and dressed in full curls. The hind hair is arranged in bows, which are full, but not high. A *bandeau* of pearls is placed rather far back on the head, and fastened by a clasp of gold and emeralds. Two long, flat, white ostrich feathers are placed immediately under the clasp in different directions, and three others, arranged *en bouquet* behind, fall gracefully over the bows of hair. Pearl necklace and ear-rings, the latter composed of seve-

ral rows, with an emerald clasp. Rose colored *gros de Naples* slippers, *en sandales*.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white watered *gros de Naples*; the *corsage*, cut extremely low, is ornamented in front of the bust with an embroidery in white floise silk, *en gerbe*, and trimmed round the bust, *à l'enfant*, with *blonde de Cambay*, set on very full. *Beret* sleeve, finished with a trimming of the same lace. A very rich and deep flounce, also of *blonde de Cambay*, goes round the border of the skirt, and is surmounted by a wreath of honeysuckle, embroidered in white silk, and very highly raised. The hair is parted so as to display the whole of the forehead, and dressed in light loose ringlets at the sides of the face. It is twisted up behind in a large *nœud* at the back of the head; a profusion of ringlets, issuing from the *nœud*, fall as low as the neck. A double *bandeau* of forget-me-nots, composed of colored gems, is tastefully arranged among the curls in front and round the back of the head. There is much originality, as well as simple elegance, in this *coiffeure*. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls and sapphires. Carved ivory fan.

THE GATHERER.

“Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather.”

DR. WAUGH.

ONE great cause of his universal popularity among the Scotch in London was his enthusiastic nationality. The following remarks, by a member of his congregation, exhibit in a striking point of view the talent which he possessed of arresting the attention or touching the affections of his hearers, by occasional animating appeals to their national or local reminiscences:—
“His congregation, though original-

ly almost exclusively from the North, was composed of a population of considerable diversity,—Scottish Highlanders, Lowlanders, Borderers, and a few natives of the north of England; but so well was he acquainted with his hearers, that he knew from what part of the country every family or individual came; and as his knowledge of Scotland, its general history, local traditions, remarkable scenery and distinguished characters, was very exten-

sive, he was enabled to avail himself of the feelings and predilections of his people, and of Scotchmen in general, in a manner peculiarly his own. In the illustration of his discourses, the most beautiful and vivid passages appeared frequently to be suggested at the moment by his catching the eye of some attentive listener, and thence suiting his address, as it were, more directly to *his* immediate apprehension, yet in a manner highly interesting to all. The Highlanders he would arouse with the stern and striking imagery of the torrents, lakes, craggy cliffs, and lonely heaths of their mountain land,—and that not in the vague terms of general allusion, but by calling up the hills and streams and glens by name before them,—Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis, Glengarry, the Spey, the Tay, &c. To the hearts of the Lowlanders he would appeal with the softer pastoral recollections of Teviotdale or Lammermuir, of Cheviot or Pentland hills, of Nithsdale or Stitchell-brae. To the English borderers he would recall the field of Flodden, the Till, Otterburn, the feudal days of Percy and Douglas, &c. Often, in this manner, has every member of his congregation had the scenes of his youth and his early associations, as connected with his religious feelings and moral duties, brought vividly to his recollection in illustration of the subject on which his pastor was preaching or lecturing. And thus he could make of importance the little hill or brae, the silent rock or bosky burn, which, unnoticed by all the world beside, gave character and life to the tender reminiscences of many a poor man and woman whose days of joyous childhood had been spent among such scenes. They felt it of importance that their brae or their burn should be known to their minister, and wondered that he should be able to describe them with a fidelity so correct, and to enter into their feelings with all the enthusiasm of a companion of their youth,—and even to draw forth beauties in those scenes, by his picturesque sketches, which had scarcely ever before at-

tracted their notice. To persons long absent from their native land, but who cherished, even in old age, sentiments of ardent attachment to it, it may be imagined how touchingly affecting this mode of illustration often proved.”

CALUMNY.

Calumny is to some weak minds what bitters are to some weak stomachs—an absolute necessity. Depravity first craves for it, and what is nauseous and base in its nature becomes at last a pleasure to the perverted taste. Hence do we often see habits of talking ill-nature grafted upon the easy character of good-nature; and *amiable* persons, who would not harm a fly, dissect and poison a human character with excess of delight.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we play'd;
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd

The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

TRUE INGENUITY.

That kind of ingenuity is an essential property of the soul, which teaches man not merely to learn for the present moment, but to add everything acquired to what is already known, and thus to combine fresh and future stores with those he is possessed of. One operative power arises from another, one builds upon another, one developes itself from another.

To improve Water for Drinking.—The following plan may be adopted for this purpose:—Let the water, when boiled, be put into a common barrel-churn, where it may be agitated to any degree required. In the course of its being thus agitated, it will absorb atmospheric air and other elastic fluids with which it may come in contact. It will thus become a liquor, safe, palatable, and wholesome, to be obtained with little trouble, and accessible to the humblest individual. Those who wish to drink this wholesome beverage in its utmost perfection, should, after having it boiled and filtered, cause it to be churned and then bottled, with a couple of dried raisins in each bottle, which will give it a sufficient quantity of fixed air. If then used, it becomes highly agreeable and effervescent.

Preaching and Pig-Killing.—Isaac Drew, a man clothed in tattered garments, was brought up at Union Hall on Wednesday, charged with preaching in the open air. At 3 o'clock in the morning he commenced preaching in one of the narrow courts in the Mint. He was surrounded by half-a-dozen drunken people, who interrupted him, and endeavored to drown his voice by mimicking and shouting out while he was holding forth. The prisoner was likewise so drunk, that when desired by a policeman to come down from his elevated position, he tumbled into the mud. The magistrate asked him what trade he followed besides that of preaching? Defendant—"I am a pig-killer, your worship; and the morning in question I got up for to kill a pig, but, afore I went to work, I thought as how I might read a prayer, and so I gets my book, and out I goes to the gash afore the house, and begins for to read out a bit; but that ere policeman comes up, and, in a roughish, indecent-like kind of a manner, tells me to have done; and so as how I did not leave off momentarily, he grips me tight, heaving me like a bunch of cat's meat into a barrow, and hauls me off to the watchus." The magistrate fined him five shillings for drunkenness. The defendant, on leaving the office, declared that as long as he lived he would never make another attempt to reform the habits of the many sinners who inhabit the Mint.

Tit for Tat.—At a village on the borders of the Vale of Belvoir, the reverend vicar of the parish had recently occasion to hire a laborer; one of his parishioners offered himself, and was accepted. When the wages came to be spoken of, his reverence said, "John, that's too much, as things go now; you know that there has been a great fall in prices; so you must take something less." The reduced sum was settled, and they agreed very well together. Last week, John choosing no longer to live in single blessedness, and having obtained the consent of his village damsel, they repaired together to church, and there mutually plighted their troth. The ceremony being ended, it was John's turn to hand out the

cash; he accordingly addressed the parson—"Well, mester, what's the damage?" The usual fee was named. "Oh, but mester," says John, who recollected the parson's speech, "that's too much as things goes now; you know that there has been a great fall in prices; so you mun e'en take summat less." This home thrust completely silenced the parson, and John paid just what he liked for fees.

Greek Calendar.—The Greek Calendar, the abolition of which was in vain attempted by the Emperor Alexander, has just been abolished in Russia, with the consent of the Synod.

Muscular Motion.—A machine has been invented in France, the object of which is to give to the human body a muscular exercise, considered to be efficacious in nervous disorders.

Incendiary Balls.—Among the means to be employed for the reduction of Algiers, is a new projectile called *balle incendiaire*. These balls are put into pistols and muskets of large calibre, and discharged by men who have been well exercis'd. The ball is so constructed, that it ignites every combustible substance against which it strikes. Several experiments were lately made in Paris, in presence of a commission appointed for the purpose, and they are stated to have been fully successful.

Fashions at the Cape.—A Caffer lady is generally enveloped, from the neck downwards, in the ample folds of a large ox-hide, with a triple row of brass buttons down her back; on her head she wears a cap like a grenadier's, the beads on which cost her husband several head of cattle; whilst the less wealthy Amaponda dame waddles about in a scanty unadorned cloak of the same stuff, and content with the simple head-dress which nature has bestowed upon her.

Knowledge the Source of Eloquence.—What we know thoroughly we usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas. I have myself heard a common blacksmith eloquent, when welding of iron has been the theme.

Dr. Paris has sold his *History of the Life and Times of Sir Humphry Davy* for 1000 guineas.

NEW BOOKS.

The Real Devil's Walk; embellished with numerous Engravings, from Designs by R. Cruikshank.

Of the "Devil's Walk" there's been much talk,
And folks seem mighty curious,
Now this is the *real* "Devil's Walk,"
And all the rest are *spurious*.

The Undying One, &c., by the Hon. Mrs. Norton—Conolly on Indications of Insanity—Parry's Anthology—Boyd's Guide to Italy—Paterson's Church History, by Brewster—Memoirs of George Romney—Thomson on Heat and Electricity.

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ON THE GENIUS OF MRS. HEMANS.

Quid femina possit.

WE have little hesitation in placing Mrs. Hemans among the very first female writers, of the present time, who have done honor to themselves and to their country by the talent they have displayed. We could name others who have exhibited superior strength of intellect, and embraced with success a wider range of subjects; others who have displayed more uniform brilliancy of thought and softness of expression: but if we were called upon to say what female writer of the day possesses the most truly poetical mind and feelings, we should, without a moment's consideration, name Felicia Hemans.

She is, beyond all others, the poetess of the sweet and beautiful affections. Home—that inexpressibly powerful word—the domestic hearth—the inexplicable affection between parent and child—the pure and undivided love of brother and sister—the thrilling emotions of youthful and kindred hearts—the withering and decay of all these endearing ties—the yearnings of the exile in a distant land for the sight of his native shore, or, in her own beautiful words, for

“The voices of his home—
Those blessed household voices wout to fill
His heart's pure depths with unalloy'd delight,”

—all these have in turn afforded her subjects of beautiful meditation and composition; and it is an evidence of a highly gifted mind to seize on those

themes to which scarce no heart is so callous as not to respond in some degree, and to render even the saddest of them subservient to the task of subduing, and yet at the same time delighting, the soul of the reader. These are the subjects in which we are persuaded Mrs. Hemans's poetical strength lies; and they are such as are most felt, and of consequence most appreciated, by the generality of readers.

It is from the same cause that Burns's “Cottars' Saturday Night,” and, in general, all poems connected with the domestic ties and affections, recommend themselves to the sensitive and feeling mind. We by no means intend to institute a comparison between Mrs. Hemans and any other writer on similar subjects; we only mean to state—what must be almost self-evident to all—that compositions connected with what we may term the universal sympathy, and proceeding from the hand of genius, must always be delightful and impressive.

Mrs. Hemans's poems on these subjects are often slight sketches, and rather general in their nature; but the outlines are always strongly and vividly drawn. The filling up and coloring of them, or, in other words, the perception and application of the feeling and sentiment contained in them, is often left to the reader; and there are indeed few, who, in the ca-

capacity of son, or husband, or father, cannot feel the beauty of the picture of affection which she presents to them, or who have not seen in actual life some splendid exhibition of human nature, "even beautiful in its full," akin to that which the poet offers to their notice. But this is not the character of all her minor poems. Many—we may say the greater part of them—are finished with a power and delicacy truly admirable, and are, in the best sense of the word, the most exquisite gems which our literature can boast of.

We must give a single extract to illustrate what we have said; but we cannot help stating, that we do not know a single writer to whom less justice can be done by this method; because we are of opinion that no writer is throughout more equal, or has written less of indifferent poetry, in proportion to what he has done. We quote almost at random a little poem, entitled, "The Graves of a Household." Gentle reader, can Felicia Hemans indite a strain that causes your heart to thrill? Have you not in life heard or seen something like this?

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the west
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain;
He wrapp'd his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that fair band.

And parted thus, they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if thou art all,
And nought beyond, oh, earth!

By an effort of taste and discernment, almost entirely peculiar to herself, Mrs. Hemans has avoided the error into which many of our first-rate poets have fallen, of employing her muse on trifling or contemptible subjects, which, however important they may appear to the author himself, can never obtain that degree of popularity which *he* conceives due to their importance. In this respect she has deferred to public taste, which, with all its prejudices, must and does determine the place which every author shall occupy in the roll of immortality. It were well then that those who aspire at higher things than she has done, be as careful of their fame, and as attentive to the taste of the public, as she has been. Many of them do not seem to be aware how much a little carelessness or puerility of writing takes away from the merit of an author. A little alloy, although it does not diminish the intrinsic value of the gold with which it is incorporated, takes away considerably from the value of the whole mass. The simile, if it be one, is of easy application.

It is often more by contrast with others than by direct elucidation, that the characteristics and merits of an author can be pointed out. Now, there is no class of poets, and scarcely a single poet, with whom we can contrast Mrs. Hemans. This, however, does not arise from her having struck out a new path for herself—but rather from her adherence to a particular class of subjects, and from the manner in which she has treated them. She has nothing in common with any member of the Lake school, except that general and warm admiration of nature, which must be the basis of all poetry. She never sinks into the occasional mysticism and puerility that disfigure the pages of its disciples, nor does she rise into the freshness and morality, and powerful descrip-

tion, which must ever render their writings the most valuable that our literature possesses, notwithstanding their occasional defects. Unlike Wordsworth, she never indulges in metaphysical trains of thought; nor does she, like him, aim in each poem at illustrating a principle, or drawing an inference. Wordsworth seems to write what he *thinks*,—Mrs. Hemans what she *feels*; so that they are the very antipodes of each other, in so far as the assertion holds true. The assertion that Mrs. Hemans writes as she *feels*, may be regarded as the general characteristic of all her poetry, and as in some measure emanating from the subjects she has chosen to write on. To use her own words, she descends to where “the passion fountains burn,” and hence springs her popularity. She is admired because she is felt. We can always sympathise with one who tells us a sweet tale of domestic affection, be it joyous or sad; while we are content, according to the feeling of the moment, to admire, perhaps to yawn over the page that illustrates a mental process, no matter though that illustration be in rhyme or blank verse.

We do not think Mrs. Hemans possesses the dramatic eloquence of Joanna Baillie—nor the softness and brilliancy of Miss Landon, whose verses “breathe of the sweet south.” But she has chosen a walk, as it were, between these, equally remote from the occasional grandiloquence of the one, and the tendency which the other sometimes exhibits toward glitter and prettiness. How mournful soever the theme be on which she writes, and how soft soever the language may be which she employs, she never “indites words signifying nothing;” she never allows it to sink into affectation. Yet her poetry is not like the dreamy and fairy poetry of Wilson, nor does it partake of the tender “nature” of DELTA. Her pictures and personages are pictures and personages of real life; but invested with that degree of poetic light which is necessa-

ry to render them interesting. She is, in general, vigorous, impressive, and thrilling; and it is to the conjunction of these qualities, with the subjects she has in general chosen, that she owes much of her popularity. You cannot read a page of her poetry without being convinced that it is the outpouring of a pure, ardent, and enthusiastic mind.

In her “Records of Woman,” she has taken higher ground than we have yet spoken of. She has painted the heroic and enduring affection of woman—she has shown the energy which true and virtuous love will inspire in the breast of a female—the terrible trials which she is able to bear supported by this principle, without the aid of which she must have sunk beneath them; and this she has done powerfully. Take one specimen—The Adieu of Gertrude Von der Wart to her Husband on the Wheel:—

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.

The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

“And bid me not depart,” she cried,
“My Rudolph, say not so;
This is no time to quit thy side—
Peace—peace—I cannot go.

“Hath the world aught for me to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it? mine is here,
I will not leave thee now.

“I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!

“And thou, mine honor'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words, to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part.

But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou should'st speak!

The wind rose high, but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear;
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near,—

While she sat striving with despair,
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer,
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute chords low
Had still'd his heart so oft.

Oh, lovely are ye, love and faith,
Enduring to the last !
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd,—

While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not.

But Mrs. Hemans's genius is not confined to the delineation of human passion and feeling, whether of a gentle or an impassioned description. She has an eye for external nature—and an eye that can, after rejecting all that is repulsive, unite in one beautiful picture all its most attractive features. There is a freshness and mellow glow, and occasionally a gorgeousness in her description of nature, which we will in vain look for in the writings of almost any other living or dead poet. Was anything ever finer than her description of a sunset in Spain? or will you meet, in the whole range of English poetry, a description of spring, or any other season, superior to what follows? It is exquisite.

The Voice of Spring.

I come, I come, ye have call'd me long ;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song ;
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth—
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass—
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chesnut
flowers

By thousands have burst from the forest bow-
ers ;

And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin of the tomb.

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy
north,

And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture
free ;

And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my steps
have been.

I have sent through the wood-path a gentle
sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky ;
From the night bird's lay through the starry
time,

In the groves of the sweet Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the
chain ;

They are sweeping on to the silvery main ;
They are flashing down from the mountain-
brows ;

They are flinging spray on the forest boughs ;
They are bursting forth from their starry caves ;
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home ;
Ye of the rose-cheek and the dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly.
With the lyre and the wreath and the joyous
lay,

Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen ;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

We have already said, and we repeat it, that we know of no writer who has written less of indifferent poetry, in proportion to the quantity of his or her poetry, than Mrs. Hemans. The secret of this seems to be, that she possesses sufficient taste to avoid writing on contemptible or trifling subjects, and such a poetical temperament as enables her to set even the lowest of her subjects in a favorable, generally a beautiful, light.

The principal fault of Mrs. Hemans's poetry is, in our estimation, decided *mannerism*, not arising from an imitation of any other writer, but solely from that of herself. How would the eye of taste relish a succession of pictures, over which, though the objects represented might be different, the same light and shade should be always diffused? Much more—how would they be appreciated if the objects were, with a difference of grouping and costume, essentially the same? Each picture might be beautiful—even exquisitely so; and yet when examined together, the effect might be to tire—to satiate—perhaps to offend the eye of the onlooker.

Now, precisely with the same feeling that the spectator experiences in looking at such pictures, do we examine a number of poems on similar subjects by Mrs. Hemans. The strain that breathes through all her poetry is of a highly feeling kind, and it is only by frequent repetition that we feel its sameness, and experience a proportionable degree of diminution in pleasure while perusing her works. It would be unjust, however, to quit this subject, leaving it to be understood that this is to be reckoned an original fault, for the reverse is the case. But what is originally a beauty, by frequent repetition becomes at length a fault; and then the sameness of tone, we had almost said intonation, which pervades the effusions of Mrs. Hemans, comes at length in some degree to pall upon the reader. Every writer, however, must have some degree of mannerism, as we understand it; and to that writer who is most exempt from it, and who shows in other respects the most varied talents, the palm of super-eminence must be

awarded. Some of our first-rate poets have written a good deal of positively bad poetry, without seeming to be very conscious of it. This is a sin from which Mrs. Hemans deserves to be exempted. If the most indifferent of her effusions be not so striking as to make us feel that we cannot forget them—none are so bad as to make us lament that a person of genius should have written them. The least poetical of her verses are generally pleasant to read, and the forgetting them costs us no pain.

We neither intended, nor have we room in the space of a few pages, to offer anything resembling a regular critique on the works of Mrs. Hemans. Our object was simply to point out what seemed to be the leading characteristics and excellences of her style and writings. We can only add, in conclusion, that we know no writer in whose collected works the reader will meet with more of the poetry of feeling, or where there will be found less to disappoint or offend even the most refined taste.

GENIUS AND AMBITION.

English Opium-Eater.—THERE are two great sources of the energy of the human mind, Mr. Hogg;—one, Delight in the works of God, from which the energy of Genius springs,—and one, Pride in its own powers, from which springs the energy of Ambition.

Shepherd.—In my opinion, baith thae two soources o' energy are in a' minds whatsomever, sir.

English Opium-Eater.—Yes, Mr. Hogg, they are; but in different allotment. One, either by nature, or by the sources of life, will be predominant. If the delight in good, in natural and moral beauty, be the stronger principle, then all the energy that springs from the consciousness of strength and skill, and from the pleasure of activity, falls into subservience to the nobler power; and those men are produced, who, if their talents are great, and fall in with great occasions,

receive the name of teachers, deliverers, fathers of their countries. But if imagination is weak—and the delight in contemplation of all that is great and beautiful in the world, has little sway in the mind, but the pride in its own powers is strong,—then spring up the afflictors of mankind,—then comes that Love of Glory, which is not, as in nobler minds, a generous delight in the sympathy and approbation of their fellow men; but an insatiable thirst for renown, that the voice of mankind, though it were of their groans, may bear witness to their transcendent might, and feed their own consciousness of it,—then come those disordered and tormenting passions, stung by rival glory, and maddened by opposition, which engender the malignant character of genius. For if there be genius in such a mind, it cannot maintain its nature against such evil influ-

ences ; but lends itself to any the most accursed work.

North.—Nor matters it what the power may be, sir, whether merely external, as from birth and place, which, without much native power, has made the common tyrants of the world—or whether it be the intensest power of an extraordinary mind. If it be intellectual glory and empire among men which it seeks, it will tear down Truth and set up Falsehood—

Shepherd.—Aye, gin it can.

North.—And it can, and often does, shaming morality and even religion out of the world. In all cases alike, there is the same subserviency of the energies of genius to the energy of ambition. But look, James, to their respective works. The spirit of genius is naturally creative ; its works have in themselves a principle of duration—because it creates in conformity to the laws of nature—and therefore the laws of nature preserve its works. The arts which genius has invented, maintain themselves by their importance to mankind. Its beautiful productions are treasured up by their love, and delivered over from one generation to another,—the laws it has given blend themselves with the existence of society,—the empires it has established stand by the wisdom in which they were founded. But the spirit of ambitious power is naturally a destroyer ; and when it attempts to create, it departs from its character and fails. It creates against nature, and therefore nature rejects its works, and the process of her laws shall overthrow them. It shall build up, in the kingdom of mind, error, superstition, and illusion, which shall tyrannize for a time, and then pass away forever. It shall build up military strength and political dominion—a fabric reaching to heaven, and overshadowing the earth. But it is built up, not in wisdom, but in folly ; its principle of destruction is within itself, and when its hour is come, lo ! it crumbles into dust.

Tickler.—Good, North ; at least tolerable—not much amiss.

Shepherd.—A hantle better nor ony-thing ye'll say the nicht.

Tickler.—Napoleon and Alfred !—The one is already dead—the other will live forever. Alfred ! the mighty Warrior, who quelled and drove afar from him the terrible enemy that had baffled the prowess of all his predecessors—the Father of his people, who listened to all complaints, and redressed all wrongs—the Philosopher, who raised up a barbarous age towards the height of his own mind, and founded the civilization of England—the Legislator, whose laws, after a thousand years, make part of the liberties of his country !

Shepherd.—Better than I expected. Tak breath, and at it again, tooth and nail, lip and nostril.

Tickler.—Our imagination cannot dream of a greater man than this, or of one happier in his greatness. Yet, we do not, I opine, Mr. De Quincey, think of Alfred as strongly possessed by a Love of Fame. We think of him as conscious of his own high thoughts, and living in the elevation of his nature. But he seems to us too profoundly affected by his great designs, to care for the applauses of the race for whose benefit his mighty mind was in constant meditation. He seems to us rather absorbed in the philosophic dream of the wide change which his wisdom was to produce on the character of his country ; and in all that he did for man, to have desired the reflection, not of his own glory, but of their happiness. The thoughtful moral spirit of Alfred did not make him insensible to the sympathies of men ; but it was self-satisfied, and therefore sought them not ; and, accordingly, in our conception of his character, the Love of Glory makes no part, but would, I think, be felt at once to be inconsistent with its simple and sedate grandeur.

Shepherd.—You've acquitted yourself weel, Mr. Tickler, and had better haud your tongue for the rest o' the nicht—

North.—“ Lest aught less great should stamp you mortal.”

NEWFOUNDLAND ADVENTURES.

DURING the time I was engaged in the Newfoundland fishery, I happened to accompany the admiral of the station in one of his usual coasting voyages of *surveillance*, which, in his capacity of governor of the island, he performs at stated periods.

It was about the end of July, that we cast anchor at the isle of Toulanguet, on the northern coast, where we heard that a considerable sensation had been created by the unprovoked murder of a planter,* and plunder of his stock of cod as it lay drying on the scaffolds, by the Esquimaux, during one of their flying visits from the mainland.

These Esquimaux are a very singular people. They are truly savages. Every attempt on the part of the settlers to conciliate and civilize them has hitherto proved abortive. Distrust seems to be a constitutional characteristic of the race, to an extent unknown amongst other North American Indians. They also possess a full share of the love of war and the love of theft, unmitigated by any feelings of pity for the pains they inflict, and undisturbed by any metaphysical considerations of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

“For why? because the good old rule

Suffices them,—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should *kill* who can!”

In common with other Esquimaux tribes, hunting and fishing are their only means of subsistence. Indeed, the soil and climate offer few temptations to engage in agriculture; especially to a people who never remain a week in one place if they can help it, and to whom the restriction of a settled residence would be felt an intolerable evil. In short, they present as complete a specimen of savage life as could be found in any quarter of the globe.

The constant feeling of insecurity of life and property, which the set-

tlers on the coast endured from these people's vindictive and predatory habits, tended much to retard attempts to improve the interior. At last, the local government determined to take measures to lessen the evil. The most effectual seemed to be, the civilization of a few natives to an extent that would render them capable of communicating between their countrymen and the European settlers, to interpret the desire of the latter to open regular trading houses for their accommodation, and render them every assistance they might require, in the hope of ultimately establishing a friendly intercourse.

The murder of the planter seemed a very inauspicious prelude to this project, but the admiral did not despair. He summoned a meeting of the neighboring inhabitants, and went on shore himself to see what could be done. As I had always a great curiosity to learn anything relating to these Arabs of the snows, I begged leave to accompany him.

The meeting took place at the house of Mr. English, episcopal minister of the islands of Fogo and Toulanguet. He was an intelligent, well-educated young man, evidently much respected by the admiral and the assembled company. He was very anxious that a party should be formed (of which he offered to be one), to proceed in search of the natives, to bear them presents, and by the language of signs (well understood over the continent of North America) to explain our good wishes and intentions to permanently contribute to their comforts, if they would consider ours. “And, perhaps,” said he, “we may induce one or two to return with us, through whom we may, by kind treatment, eventually establish a satisfactory intercourse with the wild tribes, and convert them from dangerous enemies into useful friends.”

* A resident on shore, employed in curing and packing fish, &c.

"'Tis only throwing away time to think of it," said an old weather-beaten fisher, who held a fine boy by the hand; "the ugly devils are incapable of civilization. When I was a whaler on the Hudson's Bay station, I saw hundreds of these Esquimaux for years together, and know them well. They were brutish and wild enough, God knows; but of all the animals on two legs that I ever saw or heard of, these islanders are the lowest and worst. By their fruits ye may know them."

"Granted!" said the benevolent minister; "but surely, Simon, they only stand in more need of our assistance and instruction. If we had commenced our works of kindness a year ago, probably, your son would not have been thus savagely murdered. Bad as they are, we should feel for them. They have at least souls to be saved."

"Souls to be saved!" re-echoed Simon in scornful surprise; "d—n their souls! I read my Bible constantly, but I never saw a word in it about these Esquimaux, or could learn that the raw-flesh-eating* vagabonds had souls in their stinking carcasses, though they wear their beards, and call themselves† *men*. A black wolf has ten times more sagacity than any of them, and when he dies his skin is worth a dollar. My dog Cabot has as much flesh on his bones, and as much brains in his skull, and is much more likely to have a soul to be saved. I'll tell you what he did one day, and then judge for yourselves. As we were at anchor, fishing in the Ditch ‡——"

"Avast, Simon!" said the admiral, "we'll listen to that story another time; we've other fish to catch now!"

"Ay! Ay!" replied the rough old fisher in a grumbling under-tone, "haul away! Unlucky hookfulls you'll have of them! and glad enough

you'll be to throw your stinging stinking fish overboard again! Fish, indeed! They're neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring!"

A number of the company seemed to coincide with Simon, that the savages were a bad speculation to meddle with, and that the safer mode of treatment was to keep them at a distance, like wild beasts; but the admiral was not so easily disconcerted. "Simon," said he, "I always heard a good account of you, as an obliging fellow, and as a man of courage too. Now I want to trap a few of these rough unsavory fellows, that you despise so heartily; but if you stand aback, you'll make cowards of all the crew. Your fishing season is fairly over now,—your scaffolds are full,—the cod is drying briskly; and if you and your comrades will join Mr. English in a hunt after the natives, you sha'n't lose your labor. I'll give 100*£*. for every one that you bring to Fort Townshend a year hence, able to speak either English or French, and interpret between us and their countrymen."

"Bless your heart!" said Simon, "that's a noble bounty, and would bring mermaids from Norway. We'll hook the lubbers for you, though they hide like otters, and snap like sharks. But the parson here must undertake for the lingo, and a tough spell he'll have of it. They are as sulky as bears in their winter lodge. Ah! cut a shark's meat ever so nice, you'll never teach him to chew like a Christian."

"Grandada," said the boy in an earnest whisper, "let me go with you to hunt the savages! Paul will lend me his carbine, and we'll bring Cabot."

"No! no! child," replied the old man, "'twas enough for them to kill your father. I must not lose you, as I did my poor Ben, by the arrows

* Esquimaux is derived from Esquimantsic, in the Albinakis language, importing, "Eaters of raw flesh." Many tribes are still quite ignorant of the art of cookery.

† Keraliti, i. e. men.

‡ The deepest soundings, near the centre of the Great Bank.

of these wild brutes. Stay at home, my dear Sebastian, for a little while. You'll get fighting enough, I promise you, as you go through the world."

It was finally arranged, that Simon should man a small sail-boat with a few steady men of his own choice, and run along the coast the very next day, with Mr. English, in search of the native Esquimaux; bearing as presents some trinkets and utensils which they value highly, a fortnight's provisions for themselves, and, to guard against the worst, arms and ammunition. I had never yet seen these natives, and as I had always loved adventures where sociality and danger went hand in hand, I requested, and readily received, permission to accompany the party. Mr. English gave me a bed in his house, and the sun at its rising next morning found us seated beside old Simon in his smack, with the helm in his hand, Cabot between his legs, and his long duck-gun behind him, steering right before the wind into the Bay of Exploits. His crew consisted of six jovial fishers, prepared for any adventure; their guns and pistols safe in a chest, and their tobacco-pipes sociably displayed in their mouths, puffing away care, and enjoying hundreds of pounds sterling in all the moral certainty of lively anticipation. You and I once heard a matter-of-fact person deny the power of the human mind to forestall future pleasure and pain to any real extent; but this lubber had never dreamt of jumping ashore into the arms of expecting friends, whilst becalmed amidst the fogs of Newfoundland, and lulled to sleep by the loud billows that break above its Banks; or never fancied himself in a sinking ship in the midst of the Atlantic, while the cries of agonized companions assail his ears with horrible fidelity. For my part, I find my share of solid material happiness so very trifling, that I am determined through life to enjoy as much of it as possible in prospect, and look at the bright side of things wherever my course is bound.

There was little of brightness or beauty to be seen in the shores along which we were passing. Farmer's Island lay on our right, the mainland on our left; both bordered with cold, rugged, gloomy rocks; here quite barren, there crowned with juniper, heath, or wild spruce, which formed the only objects that relieved the waste of waters. A few detached, tall, naked crags stood forth among the waves in picturesque array; but the general aspect of still life here is sombre and repulsive; so I turned in self-defence to enjoy animated nature beside me.

"What a noble animal this Cabot is!" said I to his master; "you were interrupted yesterday in an interesting anecdote of his sagacity."

"Ay!" said the old man proudly, "'tis he that needn't be ashamed to hear his doings spoken of. He knows every word I say, and would speak if he could. I reared him from his cradle, and fed and christened him myself. I love him like a child, and he respects me like a father. Well, as I was saying, my poor Ben and I were fishing on the Bank one day, as usual, and Cabot was on board. I like to bring him with me, for he has a pretty notion of the weather, and always takes his watch with me, and keeps me warm in my berth when we turn in together—(that's if he's not too wet, for then he has the decency to lie alone). When on deck, he keeps a good look out for squalls, and barks right in the wind's eye till they strike us: but if he spies a sleeping whale, he's as mute as a mouse. He can see an iceberg through a fog, or feel the freezing blast from it as well as any Christian. He's like a Christian in everything—eating his fish boiled or broiled, as we can give it to him—not bolting it raw like the unclean savages (who only know the use of fire to show them light), except when he takes a fancy to eat a cod's tongue from my hand, or to munch a flounder, that he amuses himself finding with his feet in the shallow water on shore, and chasing till he catches them.

"Well, as I was saying, we were pulling up the fish by hundreds. The sea was alive with cod. 'Twas only the end of May, and we had our ten thousand for the bounty already caught. Every man of us was alive and jumping; Cabot wishing he had hands to help us, and avoiding the hooks like an old seaman. All of a sudden, a hook on the line that I was paying out caught the riband of my seals, and whipt the watch out of my fob!—a beautiful little double-cased, gold, flat, French thing, that went as regular as the gulf-stream. The riband tore half through in the jerk, and away flew the *montre d'or* clean off the hook! 'O my watch! my watch!' said I. Cabot saw the salmon-leap it made over the gunwale, heard my outcry, and instantly plunged in head foremost after the shining bait. 'Ah! poor Cabot,' thought I, 'gold sinks faster than you can dive, and the bottom is out of your depth here. I pray Heaven he does not hook himself.' Well, it wasn't long till he popped his head up like an otter with a fine cod splashing about in his mouth. 'Well done, Cabot,' said I, 'you thought I bid you go fish for me, as often you did before.' Ben helped him and the cod into the boat, and up the side of the vessel. 'You deserve the tongue for yourself, my fine fellow,' said I, as I cut it out for him, and threw the fish to the gutter. Cabot wouldn't have it, but jumped after his prize. Ben and I went on at our work as before, when presently we heard him barking furiously, and saw the gutter threatening him with his knife. 'What's all this about, Cabot?' said I,—'silence, sir!' but he made more noise than ever.—'How dare you insult the dog?' said Ben.—'Upon my oath I didn't touch him,' replied the gutter, trembling.—'You lie,' said Ben, seizing the fellow by the arm; 'he never barks at any one for nothing, and to mend the matter you turn your knife on him!' Cabot, the instant that Ben caught the fellow's knife-arm (he never meddles with edge tools), sprung on

the rogue's breast, tore open his waistcoat, and down dropped my watch and seals on deck. Cabot seized them, handed them safe to me, and jumped for joy. We all kissed him, and Ben kicked the dirty gut-plucker; and Cabot barked him out of the vessel. I examined his fish afterwards, and found that he had caught it by the tail, most likely as it was trying the hard bellyful it had swallowed too hastily, and was shaking it out, head downwards as usual; for (saving your presence) they puke as natural as an alderman. I got the watch cleaned at St. John's;—here it is, and it goes better than ever; but when fishing, I always wear my seals inside. Ay! you see Cabot knows what we are talking of," continued he, as the sagacious animal caught the riband playfully in his mouth, and looked proudly at his master; "and he has heard as much French spoken while he was with me at Cape St. John, that he understands a good deal of that language too."

"I'll try him now," said I, and turning to Mr. English, observed, "*Le ciel promet l'orage contre le vent! Y a-t-il de l'apparence des roffles aujourd'hui?*"

Cabot jumped up earnestly, laid his paws on the gunwale, snuffed the breeze, and looked along the sky over Farmer's Island in very seaman-like style; then after peeping in all our careless faces, seemed to settle himself down into an opinion (as he yawned and nestled again between Simon's legs, with some contempt in his countenance) that there was no danger of squalls. "I'll try him again," said I, and continued to Simon, "*Y a-t-il sur ce côté des bons endroits pour prendre terre?*" The dog's eyes instinctively turned coastwards, but he seemed to await his master's reply.

"Oh non! Mais au-delà de la pointe prochaine la terre est plus unie, et nous pouvons débarquer de tems en tems chercher pour ces gros pitauls les Esquimaux!"

Simon, who had much of the vivacity of gesture which seems an indis-

pensable part of the language he was speaking, could not help pointing significantly at the headland he was about to weather, and infusing an extra degree of scorn into his brief notice of the poor natives. Cabot evidently observed both, and stood upon the alert, as if he had received an "order of the day" to hold himself in readiness for actual service. His curiosity was effectually roused, and he ran about the vessel with his eyes fixed on the rock that concealed the promised land of his master's hereditary foes.

"The word Esquimaux," said Mr. English, "has a great effect on him. I think he shares in his master's antipathies. It started him angrily on his feet just now, as the cry of *Neunook!* (a bear) rouses an Esquimaux dog."

The old man seemed rather affronted by the illustration. "What resemblance is there," said he, "between that noble fellow and any of their howling, thievish, half-starved, quarrelsome curs?—a cross between wolves and foxes!—just kept alive by offal, and by shell-fish of their own finding; and, when in harness, requiring a skelp, and a curse every minute, to prevent them running riot, and choking themselves with each other's wool! Cabot never needs a blow, and would'nt bear it. He can run as fast as I can with two hundred weight of wood or fish in his own little sleigh when the snow is hard, and, once to oblige me (indeed I lent him a hand myself), drew twice that weight. He would'nt live on the raw garbage that they do, for he always eats with me. —My lads, get breakfast!—He never hurt a dog in his life, unless it first attacked him. By the by, now you remind me, he was set upon by four savage curs in an Esquimaux sledge one day, that turned out of their track on the Hudson Bay ice to fall foul of him. The driver had been shouting *Neunook!* as if there were a bear in sight, to spirit them on their journey, when all at once they turned on Cabot, pretending to mistake *him* for a bear. 'A joke's a joke!' said I,

'but this is too bad!' so I leveled my gun to quash the fight; but the little woolly devils were over and under him so often, that I couldn't fire without hurting him. He just gave all their legs a chop a-piece (that's his way of fighting), and left them lame and howling. During the fight, their driver poised his fish-spear, and would have shivered Cabot if I hadn't fired my charge of duck-shot across him, and blew the harpoon-head off: it was only tied on with a single thong in the middle of it, as usual (to let it turn into a cross-barb in the fish or flesh it penetrated, as the case might be); so he got it again after the fray, in two of his dogs' mouths, that were fighting for its fresh seal-skin thong. But, would you believe it? the savage was so intent on slaughter that he didn't mind my shot, but darted the headless handle at Cabot, who, in return, seized the ugly devil by the leg like the rest, (small blame to him,) and pulled three boots off. I had great work to untangle them. Well, when the battle was ended, and I was giving the greasy driver a drop of brandy, he saw that poor Cabot had got fast to his fishing-line by a hook stuck through the web between his toes. The fellow seized the paw roughly to recover his property, and was going to tear it out, as if it had only been in a cod's jaw. Cabot winced, and was about to bite him again; so I knocked the fellow down for peace-sake, to teach him gentleness, as words would be thrown away on him. I then cut the line and drew out the hook backward, to Cabot's admiration, who was in despair at the awkward grapple he had made, and expected to part with some of his precious toes, at least, before he got clear. Well, sir! when we went home, and fully six months after, one day as I came to shore to unload a cargo of fish at Ben's scaffold, Cabot came swimming and barking alongside to congratulate me and play with Sebastian as usual. He was anxious to attract my attention, but I didn't speak to him for a long time, as I was busy on board, keeping a tally of the fish.

At last he howled mournfully : 'twas the first time I had ever heard him howl—(the Esquimaux brutes can do nothing else). And as little Sebastian kept interrupting me, I looked steadily to see what was the matter. Then I perceived that he had another dog at the water's edge along with him, very lame ;—and as he kept running about the poor brute—then towards me—then back again to him, I thought there must be some meaning in it (for Cabot has no nonsense about him) ; so I stepped ashore and looked at the lame dog's foot. And there, fast anchored in the flesh, stuck an ugly cod-hook. I took it out, as I had done before for Cabot, and jerked it into the water, as I thought, sinking it with a hearty curse to the 'ottom of the sea. But it fell short ; and, what do you think Cabot did ? The considerable brute ran after it—picked it up—let it drop fairly in the water—then returned to his companion, and away they both scampered, barking with delight. The dog's worth his weight in dollars ! He has a great heart, tender bowels, and no spleen, bile, gall, or venom, in his nature. I'll bet my year's fishing he has a soul to be saved ! Now, lads, to breakfast ! ”

A substantial breakfast was spread around the mast. Our stores consisted of green and dry cod, herrings, salmon and eels, salt beef, gannets and their eggs from the Bird Islands, biscuits, and brandy. The last was a present from the stores of the admiral, who knew the general poverty of diet of the fishers, and wished to infuse some spirit into their proceedings through the medium of their stomachs. Cabot sat beside his master, took politely whatever was given him, and behaved himself, as Simon would say, “very like a Christian.”

By the time breakfast was ended, we had doubled the little cape, and we then ran alongside a low beach for some time till we found a favorable spot to land at. We jumped ashore, and ascended the most elevated rock contiguous ; but the telescope could show us nothing of the human race :

so we continued our course along the shore, as near as we safely could venture, till we reached the southern extremity of the bay where it receives the River of Exploits ; occasionally turning into little creeks and coves of still water, where we could land without risk, and get a view inland. But as yet no natives appeared.

A sail-boat is a fine place for listening to stories. You have no rowing to tire you ; sailors have always something strange to tell, and you may believe as much as you please. Wrapped up in your cloak, the breeze in your ear only makes you arrange it more comfortably to catch the long “yarn” as it comes spinning out amidst spray and sail-flap, creaking of the astonished mast, and rattling of rival ropes.

“This is a strange mainsail of yours,” said I ; “how came the picture of this great fish on it ?—What claw-like fins !—and what a set of teeth !—Which of your sea-devils is it ? ”

“That's a grampus,” replied the old man, “the whale's greatest enemy. One of these fellows (with sometimes the help of a thresher, or a sword-fish, or a sea-unicorn), will drive a poor whale ashore in shallow water, kill him, and eat him after. They're all great poachers and injure the whale-fishing very much. Yet they're sociable animals in their own way, not very unlike the white wolves, in their mode of life, that I have seen in a long string like a crescent on the plains of Labrador, chasing an elk in the midst of them over a precipice, and then quietly descending to pick his bones together. I'll tell you how the fish came to be painted there.

“When I was mate of a Nantucket whaler, and we were running south heavy laden from Hudson's Bay, an ugly wind from sou'-sou'-west ahead blew us back as we were entering the straits of Belle-Isle, and sent us coasting round Newfoundland through the fogs. We doubled Cape Bauld by close shaving, then stood well out from the shore till the storm abated, and just passed Toulinguet, when the

wind died away, and the fog came down on us like a casting net. There we were for three days, that we never saw the sun, yawning about, till the tide carried us one night right on a sharp ledge of sunken rocks. Then (when the mischief was done) a gale set in at sunrise from the north, the fog was cleared up like a mainsail in a squall, and we found our stout ship breaking her back on the ledge as the tide fell, within a bow shot of Round Head, the northern point of the isle of Fogo. What was to be done? The gale was increasing; the breakers boiled furiously about us, and the surf on the shore would swamp a life-boat. It had been a spring-tide, d'ye see; the vessel now lay high on the ledge: every wave ran up the rock like a wild bull, tossing up the stern, and letting it fall again. The thumps she gave as the keel struck the bottom were felt like the shocks of an earthquake in the Mississippi! We all expected by full ebb that the good ship *Grampus* would be in shivers, with all of us afloat, to be dashed on the Round Head among our barrels of blubber!

"A crowd of people on the island had assembled at the mouth of a little cove, just a mere gap in the rocks, where in fair weather a boat might put in, or a dog swim ashore. A thought struck me. I called Cabot, showed him the cove, and bid him swim with a line to the people there. He would have taken it in his mouth; but I persuaded him to wait till I made it fast to him like the traces of his own sleigh, and then off he jumped with it, rowing through the surge in gallant style. We all gave three cheers for Cabot as we beheld him pushing on undauntedly, with all our lives depending on the rope that he bore so well, and which every minute grew heavier. I paid it out myself, lest he should be held back, or lest more might go than was needful, and mayhap catch on the coral bottom. Now he approached the surf on shore. Again we cheered him on. The islanders had caught a sight of him amidst the tumbling spray, and re-echoed our

shouts as he neared them. The captain stood beside me watching every stroke of the dog through his glass, and giving us hope and comfort. I could only mind the rope. I recollect I knocked my son Ben upside down for treading on it—(that poor fellow who was murdered 'tother day!) 'Now,' said the captain, 'he enters the breakers! No, he stops! No wonder; that surf would make splinters of a porpoise. Ah! he sinks,—he's lost!—and we're lost!' He dropt the glass, and fell on his knees on my coil. 'Get off the line, you cowardly lubber,' said I, capsizing him. 'I'll bet a guinea now he's diving under it. What should ail him?' The captain jumped up like a new man, and soon we saw the waving of hats as Cabot swam cleverly in!

"We now sent a strong rope ashore, and along with it a cable, which they made fast round a high rock. On this we swung a chair, well braced together with cord, like a cage, that slid along by an iron ring. One by one the crew went safe ashore in this easy chair, with the help of the islanders, who pulled it cheerily to land every time by the second rope; and those who remained on board hauled it back again. Every one made much of Cabot when he landed, but he minded none but our friend Paul there beside you, who had waded into the water to meet him and take off the line, and give him a biscuit after his swim. He barked with delight as each of the crew was hauled through the surf to the rock, and spun about like a trundling mop when he saw me in the cage setting off from the ship with little Sebastian in my arms; for we were the last except the captain. The *Grampus* soon was bumped to pieces, and the casks of blubber came rolling in. As the wind abated, we saved most of them, and some of the ship's sails and timbers, by guiding them into the little cove. Ben and I were given the charge of them till they could be disposed of. We found kind people in these islands, and liked our quarters so well that here we have

staid ever since, and given up the harpoon for the cod hooks. The captain gave me a foresail that I saved: Ben cut it up into what you see, and painted that Grampus on it, that we might never forget our whaling days."

We now entered the River of Exploits, and landed to climb a rocky hill at a little distance, from the top of which we might hope to get a pretty extensive view. And here, after a sharp look out, to our great delight we caught a sight of the Esquimaux. About a dozen single canoes were lying a mile off, up a bend of the river, hauled into a rushy creek. A rude tent of skins thrown across a few poles stood near them in a clump of juniper, and their owners were huddled together at a little distance on the overhanging heathy bank; very much resembling a group of young white bears on the watch for fish. We had scarcely discovered them, when their keen eyes perceived us also, and up they started in haste, pulled down their tents in a minute, rolled up their little furniture in the skins in the most expeditious and workmanlike style, and ran with their property to the canoes.

"We alarm them," said I. "They may escape us if we don't hasten up in the boat."

"No! no!" replied Simon, "they mistake us for a land party, and take to the water for safety. So far, so well. Let them tie the bearskins fast on their canoes, and cram their own blubberly selves into the deck-holes, and then we have them on our own element. The wind is with us, and we'll soon run them down."

'Twas just as Simon foretold. The Esquimaux hastily paddled from shore, each tied up in his water-proof seat; but having gained the centre of the river, they seemed to await our further movements to regulate theirs. We now hastened down to the boat, which as yet lay hid by the hill from their sight, and made all sail to come up with them. As soon as they espied us on the water, they were seized with consternation. They speedily paddled back to land again, and untied

their packages as quickly as they had tied them on before, stowed them away into the holes they had sat in, and marched off inland with their boats and baggage on their heads;—a curious sight to me. During this operation, we were fast approaching them, and getting ready our presents. Mr. English and Paul (who both knew something of their manners) undertook to bear them; and, to excite less apprehension, left their guns behind.

"Nevertheless," said Simon, "take each of you a pair of pistols in your pockets. These savages are treacherous at best. And if you find them in a bad humor don't close with them, but keep out of the reach of their arrows and spears. And all the rest of you, put by your pipes, and look to your priming. The messengers may need our help yet."

We laid the boat close in to the bank, and made her fast to an old spruce fir that grew near. Our ambassadors now hastened to overtake the loaded natives, who, as soon as they perceived themselves followed, divided into two parties, and pursued separate paths. Mr. English took the course of the party to the right, and Paul endeavored to come up with that to the left. As the ground was tolerably clear and level, we had a fair view of all their proceedings from the river side.

When the savages saw they were pursued in this manner, first one party, then the other, laid down their canoes, and held a consultation amongst themselves. "I'm sorry now that Paul went," said Simon to me; "he's drest exactly as my poor Ben was the day he was killed. They were comrades, and cut their jackets from the same piece, and their caps out of the same seal-skin. He was present at that skirmish, and helped us to rescue our fish. I wounded one of the natives, and he wounded another. If these fellows were of that party, he runs a great risk. Ha! they are threatening him. Paul, stop! call him, somebody that can

shout. The wind baffles my voice. That fellow in front is springing his fingers !*—and now they string their bows, and fit their arrows ; and the booby's picking his steps, and doesn't see it. Paul, I say ! Lads, get your guns ! ”

At our repeated shouts, the messenger turned round, and at that moment the party to which he had been advancing discharged their arrows at him. He was struck—ran a little way towards us, staggered, and fell. The Esquimaux rushed towards him with loud shouts ; and Mr. English, well knowing the fate that awaited the poor fellow, if they reached him, ran courageously to his aid, and discharged his pistols at the assailants. They returned his fire by several arrows shot in succession, and so well aimed, that if he had not watched narrowly, and jumped actively aside, each shaft would have transfixed him. I was struck with admiration at the intrepid presence of mind and quickness displayed in this dangerous moment by a quiet young man, whose exercises had hitherto been of so different a cast. The old Peruvian gymnasts, who stood as marks on their pedestals (*Vide* Marmontel's *Incas*), could not have evaded the hostile missiles more dexterously. The secret of his safety, I believe, lay in the calm, observant mood which was constitutional in him, and now enabled him to look danger steadily in the face—to correctly estimate its tendency—and, thus collected and forewarned, to move the requisite step in ease and safety.

The party to the right now made ready to assist their companions. Our crew also ran towards the scene of action. “ Stop, lads ! and fire quickly and steadily,” cried Simon ; “ 'tis the only chance to save them ! ” Each of our men shot in turn, but so hurriedly, from the agitation they felt at the sight of their fallen comrade in the clutches of savages, that they all

missed their marks. Simon and I had not yet fired. Some of the fishers stood in my way, so I discharged my piece, which was loaded with swan drops, at the second party, who were now advancing with shouts of defiance ; and with good effect, for they instantly retreated, took up their canoes, and we soon lost sight of them. The others had now surrounded their hapless victim ; and one of them, the fellow who first threatened Paul, was in the act of plucking out the arrow he had shot him with, when Simon, resting his long duck-gun on a branch of the withered spruce that our boat was tied to, fired and shot him dead. On his fall, and our approach, his companions speedily retraced their steps, with the exception of one who remained bent in anguish over his body ; but, such is the force of habit, ere they fled they could not resist the temptation of snatching their own particular arrows out of the body of the dying man. They also found time to plunder him of the ill-fated presents.

As our crew hastened up to their bleeding comrade, the remaining savage fled also. Two of the fishers, who had re-loaded, again presented their pieces with steady, vengeful aim, but Simon arrested their fire by exclaiming, “ Hold, lads ! 'tis a woman ! I see the peak of her head-dress, with its beads and feathers. I'll stop her without gunpowder. Here, Cabot ! seize her, boy ; catch her by the long cloak, and hold her fast ! ”

The dog waited for no more, but stretched away after the waddling bundle of skins which his master's sharp eye had recognized as the dress of a female Esquimaux. He soon came up with her, and effectually arrested her flight by laying firm hold of the ample bear-skin robe. Hoping still to escape, she untied it at the collar, left it in his grasp, and fled again. Again the dog pursued, caught her by the tail of her jacket, and held her securely without further

* To spring the fingers at any one, as if sprinkling water, in the language of signs, indicates the discharge of missiles, and the threat, “ I will kill you if—— ”

violence. The savage, thus tra-meled, uttered screams of rage and despair. She turned furiously on the dog with her drawn knife, and plunged it furiously into his throat and breast several times. The noble animal retained his hold to the last; but as the life-blood flowed from the wound, she shook herself free, and again ran towards her tribe, now far distant. The old man, during the struggles, had gained fast on her, and, boiling over with wrath, at last overtook and knocked her down with the butt of his gun. Again her screams of rage were heard, and rose on the air at intervals. I ran up to save her life, as I feared that Simon was inclined to take ample vengeance on his prisoner; but I perceived he was only binding her feet together, and her hands behind her back. He then hastily returned to his faithful dumb friend, who lay bleeding and shuddering on the spot where he had fallen beneath her knife.

I aided Simon's endeavors to bind up the deep wounds which the enraged savage had made in his breast and neck; but it was plain, from the quantity of blood that had gushed from them ere we arrived, and now lay streaming around him, that the noble animal was past our help. The old man's voice faltered, and I saw a tear on his rough cheek, as he said, "'Tis all over; Cabot will never swim again; and there's not such a dog alive. God forgive me! 'twas I that sent him to be killed!" Cabot still knew his voice; and with eyes that were fast assuming the glossy lustre of death, acknowledged the grateful sympathy of his master. He raised his head for an instant, and attempted to lick the hand that patted it; but the vital stream gushed from his mouth, and the effort was unavailing. It was his last—expressive of the master feeling of his noble nature, and Simon fully appreciated it. "My faithful dog!" he exclaimed, "where shall I find such a friend? I would share half the remaining years of my life with you if I could. But it

pleases God to take you to himself, and leave me to struggle on alone with storms and savages." So saying, and sighing heavily, he arose from the clotted gore in which he had been unconsciously kneeling, and returned with me to the spot where the crew were assembled round the wounded fisher and the dead Esquimaux.

As we approached, they beckoned Simon to hasten, and we both ran forward. Paul lay on his face on the ground, weltering in blood. One arrow was yet sticking firmly in his neck, the last remaining of four which had pierced him as he turned to ask the meaning of our shouts.

The fishers and Mr. English were endeavoring to stanch the wide-spread wounds by bandages when we arrived; but all their handkerchiefs and neck-cloths were soon soaked through, and his life was fast flowing away. He motioned Simon to stoop down to him, as he could not raise or turn his head, and he groaned with horror as his comrades proposed to remove the arrow. "Simon," said he, faintly and at intervals, "I am dying. This arrow is too deep. Don't touch it! Let me die! These are the fellows that killed Ben. Wear this cap for my sake. Let Sebastian have my carbine: the boy was fond of me. Tell Mary I pardon all her cruelty. Give her the little moss-rose tree again; perhaps she will think of Paul as she wears its flower. Give my watch and everything else to my mother, and say my last thoughts were of her."—"I will, my dear fellow," replied Simon; "God help her and me too!" A pause ensued. His breathing was yet audible, and all were silent in deep commiseration. Again his feeble voice was heard, as if a sudden thought occurred. "Tell her, lest she should lose time in searching, that I hid the key of my chest over the door, and that I put her strong shoes up the chimney to dry." He would have said more, but the barbed weapon now irritated his throat beyond endurance, and he coughed violently: the blood gushed

afresh everywhere, and when the fit ceased from exhaustion, he breathed no more : life terminated in that universal convulsion.

All stood silently gazing on the piteous sight, till Simon, with an anxiety we could not comprehend the cause of, withdrew from his friend's neck the fourth and last shaft which the savage had been endeavoring to regain when he received his death-shot. "He is quite dead!" said the old fisher, "he winces not! 'twould have roused life if a feeling remained. Ay!" continued he, as he closely examined the carving of the bone arrow-head, and compared it with those in its owner's quiver, and with one which he drew from his own pocket, "ay! 'tis as I thought. The same hand that shot Paul drew the bow before to murder my poor Ben: these arrow-heads were cut from the same bone, and notched by the same hand, and now it lies cold and stiff there beside Paul's. I'm satisfied. And see how the wild butcher still grasps his knife in death! 'Tis plunged into the earth as he made his last spiteful stab at Paul with it. Lads, bear your comrade's body to the boat: we'll take it home to his poor mother. And bring me the anchor and boat-axe: I've a grave to dig here."

The crew lifted Paul's cold and stiffening body on their guns, and slowly moved from the scene of blood; while Simon, accompanied by Mr. English and me, returned to the spot where Cabot expired. At a little distance his prisoner lay bound on the earth, exhausted by her fit of rage, and now awaiting her fate in sullen silence. As he gazed mournfully on the body, he exclaimed, "What shall I say to the child?" "'Tis his grandson, Sebastian, that he speaks of," whispered Mr. English; "Cabot and he were inseparable. 'Twould have delighted you to have seen the noble dog swimming in the sea with his little friend on his back. He'll take his loss very much to heart."

"Ay!" said Simon to himself, as if in an act of devotion; "through
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my fault!—through *my* fault!—through *my* most grievous fault! I sent him on the fatal errand. I bid him hold her fast, and he did so with the sacrifice of his life. If I had left him to stop and turn her at his own discretion, she never could have mangled him thus."

I could not help smiling at the high opinion the old man entertained of his dog's capacity, as I walked with Mr. English towards the female prisoner. "I am surprised," said he, "that Simon does not take Cabot home also, and bury him in consecrated ground. But let us bring this poor woman to the boat."

Her features now exhibited extreme fear. The Esquimaux are never shown the least mercy by their neighbors, the Canadian Indians, wherever they meet, even when no recent quarrel has occurred; and therefore they shun the warlike red-men with instinctive antipathy; but from *ennemies* of any nation they dread destruction as a matter of course; and now the captive evidently expected nothing less than death as the return for that which she had inflicted. We untied her feet, but leaving her hands still bound, led her to the boat. I got to the windward of her as soon as possible, for the rank effluvia of train oil emitted from her dress and her breath, struck on my nerves so forcibly, that it gave me a headach, and other unmentionable symptoms. She was clad in skins. The large cloak which the dog had first seized her by was of bear-skin, worn with the hair inwards, wrapped about the breast, and descending to the middle of the leg. It had also a large falling hood attached, and seemed rather a cumbrous pelisse for July wear. Perhaps there was something of the pride of display connected with the burden; perhaps mere prudence; for if it were left at home, (or, more correctly speaking, buried near any of their thousand extempore encampments,) their dogs might scratch it up and eat it. Besides, as the owner camped out in all weathers, it served for bed,

umbrella, tent, tarpaulin, and also, as we afterwards learned, for a nursery. This did not strike us at the time, as the wearer was destitute of the Esquimaux nurse's cradle-boots, hooped inside with whalebone; a great convenience, which she had probably left behind to hold the child. She now wore a kind of sandals tied on in the Italian mode, but with a greater liberality of skin, serving both for shoes and stockings. Her inner dress was a jacket and drawers of seal-skin, with the fur outwards; the former tastefully fashioned with two broad tails which hung one behind and one before, in the shape of the shields that surround the old broadside of *Magna Charta*. Instead of ancient blazonry, she had decorated them with insertion work coinciding with the curve of the outline. Similar braiding was worked along the outer seam of the arm, and a keepsake of scarlet cloth, one inch square, was stitched on the left shoulder. A curiously cut and embroidered pocket of fox-skin hung by a thong round her neck. Her cap was all of a piece in pattern and substance with the jacket: it was, in fact, a continuation of it, terminating in a point on the top of the head, fancifully stuck over with feathers, and strung with beads of glass and bone.

The man's dress was somewhat different. He wore a capuchin coat (a kind of close smock-frock with a hood) of seal-skin, which doubly defended him against the cold, by a lining of feathers within. This garment descended to the middle of the thigh. Beneath, trowsers, and five pair of boots (all of seal-skin), defended his lower extremities. Inside all, he wore a kind of shirt, made, as Mr. English told me, of bladders of sea-calf, stitched together with threads formed of the fine nerves of some animal, which the natives expertly ply in their needles of bone. Both the savages were of a middling stature, robust, and of a brownish color: their ages nearly the same, about thirty. Their complexions had a greasy salowness that savored much of the oil

of seal and porpoise which they use so liberally. Their heads were large, their faces broad, their lips thick, teeth strong and white, cheek-bones high, and noses flat; their hair was long, black, and lank; their shoulders large, and feet uncommonly small. The woman was much the comelier of the two. Her eyes were black, small, and sparkling, and most unsettled, as if continually meditating means of escape. She submitted to her fate with a very bad grace, and became so unquiet in the boat that it was necessary to tie her feet again.

Simon had contrived to dig a deep grave, in which he laid the remains of his faithful follower, and had commenced filling in the earth and stones as Mr. English and I returned to the spot. Suddenly he threw away his tools, and dragged up the body of Cabot again. Grief had effectually checked his loquacity, and we were obliged to ask the meaning of this movement before he afforded us any explanation. "I cannot part with him entirely," said the old man. "I'll bring home his skin to Sebastian for a keepsake. 'Twill make a *couvre-lit* for the poor lonely child." He took a sharp knife from his pocket, and commenced the operation of skinning by an incision along the breast, but speedily exclaimed, "I can't do it; I feel as if I was slaughtering him! Let some of you take the knife, who don't feel as I do."

Two of his comrades, who were standing by, undertook the work, and Simon looked on for a while with mournful interest. At length, he came close to Mr. English, and asked in a low but earnest tone, "Sir, don't you think 'twould be decent and fitting to say a word of prayer over poor Cabot, before we leave him forever?"

Mr. English was somewhat startled; but after a little time replied, "There is no form of prayer prescribed for brute animals, Simon."

"Well! what signifies that?" said the fisher, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I have heard you pray on occasion without book, for fellows that were not worth a cod's head, that ate like

cormorants and drank like fishes, and died like boobies, knocked down by death for want of sense to get out of his way !” I, however, prevailed on him to postpone his petition till he arrived at home. He did not quite forgive Mr. English, for on a hint from him of the propriety of affording burial to the body of the savage that lay beside us, he replied roughly, “ Let it lie there. His fellows will return, I’ll engage, for the sake of his boots, and they may eat him if they will, for what I care.” So saying, he threw Cabot’s skin over his shoulder, and having seen his body fairly interred, and a large stone rolled over his grave, he gathered up the bow and arrows of the slain Esquimaux, and returned to the boat.

These were the only remaining trophies ; for the routed party had contrived to carry off the two empty canoes. The weapons were very small

compared to similar ones of the red tribes of North America. The islanders have little choice of woods for their purpose. The bow was composed of a species of fir (probably larch or spruce), in three pieces ; not on the principle of compensation well known to the old English archers, who glued together entire lengths of yew and lance-wood, to balance elasticity by toughness,—but simply to make up the requisite length of the weapon, as if their knowledge of carpentry did not enable them to cut out a single piece of the proper size. The parts were attached by thongs made out of the sinews of the deer, which had been cut up fresh, and bound on tightly over the entire bow : these in drying had shrunk exceedingly, and imparted to the wretched sticks a degree of strength and spring that made the weapon tolerably effective.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

“ Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart’s fond view ?
In childhood’s sports, companions gay,—
In sorrow, on Life’s downward way,
How soothing !—in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden’s bowers,—
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown’d the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall’n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain’d with fear and strife !
In Reason’s world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare !

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve’s matron smile
In the world’s opening glow.
The stars of Heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought ;—
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where’er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.

The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes ;
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys :
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker’s smile that hour,
As when he paused and own’d you good ;
His blessing on earth’s primal bower,
Ye felt it all renew’d.
What care ye now, if winter’s storm
Sweep ruthless o’er each silken form ?
Christ’s blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !
“ Live for to-day ! to-morrow’s light
To-morrow’s cares shall bring to sight.
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.”

THE PROBATIONER OF LOCHIEVALE.

BY DELTA.

The fire upon the hearth is dead;
 The smoke in air hath vanish'd;
 The last long lingering look is given—
 The shuddering start—the inward moan—
 And the pilgrim on his way hath gone!—*Isle of Palms.*

ALTHOUGH the belief in a divine philosophy has taught us no more to entertain the blind notions of the epicureans of old, that everything is the result of chance; or to agree with the Stoics, that the revolutions of the planetary system decree the fates, and regulate the actions of mankind; yet the vicissitudes of human life, and the uncertainties of earthly hope, continue to be the theme of the poet's song and of the philosopher's speculations. The truth is deep; nor is it ever suffered to be so long uncalled forth from our memories, as to allow of its force being blunted. Striking and melancholy examples continually crowd upon us. Daily are we summoned to behold some noble aspiration blasted—to behold youth cut off in the bud—learning disappointed of its reward—worth suffering under the iron gripe of misfortune—and industry sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. These are dread and warning lessons to us, yet affording the surest marks of proof that this sublunary and dis-tempered world cannot be the final abode of man; that the seeds sown here will grow to maturity in a more genial clime; and that the events which now baffle the scrutiny of our moral reason will yet appear to us revealed in clear and unperplexed beauty.

The story I am now about to narrate is simple in the extreme, yet affording scope for melancholy, and, it is to be hoped, not unprofitable meditation.

Robert Brown, a Scottish carrier, living in a remote district in the southern part of the country, contrived to bring up his family, consisting of five sons, by a course of unwearied industry and rigid economy, to an age at which the youngest had attained to his

sixteenth year; a time when it was thought by his friends that he might be able to take himself as a burthen from off his father's hands, and set about something towards his ultimate provision for life.

Consistently with their humble condition in life, his brothers had all received the usual education of the Scottish peasantry, that is to say, they had been taught reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic; and, at suitable ages, had been alternately called from school to assist in farm work. They were fortunate in obtaining employment from the neighboring landlords; and, though the servants of different masters, none of them were above two miles distant from their father's cottage. William, the youngest, had been destined from the cradle for something superior to the rest. They looked far forward through the vista of years to him as the pride of their old age, and the representative who was to carry down the respectability, credit, and good name of the family, to the succeeding generation. So far from the rest being chagrined at the partiality thus openly avowed, they contributed, "each in his degree," to the furtherance of the plan chalked out by their parents; judging, with honest pride, if William was destined to move in a sphere somewhat superior to their own, that a portion of the common approbation must necessarily be reflected on themselves, his relations. Thus all were united, and amiable: no selfish and groveling feelings introduced themselves to mar the cordiality of affection, or interfere with motives so upright and so honorable.

The object of this concentrated flood of generous love was certainly

not an unworthy one. Having been born some years posterior to the other members of the family, he had never been a sharer in the youthful sports of his brothers, but was remembered by them as a favorite object on their Saturday evening meetings at their father's cottage. The frame of William was by no means so robust as that of the rest; and his dark glossy hair only set off more plainly the pale and somewhat sallow hue of his complexion. From both of these circumstances, his comparative youth and his comparative delicacy of constitution, he ran a considerable chance of being what is commonly termed a spoiled child. He had, of course, contracted from indulgence a waywardness of disposition, which, however, by his innate modesty and good sense, was kept within very excusable limits, and soon wore entirely away as the forwardness of boyhood began to subside into the more pensive thoughtfulness of advancing years.

After having exhausted all the means of instruction which an adjacent town supplied, he was obliged to have recourse to the grammar school of a neighboring parish, about four miles distant from his home. For two years, neither summer's heat nor winter's snow were for a day allowed to frustrate his walking thither. He never returned till late in the afternoon; sometimes the evening star was the herald of his approach; and, during the brief days, towards the end, or about the commencement of the year, darkness was set in before his face glimmered by the bickering fire of his parental hearth. Habits of temperance had been familiar to him all his days. Some cheese and oaten cake, regularly deposited in his satchel, served him for dinner, during the interval of school hours, after mid-day; and these he ate walking about, or reclining upon the turf; but the warm tea and toast always awaited his evening arrival, and were set before him with all a mother's mindfulness and punctuality.

He was diligent at his books; and, being endowed by nature with good

parts, he made a very fair and promising progress. He had none of that intellectual cleverness which makes advances by sudden fits and starts, and then relapses into apathy and idleness; but his steady industry, his attention, and his assiduity, gave omens favorable to his success, while his gentle and conciliating manners gained him not only the love of his schoolfellows, but the esteem of his instructor.

It was now evident, that, from the pains and expense taken in regard to his education, he was destined for the pulpit, that climax of the honors and distinctions ever aimed at by a poor but reputable Scottish family. Years of rigid economy had passed, almost without affording any hope as to the ultimate success and attainment of their laudable end.

His destination, almost unknown to himself, having been thus early fixed, it was resolved that he should be sent to Edinburgh to attend the college there, professedly as a student of divinity. The expense resulting from this resolution bore hard upon their slender circumstances; but they were determined still farther to exert themselves, indulging the fond hope that, one day or other, they would reap the reward of their honorable endeavors in the prosperity of their son.

To the university he set off, amid the ill-concealed tears of some and the open and hearty blessings of all—so much were they attached to one, who till that day had never been even more temporarily separated from them—with many a caution, perhaps little required, to guard against the contaminations of the capital,—scarcely thinking, in their simple minds, that the slender means allowed him were barely sufficient for necessary purposes, without indulging in any uncalled for luxury; and that gold is the only key that fits Pleasure's casket.

He found himself seated in the Scottish metropolis in a cheap but snug and comfortable lodging, and encompassed by other sights and sounds than those that he had been accustomed to. The change struck on his heart with a low

deep feeling of despondency, which a little time, conjoined with the urbanity and kindness of all around him, was sufficient to dissipate. The immense mass of lofty and majestic buildings, exhibiting their roofs in widening circles around him, and stretching far away like the broken billows of an ocean, created thoughts of tumult, discord, and perplexity, when contrasted with the serene beauty of the calm pastoral district which he had left; and, amid the nightly crowd of population which engirded him, a sense of his own individual insignificance fell with a crushing weight on his spirit. The deeply engrafted strength of virtue and religion, however, at length prevailed, restoring to his mind its usual buoyancy, and he began to see objects in the same degree of relative value, but with a widely enlarged scope of sensation. He set about his studies with vigor and alacrity; and, keeping in recollection the circumstances of his relatives, he determined not only to avoid all unnecessary expenses, but to exercise the most rigid economy. Few hours were allowed to sleep, and almost no time allotted to exercise and recreation. The hopes his family entertained he determined should not be frustrated, nor the confidence they reposed in him be shown erroneous by any negligence on his part; while, by persevering with assiduity and ardor, he trusted, sooner than they expected, to relieve them of the burthen of his support,—a burthen which he knew could not fail to press heavy on them all, however cheerfully supported.

In a course of the utmost economy, sobriety, and temperance, anxiously endeavoring to allow no opportunity of improvement to slip by unimproved, the winter season wore through, and left behind on his heart very few causes for self-disapprobation.

Towards the end of April, the pale student returned to the cottage of his father. Worn out by unwearied and unremitting studies, the vernal gales of the country came like a balsam to reanimate his flagging spirits; and the

hopes, that the object of so much exertion and care would be ultimately crowned with success, gained a strong hold on the mind it had threatened almost to forsake. In the crowd of the city he felt too deeply his own insignificance; an isolated stranger, poor, and unknown to all, striving, with a feverish hope, at rewards most likely to be carried away by more powerful interests. But here he felt a grain of self-importance return to elevate his fallen thoughts. The budding hawthorn, the singing birds, and the blue sky, were all delightful, and he began to lose his own bosom fears in the general exultation of nature.

The first ebullience of parental joy at his return, together with the congratulations of his affectionate brethren, having gradually subsided, few days were indeed allowed for idle recreation; and the same industrious course was persevered in. Of the cottage, which consisted of three apartments, one of which served for kitchen, another was entirely set apart for William, that no interruptions might at any time disturb him. In the summer mornings he was up with the lark, but he closed not his book with her evening song. His studies were carried far into the silence of the night, and the belated traveller never failed to mark the taper gleaming from the window of his apartment.

Summer mellowed into autumn, which, with its fruitage, flowers, and yellow cornfields, also passed away; and again the hoar-frost lay whitely at morning on the wall of the little garden. Towards the end of October, our student a second time set out on his journey to Edinburgh.

The life of a college student is not one of incident or variety. Day after day calls him to the same routine of employment, and week is only known from week by the intervention of Sabbath repose. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the second season past away like the first, in frugal living and indefatigable exertion, and left our hero, at its close, the same uncorrupted, simple-hearted, and generous-minded

youth, as when he first left the shadow of his father's door. His dress and his manners were very little altered. Amid the hum and the bustle of thousands, wealthy, and toiling after wealth, he was an individual apart, a hermit standing on the rock, and listening to the roar of life's billowy ocean, but launching not his bark on its dim and dangerous waters.

His delicacy made him feel, acutely, that the expenses he had unavoidably incurred must weigh heavily on those upon whose open, but necessarily circumscribed bounty, he depended. It was therefore agreed on, at his own suggestion, to open a school for a season in some one of the neighboring villages. He hoped, by this means, to be enabled to raise a small fund for future exigencies, and to be indebted to his own industry for what necessity obliged him to be dependent for on the bounty of others. Alas! this commendable design was but the protracting of a course of study, already too severe for his tender and delicate constitution.

The scheme was, however, immediately acted on. A school in the village of Lockievale was opened, and everything, in a brief space, succeeded to the utmost of his expectations; for the school-room speedily began to fill, and by a conscientious discharge of his duty to his pupils the affection of their parents began to flow towards him. Although the quarterly payments were small, he contrived to lay aside by much the larger part. From the natural timidity of his disposition, conjoined with the fear of making acquaintances which might lead him into expenses, he lived almost alone, spending the leisure of his afternoons in walking with his book in his hand through the fields. His evenings passed over in solitary study.

Not long after his settlement, Mr. Allan, a farmer of some consideration in the neighborhood, requested him to devote an hour or two daily to the tuition of his boys. In every point of view this was a favorable circumstance for him. His labors were hand-

somely remunerated, and an introduction secured for him into a well-informed and rather elegant circle.

The family in whose house he lodged were little removed above the order of peasantry, but remarkable not only for their cleanliness, and the comfort of their dwelling, but for that integrity in their small concerns, and devout feeling of religious truth, still so frequently found united to narrow circumstances in the nooks and byeways of Scotland, and constituting certainly not the least valuable gem in the coronal of her honor. Here he was regarded with looks of love; and his minutest wants attended to with that scrupulous zeal which can only be expected from parental tenderness. He was regarded not only as a member of the family, but looked up to as something that was above them, doing honor to their dwelling. Every possible care was taken to render his situation as agreeable as possible to him, and his health was inquired after, by the kind inmates, with the most anxious and affectionate solicitude.

But the dark work was begun within, and the canker which was to destroy the rose of health was already committing dreadful ravages. He uttered no complaint; and if pain was felt its pangs were unacknowledged. A languor of the eye, an unusual paleness of the face, and the bursting forth of large drops of perspiration on the least exertion, were the only indications of declining health. The school was attended to as usual, not an hour was sacrificed to his weakness, and day succeeded day, and week followed week, without relaxation and without amendment. This could not last. The interregnum between receding health and approaching disease is generally of short duration, and the vacant throne is greedily seized on either by the angel or the demon.

He was getting gradually worse, gradually weaker. He had tried all those little remedies commonly prescribed for coughs, without advantage, and in secret. What was next to be done? He hardly knew. The school

could no longer be continued, as he was unable to leave his room. After so much reluctant delay, a medical practitioner was consulted.

On inquiry it was found that for some weeks he had been expectorating blood—he had nocturnal perspirations, hectic flushes, and almost incessant cough. His appetite was gone, and his whole frame in disorder. Poor William, however, said that he “hoped he should soon be better, and able to persevere with his school.” A week passed over, and matters were rapidly getting worse; yet it was not without reiterated persuasions that the pale scholar could be persuaded to return for a season to the home of his fathers.

We must not omit, that during his confinement every attention was paid to William by the family of the Allans, and such small luxuries as his state seemed to require were sent by them unsolicited. Mr. Allan himself repeatedly called on him; and one afternoon, as Miss Mary had walked as far as the village, she summoned up resolution to inquire at the door. William heard her voice, and requested her to come in. As he sat in a large stuffed chair, propped with pillows, his appearance evidently shocked her; and when she wished to speak to him, her voice swelled in her throat. He extended his hand to her, and told her he would soon be better; but his long thin fingers thrilled her to the heart by their touch. She stood for a minute beside him, and after again shaking hands with him, departed.

It was noted by the servants, that Miss Mary happened to be always the first to receive the communications of the messenger sent to the village of Lochievale. It was also remarked, that the tidings, whether favorable or otherwise, could be read in a countenance not yet hardened by artifice to belie the feelings of the heart.

Home he returned at length. To paint the distress of the family, on that occasion, at such a reappearance of one whom they had loved so tenderly, and for whom they had done, and

were yet willing to do so much, were a heart-rending and melancholy task. As he entered the door, the mother rushed out to embrace her weak and emaciated son; and, throwing her arms around his neck, kissed his pale cheek with an agony of tenderness, while the tears, in spite of opposition, gushed in burning drops over her furrowed cheeks to the ground. The father grasped him by the hand, and supported him, with cheering words, into the apartment which of old he had inhabited. It had been but little used since he had last been its occupier; and the neat, clean, but plain furniture remained almost as he had left it.

He was put to bed after the fatigue of travel, and every heart in that house was sorrowful; the poor scholars, at the distress too visible on his return, and all else at the cloud of fate which lowered over him. His brothers, as they dropped in one after another from the fields, approached affectionately to the bedside, and taking his long thin fingers in their toil-hardened hands, lamented his case, but cheered him with many a word of comfort, which almost belied themselves, from the uncertain tone in which they were uttered. And no wonder, for the alteration in his appearance was dreadful; and it was evident to the least observant glance that the poor young man was far gone in a consumption.

For some weeks, the change of air, and the sight of so many countenances, so anxiously interested in his welfare, seemed to work a favorable change; and the gloom on his spirits began gradually to subside. In the sunny forenoons, a chair was placed for him in the little garden behind the house. The spot commanded an extensive view of the country; and it amused him to look on the jolly reapers in the neighboring field, and listen to their simple music, while gathering in the yellow harvest treasures. Around him there were many tall ash trees, well remembered in the thoughts of other years. The gooseberry bushes, each of which was familiar to his memory, had shed their fruits, and

were beginning to shed their leaves; but on the later currants, some depending red and white strings were still visible. The summer flowers were disappearing; but the more hardy roots, the spearmint, the thyme, the southernwood, and gillyflowers, sent forth to the autumnal air "a faint decaying smell." The bee-hive, in the corner of the hedgerow, was still unmoved, and the buzz of its never idle inhabitants filled the whole air with a continual pleasant murmur. The birds were all singing amid the beauty of nature, and, ever and anon, the lark, rising up on twinkling wings, sent a fainter and fainter note from its receding elevation.

So many agreeable images, so much affectionate attention, soothed the wounds that no earthly medicine could heal. In a short time, debility rendered him completely bed-ridden; and the tyrant of the human race betokened his approach "by many a drear forboding sign."

It was one evening, when all the brothers had dropt in, one after another, that symptoms of rapid dissolution showed themselves. They sat down in silence around the hearth, and looked frequently, first at William, and then at each other, while at intervals the fortitude of manhood could not forbear a half-stifled sob. They saw that the curtain of death would soon be let down over eyes so beloved; and many a hurried glance of affection, and the agitated countenance and the quivering hand, seemed to say, in silent eloquence, "would to God I could die in my brother's stead!"

William was not insensible to the afflicting scene around him. He told them to bear up, and assured them that he suffered neither pain of body or mind. "Heaven is wise in all its decrees," said the dying youth; "mourn not much for me; we shall, I trust, meet all again in heaven. I only set out on my journey a little while before you. I feel that I have been much, too much of a burthen to you all—"

Here he was eagerly interrupted

by all of them, who conjured him not to speak in that manner, and that it was almost unkind of him to do so.

"Well," continued William, "I feel your affection as I ought. The reward hath not perished, and shall not be taken away, though now God calls upon me to leave you."

He then requested his father to read to him the latter part of the 15th chap. of 1st Corinthians, which he did with a composed and steady voice, amid the silent tears of his children, and the frequent sobs of the almost heart-broken mother, who leant with her face on the bed-clothes, holding in hers the emaciated hand of her son. The soul of a mother only can comprehend the depth and the agony of her sufferings at that hour, when called on to part with her last born—the Benjamin of her small household.

In a short time, his exhaustion was so great that his efforts to speak were unavailing, and he fell into a gentle slumber, from which he never awoke; breathing his soul out upon the silent midnight, without a groan.

However much the stroke of death may be expected, it never arrives without a violent shock to the feelings of all around. Here the grief was deep, but it was not upbraiding, and every pang was tempered by the gentle consolations of christianity.

The sorrowful news were communicated to the inhabitants of Lochievale, and, amid the regrets of many a grieving parent, bright tears fell from the eyes of childhood, at the thoughts of their kind instructor's death. For a time, with the buoyancy of feeling incident to their years, they had considered the few first days of play as favorable and fortunate. Feeling the pleasurable effects, they forgot the melancholy cause. But now "the hope deferred" was taken away; and nothing but uncertainty and doubt was left in its place. They looked on the shut-up windows and closed door of the school-house with a mingled feeling of curiosity and regret. The more affectionate said to each other, "our master will never hear our lessons

any more ; they are going to lay him in the church-yard ; we shall never see him again ;—while the more selfish-minded busied themselves with conjectures about him who should come to them in his stead. The sorrows of childhood are of short duration ; the heart is then like the softened wax, which takes all impressions ; the one obliterates the other, and the last, whatever be its import, is still the deepest.

Not so evanescent was the melancholy at the home of the Allans. The two boys who had been under his charge spoke often of him as their kind master to Miss Mary, who seldom answered them but with a stifled accent, and an involuntary tear in her eye. That, almost unconsciously to herself, some impression had been made on her heart, was evident. The feelings perhaps were reciprocal, for William had never mentioned her but in terms of deep respect, mingled with something of tenderness and admiration ; but the wide gulph that separated them prevented him from having ever for a moment indulged one dearer hope.

Certain it is, from whatever cause it might arise, that the health of Mary Allan declined rapidly, even to a state of the utmost delicacy ; and the cheerful lively girl could hardly be recognised in the pale, emaciated, but still beautiful features, over which the ray of pleasure now seldom shot even a transient gleam. But Time, the grand physician of all human troubles, by slow but sure degrees began the healing of the wound so afflictively felt by her and by the whole cottage family. Though, after the first burst of sorrow was over, each turned to his wonted avocation, yet the main-spring of activity was felt to be broken ; and the heart often refuses for a long period to mould itself for the reception of new feelings and altered objects. Life assumes a different aspect ; and the thoughts are often tardy to accommodate themselves to change, and its inevitable concomitants.

The remaining brothers met in the cottage of their parents, as heretofore,

on the Saturday evenings, and for a long time the blank was felt—a chair was unoccupied—a beloved face was absent ; but resignation to the decrees of Providence at length triumphed over the yearnings of natural affection. The father, on whose temples the few remaining hairs were changed to white, read the portion of Scripture with accustomed gravity, from “the big ha’ bible ;” and exhibited a lesson to all around of noble, steadfast, and unshrinking piety.

The books, the papers, and everything that had belonged to William, were preserved by his relations with an affectionate regard, amounting almost to veneration ; and, in a short time, a plain tombstone was erected at the head of the turf under which his ashes lay, inscribed simply with his name and age.

As the church was at more than a mile’s distance from the cottage, the family usually spent the intervals between the forenoon and the afternoon service in loitering about the burial-ground. Around the grave of William often were the whole remaining family observed, seated in the sunshine upon the daisied turf, with their open bibles in their hands.

The health of Miss Allan gradually recovered its former tone ; but the shock she had sustained threw a shadow of change over her whole character. A degree of thoughtfulness and pensive grace hung around her looks and motions, softening down sorrow to resignation, and gaiety to cheerfulness. She grew more passionately fond of the beauties of external nature, and enjoyed a serene pleasure in solitary walks. Sometimes, in the light of the setting sun, when an azure shadow hung over the hills, when the clouds were tipped with refulgent glory, and the note of the blackbird—“most musical, most melancholy”—burst on the ear from the neighboring coppice, the eye of the passenger has, unawares, intruded on the privacy of her grief, as she stood silently gazing on the grave of him who had gone up before her into heaven.

FIRST AND LAST.

By Miss Mary Anne Browne.

NO. VI.—THE FIRST AND LAST GIFT.

THEY stood together within her hall,
 'Twas the sweet hour of the evening's fall;
 The sunset glow through the window came,
 And the crimson curtains threw back the
 flame,
 And lent a flush to the floor of stone
 Like that which love o'er her cheek had
 thrown.
 Her delicate hand lay on his arm,
 And 'twas strong to bind as a wizard's
 charm;
 For how could he shake off that hand
 That clasp'd him like a lily band,
 As fair, as tender, and as weak?
 There was a tear on her burning cheek,
 And in his hand was a wreathed dark curl,
 Clasp'd by a loop of gold and pearl—
 It was her first gift, an amulet
 That should forbid him to forget:
 A glance on such a tress might bring
 The heart from its wildest wandering.

They parted—he for Palestine,
 To fight for the cause of the holy shrine,
 Yet half regretting to leave behind
 That heart where the holiest thoughts
 were shrined;
 And many a time, in the battle strife,
 When the infidel seem'd to have bought
 his life,
 He would look on her gift, her first dear
 gift,
 And then again his arm would lift,
 New nerved for her, and never fail'd

To conquer, howsœ'er assail'd.
 She went to a convent, that lent its power
 To shield this fair young orphan flower,
 Till he should return to bid it rest,
 More dearly cherish'd, in his breast.

Alas! alas! a dark change came
 Over the fate of that gentle dame;
 Wherefore she wither'd none could tell,—
 Yet in the quiet convent cell
 The blight had reach'd her; her sweet
 cheek grew
 Hectic and clear in its healthless hue;
 Her dark eye took a wandering light,
 Like a vagrant meteor of the night,
 Glancing on all, settling on none;
 Her hand grew thin, and her rose lip wan,
 And, worse than all, the rich dark hair
 Was blanch'd by the snow of some untold
 care.

He came again—he came all warm
 With love and hope—but her fading form
 Was wither'd too much for even the dew
 Of love its freshness to renew.
 She gave him a curl of her hair—'twas
 gray—
 Her last fond gift—she died that day.
 He fell not then; but he went again
 To seek his death on a battle-plain;
 And when they found him midst the slain,
 Her first bright gift was closely prest,
 Twined with her last, to his bleeding
 breast.

THE BLOODY BATTLE OF THE BEES.

North (blowing a boatswain's whistle).—Gentlemen—look here! (A noble young Newfoundlander comes bounding into the Arbor.) Allow me, friend, to introduce you to O'BRONTE.

Shepherd.—Aye—I'll shake paws wi' you, my gran' fallow; and though it's as true among dowgs as men, that he's a clever chiel that kens his ain father, yet as sure as wee Jamie's mine ain, are you auld Bronte's son. You've gotten the verra same identical shake o' the paw—the verra same identical wag o' the tail. Your chowks the same—like him too, as Shakspeare says, "dew-lapped like Thessawlian bills." The same braid, smooth, triangular ears, hanging doon aneath

your chafts; and the same still, serene, smilin', and sagacious een. Bark! man—bark! let us hear you bark—Aye, that's the verra key that Bronte barked on whenever "his blood was up and heart beat high:" and I'se warrant that in anither year or less, in a street-row, like your sire you'll clear the causeway o' a clud o' curs, and carry the terror o' your name frae the Auld to the New Flesh-market; though, tak my advice, ma dear O'Bronte, and, except when circumstances imperiously demand war, be thou—thou jewel of a Jowler—a lover of peace!

English Opium-Eater.—I am desirous, Mr. Hogg, of cultivating the ac-

quaintance—nay, I hope of forming the friendship—of that noble animal. Will you permit him to—

Shepherd.—Gaung your wa's, O' Bronte, and speak till the English Opium-Eater. Ma faith! You hae nae need o' droogs to raise your animal speerits, or hichen your imagination. What'n intensity o' life!—But where's he been syne he was puppied, Mr. North?

North.—On board a whaler. No education like a trip to Davis's Straits.

Shepherd.—He'll have speeld, I'se warrant him, mony an iceberg—and worried mony a seal—aiblins a walrus, or sea-lion. But are ye no feard o' his rinnin' awa' to sea?

North.—The spirit of his sire, James, has entered into him, and he would lie, till he was a skeleton, upon my grave.

Shepherd.—It canna be denied, sir, that you hae an unaccountable power o' attachin' to you, no only dowgs, but men, women, and children. I've never dooted but that you maun hae some magical poother, that you blaw in amang their hair—na, intill their verra lugs and een—imperceptible fine as the motes i' the sun—and then there's nae resistance, but the sternest whig softens afore you, the roots o' the Radical relax, and a' distinctions o' age, sex, and pairty—the last the stubbornest and dourest o' a'—fade awa' intil undistinguishable confusion—and them that's no in the secret o' your glamoury, fear that the end o' the world's at haun'.

Tickler.—As I am a Christian—

Shepherd.—You a Christian!

Tickler.—Mr. De Quincey has given O'Bronte a box of opium.

Shepherd.—What? Has the dowg swallowed the spale-box o' pills? We maun make him throw it up.

E. O.-E.—The most monstrous and ignominious ignorance reigns among all the physicians of Europe, respecting the powers and properties of the poppy.

Shepherd.—I wush in this case, sir, that the poppy mayna pruve ower poorfu' for the puppy, and that the

dowg's no a dead man. Wull ye take your bible-oath that he bolted the box?

E. O.-E.—Mr. Hogg, I never could see any sufficient reason why, in a civilized and Christian country, an oath should be administered even to a witness in a court of justice. Without any formula, Truth is felt to be sacred—nor will any words weigh—

Shepherd.—You're for upsettin' the hail frame o' ceevil society, sir, and bringin' back on this kintra a' the horrors o' the French Revolution. The power o' an oath lies no in the Reason, but in the Imagination. Reason tells that simple affirmation or denial should be aneuch atween man and man. But Reason canna bind, or, if she do, Passion snaps the chain. For ilka passion, sir, even a passion for a head or a button, is as strong as Sampson burstin' the wythies. But Imagination can bind, for she ca's on her Flanin' Ministers—The Fears;—they palsy-strike the arm that would disobey the pledged lips—and thus oaths are dreadfu' as Erebus and the gates o' hell.—But see what ye hae done, sir,—only look at O'Bronte.

[*O'Bronte sallies from the Arbor— goes driving head over heels through among the flower-beds, tearing up pinks and carnations with his mouth and paws, and, finally, makes repeated attempts to climb up a tree.*]

E. O.-E.—No such case is recorded in the medical books—and very important conclusions may be drawn from an accurate observation of the phenomena now exhibited by a distinguished member of the canine species, under such a dose of opium as would probably send Mr. Coleridge himself to—

Shepherd.—His lang hame—or Mr. De Qunshy either,—though I should be loth to lose sic a poet as the ane, and sic a philosopher as the ither—or sic a dowg as O'Bronte. But look at him speelin' up the apple-tree like the auld serpent! He's thinkin' himsell, in the delusion o' the droog, a wild-cat or a bear, and has clean forgotten his origin. Deil tak me gin I ever saw the match o' that! He's gotten up; and 's lying a' his length on the

branch, as if he were streekin' himsell out to sleep on the ledge o' a brigg! What thocht's gotten intill his head noo? He's for herryin' the goldfinch's nest amang the verra tapmost blossoms!—Aye, my lad, that was a thud!

[O'Bronte, who has fallen from the pippin, recovers his feet—storms the Arbor—upsets the table, with all the bottles, glasses, and plates, and then, dashing through the glass front-door of the Lodge, disappears with a crash into the interior.

E. O.-E.—Miraculous!

Shepherd.—A hairy hurricane!—What think ye, sir, o' the SCOTTISH OPIUM-EATER?

E. O.-E.—I hope it is not hydrophobia.

Tickler.—He manifestly imagines himself at the whaling, and is off with the harpooners.

Shepherd.—A vision o' blubber's in his sowle. Oh! that he cou'd gie the world his Confessions!

E. O.-E.—Mr. Hogg, how am I to understand that insinuation, sir?

Shepherd.—Ony way you like. But, did ever onybody see a philosopher sae passionate? Be cool—be cool.

Tickler.—See, see, see!

[O'Bronte,

*Like a glory from afar,
Like a re-appearing star,*

Comes spanging back into the cool of the evening, with Cyprus, North's unique male tortoise-shell cat, in his mouth, followed by John and Betty, broom-and-spit-armed, with other domestics in the distance.

North.—Drop Cyprus, you villain! Drop Cyprus, you villain! I say, you villain, drop Cyprus—or I will brain you with Crutch!

[O'Bronte turns a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and continues his cat-carrying career through flower, fruit, and kitchen gardens—the crutch having sped after him in vain, and upset a bee-hive.

Tickler.—Demme—I'm off.

[*Makes himself scarce.*

North.—Was that thunder?

Shepherd.—Bees—bees—bees! In-

til the Arbor—intil the Arbor—Oh! that it had a door wi' a hinge, and a bolt in the inside! Hoo the swarm's ragin' wud! The hummin' heavens is over het to haud them—and if ae leader chances to cast his ee hither, we are lost. For let but ane set the example, and in a moment there'll be a charge o' bagnets.

E. O.-E.—In the second book of his Georgics, Virgil, at once poet and naturalist—and indeed the two characters are, I believe, uniformly united—beautifully treats of the economy of bees, and I remember one passage—

Shepherd.—They're after Tickler—they're after Tickler—like a cloud o' Cossacks or Polish Lancers—a' them that's no settlin' on the crutch. And see—see a division—the left o' the army—is bearin' doon on O'Bronte. He'll sune liberate Ceeprus.

Tickler (*sub tegmine fagi*).—Murder—murder—murder!

Shepherd.—Aye, you may roar—that's nae flea-bitin', nor midge-bitin' neither—na, it's waur than wasps—for wasps' stings hae nae barbs, but bees' have—and sae they curl theirsells up upon the wound, be it on haun, neck, or face, and, demon-like, spend their vitality in the sting, till the venom gangs dirlin' to your verra heart. But I'm amaisht sorry for Mr. Tickler—for he'll be murdered outright by the insects—although he in a mainer deserved it for rinnin' awa', and no sharin' the common danger wi' the rest at the mouth of the Arbor. If he escapes wi' his life, we maun ca' a court-martial, and hae him brock for cooardice. Safe us—he's comin' here, wi' the haill bike about his head!—Let us rin—let us rin! Let us rin for our lives!

[*The Shepherd is off and away.*

North.—What! and be broke for cowardice? Let us die at our posts like men.

E. O.-E.—I have heard Mr. Wordsworth deliver an opinion, respecting the courage, or rather the cowardice, of poets, which at the time, I confess, seemed to me to be unwarranted by any of the accredited phenomena of

the poetical character. It was to this effect. (Mr. De Quincey here very calmly states the opinion of Mr. Wordsworth, but in so diffuse a manner as to prevent our inserting it. He then, like a true philosopher, continues :) But I rather suspect, Mr. North, that I am this moment stung by one of those insects, behind the ear, and in among the roots of the hair, nor do I think that the creature has yet disengaged—or rather disentangled itself from the nape—for I feel it struggling about the not—I trust—inmedicable wound—the bee being scarcely distinguishable, while I place my finger on the spot, from the swelling round the puncture made by its sting, which, judging from the pain, must have been surcharged with—nay, steeped in venom. The pain is indeed most acute—and approaches to anguish—I had almost said, agony.

North.—Bruise the bee “even on the wound himself has made.” ’Tis the only specific.—Any alleviation of agony?

E. O.-E.—A shade. The analysis of such pain as I am now suffering—or say rather, enduring——

[*Tickler and the Shepherd, after having in vain sought shelter among the shrubs, come flying demented towards the Arbor.*

Tickler and Shepherd.—Murder!—murder!—murder!

E. O.-E.—Each encircled, as to his forehead, with a living crown—a murmuring bee-diadem, worthy of Aristæus.

North.—Gentlemen, if you mingle yourselves with us, I will shoot you both dead upon the spot with this fowling-piece.

Shepherd.—What’n a foolin’-piece! Oh! sir, but you’re cruel!

[*Tickler lies down, and rolls himself on a plat.*

North.—Destruction to a bed of onion-seed! James! into the tool-house.

Shepherd.—I hae tried it thrice—but John and Betty hae barred themselves in against the swarm. Oh! dear me—I’m exhowsted—sae let me lie down and dec beside Mr. Tickler!

[*The Shepherd lies down beside Mr. Tickler.*

E. O.-E.—If any proof were wanting that I am more near-sighted than ever, it would be that I do not see in all the air, or round the luminous temples of Messrs. Tickler and Hogg, one single bee in motion or at rest.

North.—They have all deserted their stations, and made a simultaneous attack on O’Bronte. Now, Cyprus, run for your life!

Shepherd (raising his head).—Hoo he’s devoorin’ them by hunders!—Look, Tickler.

Tickler.—My eyes, James, are bunged up—and I’m flesh-blind.

Shepherd.—Noo they’re yokin’ to Ceeprus! His tail’s as thick wi’ pain and rage as my arm. Hear till him caterwaulin’ like a haill roof-fu’! Ma stars, he’ll gang mad, and O’Bronte ’ll gang mad, and we’ll a’ gang mad thegither, and the garden ’ll be ae great madhouse, and we’ll tear ane anither to pieces, and eat ane anither up stoop and roop, and a’ that ’ll be left o’ us in the mornin’ ’ll be some bloody tramplin’ up and doon the beds, and that ’ll be a catastrophe waur, if possible, than that of Sir Walter’s Ayrshire Tragedy—and Mr. Murray ’ll melodramateeze us in a peece ca’d the “Bluidy Battle o’ the Bees;” and pit, boxes and gallery ’ll a’ be crooded to suffocation for a hunder nights at haill price, to behold swoopin’ along the stage the LAST o’ THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ!!!

E. O.-E.—Then indeed will the “gaiety of nations be eclipsed,”—sun, moon and stars may resign their commission in the sky, and old Nox re-ascend, never more to be dislodged from the usurpation of the effaced, obliterated, and extinguished universe.

Shepherd.—Nae need o’ exaggeration. But sure eneuch, I wudna’, for anither year, in that case, ensure the life o’ the Solar System.—(*Rising up.*) Whare’s a’ the bees?

North.—The hive is almost exterminated. You and Tickler have slain your dozens and your tens of dozens—O’Bronte has swallowed some scores—Cyprus made no bones of his allow-

ance—and Mr. De Quincey put to death—one. So much for the killed. The wounded you may see crawling in all directions, dazed and dusty; knitting their hind legs together, and impotently attempting to unfurl their no longer gauzy wings. As to the missing, driven by fear from house and home, they will continue for days to be picked up by the birds, while expiring on their backs on the tops of thistles and binweeds—and of the living, perhaps a couple of hundreds may be on the combs, conferring on state-affairs, and——

Shepherd.—Mournin' for their queen. Sit up, Tickler. (*Tickler rises and shakes himself.*) What'n a face!

North.—'Pon my soul, my dear Timothy, you must be bled forthwith,—for in this hot weather inflammation and fever——

Shepherd.—Wull soon end in mortification—then coma—and then death. We maun lance and leech him, Mr. North, for we canna afford, wi' a' his failin's, to lose Southside.

Tickler.—Lend me your arm, Kit.

North.—Take my crutch, my poor dear fellow. How are you now?

Shepherd.—Hoo are you noo?—Hoo are you noo?

E. O.-E.—Mr. Tickler, I would fain hope, sir, that notwithstanding the assault of these infuriated insects, which in numbers without number numberless, on the upsetting——

Tickler.—Oh! oh!—Whoh! whoh!—Whuh! whuh!

Shepherd.—That comes o' wearin' nankeen pantaloons without drawers, and thin French silk stockin's wi' open gushets, and nae neckcloth, like Lord Byron. I fin' corduroys and tap-boots impervious to a' mainner o' insecks, bees, wasps, hornets, ants, midges, clegs, and warst o' a'—the gad. By the time the bite reaches the skin, the venom's drawn oot by ever so mony plies o' leather, linen, and wurset—and the spat's only kitly. But (*putting his hand to his face*) what's this?—Am I wearin' a mask?—a fawse face wi' a muckle nose? Tell me, Mr. North, tell me, Mr. De Qunshy,

on the honors o' twa gentlemen as you are, am I the noo as ugly as Mr. Tickler?

North.—'Twould be hard to decide, James, which face deserves the palm; yet—let me see—let me see—I think—I think, if there be indeed some slight shade of—What say you, Mr. De Quincey?

E. O.-E.—I beg leave, without meaning any disrespect to either party, to decline delivering any opinion on a subject of so much delicacy, and—

Tickler and Shepherd (guffawing).—What'n a face! what'n a face! O! what'n a face!

E. O.-E.—Gentlemen, here is a small pocket-mirror, which, ever since the year——

Shepherd.—Dinna be sae chronological, sir, when a body's sufferin'. Gie's the glass. (*Looks in.*) And that's Me! Blue, black, ochre, gamboshe, purple, pink, and—green! Bottle-nosed—wi' een like a piggie's! The Awther o' the Queen's Wake! I maun hae my pictur ta'en by John Watson Gordon, set in diamonds, and presented to the Empress o' Russia, or some ither croon'd head. I wunner what wee Jamie wad think! It is a phenomena o' a fizzionamy—An' hoo sall I get oot the stings?

North.—We must apply a searching poultice.

Shepherd.—O' raw veal?

Tickler (taking the mirror out of the Shepherd's hand).—Aye!

North.—'Twould be dangerous, Timothy, with that face, to sport Narcissus.

“Sure such a pair were never seen,
So aptly form'd to meet by nature!”

Ha! O'Bronte? (*O'Bronte enters the Arbor, still under the influence of opium.*) What is your opinion of these faces?

O'Bronte.—Bow—wow—wow—wow—Bow—wow—wow—wow!

Shepherd.—He taks us for Esquimaux.

North.—Say rather seals, or sea-lions.

O'Bronte.—Bow—wow—wow—wow—Bow—wow—wow—wow!

Shepherd.—Laugh'd at by a dowe !
—Wha are ye ?

[*John and Betty enter the Arbor with basins and towels, and a phial of leeches.*

North.—Let me manage the worms.
—Lively as fleas.

[*Mr. North, with tender dexterity, applies six leeches to the Shepherd's face.*

Shep. — Preens—preens—preens—preens !

North.—Now, Tickler. (*Attempts, unsuccessfully, to perform the same kind office to Tickler.*) Your sanguineous system, Timothy, is corrupt. They won't fasten. Betty—the salt. Steady, my dear Timothy, steady ; aye ! there he does it, a prime worm—of himself a host. Sir John Leech.

Shepherd. — I wuss Mr. Wordsworth's auld leech-gatherer was here to gie us his opinion o' thae worms. It's a gran' soobjeck for a poem—Leech-Gatherin' ! I think I see the body gaun intil the pool, knee-deep in mud, and bringin' them out stickin' till his taes. There's whiles mair genius in the choice o' a soobjeck than in the execution. I wunner Mr. Wordsworth never thocht o' composin' a poem in the Spenserian stanza, or Miltonic blanks, on a “ Beggar sittin'

on a stane by the road-side crackin' lice in the head o' her bairn.” What's in a name ?

“ A louse
By any other name would bite as sharp ; ”
and he nicht ca't—for he's fond o' soundin' words,—see the *Excursion* *passim*—“ The Plague o' Lice,” and the mother o' the brat would personify the ministering angel. Poetry would shed a halo round its pow—consecrate the haunted hair, and beautify the very vermin.

E. O. E.—I observe that a state of extreme languor has succeeded excitement, and that O'Bronte has now fallen asleep. Hark ! a compressed whine, accompanied by a slight general convulsion of the muscular system, indicates that the creature is in the dream-world.

Shepherd.—Hoo's my face noo ?

North.—Quite captivating, James. That dim discoloration sets off the brilliancy of your eyes to great advantage ; and I am not sure if the bridge of your nose as it now stands be not an improvement.

Shepherd.—Weel, weel, let's say nae mair about it. That's richt, Mr. Tickler, to hang your silk handkerchy ower your face, like a nun takin' the veil.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.

BY J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I know thee not, high Spirit ! but the sympathy of thought
Hath often to my hour of dreams thy living presence brought ;
And I feel that I could love thee with the fondness of a brother,
As the sainted ones of Paradise bear love for one another.

For I know thy spirit hath been pour'd full freely in thy song,
Where feeling hath been prodigal, and passion hath been strong—
That the secrets of thy bosom are burning on thy lyre,
In the nature of thy worshiping, a ministry of fire.

Young priestess at a holy shrine, I scarce can deem that years
So few and beautiful as thine are register'd in tears—
That the gift of thy affections hath gone abroad in vain—
A rose-leaf on the autumn wind—a foam-wreath on the main !

Yet blended with thy beautiful and intellectual lays,
I read a mournful consciousness of cold and evil days ;
Of the weariness existence feels when its sunlight has gone down,
And from the autumn of the heart the flowers of Hope are strown :—

Of the coldness of the hollow world, its vanities that pass
Like tinges from the sunset, or night-gems from the grass—

Its mocking and unmeaning praise, the flatterer's fatal art—
Flowers madly to the bosom clasp'd, with serpents at their heart !

And oh ! if things like these have been the chasteners of thy years,
How hath thy woman's spirit known the bitterness of tears !
How have thy girlhood visions—the warm, wild thought of youth,
Folded their sunny pinions, and darken'd into truth !

O wearily, most wearily, unto the child of song,
The heavy tide of being rolls, a sunless wave, along—
When the promise of existence fades before the time of noon,
And the evening of the soul comes on, unblest by star or moon !

God help thee in thy weary way ! and if the silver tone
Of Fame hath music for an ear so chasten'd as thine own,
Thou hast it from another clime, where heart and mind are free,
And where the brave and beautiful have bow'd themselves to thee.

And one whose home hath been among the mountains of the North,
Where the cataract mocks the earthquake, and the giant streams come forth—
Where spirits in their robes of flame dance o'er the cold blue sky,
And to the many voiced storm the eagle makes reply !

A worshiper before the shrine at which thy spirit bendeth,
While on its pure and natural gifts the holy flame descendeth,
Hath pour'd his tribute on thine ear, as he would praise a star
Whose beams had wander'd down to him from their blue home afar.

Lady ! amidst the clarion-note of well-deserved fame,
It were, perhaps, but vain to hope this feeble lay might claim
A portion of thy fair regard, or win a thought of thine
To linger on a gift so frail and dissonant as mine.

But onward in thy skyward path—a thousand eyes shall turn
To where, like heaven's unwasting stars, thy gifts of spirit burn—
A thousand hearts shall wildly thrill where'er thy lays are known,
And stately manhood blend its praise with woman's gentlest tone.

Farewell !—the hand that traces this may perish ere life's noon,
And the spirit that hath guided it may be forgot as soon—
Forgotten with its lofty hopes—the fever'd dreams of mind—
Unnoted, stealing to the dead without a name behind.

But thou upon the human heart, in characters of flame,
And on the heaven of intellect, hast register'd thy name ;
The gifted ones of fallen earth shall worship at thy shrine,
And sainted spirits joy to hold companionship with thine.

Haverhill, Mass. 8th of 1st mo. 1830.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

“ But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
The informing author in his works appears. ”—THOMSON.

“ EYES have they, and see not,” is indeed but too faithful a description of a large part of mankind, whose lack of mental vision is a misfortune approximating in some degree to that of an extinction of the corporeal organs of sight. There is, however, this distinction observable between them :—the loss of the visual orbs of the body generally strengthens and renders more delicately acute the remaining senses, whilst lack of the “ mind's eye,” as it chiefly arises from psychological obtuseness, aug-

ments the disorder. We may consider those who either possess no mental organ of vision, or, what is more commonly the case, close it, as laboring under a heavy calamity : they grope in darkness whilst others walk in light ; they are querulous whilst others are beneficent ; they are sorely discontented whilst from other hearts arise grateful effusions to the source of the blessings and beauties of existence.

Happy, thrice happy are they, the fortunate possessors of eyes that be-

hold, and hearts that enjoy with gratitude, the liberal springs of bliss dispensed most abundantly around them by Supreme Beneficence. The perception of such combinations of good I may not inaptly term the *poetry of life*; since, perhaps, to observe and appreciate them, requires somewhat of the warmth, vividness, and vigor of the poetic temperament; somewhat of that bee-like, minstrel power, which extracts beauty and sweetness from apparent deformity and bitterness; and somewhat of the enthusiasm which grasps at that in which the spirit's vital happiness is centred—order, purity, truth, loveliness, and heavenly good. Now let us gaze around us for awhile. How beautiful is Creation! How inimitable the forms, colors, odors, and sounds, spread around but to delight us! How useful and how exquisitely agreeable are the productions of the Divine Hand, intended solely for the service and solace of man! “*Paternal Deity*” appears in every variety of Creation: each production is good in itself—receives good, and adds its quota to the universal good. But we cannot trace all the ramifications of this subject; they are exhaustless; and yet we will endeavor to notice, with joy and gratitude, some few of its bearings, which we remember not to have seen adduced heretofore in support of the exhilarating fact that God has designed in all His works the supreme felicity of His creatures. Wherefore complains man of the misery of the world? Let him open the eyes of his understanding, and in beholding the gracious design of Creation he will acknowledge that where it appears subverted, he has but himself to blame. Let us awhile delightedly regard the positive provision that has been made in Creation for our comfort; aye, solely for our pleasurable comfort. How delicate a blue is the sky; cool and grateful is it to the sight, and justly contrived to attemper the warm, vivid rays of fiery orbs to the tender organs of corporeal vision. It might have been scarlet, causing an

intolerable anguish to the aching gaze, and flaming over a world withered beneath its wrathful hue. How lovely and refreshing is the verdant galaxy of the earth. Had its livery been black, instead of exhilarating the spirit of man, and proving to it a vital prescience of a fairer world, it would have overwhelmed the soul with a gloom, horrid and funereal as itself. How delightful is the pure, soft, and scented summer-breeze. How invigorating the frosty breath of winter. Blasts, hot, poisonous, and noisome, might, instead, have continually assailed the lungs of tormented animal life, and rendered existence a penalty of enduring suffocation; and how then would have fared vegetation? How cool, clear, inodorous, tasteless, and tempting is water; that fluid upon which depend the lives of animals and vegetables innumerable. It might have been as revolting to every sense as it is now agreeable; but granting that it had been flavored with the rarest attar of rose or violet, the taste ever recurring in our viands, would as quickly have disgusted the palled appetite as the occasional infusion of fruits and flowers now gratifies. How valuable is fire; yet it might have been our master, instead of our servant, and earth itself one tremendous, terrific volcano. That these gifts are not what they might have been, is solely attributable to the design evident throughout Creation of securing the felicity of the creature. But besides essential comforts we possess luxuries. Had fruits been necessary to our preservation in mortal existence, a few, a very few, might have sufficed us; but, oh! what a countless variety are lavished upon ungrateful man, all exquisite in form, color, odor, and flavor; all tempting the taste and amply gratifying it. Had flowers been necessary to refresh the springs of being, a few, a very few, might have answered the purpose: but, lo! earth is as “the garden of the Lord,” gemmed with myriads of these exquisite creations, all beautiful and inimitable in form, texture, color,

and odor, and all strewed over the world, as if the outpouring of a hand which knew not how to restrain its glorious munificence. Flowers are indeed but emblems of His countless blessings—"who openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness."—Flowers are, in the language of the poet, "Nature's jewels;" incitements to poetry and to refined sentiment. They are emblems of the lovely, the innocent, and the most dear; gentle and delicious memories do they breathe of the absent and the dead, whilst they enhance the beauty, gaiety, and rapture of the living. Oh, man! cultivate a taste and love for flowers—those overflowings of His bounty who created the first Eden, and from whom we hope to receive the second; and that taste and love will form a portion of the *Poetry of Life*.

Study also the beauty, order, contrivance, and utility of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; and believe me, a mind thus cultivated and disposed to interest itself in the exalted works of the Author of Creation, shall never fail in the essential sources of happiness. Above all, direct your serious attention to your own species, for whose use and pleasure these invaluable gifts "are, and were, created." Man is in himself a Microcosm—a miracle—and you, oh reader, are one of those fortunate beings, for whom the excellency of Supreme Wisdom and Goodness hath been, from the formation of all things, exerted, and will be forever and ever. You are framed with inimitable beauty and skill—with peerless grace, and consummate art. You might have been made an object of disgust and terror, and your delicately sensitive frame a source of unutterable anguish. Think what had been your state had no cutaneous tegument veiled from vision the astonishing and appalling machinery by which you "live, and move, and have your being!" Imagine what had been your sensations had no warm, elastic material of tempered sensibility shielded a

frame of acute perception from those external assaults, which would then have embued it with excruciating and unutterable agony. Where then would have been that delight and golden key of all hearts—Beauty? And where those godlike interpretations of mind, in every eloquent feature, which enthral the sensitive spirit, and woo it to immortal affection even for the least beautiful of those beings, who know that of them it is written—"I have called ye gods." Let our contemplations ascend also from such indicators of mind to mind's ineffable charms. How valuable is memory; how heavenly is affection; how captivating and various is talent; and how exquisite are those generous and noble influences which incite the soul to divinest actions, and exalt it in the chain of being to a rank "but a little lower than the angels." Say, ye that are adepts in the art of making your own misery, is not happiness the manifest design of your creation? Are ye not endowed with faculties, perceptions, and varied blessings, adequate to this beneficent end? Have ye not a pure and soothing religion to sustain ye under the affliction of natural infirmities; and under such adverse casualties as Providence in everlasting mercy assigns for your portion? Have ye not also a promise, immutable as its Maker, of immortal existence in a new land, whose bliss so far transcends the completest happiness of earth, as to defy the definition by words—the portraiture by imagination? And with all this, are ye not miserable? Alas! "my people do not consider," is the tender and affecting reproof, which, if applicable to sentient beings in ages long past, is unhappily not less so to such in the present day. Would man but "consider," soon should he learn the felicitous art of extracting the sweet from the bitter of life: sunshine, order, and beauty, would be apparent where his offuscated vision beholds now but darkness, confusion, and deformity; his state would become ameliorated, his nature ennobled, and his

existence (invulnerable to puerile cares, and the disgraceful ebullition of conflicting passions) would roll on smoothly in a charmed circle, only to be merged at length in a transcendently blessed eternity.

Now, this Utopian secret of living I have ventured figuratively to term the *Poetry of Life*, from its apparent analogy to that divine art, which emi-

nently soothes, instructs, irradiates, and ennobles human nature; and into which, if fervent feelings and exalted imaginations enter, it is but to adorn and recommend their subjects; to withdraw the earth-bound spirit from the thrall-drom of things unworthy its attention, and to bestow upon it a prescience of its destined glory and divinely blessed abode.

SYMPATHY.

These light and playful lines were written by Bishop Heber, and are copied from the "Life" of this eminent Christian divine and virtuous man, recently published, by his widow.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed—
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
"One mournful embrace!" sobb'd the youth, "ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die—
Till then let us sorrow in company."

DR. ROBERT HAMILTON.

DR. HAMILTON, though one of the most profound and clear-headed philosophical thinkers, and one of the most amiable of men, became so completely absorbed in his own reflections as to lose the perception of external things, and almost that of his own identity and existence. Many of our readers have no doubt heard of his essay on the National Debt, which fell upon the Houses of Parliament

like a bomb-shell, or rather which rose and illuminated their darkness like an orient sun. There are other writings of his, in which one knows not which most to admire, the profound and accurate science, the beautiful arrangement, or the clear expression. Yet in public, the man was a shadow,—pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her ac-

quaintance ; went to his classes in the college on the dark mornings with one of her white stockings on the one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other ; often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned ; sometimes invited them to call on him, and then fined them for coming to insult him. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, beg her pardon, "madam," and hope she was not hurt ; at other times he would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way ; and yet his conversation, at the same time, if anybody happened to be with him, was perfect logic and perfect music. Were it not that there may be a little poetic license in Aberdeen story-telling, a volume might be filled with anecdotes of this amiable and excellent man, all tending to prove how wide the distinction is between first-rate thought and that merely animal use of the organs of sense which prevents ungifted mortals from walking into wells. The fish market at Aberdeen, if still where it used to be, is near the Dee, and has a stream passing through it that falls into that river. The fish-women ex-

pose their wares in large baskets. The Doctor one day marched into that place, where his attention was attracted by a curiously figured stone in a stack of chimneys. He advanced towards it till he was interrupted by one of the benches, from which, however, he tumbled one of the baskets into the stream, which was bearing the fish to their native element. The visage of the lady was instantly in lightning, and her voice in thunder ; but the object of her wrath was deaf to the loudest sounds, and blind to the most alarming colors. She stamped, gesticulated, scolded, which brought a crowd that filled the place ; but the philosopher turned not from his eager gaze, and his inward meditations, on the stone. While the woman's breath held good, she did not seem to heed ; but when that began to fail, and the violence of the act moved not one muscle of the object, her rage felt no bounds. She seized him by the breast, and yelling, in an effort of despair, "Spagh ta ma, or I'll burst," sank down among the remnant of her fish, in a state of complete exhaustion ; and, before she had recovered, the Doctor's reverie was over, and he had taken his departure.

FLAXMAN THE SCULPTOR.

IN the year 1782 he quitted the paternal roof, hired a small house and studio in Wardour Street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a wife—Ann Denman—one whom he had long loved, and who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished—had a taste for art and literature—was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius ; she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency ; regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy ; arranged his drawings ; managed now

and then his correspondence ; and acted in all particulars, so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquillity of mind, so essential to those who live by thought, was of his household ; and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed with double zeal the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit ; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So, Flaxman," said the president one day, as he chanced to

meet him, "I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist!" Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist." "John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it. I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow—but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. They were proud determined people—who asked no one's advice—who shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbors, and lived as if they were unconscious that they were in the midst of a luxurious city. "Ann," said the sculptor, "I have long thought that I could rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy; but these words of Reynolds have determined me. I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left, and, to show him that wedlock is for a man's good rather than for his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will lie under the charge of detaining me." In this resolution Mrs. Flaxman fully concurred. They resolved to prepare themselves in silence for the journey, to inform no one of their intentions, and to set meantime a still stricter watch over their expenditure. No assistance was proffered by the Academy—nor was any asked; and five years elapsed from the day of the memorable speech of the president, before Flaxman by incessant study and labor had accumulated the means of departing for Italy.

On his return to England, Flaxman immediately entered upon the highest branch of his art, and cultivated it

with such success, as to acquire the foremost rank. His future life was spent in private esteem and public honor; his productions, full of poetry and magnificent ideas, nobly sustaining him at the pinnacle which his genius had reached.

The image of Flaxman's household immediately after his marriage is preserved in the description of one who respected his genius and his worth. "I remember him well, so do I his wife, and also his humble little house in Wardour Street. All was neat—nay, elegant—the figures from which he studied were the finest antiques—the nature which he copied was the fairest that could be had—and all in his studio was propriety and order. But what struck me most was that air of devout quiet which reigned everywhere—the models which he made, and the designs which he drew, were not more serene than he was himself, and his wife had that sweet composure of manner which he so much loved in art. Yet better than all was the devout feeling of this singular man—there was no ostentatious display of piety—nay, he was in some sort a lover of mirth and sociality—but he was a reader of the Scriptures and a worshiper of sincerity, and if ever purity visited the earth she resided with John Flaxman." "During his residence in this house," says Smith, in his imperfect sketch, "he was chosen by the parish of St. Anne, in which he lived, as one of the collectors for the watch rate, and I have often seen him with an ink-bottle in his button-hole collecting the money." He might have added, that his employment made him acquainted with many suffering widows and orphans, that he relieved them frequently by small donations, and gave it to them privately that he might not be seen of men; for he was not one of the stamp described by Southey—

* * * * *

always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers;—
Whose alms were money put to interest
In the other world—donations to keep open
A running charity-account with heaven."

THE GATHERER.

"Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather."

Manufacture of Bread.—There is a very valuable periodical work now publishing in Belgium, exclusively devoted to the improvement of the mechanical arts. The last number treats of the manufacture of bread, from which we may advantageously make a few selections. The French bread is usually considered superior to that made in this country. The baker commences his operations at four in the morning, by mixing five pints of water and three pounds of leaven, reserved from the last baking, and as much flour as will make a paste weighing seventeen pounds. Ten hours after, they add eleven pints more water, and sufficient flour to make a paste of forty pounds; two hours afterwards, twenty-four pints more water, and flour enough to make a paste of 120 pounds: suffering four hours more to elapse, they make another addition of 100 pounds of flour, and 80 pints of water, which, altogether, will yield a mass of about 300 pounds weight. This paste is well beaten, and is then found so fluid that it is scarcely possible to form it into a tall loaf of bread, but when baked is much superior to the ordinary bread of this country. We know that the bread has been well made, firstly, if, on cutting the loaf through from top to bottom, it presents on the cut surfaces a quantity of cells, which continually increase in their diameters from bottom to top; and, secondly, when the middle of the loaf is as dry as the parts near the crust. Fifteen pounds of good wheaten flour ought not to absorb more than ten pounds of water to convert it into a paste; and this quantity, when well baked, ought to yield more than twenty pounds of bread.

Transportation a Benefit.—A miserable looking man, named Short, was charged at Guildhall with robbing an eating-house. It appeared that he had eaten his dinner, and on being asked for the money, said he had none, adding, that he had stolen a knife and fork, and insisted on being taken into custody. The officer stated that the prisoner had informed him he had been endeavoring for sometime past to get transported. The prisoner said he had tried to get employment, but could get none. "I am," he added, "a dyer, and have been, indeed, dying with want and hunger for sometime past."—Mr. Alderman Key said he must not expect that magistrates would forward his designs. It was evident, by acquainting the complainant that he had his property, he did not entertain any felonious intention, therefore he must be discharged. "Discharged only

to do something worse!" he exclaimed, as he turned away from the bar.

Slander.—When a calumny has rested for years on a man's character, all its virtues seem to our eyes poor and sickly under the influence of that unjustly-imputed guilt, like the flowering shrubs in some spot of shady ground from which the sun's glad beams have been intercepted: but, in the latter case, the pining away is real; in the former, it only seems so to our jaundiced eyes; unless, indeed, which generally happens—though from different causes, to the humble as well as to the high—the meek as well as to the proud—a scornful sense of injustice withers or blights the better feelings of their nature, and in process of time makes them at last, in very truth, the wicked and unhappy beings which calumny at first called them in the bitterness of conscious falsehood.

Grief.—In one man grief is as mute as the moss, and hard as the stone. Strike it with a sledge-hammer, and it may dully and sullenly ring—but break it shall not—nay, nor yield a single splinter. Grief in another man is like a pound of butter—and he would be a poor pugilist who could not make a "dent in it."

What is as natural in one man in agony as it is natural for the leaves to look for the light, is as unnatural in another man in the same agony, as it would be for a bishop to walk up the steps of his throne in a cathedral on his head or bottom, like Joe Grimaldi.

A Receipt for a Violent Temper.—A Mrs. Mary Hill was brought before the sitting magistrate at Queen's square, the other day, for creating a riot by abusing her husband. On inquiry into the case, the following dialogue passed between the magistrate and the indignant fair:—Mr. White—"What can you say to such conduct?" Mrs. Hill—"My passion overcomes my reason, your worship, when I see my husband——" Mr. White—"But abusing him will not make him any better." Mrs. Hill—"I can't help being in a passion when I see him act so." Mr. White—"I'll give you a remedy. The next time you find your passion rising, take a mouthful of cold water, and hold it in your mouth till your passion is over." Mrs. Hill—"Hold cold water in my mouth! Mercy on me, I never heard of such a thing."—Mr. White—"Perhaps not; you may think it a whimsical remedy, but it is a most excellent one, and I wish all married persons would adopt it when they find themselves getting into a

passion; and depend upon it, there would be more comfort at home, and you would have no occasion to trouble the magistrates." Mrs. Hill—"Well, if your worship thinks it will do any good, faith I'll try it; but he is enough to vex a saint. How long should I hold the water in my mouth?" Mr. White—"Until you find yourself in a calm, serene temper. You will find the remedy to have a most wonderful effect."—"There is a characteristic mixture of the wisdom and simplicity of *Æsop* and *Sancho Panza* in this advice. "Go home, good woman; and when you find yourself getting into a passion, tie your hands behind your back, and sit down until you cool." The only obstacle in the way of this receipt is, that the magistrate recommends the lady to fill her mouth with the cold water just at the moment when she would be most disinclined to keep it shut. It is like catching birds by dropping salt on their tails. If you can get them to wait so long, you will not require the salt; nor would the lady need the cold water if she could under any circumstances close her mouth. The virtue is in the silence, not the water. But the bench rarely indulges in allegory; and we hope all married women will know how to appreciate its occasional parables.

Large Oaks.—Mr. Burnett read a paper on the oak, and especially the naval oak of Great Britain, at the Royal Institution, on the 5th of February last, of which we extract the following illustrations of the magnitude of certain trees, from the report in the above-mentioned work. The famous roof of Westminster Hall, the span of which is among the greatest ever built without pillars, is little more than one third the width of the Worksp spread oak; its branches would reach over a Westminster Hall, placed on either side of its trunk, and have near 32 feet to spare. The rafters of Westminster Hall roof, though without pillars, have massive walls on each side to support them, but in the tree, boughs of 16 feet more extent are sustained at one end only. The ground plot of the Cowthorpe oak, now standing, is greater than that of the Eddystone Light-house. Upon Arthur's round table might be raised a church of equal capacity with the parish church of St. Lawrence in the Isle of Wight; and if the basement of the Cowthorpe oak were substituted for the table, there would be plenty of room, not only to build the parochial church, but also to allow for a small cemetery beside.

Eurwigs Harmless.—It is an unfounded popular prejudice that earwigs get into the brain by creeping into the ear; for though, from being night-insects and disliking exposure to the light, they may, by chance, attempt to take shelter in the ear, the disagreeable odor of the wax will soon drive them out; at all events they could never

get further than the drum, which completely shuts the passage to the brain. We have known, indeed, a small beetle get into the ear, but it did no further injury than produce a strange tingling sensation, by crawling about the drum, and soon made its exit. A little red insect (the harvest-bug) sometimes gets into the ear in bed, and produces wonderful commotion, but no real injury.

Hydrophobia.—A correspondent of the *Times* states, on the alleged authority of a physician who has made an extensive inquiry into the subject, that hydrophobia "has not been at all common of late, and that the disorder on which reports have been founded is not canine madness, but another nervous affection, brought on in consequence of punctured or lacerated wounds of any sort; and which have no particular reference to dogs, or their disorders, whatever. Mr. Lawrence, the surgeon, who was applied to, said, the other day, that he had known of only one case in London all the last year."

Genius.—People of the finest and most lively genius have the greatest sensibility, of consequence the most lively passions; the violence of which puts them on a footing with fools. Fools discern the weaknesses they have in common with themselves, but are not sensible of their excellencies, to which they have no pretensions; of course, are always inclined to dispute the superiority.

Currents of Wind.—A letter from Naples, dated May 21st, states that for some days previously the atmosphere had been covered with a kind of thick red fog, which was found to be a fine red dust, covering the ground and trees. It was at first imagined that this was the smoke of Vesuvius, but on close inspection it was pronounced to be African dust, which had been brought by the winds from Africa.

A diligent Ecclesiastic.—"The Devil," says Bishop Latimer, "is the most diligent preacher and prelate in all England. He is never out of his diocese—you shall never find him unoccupied. In the mean time the other bishops take their pleasure, and only attend to the farm to receive its tithes. They are lords, and no laborers; but the Devil is diligent at his plough."

Cultivation of Potatoes.—A French soldier placed half a dozen potatoes at the bottom of a cask, upon a layer of sand and fresh earth, three or four inches thick. When the stalks had risen to a few inches, he bent them down, and covered them four or five inches deep with the same mixture. He continued this operation until the cask was full. Six or seven months after, upon emptying the vessel (which stood in a court yard) he found that the half dozen potatoes had produced an enormous quantity of new ones, from the portions of the mother stems which had been successively laid down and covered.



Pendleton's Litho. Boston

WALKING DRESSES.

For. Cotton's Athenaeum

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1830. [VOL. 4, No. 11.

NEWFOUNDLAND ADVENTURES.*

OUR crew had evidently lost much of their zeal for the civilization project, by the melancholy death of their comrade. After a short consultation, it was determined to steer homewards, to inter the body of Paul, and secure their prisoner. Accordingly, we hoisted sail, and descended the river, placing the prisoner and her cloak as much to leeward as possible. As we retraced our course along the bay, I was struck with the great alteration of tempers and manners in my companions; so different from what they had been as we entered these wild scenes. Then all was hope and gaiety: not even the habitual economy of the pipe (prompting the propriety of smoking continuously once it was lighted) could restrain their lively narratives and repartees. Simon had been particularly vivacious. Now he, as well as they, sat smoking in sober sadness, occasionally turning their eyes towards the corpse that lay at their feet, and turning away their noses in unconcealed disgust whenever a whiffing wind came back from the poor prisoner. Were it not for the promised bounty, and the presence of Mr. English and myself, I am inclined to think that she would at least have been tossed overboard like many an odd-fish-looking creature that boded bad luck to afrighted fishermen, as they labored in their vocation with all the superstition and ignorance incident to its solitude

and danger; caring little what loss science might sustain, so they ward off ill luck themselves. My friend English and I had the conversation all to ourselves, and I recollect that even we spoke in whispers; so infectious is melancholy. The shores looked more bleak and barren, the breeze and surf chilled us as we sat listlessly beneath their influence, and the breakers seemed to strike more sharply against the rocks, as our open ears unconsciously admitted their ill-omened burthen. At last our thoughts received a sudden turn by Simon starting up and exclaiming in anger, "Where's Cabot's skin? I brought it into the boat. Who has dared to throw it out?"

"It's all safe," said one of the fishers. I stowed it away snug in the bear-skin cloak there."

"How dare you," cried Simon, fiercely, "roll up his skin in that carion hide, which is enough to rot the plank it lies on? Shake it out, you lubber, and hang it to air, if you wouldn't rouse him out of his grave to chop your head off!"

"No offence!" said the fisher, "I meant all in kindness. I didn't think the skin was so touchy."

Nothing further occurred to chequer our voyage home. The female was by common consent given in care to Mr. English, who gladly undertook to teach her whatever was possible, and provide for her maintenance. He had

* Concluded from page 386.

her disgusting apparel immediately removed, and replaced with the usual dress of respectable females of the island. I beheld her thus attired next day, when she was presented to the admiral, and recollect thinking her very much humanized, and almost comely: such alteration does dress make; but her dark eyes were very wild and unsettled.

The admiral attended the funeral of Paul, along with our little crew, and a number of islanders, who knew and regretted him. At the head of the procession, Simon led his little grandson in one hand, and Paul's weeping mother in the other. As the ceremony concluded, I overheard Sebastian say to the old man, "I hope the ugly savage woman that murdered Cabot is to be killed and buried too. I'm sure she deserves it."

"Ay, boy!" replied Simon, "but the admiral gives no bounty for dead vermin."

"I fear," said I, as I shook hands with Mr. English at parting, "the civilization of the natives will go on but slowly. You can't expect any aid from these people. If I don't visit you next season, pray write me word how you succeed with this poor woman." He promised he would, and the admiral's barge soon after brought me back to the ship.

In the winter I left Newfoundland for St. Heliers, with three cargoes of cod for the French market. There I had the satisfaction to receive a letter from my friend English, dated nearly a year after my departure.

"*Toulinguet, 4th Aug. 1818.*

* * * * * "Your prediction is correct. The civilization of the natives goes on very slowly. Our people speak of their researches in the interior as 'an unlucky kind of fishing,' and won't repeat them. My female pupil would wear out the patience of the seven ages. She will attend to nothing: in fact, she is still a savage. I need not assure you that she is treated kindly (indeed more like one of my family than a stranger), but nothing seems to efface the memory of

the scene she witnessed on the bank of the River of Exploits. I sometimes endeavor to interest her on that subject, but though I am confident she understands our language to a considerable extent, I cannot yet prevail on her to speak a word of it. She is shrewd and observing at times, but wants either the will or the power of fixing her mind on any subject requiring continued attention. It seems that the Esquimaux shot by Simon was a chief, and her husband; that she has left a child with her tribe; and that they recognized Paul as a former enemy by his dress. Ursa (the name given to her in jest by a young midshipman of the admiral's party, and since universally adopted by the fishers, who don't trouble their brains about derivations) has a most powerful propensity to steal; but her thefts are confined to materials of dress or minor articles of apparel, which, when discovered in her possession, are always found transformed into baby-clothes. She understood something of sewing when taken prisoner, and it continues to be her only occupation when she thinks she is unobserved. Her bear-skin cloak with the cradlehood is still stretched on a frame in one of my rooms, which it has completely taken possession of, for none of us can tolerate the effluvia it still retains and dispenses, though the room is well ventilated, and a year has elapsed since the airing process was begun. She evinces a strange apathy to music. The finest airs have been delightfully played and sung in her presence, but she appears as if she heard them not; though the howling of a dog will attract her attention at any time, for she is quick enough in her perceptions of things that have *habitually* interested her. When left to herself she is at times lively in her motions; if interrupted, very irritable; indeed she seems incapable of either long concealing or long entertaining the feeling of anger; and all her fits of passion generally terminate in a prolonged lamentation for herself or her absent child.

"Our threats availed nothing to

check the petty thefts that Ursa's maternal feelings continually prompted, so we brought her one day to see a thief flogged in the market-place, and to explain the cause of his punishment. She screamed violently, and in the course of the next week made an attempt to escape, evidently anxious to avoid a similar infliction, which she seems conscious of meriting; but watchful Simon caught her, and brought her back. He frequently inquires after her proficiency, and is astonished to hear that she does not know her alphabet yet. He recommends me to start her with a rope's end, once or twice a day, and is affronted because I will neither employ it myself nor allow him to use it. He says I am like the dog in the manger. He has never forgotten our difference of opinion respecting Cabot's soul, and shortly after your departure joined the congregation of a rival of mine, a methodist preacher who was formerly a Jersey agent on the island, and is now also a fisher and a schoolmaster. I find it impossible to induce my poor parishioners to pay cheerfully my stipulated fee of one shilling per head per annum; and as I don't admire quarreling, I shall very likely make an exchange of parishes shortly; but not before I do all that is possible for Simon and his comrades by fair means, to render their prize worthy of the admiral's premium. As yet she is altogether ungovernable and useless.

"My rival manages his congregation admirably. He prays and preaches gratuitously, but makes a respectable charge per head for teaching the little sinners their A B C. His flag is flying while I write, to summon the elect to his class meeting; and I see Simon and Sebastian moving on with the rest to luxuriate in his outpourings. He and Simon have struck an average of opinions on the subject of our schism. He admitted, that 'if it pleased Heaven, Cabot *might have had* a soul:' but Simon insists on this version—'Cabot *may have* a soul, if it pleases Heaven;' and the preacher thinks it prudent to acquiesce in the amendment.

"I am informed that two more Esquimaux women have lately been caught by another exploring party in the interior, and are now under the admiral's care at St. John's." * * *

Home business still prevented my return to Newfoundland, but our Jersey fishers at last brought me the following letter from Mr. English, dated two years after his first communication.

Toulinguet, 12th Aug. 1820.

* * * * * "The admiral visited us during his rounds last month, and appeared much disappointed at the continued intractability of my pupil Ursa. Excepting her increased knowledge of the English language, she is very little altered for the better. He observed that she possesses the same air of distrust, anxiety, and occasional abstraction, which marked the wandering character of her mind when first captured, and which is also common to her two countrywomen. They are to be sent back to the interior (well furnished with proofs of British liberality) on his return to St. John's.

"He endeavored to interest Ursa respecting the condition of her own people, for whom he had brought presents of some value, and which she was to be entrusted with; but whatever kindly feelings his generosity excited, were still shrouded beneath the same restless uneasiness, indicative of some powerful train of feelings whose source lay in the past, and which engrossed her whole being. Fear and sorrow were evidently uppermost, and are almost the only emotions she has of late exhibited. Once, and but once, I beheld her moved to sympathy. 'Twas by the sight of an infant in the arms of an Irish lady who came on a visit at the house. She gazed on the child with an absorbing earnestness, that moved the anxiety of the mother for its safety: but there was nothing to fear. Ursa with tears in her eyes explained to her, in broken English, that she had left an infant of a similar age with her tribe when she was cap-

tured, for whom she had never ceased to grieve.

“On the first of this month, I embarked with Simon and his five comrades to convey this poor creature to the district where we had found her three years ago, and where we hoped to fall in with some of her countrymen, on whom the sight of her wealth, and the account she could give of her good treatment, might produce their natural effect on a race so needy, and at the same time so distrustful, as the Esquimaux. Her cloak was now delivered to her along with the admiral’s gifts; and even her baby-clothes were restored, that no unfavorable impression might remain on her memory. The greater part of the voyage she was obstinately silent, and seemed under the influence of recollections that agitated her violently. I endeavored to cheer her, but she shook her head and answered not. I asked if she were ill? if she were sorry to return to her tribe? if I could yet do anything for her comfort? She at last replied, in a tone of fearful energy, ‘Nothing! nothing!’ indicative of such determined self-reliance or self-abandonment, that I gave up the attempt in utter hopelessness.

“At last we entered the River of Exploits, and put ashore at the same little rushy harbor near where the fight had occurred. I thought it imprudent to excite her feelings by taking her thither again; but a general feeling of curiosity, in which she strongly participated, and our anxiety to discover any late tracks of the wandering natives, with whom we might now hope to open an intercourse under more favorable circumstances, led us on to the very ground where we left her husband unburied three years ago. Nothing now remained of the slain Esquimaux, but the spot was well marked by nature in the luxuriant herbage that sprung from earth which had imbibed the life-blood of two human beings. A small rock lay beside it, and further on a second, on Cabot’s grave. The moment Ursa reached that little patch of verdure in

the midst of barrenness, she became convulsed with feelings whose intensity was too great for endurance. She struggled for utterance, and, bursting into a loud and piteous scream, fell to the earth amongst us. We hastily raised her, and supported her on the large stone, while one of the men ran back for some water, which he brought in his hat; but she could not sit, she could not speak, she could not breathe!—that piercing cry was the last sound she uttered. We felt her pulse, but not a single beat was found: the cold water dashed in her face did not send one throb back to her heart; it was cold and motionless too, and we saw with dismay that we held a corpse in our arms! Simon stood aghast! ‘D——tion!’ he exclaimed; ‘the bounty’s lost with her! All’s gone! Ben, Paul, Cabot,—and all through these infernal savages!’ He cocked his gun, stepped up hastily on the rock, and looked long and steadily around him, as if for some object on which to wreak his vengeance, or by which to retrieve his loss: but nothing appeared in the distance; and declining to give us any further aid, he went and sat in silence on the stone of Cabot’s grave.

“We bore the body back to the boat, and soon after Simon slowly joined us. We returned hither immediately, and next day deposited poor Ursa’s remains in the churchyard, in a grave which happened to be dug close to the spot where we laid those of Ben and Paul three years ago. Simon exclaimed strenuously against the profanation of burying a heathen like her in consecrated ground, and beside *them*, the victims of her husband’s ferocity. I tried the argument of christian charity with him:—in vain. He said that Ursa was ‘neither a christian nor a neighbor,’ and was positive she had no claim to charity from us. A hint, however, of the probability of the admiral’s displeasure, and the total withdrawal of the bounty in consequence, silenced him at last.

“Immediately on my return, I wrote to St. John’s, and received in

answer from the admiral a singular account of the termination of the expedition to restore to their tribes the two native women who had been educated under his own eye. On reaching the place in their route across the island where they had both been taken prisoners about two years ago, one of them fell dead ! (what a strange coincidence !) and the other obstinately refused to proceed, and finally returned with the escort. She will explain nothing further than that she is afraid her tribe would kill her !

"The admiral's opinion now is, that the hereditary antipathy of the Esquimaux to the European settlers is such, that they forbid any intercourse with them under pain of death. If this be the case, our labor is fruitless." * * * * *

It was in autumn, two years after the date of this letter, that I had an opportunity of again visiting Newfoundland. A Jersey trader brought me to St. John's, and a coaster carried me thence to Toulouquet, where I had some business to transact. I found that my friend English had left this parish, and had been appointed to one in New Brunswick. Here I saw old Simon as active and loquacious as ever, and Sebastian, now grown a fine stout lad and a daring fowler. The first thing his grandfather showed me was Cabot's skin still lying on Sebastian's bed. It had been most carefully preserved, and retained the beautiful black hair, whose glossy curl I had so much admired years ago. Two more Esquimaux bows and quivers decorated the walls of their hut, which, on my inquiry, the young fellow told me, in rather a chuff way, he had got last winter from a native party off Strait Coast.

"Did they give them to you ?" said I.

"No," replied the boy carelessly as he left the room, "I got them in exchange for powder and shot."

Five years had made a surprising difference in his stature, look, and voice. He spoke little, but most

energetically. His eyes were dark, and deep-set beneath heavy over-hanging brows ; and these were surmounted by a beetling forehead. His head was remarkably broad between the ears, which stood boldly forward, full in view, as if to catch the slightest sound that was uttered in his presence. His whole aspect was stern and ardent, and left an impression on me that I did not easily forget. Its expression was of that cast which indicated conscious power and readiness to compare, determine, and speedily execute whatever was resolved on. There was also a contempt of trifling, and a capability of remembering injuries, too strongly marked to be overlooked or mistaken. His grandfather assured me that it took up the greatest part of his time to watch over him, to keep him out of danger, and restrain his impetuosity. I had remarked three deep scars on the boy's forehead, and one on his cheek : these Simon told me he had received from the gannets of Magdalen Island last year in lightening the rocks of a boat-load of eggs. "'Twas well I was there," said he, "for the blood blinded him, and he missed his footing and fell into the sea about twenty feet below. The spiteful screaming things still darted at him in the water, as if they'd pick his bones ; and I had to shoot some of them before they'd let me haul him out. He's going again in the Grampus in a day or two, and I must go with him too, or they won't leave an eye in his head."

"'Tis fortunate," said I, "that our courses lie together. I have particular business at Prince Edward's Island, and will be glad to accompany you, and see your method of fowling on the rocks."

Simon cheerfully engaged to take me by his usual northern route, and we appointed the next morning but one (wind and weather permitting) for the voyage. Accordingly, having despatched my business in the interim, I once more took my seat at break of day beneath the Grampus that still fluttered grimly in the old mainsail,

with store of powder and shot, and an excellent detonating double-barreled fowling-piece that I had brought from Jersey. Simon took it up as he came on board, in the way that a trumpeter of the heavy dragoons might vouchsafe to handle a child's penny whistle—condescendingly laid it alongside his old duck gun—and shook his head most hopelessly as he discovered by actual admeasurement that both my barrels taken together would only equal the length of his! I was rather piqued at the old fellow's inference, and entered into a statement of some late experiments in England on the various ranges of barrels, and their disproportionate lengths. Simon shook his head still more incredulously at the new-fangled notions of the old-world sportsmen; and at last clearly convinced me that he was too old to admit a new idea, and that in his case I must be contented with the exhibition of the very opposite state of the human intellect—that which gratifies itself with pouring out all the notions it had acquired previous to the age of forty.

He and Sebastian formed my only companions. The old man explained the cause in a whisper, as the boy shook out the jib, and made ready for sea. “When I was a young fellow, I always found that my playfellows led me into danger that I wouldn't have faced without company; so I persuade Sebastian that 'tis more courageous and profitable to go alone; for he and I are all one. Ah!” continued he with a sigh, “Cabot's qualities are only granted to him in part as yet. He has got all his courage without his caution. He'd fight a shark in the water with a diver's tooth-pick* if I'd let him, out of downright carelessness of life. So I go to keep watch on him, now that Cabot's gone.”

We had a fine easterly breeze that morning, before which we scudded along at a delightful rate. We soon doubled Cape St. John, where the

French coast commences. Headland after headland was passed in quick succession; and thinly scattered fishing-huts peeped out here and there from creeks and coves, like outposts of civilization thrown on land to secure the wealth of ocean. The tall scaffolds—some forty feet high—stood in picturesque array beside the cottages in many places, rising like watch-towers high above the perpendicular rocks on which they were erected, when the scanty strand below did not allow the careful planters room to dry their fish in safety there. The day passed away before my eyes were tired of the wild scenery presented to them along this coast, which was quite new to me, and appeared strangely savage after having feasted my sight for the last five years on the luxuriant shores, and splendid castles, towns and villas of the English Channel. The sun set, and still the steady gale swelled the sails, and displayed the picturesque Grampus in the moonlight as the orb rose trembling over the waves. The weather was so fine, and the wind so favorable, that we agreed to stand out well from shore, and take rest alternately as well as we could. The old man was prevailed on to “turn in” to his boat cloak and take the first nap, while Sebastian and I kept watch: he soon snored soundly.

“Is there any hope alive,” said I to the lad, “of still civilizing these wild natives?”

“No! no!” replied he; “not on our side of the island, at least. We have suffered dearly by them; and if ever I forget or forgive!”—

“Mr. English had great patience with that poor woman.”

“Mr. English was a great fool to think to change a crab into a flying fish! He took three years to find out what any one might have known in three days, and what even I (child as I was) became certain of in three weeks—that she was a mere savage,

* A short stick, sharp at both ends—the weapon by which the pearl-fishers in California baffle their powerful enemy in his own element. As the shark opens his mouth to bite, the diver thrusts the stick in perpendicularly, holding it by the middle; the jaws close on the points, and the man withdraws his hand in safety and triumph.

and that no good could be expected of her by fair means. My grandfather might have known it too, if his hope of a share of the 100*l.* hadn't blinded his judgment. If I had had the care of her, I would have starved her into obedience; or, if she had continued obstinate to the month's end, shot her to save time."

"Would you have murdered the poor creature?" said I in astonishment.

"Yes!" said he calmly, "if my grandfather had let me, as readily as I would a shark or a polecat. I don't know what any of these pestilent vermin are good for, except to destroy fish and game, and devour them raw."

"And pray what good do you do in the world? What right would *you* plead to your life, if her tribe displayed a similar readiness to take it?"

"Let them take it when they can!" replied he, with a fierce short laugh of derision. "I value not my life, and I value not theirs. Whilst I am above the waves, I live to comfort that old man, and to revenge my father!"

"Revenge is not a Christian frame of mind, young man"—

"I get enough of preaching on the island," said he, cutting me short; and as I did not foresee any beneficial result from proceeding in this strain, I did not renew it. "What a task a preacher must have," thought I, "to make his sermon work for good on one of the hundreds who *appear* to listen to it, ignorant as he must be of the under-current of their thoughts! This young scapegrace thinks vengeance a virtue; and may I be hanged instead of him, if I know how to 'put in' an argument that will touch him."

Early the next day we doubled Cape Bauld, and stood into the Straits of Belle-isle. Here we fell in with a magnificent iceberg, glittering in the morning sunshine, and glowing with all the hues of the rainbow. The ice was brightly crystalline, and the side next to us freshly broken.

It was the fragment of a huge floating mountain from Davis's Strait, which had been wrecked and shattered in the dangerous embrace of some gigantic nymph of the North Pole, as they sported on the azure fields of ocean, and yielded with irresistible impetus to the seductive influence of each other's accumulated attractions. Darwin has sung "The Loves of the Plants," Moore "The Loves of the Angels," Canning "The Loves of the Triangles:" Sir Walter sings,

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;"

but it yet remains for some mightier poet to do justice to the chaste yet melting Loves of the Icebergs.

It floated by, a pile of picturesque beauty, strongly resembling a Gothic cathedral. The pointed caverns, worn by the dashing waves below, yawned like portals and archways around the base; shivered splinters stood like buttresses to guard the front and sides, and their points bristled up into pinnacles: more dense and elevated masses rose into towers, lanterns, and steeples; whilst the precipitous and glassy walls shone with brilliant reflexions that completed the architectural similitude. All at once this splendid floating mountain stood firm as a rock (grounded in water whose depth must have been double its immense height); and as the resounding billows now beat louder against its fretted base, I almost fancied I could hear the swelling murmur of thousands, whose voices joined in some measured psalmody, while at times the groaning organ drowned "the busy hum of men" in its stormy burthen.

I watched this ocean palace with unceasing interest as we rounded Cape Norman, while the increasing distance heightened the illusion. The sunless side now came gradually in view, and I was admiring the shadows which strongly marked each deep recess between the towering buttresses, when my "fancy's sketch" was hastily dispelled by the eager and almost imploring tone of Sebastian,

who was at the helm :—" O ! dear grandfather ! there they are ! now remember your promise ! "

Right ahead appeared seven Esquimaux in canoes of the exact description we had encountered on the River of Exploits five years before. They had just put out of Boat Harbor, at the northern extremity of the old Indian path, and seemed taking advantage of a fair wind to paddle across the Strait to either Green or Red Bay on the Labrador shore. " Stay, child," said Simon ; " don't be rash ! You need not cross them. You can stand into shore out of their way. You ought to be well satisfied. Remember the two who fell last winter ! "

" No, no ! " replied the boy earnestly ; " they were only slain in my own defence. Paul and Cabot are but half avenged. And my father ! my father !—he still haunts my dreams unappeased."

" Nay, be cautious," said the old fisher as he undid the sealskin cover of his gunlock. " Our passenger here may be brought into danger. Yet it is no harm to be prepared."

" If you fear their arrows," said Sebastian to me, " lie down in the bottom of the boat, and we'll spread the cloaks over you."

" Are you going to attack them unprovoked ? " said I to Simon.

" No," replied he, " not without provocation. We received sufficient at their hands five years ago to prevent us forgetting it so soon. This boy lost his father by them, my only son ; and you saw our double loss afterwards, on the river side, as we went to offer the murderers the right hand of fellowship. Yet, dear boy, not for their sakes, but your own, avoid this needless danger. Mark how wildly they toss their paddles, and shout to each other, and gather into a squadron ! "

" It appears to me," said I, " that they recognise the boat and its mainsail. Perhaps these are some of the party that you encountered twice before ? "

" If they be," exclaimed Simon,

losing sight of all his prudential advice, " let *them* look to it. Bear down on them, my boy ! "

" Will you help us ? " asked Sebastian joyfully.

" Certainly, if need be, if they attack us," I replied, putting a couple of detonating caps on my fowling-piece. We were now close upon their little fleet, which lay to as if to receive us, with their prows sharp in the wind, yet all formed in line (as if preparing to attack a sleeping whale), so as to enable them to get a full view and fair aim at us as we held on our course, and at the same time to paddle free of each other.

Simon sat in the stern of the boat, with his gun cocked in his hand, frowning sternly as he gazed on their hostile array. The fixed expression of his features, as he came within their view, was scornful and severe ; reminding me of the unalterable bearing of some figure-head of a triton, the carved beau-ideal of ocean heroism, engrafted so long since on my memory that I forget how or where. 'Twas the undisguised portrait of defiance—deriving not a little of its formidable aspect from the black sealskin cap he wore. That instant I remembered 'twas Paul's cap ! his keepsake as he lay bleeding to death ! That very instant an Esquimaux seemed to recognise it also. He shouted, in a voice hurried by fear and rage, some jargon, in which his fellows joined as he pointed at the unlucky cap. All at once each loosened his harpoon from the deck, and grasped it with the dexterity of a man accustomed to strike his game at a moment's notice. We were on the alert. Sebastian instantly changed his course, steered right on the end of their line of battle (which broke up as if struck by a black squall), and at that moment, while they shook their weapons to hurl at us, we fired at those nearest with steady aim. Sebastian mortally wounded his man. The dart dropped from his hand, his head sank on his shoulder, his body drooped to one side, and the canoe in

which he was tied turned with it, and thus quickly drowned him despite his struggles. Both my barrels took effect; but being loaded with shot, the charges spread, shattered two canoes, and disabled their owners. The skins with which these boats were covered were pierced through and through in front; the water poured in; the prows in which their feet were stowed sank; but the afterpart of each, still buoyant with air, floated, and sustained the wounded savages. Simon's duck-gun had done equal execution. He had leveled at two enemies whom he took in file: one fell on his face on the deck of his canoe, whilst his arms sank helplessly into the water on each side of it; the other appeared stunned and motionless, and his canoe slowly sinking. An Esquimaux, who had not been near enough to discharge his harpoon, was seen, as the smoke dispersed, paddling back to land with all his might; whilst the seventh and last, who had escaped our shot, was found endeavoring to extricate his harpoon, which had stuck in the gunwale as he flung it at me from behind, and from mere habit had left it attached by the running line to his reel on deck. Sebastian, who spied him first, seized the boat-axe to cut him down; but the dexterous Esquimaux instantly paddled backward, cut the line, and escaped after his comrade towards the shore.

All this passed so rapidly, that we had not time to exchange a word. A glance suffices to gather in a scene which it takes pages to describe. Simon and I had been engaged in recharging our guns, and he was now endeavoring to get a fair shot at the last of the fugitives. The man who had been stunned by his first fire now gradually revived, as the oozing water filled his ruined canoe; and as it slowly sank under the bow of the *Grampus*, he lifted his spear against his destroyer with all the energy of hatred and despair. I called out to Simon, "Look ahead!" in a tone of voice that I thought would have been sufficient to rouse him to stare his

danger in the face. But all his faculties were at that moment absorbed in pulling the trigger at his distant, flying foe. Simon dropped his gun, and fell back with a faint cry, more of surprise than pain. Sebastian started forward to encounter the unexpected enemy; but nothing was now to be seen above the water except his grim and death-like visage, and the upraised hand that had thrown the harpoon; and ere the furious boy could hurl his axe, the wave closed over him forever.

Simon lay insensible. The spear had fallen out, and he now bled profusely. On removing the unfortunate cap, we saw that the weapon had cut deep. We bound up the wound, but I had no hope of his recovery. "Now," said his grandson, putting about the helm, and standing into shore after the fugitive canoe, "now to finish our work!"

"I will not fire at another man, unless in immediate self-defence," I replied firmly. "If you are determined to commit murder, you must do it alone."

"And thank God," said he, with a laugh of savage joy, "I am able to do it alone!" So saying, he put on Simon's blood-stained cap with an air of defiance that bespoke eternal hostility to the nation of the slayers of his fathers.

And now our swelling sails gained fast on the wearied paddler. Sebastian, meantime, had loaded both his guns with ball. I kept mine in readiness, watching the event, and really dreading my companion in his vengeful mood far more than the poor savage who fled before us. It was evidently Sebastian's object to get between the canoe and the shore; and lest the sinewy arm of the Esquimaux should attain shallow water first, he fired the long duck-gun at its greatest range. The ball took effect; the poor fellow started in his seat, and the canoe fell over to the left. A swing of the paddle in his right hand brought both him and the canoe erect again, and with that hand alone he

feebly urged his skiff to the beach. We approached him rapidly, and I could discern blood streaming from his left shoulder. Sebastian's second shot now struck him: the paddle dropped from his grasp forever; the drifting canoe was shaken into the trough of the wave, and, no longer balanced by the alternate lively dip of the paddle, combining steadiness with swiftness, soon upset with its freight.—No further struggle was visible; and by the time we came alongside, it floated bottom upwards.

"I'll take his weapons from the deck," said the exulting conqueror, "to hang up at home with the two bows and quivers," seizing the boat-hook, and dragging the canoe (in which the body was tied, like all the others) into its former upright position; when, to my astonishment and horror, I saw that it only held a

bleeding headless trunk, and in another minute a white shark rose to the surface, and kept playing around, expecting the remainder of its banquet.

"Are you satisfied?" said I to the boy, as he stood silently gazing on the sickening sight.

"Satisfied!" repeated he. "The darts and harpoon are lost. What more remains for me to do?"

"Nothing," I replied sternly, "unless to join your blood-thirsty fellow-playmate there in the feast you have prepared."

The boy stared at me, then at the weltering corse—again encountered my steadfast frown; finally he sat down abashed, and resumed the helm in silence. We reached Prince Edward's Island late that night, and next day saw Simon's remains deposited in the grave—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

BABEL.

Know ye in ages past that tower
By human hands built strong and high?
Arch over arch, with magic power,
Rose proudly each successive hour,
To reach the happy sky.

It rose, till human pride was crush'd—
Quick came the unexpected change;
A moment every tone was hush'd,
And then again they freely gush'd,
But sounded wild and strange.

Loud, quick, and clear, each voice was heard,
Calling for lime, and stone, and wood,
All uttered words—but not one word,
More than the carol of a bird,
Their fellows understood.

Is there no Babel but that one,
The storied tower of other days?
Where, round the giant pile of stone,
Pausing they stood—their labor done,
To listen in amaze.

Fair springs the tower of hope and fame,
When all our life is fairy land;

Till, scarcely knowing what to blame,
Our fellows cease to feel the same—
We cease to understand.

Then, when they coldly smile to hear
The burning dreams of earlier days,
The rapid fall from hope to fear,
When eyes whose every glance was dear,
Seem changing as they gaze—

Then, when we feel 'twere vain to speak
Of fervent hopes, aspirings high,
Of thoughts for which all words are weak,
Of wild far dreams, wherein we seek
Knowledge of earth and sky—

Of communings with nature's God,
When impulse deep the soul hath moved;
Of tears which sink within the sod,
Where, mingling with the valley clod,
Lies something we have loved—

Then cometh ours:—and better theirs—
Of stranger tongues together brought,
Than that in which we all have shares,
A Babel in a world of cares—
Of feeling and of thought!

FISH STORIES.

Shepherd.—TELL me, Mr. North, what for ye didna come out to Innerleithen and fish for the silver medal o'

the St. Ronan's Border Club? I'm thinkin' ye was feared.

North.—I have won so many me-

dals, James, that my ambition is dead—and, besides, I could not think of beating the Major.

Shepherd.—You beat the Major! You nicht at baggy-mennons, but he cou'd gie ye a stane-wecht either at trouts or fish. He's just a warld's wunner wi' the sweevil, a warlock wi' the worm, and wi' the flee a finisher. It's a pure pleasure to see him playin' a pounder wi' a single hair. After the first twa three rushes are ower, he seems to wile them wi' a charm awa' into the side, until the grass or the gravel, whare they lie in the sunshine as if they were asleep. His tackle, for bricht airless days, is o' gossamere; and at a wee distance aff, you think he's fishin' without ony line ava', till whirr gangs the pirl, and up springs the sea-trout, silver-bricht, twa yards out o' the water, by a delicate jerk o' the wrist, hooked inextricably by the tongue clean ower the barb o' the Kirby-bend. Midge-flees!

North.—I know the Major is a master in the art, James; but I will back the Professor against him for a rump-and-dozen.

Shepherd.—You would just then, sir, lose your rump. The Professor can fish nae better nor yoursell. You would make a pretty pair in a punt at the perches; but as for the Tweed, at trouts or sawmon, I'll back wee Jamie again' ye baith, gin ye'll only let me fish for him the bushy pools.

North.—I hear you, James. Sir Isaac Newton was no astronomer.

Shepherd.—Mr. Boyd o' Innerleithen's issued proposals and Prospectus o' a bit anglin' book to be ca'd "Tweed and its Tributary Streams." You maun gie't a lift, sir.

North.—I will, James. A good title; and my old landlord is a good angler and a good man.

Shepherd.—That's towological and an anticlameaks. For wha ever heard o' a gude angler being a bad or indifferent man? I hae nae objection, sir, noo that there's nae argument, to say that you're a gude angler yoursell, and sae is the Professor.

North.—James, these civilities

touch. Your hand. In me the passion of the sport is dead—or say rather dull; yet have I gentle enjoyment still in the "Angler's silent Trade." But, heavens! my dear James! how in youth—and prime of manhood too—I used to gallop to the glens, like a deer, over a hundred heathery hills, to devour the dark-rolling river, or the blue breezy loch! How leaped my heart to hear the thunder of the nearing waterfall! and lo! yonder flows, at last, the long dim shallow rippling hazel-banked line of music among the broomy braes, all astir with back-fins over its surface; and now, that the feed is on, teeming with swift-shooting, bright-bounding, and silver-shining scaly life, most beauteous to behold, at every soft alighting of the deceptive lure, captivating and irresistible even among a shower of natural leaf-born flies a-swarm in the air from the mountain-woods!

Shepherd.—Aye, sir, in your younger days you maun hae been a verra deevil.

North.—No, James—

"Nae maiden lays her scathe to me."

Poetry purified my passions; and, worshiping the Ideal, my spirit triumphed over mere flesh and blood, and was preserved in innocence by the Beautiful.

Shepherd.—That's your ain account o' yoursell, sir. But your enemies tell anither tale—

North.—And what do my enemies, in their utter ignorance, know of me? But to my friends, my character lies outspread, visible from bound to bound, just like a stretch of Highland prospect on the Longest Day, when, from morning to night, the few marbled clouds have all lain steadfast on the sky, and the air is clear, as if mist were but a thought of Fancy's dream.

Shepherd.—What creel-fu's you maun hae killed!

North.—A hundred and thirty in one day in Loch-awe, James, as I hope to be saved—not one of them under—

Shepherd.—A dizzen pound,—and

two thirds o' them abune't. A'thegi-ther a ton. If you are gaun to use the lang bow, sir, pu' the string to your lug, never fear the yew crackin', and send the grey-guse-feathered arrow first wi' a long whiz, and then wi' a short thud, right intill the bull's eye, at ten score, to the astonishment o' the ghost o' Robin Hood, Little John, Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William o' Cloudelee.

North.—My poor dear old friend, McNeil of Hayfield—God rest his soul—it is in heaven—at ninety as lifeful as a boy at nineteen—held up his hands in wonder as under a shady tree I laid the hundred and thirty yellow Shiners on the bank at his feet. Major Mackay,

“A lambkin in peace, and a lion in war,” acknowledged me as a formidable rival now in angling as in leaping of yore. Auchlian, God bless him, the warm-hearted and the hospitable—long may he live and be happy, among the loving and beloved—from that day began to respect the Lowlanders. And poor Stevenson, mild and brave—a captain in the navy, James—now no more—with his own hands wreathed round my forehead a diadem of heather-bells, and called me King of the Anglers.

Shepherd.—Poo! that was nae day's fishin' ava, man, in comparison to ane o' mine on St. Mary's Loch. To say naething about the countless sma' anes, two hunder about half a pound, ae hunder about a hail pound, fifty about two pound, five-and-twenty about fowre pound, and the rest rinnin' frae half a stane up to a stane and a half, except about half a dizzen, aboon a' wecht, that put Geordie Gudefallow and Huntly Gordon to their mettle to carry them pechin' to Mont Benger on a haun barrow.

North.—Well done, Ulysses.

Shepherd.—Anither day, in the

Megget, I caught a cart-fu'. As it gaed down the road, the kintra-folk thoocht it was a cart-fu' o' herrins—for they were a' preceesely o' ae size to an unce—and though we left two dizzen at this house—and four dizzen at that house—and a groce at Henderland—on coonting them at hame in the kitchen, Leezy made them out forty dizzen, and Girzzy forty-twa, aught; sae a dispute haen arisen, and o' coorse a bett, we took the census ower again, and may these be the last words I sall ever speak, gin they didna turn out to be Forty-Five!

North.—The heaviest Fish I ever killed was in the river Awe—ninety pound neat. I hooked him on a Saturday afternoon—and had small hopes of killing him—as I never break the Sabbath. But I am convinced that, within the hour, he came to know that he was in the hands of Christopher North—and his courage died. I gave him the but so cruelly, that in two hours he began to wallop; and at the end of three he lay dead at my feet, just as “The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,” tipped the crest of Cruachan.

Shepherd.—Hoo lang?

North.—So beautifully proportioned, that, like that of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, you did not feel his mighty magnitude till after long contemplation. Then, you indeed knew that he was a sublime Fish, and could not choose but smile at the idea of any other salmon.

Tickler.—Mr. De Quincey, now that these two old fools have got upon angling—

Shepherd.—Twa auld fules! You great, starin', Saracen-headed Langshanks! If it werena for bringin' Mr. North intill trouble, by haen a dead man fund within his premises, deel tak me gin I wudna fractur' your skull wi' ane o' the cut-crystals!

THE BATTLE OF CUTON MOOR.

It must have been a stirring scene: Englishmen, of all ranks and ages, gathering round a consecrated stand-

ard, with its saintly banners; and, on the other hand, the mixed, half-savage troops of David of Scotland, reveling

in every luxury, and indulging in every excess their own vitiated tastes could suggest! Stephen of England was not at the head of his army, being called to defend the more southern part, and, consequently, leaving his northern friends to depend on their own bravery for success. Amongst those who joined the standard, was the young Roger de Mowbray, a brave and noble boy, who heard the call to head his vassals with a beating heart; and with a high-souled resolution he bent before the venerable Thurston, archbishop of York, to receive his blessing. Ay, it must truly have been a contrast worth noting—the aged and brave l'Espee generaling the army, in which the youthful Roger held a command. They were encamped on Cuton Moor, but, as yet, the Scots rested at Northallerton.

“Robert de Bruce,” said l'Espee, we are but ill prepared, at present, for battle; thou art a friend of this Scottish David; do thou go, then, and win him over to give us time. Moreover, thou holdest lands in both countries—”

“Nay, my lord,” exclaimed the impetuous de Mowbray, “why should we beg time? We are ready—at least one is. Thou knowest the havoc they have from time to time made in our lands and in our houses. I have a fair sister, my lord, and I would not wish she should be borne away as the wife of these savages. Let us on, then—”

“Cease, cease, boy,” interrupted the aged Bruce. “By the time thy years are more in number, thy words will be fewer; thou wilt ponder long before thou givest a thought utterance. But thou art an inexperienced boy, though a brave one; thy passions are in their first flow, and war seems, to thy spirit, but a step, a long one, towards manhood; a pastime, in which thy companions will be, for the first time, men. But, boy, at my age, the passions are on their ebb, and I think peace, so long as it may be maintained with honor, the greater glory. Thou art not a husband, neither a

father, and thou canst not be expected to think on those thy glory might leave fatherless and widows.”

A tear glistened in the youth's eye, for he was an orphan, and war itself had made him so: he remembered, with a sinking spirit, the agony of his own lady-mother when the news came that her lord was amongst the slain, in one of the many marches called out against David—the David he was now so anxious to assist in defeating. Meanwhile the elder leaders were conversing apart, when they were interrupted by a cry of “the Scotch!” and a soldier entered to say that they were within sight, as they came down an eminence. De Bruce tarried no longer, but mounted his steed, and calling to a beautiful boy, who acted in the capacity of page, but was considered more of a *protégé*, mounted him behind him, and galloped away for the Scotch King. They had halted not more than a good mile from Cuton Moor; the camp was formed, and they were even debating on the best mode of attack, when David was informed a messenger waited his permission to enter; and Bruce was immediately admitted.

Long and friendly was the greeting between the King and Bruce, for, as has before been said, the latter held lands in the sister countries, and had very long been the friend of the Scotch monarch, who now sat surrounded by the nobler part of his uncouth army. On one side stood Malise, Earl of Stratherne, a brave though savage chief;—then there were the ancient Britons, the men of Moray, and many others, as is to be learned from the Scottish history.

“Thou hast one with thee, my lord,” at length spoke the King, after listening in silence to the brave Bruce, whom he had hoped to win to his own interests; “is it meet that he should hear our conference? He hath a marvellously fair countenance, but mayhap his heart does not partake its purity.”

“The boy is deaf and dumb at my

pleasure, Sire," answered Bruce, "and I would not that he should leave me."

"Well, be it so, then. But, Bruce, it hath oft given us pleasure to think upon thee as a friend—one who would not forsake us: is't not a pity that we should meet otherwise?"

"Nay, Sire, I think not. I hold broad lands in merry England—some, too, I own in fair Scotland, and I have, moreover, ever felt a leal-hearted desire toward thee, Sire—But this is little to the purpose—I come from England's l'Espee, in our good King Stephen's name, to ask the Scots King his intentions in coming hither. Consider, Sire, how often England's arms have been tried in Scotland's cause; and think too of the devastation 'the accursed army' you have brought hither are committing. Our homes, our children, are in danger, from the license they enjoy. Withdraw it, then, and treat for an honorable treaty with Stephen."

"No, no, Sir Bruce; think'st thou I would become perjured? I have sworn to maintain the rights of my kinswoman, Matilda, and I will. For the army I lead, I would fain counsel them to better order; but they are brave. Go then, and tell l'Espee that we will none of his false truces; but"—and the large tears rested on the dropped lashes of the kindly David—"if our old friend Bruce will accept a generalship in our army, perchance his words might have greater weight with our wild Scots, and we would strive to advance our old friendship."

"Sire, I cannot," said Bruce, turning his eyes from the benevolent ones he gazed on; "England's cause I have chosen: and besides, I have a fair young daughter, as thou mayest remember, in her bosom, to defend from the incursions of your immoral soldiers. Believe me, then, I will fight to the death. My lands in Scotland I surrender, Sire. Do with them as thou wilt;" and Bruce, bowing lowly to David, and the amiable Prince Henry, as did also the

blushing half-tearful page, was about to withdraw.

"Perhaps thou art right, Bruce," said the monarch; "but as a sign we part in amity—reach hither thy hand, my pretty sir," to the page; and as the boy held forth a trembling and beautifully delicate hand, the King slipped on his finger a ring drawn from his own: then with a more friendly salutation, Bruce withdrew.

"'Tis strange!" muttered David, as the tent closed on him, "so very fair, and so timid!" And, indeed, just then the page was the cause of much guessing and jesting at the expense of the aged Bruce.

But Bruce took his way in silence toward the English camp, while the page hung familiarly on his arm, ever and anon looking anxiously into his face, which wore an unusually stern expression: the furrowed brow was bent till the flashing eye was almost imperceptible in its shadow, while the lips were firmly compressed. Then would the boy look on the jeweled gift of the King with a smile, which, perhaps, might partake of vanity in no small degree. At length, as the brow grew less dark and the lips parted in their usual bland smile, the page spoke—

"'Tis a beauteous ring, my lord."

"A King's bauble!" muttered Bruce. "Look not on the gift of the hand or the tongue."

"Didst thou note the young prince of Scotland? is he not very handsome?" again spoke the page, not noticing, or, probably, not hearing Bruce's admonition; who now faced quickly round on him, and fixed his deep eye on his—"Ay, I noted him," he said, "but mayhap my eyes are dimmer than thine: I saw not that he was very handsome." The boy's head drooped. For a few minutes there was an utter silence, and when Bruce spoke again, his tone and manner of address were changed indeed.—"Ada," said he, "it was sorely against my will that I allowed thy coming hither, even in thy present disguise; and though I should have

forfeited so many happy hours and little comforts thy presence hath given me, to-night I would that another might have been found to bear this commission instead of me; for I could not leave thee in the camp, lest some rebel soldiers should have guessed thy secret; and I feared to take thee with me, lest the—the King should recognise thy likeness to thy mother, whom he saw often during our sojourn in his court: and should it be known in his infidel camp that the English girl was fair—oh!—I hope David's broad stare of surprise was only at thy unwonted beauty; else, should he but whisper his suspicion, it would have been better that I had left thee unprotected in our own castle, or sent thee into the tainted atmosphere of the court. And, since David persists in fighting us, if I should fall!"—but the page, or Ada Bruce, was sobbing on his bosom.—"Cease, Ada," he continued, "I meant not to trouble thee. We have both been guilty of forgetting under whose banner we rest—it is the arm of l'Espee and Bruce that bends the bow, but it is the Lord directs the arrow to the bosom of the infidels. He will protect thee alike while I am with thee and when thou shalt be alone."

"Father, dear father, my heart will break if I must think that I shall ever be without thee." Bruce smiled as he kissed the tear from her cheek; probably he thought the void was one but too easily filled. But now they approached the camp, and Bruce desiring her to compose herself, walked briskly before her, and attended the council, while she entered the tent.

With the next morning's dawn Bruce arose, and put on his coat of mail; then, softly approaching the couch whereon his daughter slept, bent over her till he felt her breath on his cheek—"Oh, I would not rouse thee for the world's wealth," he whispered; "I could not look on thy tearful eye and blanched cheek but with an unnerved hand.—Ah, dost thou smile?" She raised, unconsciously,

the hand where the King David's present rested. "Alas! alas! I fear me I am going to fight against thy affections. Would it not have been better to accept David's offer? Thy rank and beauty would only have found an equal, at least not much thy superior, in Henry—But no, no! I could not raise my consecrated sword with those accursed infidels. Ay, Ada, thy pure breath mingles with mine; and 'tis as well as if our lips met—better, better far! for now thy being becomes incorporate with mine. Farewell! Oh, my God, watch over her—let the spirit of her mother be around her! Farewell, my child, farewell!"

At this moment he heard the call "to horse!" and Ada's eyes unclosed. Bruce stopped not a moment, but rushed from the tent, or he would indeed have looked on the soul's agony. She, too, rushed forth; but she saw her father's horse fall into rank, and fainted. Too soon consciousness returned, and she listened with an uplifted finger to impress silence on the motionless tent, lest it should prevent every sound of battle, cry, and groan, reaching her strained ear.

Suddenly she saw horsemen galloping wildly towards the camp, whom, as they drew nearer, she recognised as some of the half-savage Scots she had seen on the preceding evening when with her father. Some of them entered the tent of l'Espee, while others were now close to herself.

"What, ho! my pretty page!" exclaimed the foremost, "thy master hath been making havoc yonder, and meanwhile we are come to revenge ourselves on his valuables. You for the first we claim."

"Tell me," said she, "is my lord safe?"

"Ay, ay; but quick! or we shall be interrupted by David, for the day is ours. Did'st see, Allan, how our young Henry fought? Up with the lad—or girl. By our country, 'twill be a fair present to our lord of Stratherne. He hath not one so fair." And despite her struggles she was

soon bound before one of the men, while the others mounted, and she was borne away to some distance from the battle, the decision of which, from their conversation, the men seemed to await.

"Ride on, Percy," said one, "and get tidings how our army stands;" and immediately de Percy was on his way to the Moor; but the time that elapsed ere he was seen returning could scarcely be termed a space.

"Drop the page and fly—fly!" he exclaimed; "the English have the day. David is slain, and Henry is prisoner—see, they come!" and as the rest looked towards the place he was pointing to, they beheld foot and horse in one wild chase for their lives, and the English were close in their rear. The man who bore Ada's almost lifeless form immediately loosened her from his grasp, and she fell to the ground.

When she again opened her eyes, not one of those who had borne her were to be seen, but her head rested on the arm of one whom she recognised to be the King David.—"Bruce's page!" he exclaimed, "how is this? Tell me, have my troops dared to—I know not what to ask thee—Art thou what thou seemest!"

"Sire, they said thou wert slain; but, oh! canst thou tell me, is my father safe?"

"Yes, Ada Bruce, for such must be thy name; thy brave father liveth, and, I doubt not, is now half maddened at thy loss: but rouse thyself, my child, and I will bear thee, at any risk, to him again."

"Sire, if it be possible, my father will be bound to thee more in love than heretofore. He is rich in lands, but this calling his vassals hath made his coffers marvellously low. It would take much, perchance, to ransom me, an' it were not for thy generosity—"

"Hush, hush, maiden; it would be but a poor malice, for the sake of a few marks, to see thee weeping thy soul sick for thy father's presence and cheering words. Our beloved son—

Scotland's prized Henry—is a prisoner with your English troops: so thou seest there may, perchance, be a little of selfishness in my visit to de Bruce, for I shall stipulate for princely treatment for him." Then David placed her before him on his steed, and continued, "But I had nearly forgotten that my dress would betray me. Thou must steel thy heart, Ada, for I must to the field of the slain, and take off your soldiers' cloaks and caps. I wish it were in my power to avoid paining thee with such a view."

Ada groaned with a sickening sensation as she closed her eyes; for their horse was snorting and drawing back instinctively as it was pacing over and amongst so many hideous forms, gashed and hewn, which were all that remained of the proud, erect, soul-fraught frames of the morning. All that man boasted as distinguishing him from the brute was gone—he could no longer draw his body to its haughty bearing as he boasted of his energy,—and the soul—was departed! Yet was there a something in the human face, though so fallen, on which brute animals might not tread unheedingly.—God made all things; but in the form of man he stamped his own image.

But to proceed, David stripped off the battle-cloak of one of the men, and, throwing it around him, mounted one of the many riderless steeds grazing quietly around, and rode forward, leaving Ada to follow him as his page. Thus they proceeded towards Bruce's tent, where he sat cursing in the bitterness of his heart the strength which had borne him safely through the day, when so many had found their rest in the battle-field.

"My child—my Ada!" he murmured; "where art thou now? in the debauched camp of David? Oh! madness—madness!"

A soldier entered, to say that their prisoner, the Prince Henry, begged he would allow him to speak with him.—"Begone!" exclaimed Bruce, in the excitation of the moment,

"Begone! and tell him I will hold no converse with him till he appears with the rest before our King;" and as soon as the soldier had left, he threw himself madly on the couch where he had last bent over her, and uttered, passionately, the bitterest curses on all who bore Scottish blood in their veins.

But a soft voice interrupted him with—as Ada's arms were about his neck—"Stop, stop, dear father! recall those dreadful words—thou know'st not what thou art saying."

"Ada!" he said, "Ada, is it indeed thee, or some imagination cheating me? But was it a fearful dream? Tell me—quick—where hast thou been?—why did I not find thee here when I returned triumphant, and expected thy greeting?—Ah!" as his eye rested on the cloaked figure of David, "how is this?"

"Thy old friend David hath not forgotten that he parted with Bruce in amity. In token of which, and to repair the temporary trouble given thee by my soldiers bearing away thy fair daughter, I have come hither to restore her. I can judge your surprise at seeing me here, after entertaining the certainty of my death. How that report was first raised I know not—'tis enough that it hath been the cause of our defeat."

Bruce bent upon the hand of David, and his voice faltered for very shame, when he called to mind the petulant, unmanly message sent to the Prince Henry—"Sire, sire, I would that thy son were at my—"

"I know, I know, Bruce, what thou would'st say—that my son would be even now in my arms, if at thy disposal: but I am not unthinking. I know well that he is the prisoner of thy King, not thine. But it was far different with the lady Ada. All I ask of thee, Bruce, is to treat him with all the consideration thou canst—and to use thy influence, when Stephen is settling his ransom, for its total being as small as possible, for the royal coffers have been sorely drained of late. For myself, I know

that I have risked much in coming hither; and I know, also, that I need not ask thee if I am free to return. Well, I know, am I wanted to bind the loose daring natures of those I command. I have them now in my power; and I will curb them well. Farewell, young lady! farewell, Bruce!"

Ada knelt, and bathed his hand in tears and kisses, and David, with a strange emotion at his heart, blessed her, and resuming the English cloak, departed.

For minutes Ada continued sobbing on her father's bosom in silence. At length Bruce seated her beside him, and said, "My child, if thou lovest not a stranger better than thy own parent, leave this grief. Dost not think it must pain me?"

Ada turned and kissed his cheek.—"Father, would it not be well to issue orders for the well tending of Scotland's prince?"

He bent kindly over her, and said, softly, "At present he must be treated as l'Espee shall order; but I will see to what and where he destines him, and arrange accordingly. Ada, why that question? Was not my gratitude—my honor, to be trusted by my child?—Ada, the love of a mere stranger hath entered thy bosom, and henceforth thou wilt be, in heart, almost a stranger to thy father. I shall no longer be enabled to read thy soul in thy looks,—thou wilt learn to smother the feelings that would betray thee; I shall never know when thy smile is indeed a smile, or whether it may not be but to hide the heart's sigh; and I fear me too, Ada, that thy affection is but misplaced; nay, droop not; I would rather tear my heart from its place than wound thy feelings, and it were not a duty I owe thee. Think—were Scotland's king victor, most likely he would seek a king's daughter for the future queen of his country: but as Stephen has conquered, think'st thou he would be pleased to hear that the daughter of one of his noblest barons had wedded his avowed enemy? But enough of

this; I am glad none here know of thy disguise. Still thy heart, for we must again be baron and page." Then smiling, with a cheering voice he continued—"and now, my young Sir, thou must go to the tent of our general, and ask him what his intentions are with regard to his prisoners."

"Where are the prisoners?" thought Ada, as she walked briskly towards the tent of l'Espee; but when she entered there, she needed not to ask of all those she cared for: there sat, conversing with a friendly air, Henry of Scotland and l'Espee.

"Ah!" exclaimed the latter, as his eye fell upon the slight form of the page, who stood blushing and trembling before him, and utterly forgetting for what purpose he came. Had Bruce imagined that l'Espee was likely to be won by the smooth tongue of Henry, to the forgetting his usual stern and distant manner, it would have been very long ere he sent Ada thither. "Ah, Bruce's young favorite! Wilt thou taste of our tankard, boy? But no, now I remember me, thou never drinkest these strong draughts—perhaps 'tis as well. But thou wilt never make a soldier with those downcast lids and soft lashes. Look, sirrah,"—this was the general's most good-tempered mode of expression, for the page was no small favorite with him, probably from his very contrast with himself,—“Look, sirrah, this is the prince of Scotland; dost not thou pay him thy courtesy? So, that is well,”—as she bent very low;—“but may we crave thy message, fair Sir, for the sun is about to show us his last ray, and 'twill make our Bruce tremble that thou shouldst be walking our camp so late.”

“He bade me ask you, my Lord, to communicate to him your intentions with respect to the prisoners.”

“Oh, we will wait on thy master; I have a few necessary orders to issue, but will be with you again in a few moments,” and he left the tent.

Ada's bosom heaved tumultuously beneath the slight vest she wore, and she leaned on a table for support, as she felt a sinking faintness come over her.

“How fares thy master? But thou art weary—will it not please thee to sit?” and Henry, the amiable Henry, rose, and took the hand of, as he imagined, the shy, boy. It was cold as those of the brave ones lying on the battle-field, though her cheeks burnt like fire.

As the hand was half withdrawn, the motion and the touch struck him as extraordinary, and he turned his eyes full on the half-averted face, and read—woman! Ay, in the cheek—the tearful, downcast eye—the swelling bosom—the lip of love!

“A female!” he exclaimed, “Bruce's page!”

“Oh, my father, my father!” she uttered passionately, “I have betrayed that which thou so enjoinedst me not!”

“Thy father!” said he, “art thou indeed a female and a Bruce?” She raised her form proudly as her name fell on her ear, and he read in every lineament that she was so.

There passed but a few minutes before the return of l'Espee, but all that occurred in that interval may be best known from after-events. In one week from that time, Stephen had ceded to the Prince Henry the earldom of Northumberland, and Bruce tended his daughter to the Scottish court as its future queen, and one of its brightest ornaments. Thus a permanent peace was established where lately all had been strife and bloodshed.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed—
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind :
The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath *his* gold—
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful ! farewell ! thou'rt sold, my steed—thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! these free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home ;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare ;
The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care !
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be :
Evening shall darken on the earth ; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright,
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light :
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed !

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side :
And the rich blood that is in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.
Will they ill use thee ? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd ; so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn—
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command thee to return ?

Return !—alas ! my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanish'd from his view ?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gath'ring tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears.
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on ;
And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was *here* he bow'd his glossy neck, when last I saw him drink !"

When last I saw thee drink !—away ! the fever'd dream is o'er—
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no more !
They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up ? Who said that thou wert sold ?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed ! I fling them back their gold ;
Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains ;
Away ! who overtakes us now, shall claim *thee* for his pains !

THE CHEVALIER D'AVENANT.

DURING the late revolutionary war in Spain, a regiment of dragoons was raised at Madrid, which was chiefly composed of foreign volunteers. The Chevalier D'Avenant, who had served long in the French army, resided at that time in the Spanish capital, and was induced, partly by his love of freedom, and partly by the urgent solicitation of the Cortes, to take the command of this corps. Unfortunately, after the Duc D'Angoulême cross-

ed the Pyrennees, the campaign commenced under very unfavorable auspices, and the Constitutionalists were not long in discovering that the success of their arms was not equal to the justice of their cause. In the action which took place at Corunna, the Chevalier D'Avenant was present with his regiment, and took an active part in the military operations of the day. In consequence of this the troops under his command suffered severely ; and

when they were finally repulsed by the superior strength of the enemy, he found it quite impossible to keep them together, or preserve discipline, so as to make an orderly retreat. After the confusion of the flight was over, he mustered his scattered force, and discovered that he was left with a party of men not exceeding forty in number, who seemed to cling together rather from the desire of mutual preservation than the hope of being able to accomplish any important services.

With this small remnant of the corps, Colonel D'Avenant continued to retreat for several days without being engaged in any important adventures. At length he began to consider himself beyond the reach of pursuit, but still he did not neglect the precautions which were necessary in his situation. On the morning when our narrative opens, he was seen taking a survey of the surrounding country on a neighboring hill, before the soldiers under his command left the place where they had bivouacked for the night, for the purpose of proceeding on their march.

"Yonder is the Chevalier D'Avenant," said Pierre Rigaud, a veteran soldier, addressing some of his comrades, and pointing to an officer in uniform, who at that moment crossed the ridge of a hill at a little distance, and rode towards the spot where the party was stationed.

"The Colonel is a brave fellow," one of the troopers observed, "and, what is more, as fine a horseman as ever put foot in stirrup."

"Yes, indeed," Pierre replied, "but had you seen him when he led on the Chasseurs at Talavera, you would have thought such a gallant officer could never be reduced to command such a paltry piquet as this."

"A truce to your old campaigns; why, man, that affair of Corunna, the other day, showed us all very well that D'Avenant was made of the right stuff."

"Hush—look there!" the veteran exclaimed, "the Colonel comes down the hill like lightning. I'll peril my

life he brings news of danger with him. Get the horses ready, my lads, and prepare for the worst."

In a few moments the Chevalier D'Avenant reached the place where the soldiers were posted. He was a tall handsome man, apparently in the prime of life, with some marks of care and campaigns on his face, but still remarkably stout and vigorous in his appearance, with pleasant features, and large black eyes of unusual brilliancy. Those eyes flashed finely when he exclaimed, "There is a column of French cavalry close upon our rear—mount, soldiers, mount!"

This order was quickly obeyed; and the party was instantly in motion, and set forward at a rapid pace. For several miles the dragoons continued to push on with unabated speed; but at length they gave their horses a little indulgence on coming to a part of the road which wound up the gentle acclivity of a hill. On reaching the highest point in the ascent, they had a fine view of the surrounding country, and on looking back they had the satisfaction to find that the French had not yet appeared in sight. This discovery raised their spirits, and they proceeded to descend with fresh vigor; but they had not gone far when they observed, at a considerable distance, a large body of troops advancing to meet them. In a moment the word "halt" was given, while Colonel D'Avenant pulled out a telescope, and rode briskly in advance to reconnoitre.

The Chevalier soon returned, and said to his men, "These troops are Royalists, I see, by their colors; so we must go on and take up a position to the right—Forward!" The dragoons were not long in executing this manœuvre. Descending a little way, they reached a range of open country, and immediately turned off to the right of the high road, for the purpose of taking up an advantageous post on a small rising ground in an adjoining field. After they had formed into line in this situation, Colonel D'Avenant gave the usual order to load carabines

and prepare for action. When this was done, a silence of a few minutes ensued, during which they attentively observed the movements of the Spanish troops, and awaited their approach in the deepest suspense.

Meanwhile the Chevalier turned to the men under his command, and shortly addressed them. "Soldiers!" he said, "we are now placed in circumstances of great danger, from which we can only be delivered by courage and presence of mind. If we fall back and surrender to the French, we shall certainly be condemned—many of us at least—for fighting against our country; and, on the other hand, if we throw ourselves on the mercy of these Royalists, we shall probably be pillaged, and then left to perish in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Unless fair terms are offered, then, we must advance to death or victory!" This speech was received with loud cheers by the soldiers; but it was scarcely concluded, when the Spaniards, who appeared to consist of about 400 irregular infantry and armed peasantry, approached within musket shot of the position occupied by the dragoons. Colonel D'Avenant now ordered his trumpeter to sound a parley, and rode forward alone to treat with the Spanish commander, who immediately obeyed the signal, and advanced to meet him.

"Lay down your arms, else we shall cut you to pieces!" exclaimed the Spaniard.

"No, never! Hear me, Senor," said D'Avenant, with dignity and firmness. "You see we are few in number, but remember we are all well armed, well mounted, and desperate men."

"What mean you? I say you must surrender at discretion."

"And I say," the French colonel replied, with earnestness, "rather than submit to such an indignity we are determined to cut our way through your disorderly troops, or perish in the attempt!" The commanding tone in which this was spoken had a striking effect on the Spanish officer, for he

seemed embarrassed, and wavered a little before he made any reply. When at length he did speak, it was in a subdued manner.

"What terms, then, do you expect me to grant, while I command such a superior force?"

"I don't know what terms you will grant; but the terms I demand are, that you shall give us passports, and allow us to go wherever we choose, provided we surrender our arms and horses."

"Well," said the Spaniard, "to prevent bloodshed I agree to these terms, and pledge my honor to fulfil them."

The treaty being thus summarily concluded to the mutual satisfaction of both officers, each rode back to the troops under his command. When D'Avenant apprised his little squadron of the result of his negotiation, it appeared to give satisfaction to every one excepting Pierre Rigaud, the veteran already noticed, who muttered to himself—"Spanish treachery! the terms are good, but they are too good to be kept." The Colonel overheard these expressions, but did not think it necessary to pay any attention to them. After issuing some instructions to his troop, he ordered them to follow him, in single files, at intervals, and dismount and deliver up their arms, according to stipulation, and gave an express command to Pierre to remain behind, to bring up the rear of the party. In a short time the dragoons had all, one by one, surrendered to the Spaniards, till Pierre was left alone on the ground; but in place of advancing, like his fellow-soldiers, he set off in an opposite direction, at the utmost speed of his horse, and, although several bullets were sent after him, he kept his saddle, and ere long entirely disappeared.

The suspicions of the veteran who had thus fled turned out to be too well founded. Pretending that the treaty of surrender had been violated by the desertion of one of the troop, the Spanish commanding officer determined to disregard it entirely; and, according-

ly, when D'Avenant applied for the promised passports, his request was sternly refused, and he was told that he and his men were prisoners of war. Nor was this all; for as soon as the dragoons gave up their arms, they were pillaged by the soldiers of everything valuable which they possessed. At first the Colonel remonstrated against the injustice of these disgraceful proceedings; but he soon saw that all remonstrance was vain, and only increased his misfortunes; and he therefore resolved, in the true spirit of philosophy, to submit with patience to his fate.

In this unhappy situation the Chevalier D'Avenant and his comrades in arms were carried back and delivered up as prisoners to the French General. If they derived any satisfaction from reflecting that they were now in the hands of their countrymen, it was speedily damped when they were informed that they were to be sent to France under a military escort, to stand their trial for high treason. Little time was given to the prisoners to ponder on their fate, for they were obliged to set out immediately, under a strong guard, for the French frontier.

At length, after a tedious journey, the party arrived at Bayonne, and the prisoners were committed for safe custody to the strongly-fortified castle of that place. From his superior rank, Colonel D'Avenant was now separated from the rest, and obtained an apartment for his own accommodation, so that he was left undisturbed to his reflections, and had leisure to dwell on the painful circumstances of his situation. As he possessed enlightened views and a considerable knowledge of the world, he was sensible that the crime with which he was charged was too clearly established and too aggravated in its nature to leave much room for expecting a pardon; and, accordingly, although a ray of hope remained to cheer him in his forlorn condition, he had sufficient judgment and decision to enable him to make up his mind to abide the worst that could befall him. For three long days he remained confined in the castle, indulg-

ing in these unpleasant anticipations, without seeing any one but an old keeper, who brought provisions and other necessities to his apartment, and who seemed to think it part of his duty to keep his lips hermetically sealed. At length, on the evening of the third day, this individual informed him that early on the following morning he was to be sent to Paris along with the other prisoners, under the escort of a party of mounted gens-d'armes. On giving this information the keeper immediately withdrew, without adding a single word of comment.

The shades of night began to fall around the Chevalier D'Avenant as he lay pondering on the intelligence which he had just received. His spirits were lightened on considering that he was not to be left any longer to be devoured by ennui, and he felt no small degree of pleasure in the thought that things were speedily coming to a crisis. Perhaps, too, the consciousness that the accusation against him in reality was merely that he had fought for the cause of liberty, tended, in some measure, to allay his anxiety and support his courage. At all events, his thoughts on this occasion were of a very mixed kind, sometimes cheerful and sometimes melancholy; but at length, after wasting some hours in useless musing, the surrounding darkness reminded him that it was time to go to sleep, to enable him to undergo the fatigues of a journey on the morning.

Scarcely had D'Avenant formed this resolution, when he was startled by the sudden grating of the iron door of his apartment. Instantly he sprang to his feet, and observed the dark figure of a man, who entered slowly, and drew the ponderous bolts behind him. Although naturally courageous, the Chevalier at this moment was certainly alarmed; for the first thought that flashed across his mind was, that he was about to be secretly put to death, like many other state-prisoners of whom he had read in history.

He immediately started back, and cried out in a tone of evident alarm, "Who's there?"

"A friend," was the brief reply;

and the harshness of the voice which uttered it was calculated to increase the suspicions of the prisoner. The darkness of the apartment was now partly removed by means of a dark lantern. Throwing the light first on the features of the Colonel, and then on his own, the stranger exclaimed, "How is this? Don't you know me?"

"Pierre Rigaud!—Is it you I see? How came you hither?"

"Speak lower," said the veteran. "If the sentinel at the southern bastion hears us, we are lost!"

"Yes, yes; but tell me how you have found me out, and got access to this place?"

"Ah! mon cher Colonel," replied Pierre, "time is precious, and I must be brief. When you surrendered to those rascally Spaniards, you know I suspected treachery; but I was determined to follow you and submit to my fate. However, as good luck would have it, just as I was about to close up with the last file, I heard a fellow in the Spanish ranks bawling out, '*Vamos saquear*,' the signal for plunder—so I took the hint and made off as fast as I could. After passing through some small hardships I disguised myself, and acted as guide to a French general of engineers, who paid me like a prince. Hearing of your misfortunes, I resolved to go after you to attempt a rescue; but I had great difficulty in discovering the route which you had taken, and only arrived here the day before yesterday."

"Well, but how did you get in here?" D'Avenant impatiently demanded.

"I will tell you," Pierre continued. "I got admission, like a king, with a golden key; that is to say, I bribed the guards, who supposed from this disguise that I was a priest."

"You are a brave, generous fellow, Pierre; but I fear all your efforts to get me out of this strong hold will be unavailing."

"Courage, Colonel! and you will soon be free. You cannot go with me at present, for the guards are anxiously waiting my return, and you would certainly be discovered; but——"

"I see pistols in your belt," said the Colonel, interrupting him; "perhaps it is possible for us to force our way in the dark."

"No, no; there are too many bars and bayonets in the way. You must wait till five in the morning, when the outer gate of the castle is open. Look here," he said, producing a paper, "this is a sketch of the way by which you will escape. On leaving this, you go along the passage, and after turning first to the left and then to the right, you will come to an iron grating that leads to a dark winding stair, at the bottom of which you will find a postern opening into a private part of the court."

"After this," said Colonel D'Avenant, "I presume I must just pass the sentinels by force or stratagem!"

"Exactly so," Pierre replied; "all the doors will be found open except the postern, of which this is the key. I shall leave the lantern, some gold pieces, and one of my pistols, for your use."

"May heaven reward you for your exertions on my behalf! If I escape I shall make the best of my way to Bourdeaux, where I will be found at nightfall near the Chateau Trompette."

"Very well, adieu!" said the veteran, as he pressed the hand of the Chevalier, and withdrew from the apartment.

Colonel D'Avenant listened to the retiring steps of the soldier, and when the sound died away, lay in deep suspense, reflecting on the daring adventure in which he was about to engage. At length some rays of light began to penetrate through the small window of his room, and reminded him that it was time to set out to explore his way to the postern described by Pierre. Muffled up in his cloak, he proceeded slowly and cautiously along the passages; but he had not gone far when he was startled by a sound which issued from an adjoining apartment, and resembled the tread of footsteps. He remained motionless for a moment, but all was again silent. He then moved on with increased caution; and keeping in view the directions which he

had received, arrived at the iron grating without encountering any obstacles in his way. He tried to open this barrier, but it resisted all his efforts; and he was about to abandon his enterprise in despair, when at last the love of liberty returned and urged him to exert all his strength, by which he succeeded in gaining a passage. Alarmed by the noise which this occasioned, he descended the secret stair in great haste, and threaded his way along the mazes of a subterranean passage, which finally conducted him to a small door, which he conjectured to be the postern.

At this moment the clock of the castle struck five; and as the sound echoed along the towers and battlements, D'Avenant hastened to apply the master-key with which he had been furnished. Delighted to find that the lock yielded, he gently opened the door and admitted the light of day; but he started back instantly when he perceived a sentinel pacing his rounds almost immediately in front of him. He deliberated for a moment on his situation, and, conscious of the danger of delay, immediately determined to hazard everything and advance. Before doing so, however, he attentively observed the motions of the soldier, who was elevated on a station which overlooked the inner court, and who paced backwards and forwards to prevent his limbs from being benumbed by the chillness of the morning. Watching his opportunity, when the sentinel turned his back, D'Avenant advanced close under the wall, and, gliding silently but rapidly along, placed himself behind a bastion for concealment. Waiting here for a few moments, till another opportunity offered, he executed a similar movement with equal success, by which he placed himself out of sight of the soldier on duty, and approached near the open court which led to the main gate of the castle. Having gone thus far, he was sensible that it would be impossible for him to proceed much longer without attracting notice; but drawing his cloak

closely around him, and holding his pistol in readiness, he advanced under the resolution to act according to circumstances. In this way he reached a spot from which he had a view of the outer gate, which was standing open with a sentinel before it, who was singing the chorus of a favorite song on the battle of Austerlitz, ending with

“*Nous etions la ! nous etions la !*”

To pass the sentinel without being observed, D'Avenant saw was quite impossible. A sudden thought, however, flashed across his mind, and he immediately went openly and boldly up to the soldier, who looked at him with surprise and suspicion.

Before the sentinel had time to recover from his astonishment, the Colonel addressed him in a menacing tone:—“No songs on duty, sir—I shall report you for a breach of the rules of the garrison.”

“Pardon, Monsieur,” the soldier stammered out, imagining that he addressed some officer or inspector of the castle, and alarmed on recollecting that the catch he had sung was a sort of lampoon on the Bourbons.

“Prenez garde, done,” said D'Avenant, with a look so stern that it increased the confusion of the soldier; and with these words he passed on at a careless pace without meeting any farther interruption, inwardly rejoicing at the success of his scheme.

As soon as he found himself at liberty, Colonel D'Avenant hurried along the most retired streets of Bayonne, and after passing the bridge and the suburbs, reached the open country. For sometime he continued to go along the public road in the direction of Bourdeaux; but fearing that he might be pursued, he thought it more prudent to turn off the highway, and travel through the fields. After continuing his flight for several miles, he felt somewhat fatigued by his exertions, and began to walk at a deliberate pace, till he turned round and observed with consternation a party of mounted gens-d'armes in close pur-

suit. Like Richard of England, he would now have given "a kingdom for a horse;" but although there was no prospect of attaining the object of his wishes, he was glad to find that he was in the neighborhood of a wood, and he determined to make for the cover with all his speed. In a short time he heard the horsemen close behind him, and the cry of "*gens-d'armes! gens-d'armes!*" which they shouted as they rode along, sunk deeply into his soul. In his youth he had been a sportsman, and in the chase he had often observed a hare hard pressed by the hounds popping down, and allowing them to pass over him. The idea was not lost upon the Chevalier, for he immediately lay down, and concealed himself among some brushwood; and he had scarcely done so when the *gens-d'armes* dashed past the spot. Fearing that his pursuers would soon return to beat up the cover, he lost no time in retracing his steps till he came to the place where he entered the wood, thinking it improbable that a search would be made in that quarter. Here he ascended a tree which offered a convenient shel-

ter by its foliage; and he remained in this painful situation during the whole of the day.

Favored by the darkness, Colonel D'Avenant descended and proceeded on his way. After a tedious journey, in which he suffered many privations, and experienced many narrow escapes, he arrived at Bourdeaux, the place of his destination. On going to the Chateau Trompette in the dusk of the evening, he was so fortunate as to meet Pierre Rigaud. The veteran had acquainted the friends of the Chevalier with his situation, and was thus able to supply him with resources, and to conduct him to a place of concealment in an obscure part of the town. Here Colonel D'Avenant waited in suspense for several weeks, but at length he obtained a fictitious passport, and embarked in a vessel bound for the United States of America, where, notwithstanding the act of amnesty which has been passed, he still remains to participate in the advantages of those valuable rights and privileges for which he had fought and suffered, and which can only be fully enjoyed in a land of light and liberty.

TO THE HARP OF ALBYN.

DEAR Harp of my country, awake from thy slumbers

To fling thy wild notes over mountain and moor;

Let Ulladil's echoes resound to thy numbers

That mingle afar with the brown torrent's roar.

Dear Harp of my country, soft soother of anguish,

Disdain not to yield to the bard's feeble hand,

Those strains that can teach every passion to languish,

Or apathy fire into life at command.

Pour the soft sounding strain from thine own native mountains

That wakes to emotion brown Albyn's wild hearts,

That endears to each bosom their dark rocks and fountains,

And honor, and freedom, and valor imparts.

If the warm breast of virtue, the soft eye of feeling,

Be rent with a pang, or suffused with a tear,

Let thy wild-carrol'd notes, o'er the soul sweetly stealing,

Dissolve every doubt and dispel every fear.

And oh! to the heart that has long throbb'd in sorrow,

And known the keen smart of adversity's sting,

The bliss of to-day and the dream of to-morrow

From Rapture and Hope with thy magic voice bring.

Though the chieftains of Albyn have fallen from their glory,

And the pomp of their pride is gone ne'er to return,

Though the walls of the brave are now crumbling and hoary,

Dunscaich and Selma left drear and forlorn;

Though the sword of the stranger has flash'd on Culloden,
 And dyed her dark heath with the blood of the brave,
 While the Saxon exulting, in triumph has trodden
 On the bodies of men whom he could not enslave ;
 Though the garb of their fathers, polluted and gory,
 Is changed by the power of a law-giving foe,
 And the language they spoke in the days of their glory,
 When Fin led to victory, they calmly forego ;
 No—Harp of my country, return to thy slumbers ;
 The voice of the Saxon befits not thy strain,
 Nor accord its strange tones with thy wild Celtic numbers :—
 The spirit of Ossian would frown with disdain.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

CHAPTER II.

“ It was not in the winter
 Our loving lot was cast,
 It was the time of roses,—
 We pluck'd them as we pass'd.”—HOOD.

TIME, which, whether in joy or in sorrow, passes over alike regardlessly, brought scarcely any alleviation to my distresses ; for my sufferings were of that internal kind which, in a great measure, originates in peculiarity of constitution, and which outward things can neither entirely calm nor obliterate. Three years had elapsed since I came to reside under the hospitable roof of Dr. Singleton ; and now a circumstance occurred which formed a new epoch in my existence.

“ Cabin'd, cribb'd, confined ” in all the aspirations of my spirit, with longings after some good yet unseen and unattained, my existence, during that long period, had glided away in a dreamy pensiveness and a solitary gloom, while I, a romantic visionary, looked forward to the future for a happiness I had not yet tasted, as the too early arisen traveller tarries anxiously in twilight for the dawning of day. My dispositions were now known, and my companions had long ceased to harass me. They knew that I hated participating in their noisy sports ; and so I was left much to the freedom of my own will with regard to my reading and my rural rambles.

Well do I remember—indeed the picture and the season are as fresh in my recollection as things of yesterday (ah, fresher far ! for when yesterday

hath for me passed into irrevocable oblivion, the things of that hour will remain unobliterated still ;)—well do I remember the evening, when, entering the parlor, I beheld a new and beautiful inmate. Anna Singleton was the only daughter of my preceptor, and had that day returned home from the metropolis, where she had been boarded for several years in the completion of her education.

Surely there is a sympathy in human souls, some undefinable attraction, that links us, as it were by instinct, to spirits of a similar temperament ; while between others, whose minds are of jarring elements, a barrier seems to be set up by nature, which no familiarity is capable of overleaping. There are some faces that excite an interest, a friendship at first sight ; from others whose properties are the same ; but from the feelings of others our own are as opposite as oil and water. Circumstances may cause them to be dashed together, but, though seemingly commixed, they never coalesce. The compound soon shows itself a heterogeneous one, and, in the calm that succeeds, they separate into individual entireness.

My mind was, at this very time, in

one of its vaguest and most uncomfortable moods. It was restless, unsatisfied, foreboding, and irritable. Existence weighed like a burden on the shoulders; and, though one malicious thought towards a breathing thing never entered my heart, I could have quarreled with my own shadow following me in the sunshine. Without a recent tangible sorrow over which I might find a melancholy luxury to brood—without one fostered hope to which my aspirations might cling in the anticipation of happiness, the change was electrical.

This apparent delegate from heaven, sent in mercy to be the soother of my troubled mind, cast her blue eyes upon me. In those eyes dwelt luxurious happiness, chastened by the calm of serener worlds. Never shall I forget the beauty of that countenance, which, while it kindled with the soft music of a voice that, even in its playful cadences, made my heart swell within my breast, awakened me to the sense of a new and more exquisite existence. A hitherto unseen paradise opened its enchantments before me, and I felt that, whatever might be my fate hereafter, the span of being had not been wholly unblest.

Anna Singleton! How the syllables yet thrill like magic through my frame!—Anna Singleton! I dare hardly attempt to describe her, such as she flashed on my sight and soul at this our first interview. If ever there was a seraph who put on for a while the habiliments of mortality, it was she who then stood embodied before me. The glance of her soft blue eyes subdued my soul by a divine magic all their own, and her voice thrilled through me with the power of a music to which I had heard nothing equal. Before that sound care and sorrow were dissipated; yet, while it exalted my soul to rapture, it subdued my heart to the brink of tears. It sounded like an echo from Elysium. I was spell-bound.

I lay down that night, not to sleep, but to dream. When I had extinguished my candle, the full moon

flooded my chamber with its silver radiance, and the acacias encircling my windows twinkled through all their multitudinous leaves, as if alive to the luxury of the hour. Earth and heaven were still; it seemed as if peace governed the universe, and the tranquillity of the season and the scene mingled itself with my thoughts, while, ever and anon, the angelic loveliness of the being I had left haunted my thoughts like an illusive angel, too beautiful for a creature of earth, and too pure to be the partner of man. Night glided over sweetly in these paradisaical reveries, and in the calm of morning my thoughts were still with her: as the rainbow hangs over the stream, so brooded my spirit over the treasured remembrance of her loveliness.

During the whole of the succeeding day, my mind was in a state of ferment, ruffled, unsettled, alternately tossed to and fro with gloomy doubts, or elevated by pleasant anticipations. A load of luxurious sorrow oppressed my heart. The bird sings not more imploringly for its absent mate, than watched mine eyes for a glimpse of their sudden idol; and, although already intoxicated with love, I thirsted to drink deeper and deeper of the Circean cup. My passion amounted almost to a superstitious frenzy, and my spirit was haunted by the feeling that she could not be altogether this low earth's denizen. Soon, to my delight, I discovered that her nature, like that of all who are noble, impassioned, high-toned, and generous, had in it a dash of the romantic—in other words, she valued virtue for its own sake, and loathed meanness, whoever was the perpetrator. "Romantic," after all, is perhaps not the word; and perhaps "ideal" is the term more calculated to express my meaning; as I allude only to her imaginative belief in all that thought can conceive of the beautiful, pure, and great, cherished almost against conviction, and amid the debasing thoughts and things of this terrestrial delusion.

Let it not appear paradoxical; even

at this very time, though no pleasure beamed in upon me, either from the external world or the light of my own thoughts—though solitude was preferred to the society of my fellow-creatures, and melancholy bowed me to the dust, yet was I an optimist, a steadfast believer not only in ultimate perfection, but in the present fitness of all things. The whole world was tinged with the chivalrous glow of my imagination, and all objects were sublimated by the furnace flame of my passions. As a cloud sailing over the blue expanse, and finding naught but the brilliant and empty air, such had been I, till the image of Anna Singleton satisfied my vacant longings, and filled my whole heart.

My anxiety for acquaintanceship must have appeared obvious to her; for, shunning all others, I sought but her only. In a short time, indeed, living under the same roof as we did, similarity of tastes must have brought us more and more together; but her mind's mirror betrayed not the bedimmed haze of mine. Pure was she and good, gentle and affectionate, and her magnanimity supported her in the belief that all were as pure and good, as gentle and affectionate as herself. Could unhappiness spring from such elements? Forbid it, Heaven! Her buoyant young spirit had, as yet, been seldom damped by the presence of care; and she seemed to shake sorrow from her thoughts, as a thing which had no business there, as easily as the swan scatters the water-drops from her plumes. She seemed to breathe an atmosphere of delight; and the grass and wild-flowers, to my eyes, appeared to glory in the pressure of her footsteps. Knowing not her superiority, she banished far from her every idea of self-conceit and affectation. The rose not more luxuriantly beautiful, the lily not more chastely pure, the violet not more withdrawingly unassuming, what must not Anna Singleton have appeared to a wayward heart like mine? She seemed formed by nature, in mind and mould, as the pattern of a perfect woman—as a spe-

cimen of how much of divinity might be blended with terrestrial elements. Who was worthy to exchange affections with such a being? Una, Desdemona, and Imogene,—purity, passion, and nature, blent together to form one paragon! All—utterly unworthy did I feel myself; yet even in the depth of my self-abasement, did my heart's core burn to receive her, and hallow her image, as an altar before which its passions would bow, and its longings be satisfied forever!

Years have passed—times and circumstances have changed—and, like the waves of the ocean, joys and sorrow succeeding each other have mingled and melted away—and, like the illusive hues of the rainbow, hopes have beckoned on, only to vanish before the pursuit—and thoughts, the deep, silent, agitating thoughts of the bosom moulded by casualties, have taken another bias—a larger and more extensive communication with mankind has been opened—faces as beautiful, perhaps, to unprejudiced eyes I may have seen—I may have listened to the music and the melody of tongues which, in other years, sounded as sweetly and as ravishingly to the ears of others as hers did to mine,—but nothing which the world, amid all its sights and shows, has presented to me, has been capable of altering the determined conviction of my mind. Yea, at this moment, when my hand is shriveled, and my head silvered by a long conflict with time, I would not give up the remembrance of Anna Singleton, the shadow of a shade, for all the breathing and blooming beauty of earth, the longevity of Methusaleh, or the wealth of Cræsus. Ah no!—if there be a season in existence when earth seems heaven—a time when the heart exults in the consciousness of having found at length something capable of satiating all its longings and desires, it is in its expansion to first love—alas! how often to be utterly disappointed!

Being ever a fond contemplatist of nature, perhaps this predilection, more than any particular taste, led me to

amuse my leisure hours in the delineation of her charms with the pencil. There was a tangible bond of union betwixt us. Anna Singleton was fond of drawing, in which she was an adept, and she lent me her sketches to copy. Beautiful these sketches were, the offspring of feeling and taste; yet I thought more of the hand that traced the lines before me than of the intrinsic excellence of the performances. Often have I sate on a sunny bank in the garden with her portfolio opened before me, dreaming sweet dreams; and while I gazed over the sheets, did I vision the seraphic form that had bent over them. It was even a sorrow—a task—to part with them at night; and, when I awoke in the morning, my first thought was to pull aside the curtains and behold my treasure on the table.

Time glided on in this state of blissful uncertainty, and bright visions floated before me, coloring all the aspects of external nature. In the afternoon I went out to take sketches of the most beautiful spots around us, and wonder not that I labored with assiduity and success, when the object of my exertions was to place them before the eyes of Anna Singleton.

It is in vain to conceal love; and when we think our passion secret as the grave, it is a riddle long before solved by the penetrating around us. The shrinking delicacy of my natural disposition rendered my passion, however, less easily perceptible to common observers; and, for a considerable time, I believed it "a book sealed" even to Anna Singleton herself. My ill-concealed agitations—my embarrassed absence of mind—my half-stifled breathings—my stolen and sometimes detected glances, could not, however, be long misunderstood. I perceived that she began to watch my motions narrowly, and that, when our eyes met, hers were not withdrawn more hurriedly or more confusedly than mine. I perceived, for love is lynx-eyed, that she was partial to my company; or, at all events, that my

presence was not disagreeable. I perceived—oh! thrice happy the youth in my situation who beholds the heaven of his longing opening on his mind—I perceived that her interest in me daily increased—that our hearts were drawing nearer and nearer together—that, in short, our love was mutual.

Long, however, was this consciousness of reciprocal affection allowed to remain without a tongue—a secret unrevealed and silent—a sharp sword hid in the scabbard—a lightning flash pent in the cloud. But we were happy, thrice happy in the intensity of our mutual feelings; and being blest in the company of each other, a thousand trifling prettexts served to bring us a thousand times together.

Months passed over in this deep and delicious consciousness of reciprocal love, without the smallest approach to a declaration, so subdued were our young hearts by the ecstasy and by the delicacy of our situation. When I looked in the eyes of Anna Singleton, so bright and so withdrawing, so affectionate and yet so coy, my delighted spirit told me that I could not be mistaken. Yet at times a dash of gloomy uncertainty overclouded my prospects, and for a while I could deem myself the dupe of my own enthusiastic passions: but with brighter circumstances my buoyant hopes revived within me, and the very idea of uncertainty on such a theme was in itself a painfully rapturous feeling.

The desert of existence has its oases—its few sunny verdant spots, with their green trees and welling waters; and the autumnal afternoon that witnessed the disclosure of a passion so long silently treasured up was one of these. As my hand writes, how thrillingly the past awakens; even yet I see the mighty sun setting in glory behind the hills, and listen to the blackbirds singing from the old grove.

The landscape around us was such as a Cowper must have admired, and a Claude would have loved to paint.

"She wept with pity and delight,—
 She blush'd with love and maiden shame,—
 And like the murmurs of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name."

How awful are the vicissitudes of life! I cannot revert to that evening, and contrast the feelings of that hour with what I know and am conscious

of now, without a sinking of the heart and an inward shudder. But I must indulge no longer in the reveries of a happiness of which I was not worthy; and, setting my face at once to the darkness of misfortune, exhibit the reverse of this Elysian picture.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE BRAZILIANS.

LIKE the simoom of the desert, whose ruthless blast spreads terror and desolation over a whole region of fertility, modern civilization has swept from the surface of society all that was romantic and picturesque, with some slight shades of difference. One uniform system of manners and customs prevails over all the European continent; man is in every part of it the creature of the same habits, and swayed by the same opinions. In Brazil, on the contrary, from causes moral as well as physical, human nature has remained stationary, and retains to this day many of the interesting features which shed so romantic a halo around the society of Europe centuries ago.

Under the tropical climate of the Rio de Janeiro, no pale gradations from saffron hue to roseate morn harbinger the approach of day; the Delphian god bursts suddenly from the bosom of darkness, and light awakes the world. At the earliest peal of the holy matin bell, the fair Brazilian, her graceful form shrouded in the ample folds of the jealous mantilla, and accompanied by her sable attendants, is seen gliding to the shrine of her patron saint to offer up her morning orisons. The colored population issue forth in crowds to pursue their daily avocations, their wild and discordant cries breaking with singular effect on the ear through the stillness of the morn; the quays are filled with the rich and varied productions of both hemispheres. At eight o'clock the more important business of the day commences; the public functionaries move with stately step, in their antiquated cocked hats and formal cut coats, to the scene of their duties. The avenues leading to the

custom-house are crowded with men of every clime. Observe near its door that group of English merchants,—how their air of purse-proud arrogance sinks into one of obsequious reverence as they salute the administrator, who is passing them in all the pride and dignity of office. Mark well the grey eye of another,—how it dances with delight on his well-packed bales, his commission on which he is mentally calculating. How finely his ruddy complexion and tight European attire contrast with the sallow cheek and sombre habiliments of the solemn friar, who invokes his charity in the name of St. Francis! That flight of rockets proclaims that high mass has commenced at the imperial chapel, while the party of German lancers, proceeding to mount guard at the palace, leads back the memory to the parades of Berlin and Vienna. The sun has now attained its meridian height; the business of life ceases; the streets are deserted, save by a solitary foreigner, whom curiosity or ennui has led forth to brave its torrid heat. The more indolent Brazilian courts the balmy pleasures of the siesta, till the lengthened shadows proclaim the close of day. All again is bustle and animation. The beautiful drives in the environs of the city are crowded with horsemen and vehicles of every description, from the clumsy iroquitana or segé of the native, driven by a monkey-looking black postilion, in huge cocked hat and cumbrous boots, to the neat stanhope of the English resident, or the more stylish equipage of some member of the corps diplomatique. At this hour the great square of the palace presents in pleasing variety all

the lights and shadows of Brazilian life. In the foreground of its various groupings stands out with pictorial effect, in his singularly wild and picturesque costume, the tall Mineheiro (or inhabitant of the mines); the magnificent outline of his gigantic figure is partly concealed by his dark-blue poncho, which descends in ample folds to his heavily spurred heel; his sable eyebrow shades an eye of fire; and his savage gloom of countenance, heightened by the raven curls and large slouched hat, reminds the spectator of some dark creation of Salvator's pencil. His mustachoe lip curls with derision as he turns his back on the foreign trader, to whom he has just disposed of a parcel of uncut topazes for a sum four times their value. Near to him are a party of Rotocudo Indians, staring at all around them with an air of savage wonder, their distended ears resting on their shoulders, and mutilated lips presenting a unique spectacle of disfigured humanity. Inhaling the evening breeze in her richly gilded balcony is a dark-eyed daughter of Brazil; her female attendants are directing her attention to the religious procession issuing from the neighboring church: but she heeds them not; her lustrous eye is fixed with ardent gaze on the martial figures of a party of foreign officers of the guard lounging beneath her own door. Among them you may distinguish the yellow-haired German, the fiery Italian, the lively Frenchman, and the haughty Briton, disjointed fragments of the mighty hosts that formerly met in fierce conflict on the banks of the Bidossoa, bivouacked amid the burning palaces of Moscow, or escaped the horrid butchery of Leipsic, or the "king-making field" of Waterloo. The fiery orb of day now descends with headlong speed into the lustrous bosom of the western wave,

"Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But in one unclouded blaze of living light."

The vesper bell sends forth its solemn peal, the hum of human voices is hushed, the devout Brazilian piously repeats his Ave Maria, a magic stillness per-

vades all nature, which on a sudden ceases; the "Boa nocte" passes from lip to lip, and the various topics of conversation are resumed. There is something solemn and singularly beautiful in this custom; the mind, chastened by religion, withdraws from the consideration of worldly affairs, and indulges in the effusions of friendship and affection.

Such are some of the leading external features of Brazilian life. The streets of the capital are deserted by an early hour, for its enervated inhabitant dreads the nocturnal dews as much as the modern Roman the malaria of the Pontine marshes. You may wander through their silent expanse, lighted up by the silver moon and her starry court, and nothing breaks on the soft stillness of the hour, save the wiry sound of a guitar, or the solemn hymn of the dead, which tells that some frail son of earth is leaving this world of care and woe.

Many of the prevailing manners and domestic habits of this people are of Moorish origin. With the exception of the highest class of society, the Brazilians take their meals squatted à-la-Turc on mats spread on the ground. A very singular custom is observed at these repasts towards a stranger. The host, or the person whom chance may place beside him, extracts from his plate some portion of the dainty it may contain, and, in return, will convey some choice morsel from his own on to that of the stranger guest. As the use of knives and forks is on these occasions most religiously dispensed with, there is certainly something in this custom revolting to our European refinement; but here it is the pledge of hospitality, like salt with the wandering Arab.

Some traces of the language of flowers, so common all over the East, are still to be found in Brazil. A stranger, on entering a house, is invariably presented with a flower by some female member of the family. This custom has survived the lapse of time, and the gradual revolution of manners; but the language, the delicate allusion,

the sentiment of high-flown gallantry and tender affection, allegorically expressed by these beautiful productions of nature, is as little understood by the Brazilian, as the mathematical analysis of the tables, by which he calculates an eclipse, by the modern Brahmin. By nature a Gaseon, a Brazilian's description both of persons and things must be received with cautious limitation, for they are always in the richest vein of oriental bombast. I have repeatedly heard the emperor compared to a god, and his people to a nation of heroes. Their usual style of addressing a person is "most illustrious." A splendid entertainment is merely termed "*hum copo d'ago*," a glass of water; while the courage of some favorite military officer is represented as something superhuman, varying in a ratio from that of ten to a hundred thousand devils. "*Tem o animo de ceno-mil diabos*," is the hyperbole used on such occasions. One unacquainted with their national character would imagine he were residing among a nation of fire-eaters; but in few countries is the personal dignity of man sunk to a lower ebb than in Brazil. During a nine years' residence, I never heard of a single duel, nocturnal assassination being the fashionable mode of vindicating outraged honor. The rigid state of seclusion in which the females are kept deprives society of that fascinating polish of exterior cast over its surface in other countries by the influence of the softer sex. The mind of the Brazilian female is left in all the wild luxuriance of uncultivated nature; her existence is monotony itself, gliding on in its dull course in the society of her slaves, to whom in point of intellect she is little superior; but her manners are soft and gentle, and her sensibilities, when roused, have all the fiery energy of her native clime. Interesting, rather than beautiful, her sedentary life tinges her cheek with a sickly hue; while early marriage gives to her figure an exuberant embonpoint, which, however, in the oriental taste of the country, is considered the beau ideal of

beauty in both sexes. In this precocious climate ladies are grandmothers at seven-and-twenty. Female education, I have already remarked, is an absolute nullity; that of the other sex is not of a more elevated character. With the exception of those who have pursued their studies abroad, it is extremely rare to meet with any one who possesses even elementary knowledge on any branch of science or polite literature. Few among them ever take the trouble of reading their own beautiful *Lusiad*. Indolent, addicted to gambling, and a slave to the grossest sensuality, which but too often degenerates into the most criminal excesses, all the finer feelings of our nature are early blunted in the mind of the Brazilian, who bears the loss of his nearest and dearest friends with an indifference amounting to apathy. As if to veil the native deformity of vice, his manners are courtly in the extreme: he repeatedly reminds you that everything he possesses is at your disposal, and on leaving his house after a morning visit, you are bowed out to the very door, often at the imminent risk of breaking your neck down the stairs in wheeling round to correspond to the courtly inclinations of your polite host. There is, after all, much that is good and generous in his nature, systematically debased by political misrule and religious superstition. It is to be hoped that the wide field of honorable ambition, thrown open to him by the revolution, will elevate his character in the scale of civilized man.

From this picture of the moral degradation of our species, the mind turns with pleasure to the contemplation of the singular and somewhat more favorable specimen of humanity presented by the population of the two mountain provinces, Minas and Sato Paulo. Left by their isolated station to the undisturbed workings of their own hearts, their characters are such as might be expected. Stubborn both in truth and terror, confined from the cradle to the grave to the consideration of few objects, they never reach that tractable state of

feeling which extensive knowledge of the world can alone produce. Their bigotry, when called into action, makes them ardent in their thoughts and deeds. Their jealousy and revenge are proverbial even in Brazil. The following anecdote, which I had from an officer, an eye-witness of the event, is highly illustrative of the former passion. A young officer, on a tour of inspection, arrived on the eve of St. John at a small villa in Minas. On the following morning, he accompanied the *capitão mor* of the district to the celebration of high mass. During the ceremony he was forcibly struck with the beauty of a young female kneeling near the altar. Young, ardent, and impetuous, he expressed his admiration with all the indiscreet warmth of licentious passion. The innocent object of his aspirations was the wife of the *capitão mor*, who, however, vouchsafed an answer to his anxious inquiries; but his brow grew dark, and even as he bowed down before the elevated host, he meditated a deed at which the blood runs cold. On leaving the church he framed an excuse for leaving the officer during the remainder of the day; but in the evening he rushed into his apartment, and, holding up a knife reeking with blood, exclaimed with a hysterical laugh, "Your intended victim is now beyond the reach of dishonor!" Among a people entertaining such extravagant notions of honor, it would be but natural to expect to find the purity of the female character fixed at an elevated point. This, however, is unfortunately not the case; few places, perhaps, present a more lamentable picture of vice and licentiousness than Villa-Rica, the capital of the province of Minas.—The *Mincheiro* never forgives an affront; he will track his victim with the ruthless spirit of a tiger, till he has an opportunity of wreaking his revenge. The knife in the hands of these people is a most formidable weapon. With his left arm enveloped in the thick folds of his poncho, the *Mincheiro*, under cover of this shield, advances fearless-

ly against an experienced swordsman: if foiled in his onset, he will spring back ten or fifteen paces with the agility of a mountain-cat, and throw his knife at his advancing foe with unerring and fatal precision. From these two provinces the emperor draws his best cavalry. Most of the higher offices of state are also filled by *Mincheiros* and *Paulistas*, whose activity and energy of character fit them better for the duties of office than the more indolent inhabitants of the maritime provinces. On a levee day the court of the emperor presents a most brilliant spectacle. He has created a corps of noblesse, which in numbers, at least, will vie with that of the oldest European courts. Military talent, the never-failing stepping-stone to nobility, is not, however, one of the attributes of the newly privileged orders of Brazil. The late revolution was sterile in talent, not having produced a single successful soldier. At a levee held by the emperor towards the close of the late war with the Buenos Ayrean republic, when a series of disasters, crowned by the signal defeat of *Ituzaingo*, tarnished the lustre of the imperial arms, Don Pedro turned to a distinguished foreign officer near him, and pointing to the brilliant circle by which he was surrounded, exclaimed in a tone of great bitterness,—“In all this glittering crowd I cannot find an officer fit to command a brigade.” The character of this prince is the very antithesis of that of his people. Simple in his tastes, active in mind, of a manly and energetic temper, his unremitting exertions and loftiest aspirations are for the welfare of his newly founded empire. The political regeneration of his people is, however, an herculean task; for the vices engendered by the old colonial system are of an inveterate character. On few occasions can the morality of the Brazilian functionary withstand the temptation of a bribe: the unaffected grace with which he extends his greedy palm to clasp the glittering prize is only surpassed by the singular felicity of the aphorism by which he

reconciles it to his conscience : "*Viva el rey e do aca a capá.*" To such a pitch was speculation carried under the old system, that full one-half of the revenue of the country never found its way into the government coffers. The dezimo alone produces a large revenue, but the mode of levying it falls very heavy on the poorer classes, who have not the means of propitiating the dezimeiro, for in many instances it is literally taken numerically, rather than intrinsically. Many of the vices of the national character have their source in the maladministration of justice. A law-suit in Brazil, both in duration and intricacy of proceedings, realizes the fable of Penelope's web. After years spent in useless litigation, during which time a dozen decisions may have been pronounced in your favor, and as often reversed, you are at last finally nonsuited, not from any conviction in the mind of the judge of the badness of your cause, but from the more sporting character of the opposing litigant, who fairly outbids you in the last result. The laws, however, for the protection of the slave population are an honor to humanity. The Brazilian is a humane master; and the horrors of slavery are in Brazil greatly mitigated by the mild spirit of Christianity. Negroes are eligible to holy orders; and with a laudable attention to their prejudices, a black virgin and one or two sable saints have been placed in the calendar, whom they venerate as their patrons. The condition of the negro, when transplanted from his native Africa to the colonies, is an epitome of the more extended chapter of human life—as various in its coloring—as diversified in lot.

Throughout all the provinces are innumerable tribes of gipsies, who in

fact carry on the commerce of the interior. The period of their first migration to Brazil I could never ascertain; but in their physiognomy and predatory habits they closely resemble the gipsy tribes of Europe.

Crimes are rare in Brazil, at least such as spring from the pressure of want. In these fruitful regions the earnings of two days' labor will subsist the laborer the other five. Few countries, indeed, are more blessed by the bountiful hand of nature than Brazil. A prodigious extent of territory, diversified by every variety of soil and climate, her resources, mineral, as well as agricultural, are immense; while the character of her prince and the theoretical spirit of her government are favorable to their full and rapid development. At a period of universal depression and stagnation like the present, it is gratifying to be able to direct our attention to a country which presents so wide and extended a field for the operation of British capital and enterprise as Brazil. That there are still some dark clouds hovering around her political horizon I am not free to deny. But it has been justly remarked by a celebrated writer of the present age,—"When a man forms schemes in politics, trade, economy, or any business in life, he ought not to draw his arguments too fine, or connect too long a chain of consequences together, for something is sure to happen to disconcert his reasoning." If, in the present instance, awed by the remote contingents of future evil, we neglect availing ourselves of the present good, we should realize the fable of the countryman, who waited till the river flowed away to pass over to the opposite bank :

"*Rusticus expectat dum defluit amnis.*"

AN EPIGRAM—such as it is.

A preaches,

" 'Tis right to try to fill your place,
Whate'er your station be, or age."

B responds,

" *This* verse is right, if that's the case,
For it exactly fills the page."

JOYOUSNESS OF ANIMATED NATURE.

LET us turn for a moment to the contemplation of nature, in the sober lights of philosophy and truth. Let her secluded haunts be open to the inspection, I care not of whom, so that he have an eye to see, and a heart to feel, the happiness of her animated progeny. Without sending such an one with Humboldt to the southern regions, swarming with universal animation; or with Acerbi to the north, which, notwithstanding our notions of it as a dreary solitude, is probably, both on earth and ocean, at least as luxuriant of life,—let him penetrate into the wilder scenery with which this country even yet abounds, or lose himself in the seclusion of some of those afforested demesnes which still exhibit nature in her loveliest, because most unconstrained attitudes, and which recall to our ideas that paradise which the poet of England has taught imagination to restore. There, on the wane of some summer's day, and before the animal tribes have retired to their timely repose, let him lay himself down upon "the sloping cowslip-covered bank," and, shaded by a canopy of flowering and luxuriant foliage, look and listen. He will find, according to a celebrated observer of nature, all the animal tribes, down to the insects, wallowing in luxury; or, as Paley says of them, "so happy as not to know what to do with themselves." Close to his eye, to which the clearness of the air and the nearness of the objects give a sort of microscopic acuteness, he sees innumerable insects, many of which, if he is not a practised entomologist, are minute and brilliant strangers; and if he is, are constantly putting his knowledge to a severe test; all full of life and enjoyment, leaping about with incredible agility, climbing up the spiry grass, or disporting on the flowers with which it is embroidered. Amongst these the bee is plying its busy harvest, and

filling up every interval of labor with its song; a conspicuous example, perhaps, of the happy business of every inferior wing. If he chance to look to the roots of his verdant pillow, still he sees nature swarming with animation; innumerable terrene insects strike his notice, many of them, perhaps, resting during the sultry hours, but whose labors he would have witnessed had he been there at the dewy dawn instead of the close of the day, in innumerable shining threads suspended from every point of grass, and investing the whole surface of the meads with a film of inconceivable fineness and lustre. Whichever way he looks, there is not a plant or a flower without its appropriate population. Further from him he sees throngs still more innumerable,

"Which flutter joyous in the solar beam,
And fill the air, or float the dimpling stream,"

all expressing, as far as motion and appearance without language can express it, the utmost measure of enjoyment. Nor are even sounds wanting to signify the reign of universal pleasure. Far more unequivocal than the busy noise arising from the crowded haunts of human beings, is that continuous murmur of unnumbered wings, and the ceaseless hum with which their universal occupation is plied, which soothes and falls upon the ear in one continued and unbroken unison, save when the exulting songs of the painted birds, responding in innocent rivalry, add melody to this pleasing and perpetual note of harmonious nature. In the shallows of the clear stream which flows babbling at his foot, he sees multitudes of existences which flit along like living shadows full of activity and pleasure: while dimpling its surface, or gathering in clouds above it, another order of beings, that of insects of different tribes and various degrees of brilliancy, are disporting; forming a world of their own, replete with equal plenty and

joyousness. The wild animals, meantime, occasionally scud past him, intent upon their pastime, from which his intrusion upon their haunts startles them; some of the nobler ones, whose stately forms excite his admiration, gaze at him at a distance, and pass on. Through an opening vista of the wooded solitude, he sees a whole herd of these, moving as by one impulse; every motion as buoyant as though they were almost aerial. And far beyond the bounds of the surrounding domain, a still more magnificent prospect spreads before him. The surface of the earth, to the distant horizon, is tessellated with enclosures, and glows with many colored crops. Here the pastures are clothed with flocks; there the valleys are covered over with corn; the little hills rejoice on every side; they shout for joy, they also sing! Human habitations are sprinkled over the prospect, like gems on the mantle of nature; and here and there they cluster into a town; while the temples of Divine worship, "which point with taper spire to heaven," are seen rising as far as the eye can stretch, and crown the happy prospect with the proof

that mankind are neither insensate nor ungrateful; that they know who it is that "gives them rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness." He gazes till the tints of day fade, and the glorious prospect recedes from his sight. The busy tribes of life are hushed in repose; one solitary and unrivalled songster only keeps up the vigil in the temple of nature, but in what strains does she "charm the listening shades, and teach the night his praise!" He looks up and beholds the eternal stars successively rekindling their fires, and resuming their courses; and the moon walking forth in her brightness. All the near and transitory scenes of nature thus cut off, the soul calls home its scattered thoughts, and centres them in loftier meditations concerning that mysterious being whose works it had just been contemplating, and who now appears more intimately and awfully present. He rises and retires to his wonted place, in a frame of solemn devotion which recognises the Deity alone, and him only in his one sacred attribute of unbounded and everlasting goodness.

AN ABERDONIAN JOKE.

It is in practical jokes, which it must be admitted have a little wickedness mingled with their waggery, that the chief peculiarity of the Aberdonians consists. They are played off upon parties who are as nearly as may be on a level with the wags in rank; but they are keenly relished by the whole community. There is one, which it may not be improper to mention, which was practised on a very respectable member, I believe Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, that is of attorneys, practising before all the courts in the place, and who has some peculiarities. In matters of profane learning, he is a *Binitarian*; and the two idols of his adoration are black-letter and his own understanding, and the cause is probably the same as to both.

The shore immediately to the south of Aberdeen is wild and precipitous, advantageous for fishing, and the high rocks thronged with sea-fowl, though the land is barren in the extreme. Shooting these fowl is an amusement with the Aberdonians, who, upon those occasions, usually have a fish dinner at the village of Skaterow, a place almost destitute of vegetation. Two of the wags, after a suitable eulogium on the sporting powers of the historian, prevailed on him to accompany them there. One rode a fine spirited horse, and the other went in a post-chaise with the historian, whose vanity he worked about the shooting, and also the fine figure that he would make on the horse, which the owner kept caracoling before the post-chaise. They

reached the place, and with some difficulty got, at low-water, to a spot where they said the sport would be most successful. To the historian it was remarkably so; for though he was so near-sighted that he could hardly have seen an elephant on the top of the rock, every time he fired the birds fell around him like thunder, and splashed him with their fall; so that for one that the others got, he had at least fifty. The fact was, that they had employed two men for a week, and had at least a cart-load of dead birds on the top of the rock, of which a man threw down an armful every time that the historian fired. He was delighted, and kept firing away, hardly perceiving that the point on which he stood was completely surrounded, and beginning to be covered by the tide, and his associates were shouting from the beach that the horn had blown twice, and the dinner would be spoiled; at the same time a big stone had been put into the boat, which had filled and was under water. The historian now shouted for deliverance; and a stout fisherman and boy were instantly in the water. The latter took the fowling-piece, and was soon on *terra-firma*; but the other had to hoist the sportsman on his shoulder. When they came to the deepest place, the fisherman roared that his leg had been bitten by a shark, plunged his charge into the water, completely to the bottom, and as that charge thought, into the very maw of the sea monster. He roared, but there was instant relief; and, all dripping as he was, he was borne to the inn by the fisherman. Arriving there, the dinner was on the table, and the historian must take the chair: but change of clothes was necessary, and male attire was not to be had. No matter: they were all friends; and the chairman took his place equipped in a red flannel petticoat, linsey-wolsey bed-gown, and mob cap. The last had become necessary from the loss of his hat and wig in the sea, and the care of his friends that his head should not suffer.

The Aberdonians say that one may

“gyang far’er an’ fare war’” than by getting a dinner at Skaterow, and I can certify the fact. An *Ichthyophagus* can nowhere fare better, either as to fish, or something to make it swim; and as there was abundance of the sauce that he liked best, the historian was now in his glory, nathless the oddity of his costume. But *surgit amari aliquid*,—who can control the fates? A messenger well known to the chairman burst into the room:—“For heaven’s sake, gentlemen, the house next to the Dean’s is on fire, the engines are out of order, and his library will soon be in flames!” and with that he mounted his smoking steed, and vanished in the direction of the city. There was not a moment to be lost—“My kingdom for a horse!”—He was on the back of one in an instant—the post-chaise was at his heels; and “helter-skelter” to save the library. The historian was no horseman, though, from the morning’s lecture, he fancied that he was. The stirrups had been shortened—his feet were pushed into them up to the ankles—his body was recumbent, and his hands delved alternately under the saddle and into the mane. His heels kicked out, the red flannel petticoat fluttered, the steed pranced, the post-boy smacked his whip, the two wags sat holding their sides, the country people shouted, and the town, as the cavalcade scoured along, was crowded with people, who received it with peals of laughter. When the historian reached his domicile, he found that the alarm had been raised, and not the fire; and the demonstrations of anger, and threats of vengeance by his two associates, knew no bounds.

Notwithstanding the number and the uneasiness of these disasters, and the fact that they had fallen exclusively upon the historian, the wags had the wit not only to get themselves exculpated from all concern in the alarm of fire, but to make him believe that this was the only part of the matter that was not wholly accidental; and they did not leave him till they had worked him up to the necessity of

challenging to mortal combat an individual upon whom they laid the blame. That he might be successful in this, one of his friends undertook to give him lessons in pistol-shooting; and that no time might be lost, the practice was commenced on the very next morning. But that practice changed

the relative position of the parties: the pupil became so certain a shot, that at the usual *duello* distance he could hit a wafer for any number of times running; and the wags then desisted, lest he should turn against them in earnest that power which they had communicated to him in sport.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the book-shelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends;
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belong'd to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are
"cut,"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are spilt;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-guilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be
Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my "Spencer" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were level'd flat,
But "Moore" was still the cry;
And then, although I threw them "Sprat,"
They swallow'd up my "Pyc."

O'er everything, however slight,
They seized some airy trammel;
They snatch'd my "Hogg" and "Fox"
one night,
And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hamlet's, backward go;
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wonder'd into what balloon
My books their course had bent;

And yet, with all my marveling, soon
I found my "Marvell" went.

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a Walker.

While studying o'er the fire one day
My "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
And carried off my "Coke."

They pick'd my "Locke," to me far more
Than Bramah's patent's worth;
And now my losses I deplore
Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal;
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood elated;
But, what is strange, my "Pope" him-
self
Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave
Is sunk, to swell the ravage;
And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save
'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"
My "Bunyan" has been gone.

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went;—
oppress'd,
My "Taylor" too must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
In vain I offer'd "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
The "Hood," so late in front;
And when I turn'd to hunt for "Lee,"
Oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
Yet could not "Tickell" touch;
And then, alack! I miss'd my "Mickle,"
And surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
Nor even use my "Hughes."

To "West," to "South," I turn my head,
Exposed alike to odd jeers;
For since my "Roger Ascham's" fled,
I ask 'em for my "Rogers."

There's sure an eye that marks as well
The blossom as the sparrow;
Yet all unseen my "Lyly" fell—
'Twas taken in my "Barrow."

They took my "Horne"—and "Horne
Tooke" too;
And thus my treasures flit.
I feel, when I would "Hazlitt" view,
The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, "Wordsworth"
gone,
If I survive its doom;
How many a bard I doated on
Was swept off—with my "Broome!"

My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped:
Like Doctor Primrose, I may cry,
"My 'Livy' has eloped!"

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on "Gray,"
There's grey upon my locks.

I'm far from "Young"—am growing
pale,
I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my *ail*,
"Tis 'Burton'!" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For, oh! they've cured me of my
"Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside."

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

FIRST WALKING DRESS.

A GOWN of rose-color and white striped muslin; the white stripes are lightly spotted with rose color, the others are plain: the *corsage* is made up to the throat, and arranged in longitudinal folds in front of the bust, and on each side of the back. Long sleeve à l'*Imbécille*. The skirt is trimmed just above the knee with a double *ruche*, arranged in opposite directions, and divided in the centre by a *rouleau* of the same material. The pelerine is trimmed in a very novel style. *Col-larette* of tulle supported round the throat by a rose-colored crape *cravate à la coquette*. White *gros de Naples* hat, trimmed under the brim with *coques* of rose-colored and green-striped ribbon. *Nœuds* of the same ribbon intermingled with foliage, and a blond lace drapery, ornament the crown. Black kid slippers *en sandales*.

SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of changeable silk citron shot with lavender. *Corsage à la Reine de Naples*. It is a three-quar-

ter height, the sleeve is singularly novel and graceful, full, but not posterously so, at top, and sitting close to the arm from the wrist almost to the elbow. A row of pointed ornaments encircle it, each meeting in front of the arm, and fastening with a small *nœud* of the material of the pelisse. Similar *nœuds*, but of a much larger size, ornament the front of the skirt from the waist to the bottom. Leghorn hat, lined with rose-colored crape, and trimmed with *coques* of rose-colored gauze ribbon on the right of the inside of the brim. Sprigs of roses, intermingled with ribbon, ornament the crown. *Chemisette* of white lace, finished round the throat with a triple lace ruff.

CHILD'S DRESS.

A tunic of light blue cloth; the body is richly trimmed with braid in front; the back is plain, and rather broad; the skirt is long, and of an easy fulness, and the sleeves of the usual size. White trousers. Blue cap corresponding in color with the dress.

THE GATHERER.

"Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather."

"*The Steam Engine.*—In the steam engine the self-regulating principle is carried to an astonishing perfection. The machine itself raises in a due quantity the cold water necessary to condense the steam. It pumps off the hot water produced by the steam, which has been cooled, and lodges it in a reservoir for the supply of the boiler. It carries from this reservoir exactly that quantity of water which is necessary to supply the wants of the boiler, and lodges it therein according as it is required. It breathes the boiler of redundant steam, and preserves that which remains fit, both in quantity and quality, for the use of the engine. It blows its own fire, maintaining its intensity, and increasing or diminishing it, according to the quantity of steam which it is necessary to raise; so that when much work is expected from the engine, the fire is proportionally brisk and vivid. It breaks and prepares its own fuel, and scatters it upon the bars at proper times and in due quantity. It opens and closes its several valves at the proper moments, works its own pumps, turn its own wheels, and is only not alive." All this is true; and yet, as if in shame to "science," as it is called, every particle of all these curious inventions is due to clowns. Watt was a working mechanic in Glasgow, and his discovery of the new condenser was mere accident. Every subsequent improver has been like Watt, a mere mechanic, and subsequent discovery a mere accident. It would be a pleasant rebuke to University pride, of all pride the most self-sufficient, to inquire how many discoveries have been made within the walls of any English University since the days of Friar Bacon? All has been the work of the clown, "the lean, unwash'd artificer," the mechanic patching the crazy machine, and thus taught its strength and weakness, or the fire-feeder trying to relieve himself of a part of his trouble. All has been the work of mere practice, nothing the work of theory; and until our superb wranglers and high-capped doctors follow the course of the clown, and take the machine itself into their hands, they will never furnish anything more practical than some clumsy translation of some foreign algebraist, to this hour the grand achievement of the philosophers of Cambridge, some tenth transmission of Venturoli, or La Grange, or some bungling commentary on Euler.

Natural Eloquence.—"Who is it," said the jealous ruler of the desert, encroached on by the restless foot of English adventure—"Who is it that causes this river to

rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning, at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the Warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation.

Coals.—It is calculated that the Durham and Northumberland coal fields alone contain no less than six thousand millions of tons of coals, or about as much as will last, according to the present average of consumption, for the next 1,727 years.

Punctilious Economy.—Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls, and Speaker of the House of Commons, in the reigns of James II. and William III., is said, among his other qualifications, to have been an economist. Of this we have a whimsical anecdote. While dining one day by himself at the Rolls, and quietly enjoying his wine, his cousin Roderic Lloyd was unexpectedly introduced to him by a side door. "You rascal," said Trevor to his servant, "and you have brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back stairs*. Take my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth—you rascal, take him instantly back, down my *back stairs*, and bring him up my *front stairs*." Roderic in vain remonstrated, and whilst he was conducted down one, and up the other stairs, his honor had removed the bottle and glasses.

Algiers.—In the fall of Algiers, on the 5th of July, it is said the Dey's nerves, rather than his soldiers, were vanquished by the French.

NEW BOOKS.

Album Verses, with a few others. By Charles Lamb.—*Irish Cottagers*. By Mr. Martin Doyle.—*Lives of British Physicians*.—*Conversations on Religion* with Lord Byron. By the late James Kennedy, M.D.—*Southennan*. By John Galt, Esq.—*Songs of the Affections*, with other Poems. By Mrs. Hemans.—*Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George IV.*

Mr. Ackermann has in the press a new Annual for 1831, entitled "The Humorist," from the pen of W. H. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician."

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THE MORAL AND PHYSICAL NATURE OF MAN.

OF the real power of the bodily appetites for food, and the sway they may attain over the moral nature of the mind, *we*, who are protected by our place among the arrangements of civil society from greatly suffering under it, can, indeed, form no adequate conception. Let us not now speak of those dreadful enormities which, in the midst of dismal famine, are recorded to have been perpetrated by civilized men, when the whole moral soul; with all its strongest affections and instinctive abhorrences, has sunk prostrate under the force of that animal suffering. But the power of which we speak, as attained by this animal feeling, subsists habitually among whole tribes and nations. It is that power which it acquires over the mind of the savage, who is frequently exposed to suffer its severity, and who hunts for himself the food with which he is to appease it. Compare the mind of the human being as you are accustomed to behold him, knowing the return of this sensation only as a grateful incitement to take the ready nourishment which is spread for his repast, with that of his fellow-man, bearing through the lonely woods the gnawing pang that goads him to his prey. Hunger is in his heart; hunger bears along his unfatiguing feet; hunger lies in the strength of his arm; hunger watches in his eye; hunger listens in his ear; as he couches down in his covert, silently waiting the approach of his

expected spoil, this is the sole thought that fills his aching mind—"I shall satisfy my hunger!" When his deadly aim has brought his victim to the ground, this is the thought that springs up as he rushes to seize it, "I have got food for my hungry soul!" What must be the usurpation of animal nature here over the whole man! It is not merely the simple pain, as if it were the forlornness of a human creature bearing about his famishing existence in helplessness and despair—though that, too, is indeed a true picture of some states of our race;—but here he is not a suffering and sinking wretch—he is a strong hunter, and puts forth his strength fiercely under the urgency of this pain. All his might in the chase—all pride of speed, and strength, and skill—all thoughts of long and hard endurance—all images of perils past—all remembrances and all foresight—are gathered on that one strong and keen desire—are bound down to the sense of that one bitter animal want. These feelings recurring day by day in the sole toil of his life, bring upon his soul a vehemence and power of desire in this object, of which we can have no conception, till he becomes subjected to hunger as a mighty animal passion—a passion such as it rages in those fierce animal kinds which it drives with such ferocity on their prey. He knows hunger as the wolf knows it—he goes forth with his burning heart, like the tiger

to lap blood. But turn to man in another condition to which he has been brought by the very agency of his physical on his intellectual and moral being! How far removed is he now from that daily contention with such evils as these! How much does he feel himself assured against them by belonging to the great confederacy of social life! How much is it veiled from his eyes by the many artificial circumstances in which the satisfaction of the want is involved. The work in which he labors the whole day—on which his eyes are fixed and his hands toil—is something altogether unconnected with his own wants—connected with distant wants and purposes of a thousand other men in which he has no participation. And as far as it is a work of skill, he has to fix his mind on objects and purposes so totally removed from himself, that they all tend still more to sever his thoughts from his own necessities; and thus it is that civilization raises his moral character, when it protects almost every human being in a country from that subjection to this passion, to which even noble tribes are bound down in the wildernesses of nature.

Yet it is the most melancholy part of all the speculation that is suggested by the condition of men, to observe what a wide gloom is cast over their souls by this severe necessity, which is nevertheless the great and constant cause of the improvement of their condition. It is not suffering alone—for *that* they may be inured to bear,—but the darkness of the understanding, and the darkness of the heart, which comes on under the oppression of toil, that is miserable to see. Our fellow-men, born with the same spirits as ourselves, seem yet denied the common privileges of that spirit. They seem to bring faculties into the world that cannot be unfolded, and powers of affection and desire, which, not their fault, but the lot of their birth, will pervert and degrade. There is an humiliation laid upon our nature in the doom which seems thus

to rest upon a great portion of our species, which, while it requires our most considerate compassion for those who are thus depressed, compels us to humble ourselves under the sense of our own participation in the nature from which it flows. Therefore, in estimating the worth, the virtue of our fellow-men, whom Providence has placed in a lot that yields to them the means, and little more than the means, of supporting life in themselves and those born of them, let us never forget how intimate is the necessary union between the wants of the body and the thoughts of the soul. Let us remember, that over a great proportion of all humanity, the soul is in a struggle for its independence and power with the necessities of that nature in which it is enveloped. It has to support itself against sickening, or irritating, or maddening thoughts, inspired by weariness, lassitude, want, or the fear of want. It is chained down to the earth by the influence of one great and constant occupation—that of providing the means of its mortal existence. When it shows itself shook and agitated, or overcome in the struggle, what ought to be the thoughts and feelings in the considerate soul of wisdom for poor humanity? When, on the other hand, we see nature preserving itself pure, bold, and happy, amidst the perpetual threatenings or assaults of those evils from which it cannot fly, and, though oppressed by its own weary wants, forgetting them all in that love which ministers to the wants of others—when we see the brow wrinkled and drenched by incessant toil, the body, in the power of its prime, bowed down to the dust, and the whole frame in which the immortal spirit abides marked, but not dishonored, by its slavery to fate;—and when, in the midst of all this ceaseless depression and oppression, from which man must never hope to escape on earth, we see him still seeking and still finding joy, delight and happiness in the finer affections and loves and desires of his spiritual being—giving to the lips of those he

loves the scanty morsel earned by his own hungry and thirsty toil—purchasing by sweat, sickness, and fever, Education and Instruction and Religion to the young creatures who delight the soul of him who is starving for their sakes—resting with gratitude on that day, whose return is ever like a fresh fountain to his exhausted and weary heart, and preserving a profound and high sense of his own immortality among all the earth-born toils and troubles that would in vain chain him down to the dust,—when we see all this, and think of all this, we feel indeed how rich may be the poorest of the poor, and learn to respect the moral being of man in its triumphs over the power of his physical nature.

But we do not learn to doubt or deny the wisdom of the Creator. We do not learn from all these struggles, and all these defeats, and all these victories, and all these triumphs, that God sent us his creatures into this life to starve, for that the air, the earth and the waters have not wherewith to feed the mouths that gape for food through all the elements! Nor do we learn that want is a crime, and poverty a sin—and that they who *would* toil, but cannot, and they who *can* toil, but have no work set before them, are intruders at Nature's table, and must be driven by those who are able to pay for their seats to famine, starvation, and death—almost denied a burial!

THE YOUNGEST.

BY L. E. L.

THE voice of the mourner is heard on the air,
And the old hall is darken'd as midnight were there,
And the foot-falls are soft, as they fear'd to awake
The sleep they would yet give the wide world to break.

Their youngest, their dearest, is gone to his rest,
With health on his brow, and with joy in his breast;
The morning he bounded all life o'er the hill,
At night the light step and the glad pulse were still.

His mother put back the bright curls from his brow,
And kiss'd in her pride the white forehead below:
But the damps on that forehead were gathering fast—
She kiss'd them away, but that kiss was her last.

There are others, his elders, the bold and the fair,
But they wear not the likeness that he wont to wear,
With his hair of light gold, his eyes of deep blue;
They bring not the father, who perish'd, to view.

With his hawk on his hand, his hound at his feet,
With flowers strew'd o'er him the wild and the sweet,
He lies that short space before beauty is gone,
When life and when death are commingled in one.

By turns his bold brothers have over him hung,
And wept as they gazed on their favorite, their young;
But his mother sat by like a statue, no tears
Relieving the grief that with them disappears.

Again that dark hall will be open'd to day,
And the hymn, and the pall, and the flowers put away;
And, alone in their chapel, the boy will be laid,
And left, as the dead are, to silence and shade.

But long will he be to their memory dear—
Long his glad voice will sound like a dream in their ear:
They will miss their boy-hunter from banquet and chase,
And his place, though fill'd up, be a still vacant place.

A STORY OF THE VALLEY OF GLEN CRUAGH.

ALTHOUGH there is no part of Ireland better known to the world in general, than the county of Wicklow, and none so celebrated for the scenes of exquisite beauty which its mountains, lakes, and sea-views, present to the eye, yet there are many quiet, delicious spots, far away among the hills, at a great distance from any public road, which escape the observation of the ordinary traveller; but which, when they are discovered, appear the lovelier from their seclusion, like some virtue suddenly found out, where modesty has long concealed it.

Amongst all of those with which I was acquainted, the little glen, which I shall call Glen Cruagh, appeared to me to be the most beautiful. At this point, several ranges of lofty hills have taken their commencement, or fixed their termination, and the openings afford long views of the sides of the mountains, as they are called, in some places covered with thick wood almost to the summit, and in others affording nothing but the stern and bare magnificence of stone and stunted heath. The effect which these different openings have upon the light, as the sun proceeds in its course, gives a continual variety to the appearance of this glen; yet the hills are so happily situated for its comfort, that they shield it from the most violent effects of the winter storms; and in no place do the flowers bloom earlier, or longer cover the earth with their simple and unspeakable beauty. There are not many inhabitants in this delightful place. About twelve years ago, there were not more than ten or a dozen cottages, belonging to poor people, built near the edge of a rapid, noisy stream, which dashed along through huge lumps of water-worn granite, overhung at the edges by bramble bushes, which marked its course till it disappeared in one of the mountain gorges, similar to that from which it emerged on the other

side of the glen. These cottages were occupied by peasants who had small patches of land at the foot of the hills, with the liberty of pasture up to the summit; a liberty from which their luckless cattle derived little more than the exercise of free will in the matter of locomotion, and that degree of health which arises from exceedingly spare diet. At the other end of the glen were two houses of a different description. One was a large, substantial, well-built mansion, the residence of Colonel B——, the great man of the district; it was surrounded by a small, but well-kept demesne; it had gardens and pleasure grounds also, which were kept in good order; and the mountain, which rose high and abruptly at the back of the house, was clothed with young thick wood to a very considerable distance. The luxuriance of the young trees in such a lofty situation, and with so little soil, was surprising; at an altitude where the climber would scarcely find a particle of clay, such as would seem to be necessary to nourish a tree, were masses of branches and green foliage, out of which grey stony pinnacles shot up, as if determined to show their rugged supremacy over the cultivation which the hand of man had carried into their lofty neighborhood. Colonel B——, the owner of this place, and of many hundred adjoining acres, was a powerful and wicked man, feared for his power, and hated for his wickedness, by all the neighborhood, over which he had it in his power to exercise an authority, which none but those who know what the squire of a country district in Ireland, who was a county magistrate besides, might venture to do with impunity, can well imagine. He was esteemed very rich, and he was of the middle age, and a bachelor, but enjoyed the imputed paternity of a family which grew up without ostensibly lawful reason, in the lodge at his

gate. Though ostentatiously dissolute in his morals, and, for the most part, coarsely tyrannical in his manners, yet there was a carefulness about him in many respects, and an energy in pushing anything which he took in hand to its final accomplishment, that gained him considerable respect, mingled with the fear which the common people felt for him; while the ability which he possessed to assume polite, and even very agreeable manners, when it suited his purpose to do so, caused him to be well received amongst such of the gentry of the county as he had occasion to meet. In the glen, his power was absolute, his word was law, except over one man, who occupied a small, but beautifully neat dwelling, not more than a hundred yards from his gate. I have seen prettier things of the kind in England, but in Ireland I have never seen anything to compare, for neat and *comfortable* beauty, with the cottage of Captain M——; for that title was still given him by all the neighborhood, though he had no right to it, as he used to assure the poor people, who loved to do him honor by frequently repeating the military title which once belonged to him.

Mr. M—— had once been a captain in the regiment of militia which Colonel B—— commanded; his family had, but a few generations previously, been more respectable than the Colonel's, but had fallen away in worldly wealth and importance, as that of his superior officer advanced; and as misfortune seems ever to travel swifter than its opposite, Mr. M—— found himself, on coming of age, with very slender means indeed, and with scarcely a relative left in the country to whose assistance he could put forward the claim of family kindred. His guardian had, however, taken care—if that be indeed judicious care, which bestows learning and accomplishments on poverty—to give him an excellent education; and, as in common with most men of an elevated and imaginative turn of mind, the

young gentleman delighted in the country, and was unwilling to leave the land of the "lake and mountain," for city occupations which would have been more hopeful of gain, he engaged in agricultural pursuits on a small scale, by which, for a few years, he provided himself with an occupation, and a sufficient addition to his income, to satisfy one whose worldly ambition was by no means inordinate. The beginning of the Irish rebellion broke up his peaceful life—the emissaries of sedition found their way over among the peaceful hills—the peasantry grew intractable and insolent, and refused to perform their ordinary works, and, ere long, abandoned everything for murder and spoliation, in the wild pursuit of they knew not what. A commission in the militia was offered to Mr. M——, which he accepted, partly from a sense of duty, and partly, that as he found it impossible to continue his farming to any advantage, he might take up another occupation, which, however different in its nature, was, at the time, honorable and useful, and was remunerated with certain monies, the receipt of which was not disagreeable. An antipathy between Mr. M—— and his Colonel arose from the first day they met at the regimental mess. Their opposing natures clashed on the very first encounter. Colonel B—— was a man capable of that bitter and undying hatred, which, springing up from no other cause than an instinctive devilishness, never sleeps from the moment of its birth, nor dreams of forgiveness in prosperity, nor pity in adversity. He took no pains to conceal it, nor did he, on the other hand, take such imprudent means for its display as might have had the effect of thwarting his object; his was a cool, business-like hatred, that waited its time, saw its time with exceeding acuteness, and then sprang to the accomplishment of its purpose with certain and deadly energy. He knew that an immediate display of his enmity towards Mr. M—— would not effect that, which, after the first three

days of their association as brother officers, he resolved to effect if he could. Suppose he had been able to drive him from the regiment at once, he would then at once lose his power over him; and, besides, Mr. M—— might then return to his former pursuits, from which he was hardly as yet wholly disunited, and might in time become a prosperous man. "That is not the way," said Colonel B—— to himself, "to torment and ruin him; and I may do both, if I proceed more cautiously." And he did so proceed: There was no point in which the commanding officer of a regiment on active duty could annoy his inferior officer, that was not deliberately and calmly made use of by Colonel B——. Captain M—— saw all this, and felt it—felt it with all the bitterness which comes upon us when that which we scorn, we must obey;—he was too proud to complain, and to resent his treatment was impossible; for the Colonel took care not to proceed beyond the utmost stretch of his actual authority, and in no jot or tittle to violate the articles of war. Captain M—— at last took the only means left to him of escaping from the tyranny under which he suffered; he resigned his commission after two years' service, and after his farming establishment had been completely broken up. And the Colonel had the fiendish satisfaction of believing that he had effectually tormented him for two years, and at the end had cast him upon the world—a ruined man.

Whatever was the fate, however, of Mr. M—— for the next five years, no one knew; he went away, some said to England, others to America, but for that time he was not heard of. It was in the close of the sixth summer after his departure, that a melancholy-looking stranger, who seemed of the middle age, made his appearance among the little cottages on the river's side; but it was not until he had gone into one of them, and spoken for sometime with the inmates, that he was recognised as their old friend Mr. M——. The change that

a few years had wrought in him was wonderful and mournful. When he left the glen, he seemed to be about five-and-twenty, and he now looked forty at the least. His voice was become deeper, and more subdued—his speech slower—his look more pensive and downcast, and his smile, if it were a smile at all, was one of acquiescence, and not of pleasurable emotion. He came, he said, to look for a dwelling once more amongst them, and then with languid hopelessness added, "But I fear I did not think enough about it before I came, and I do not see how I am to settle here now, much as I should wish to do it, for my old farm-house was pulled down even before I went away."

"O thin, Captain, jewel," said Ned Rooney and Ned Rooney's wife at the same time, "sure it's ourselves that's glad this minute, to see that your honor's to the fore still, an' not kilt in England, nor married in 'Merica, as we heerd. Och, an' a power o' hardship yourself must have gone through sence; anyhow—an' mighty sedate lookin' you're come back to us. An' sure if it's only a place to live in you want, it's just in the nick o' time you come, good luck to you, an' a good gintleman to the poor you always wor. Sure there's the steward's house, the new, purty, beautiful English cottage—the Curnel's steward, your honor, that lived here three years, an ould Scotchman, an' a hard man to be sure he was, bnt mighty nate and clene—an' he's dead, devil's cure to him—God pardon my sowl for sayin' so—and the place is to be sowld, in spite of the masther they say, becase he was cute enough, that's the Scotchman was, to get a proper lase, and now the masther won't give the proper valy of it to the people that's come to look afther what he left—an' sure you could get it, that's if the little bit of ready monee made no difference—not that we mane to even the likes o' your honor to livin' where a steward lived—bad luck to his stingy sowl—God pardon

me—but only the place wasn't like a sarvant's place at all, but fit for any gentleman—for to be sure he kep it so nate, an' all at hardly any cost at all at all."

This long speech was suffered to go on without any interruption from Mr. M——, who listened to it with some interest and attention.

He found, upon inquiry, that his informants had told him no more than the truth, and he had luckily arrived at the very moment when it was in his power to possess himself of just such a dwelling as he wished. A very neat cottage had been erected by Colonel B——'s steward on a spot of ground, which, with the adjoining garden, the Colonel thought he had leased for thirty-one years, "provided the said Andrew Campbell should so long live;" but by some accident, of which "the said Andrew" was not perhaps wholly unconscious, this little clause had been omitted, and the heirs of the man, who came from Scotland to look after his effects, insisted on the value of the lease. This Colonel B—— refused to give, believing that it was very unlikely they would easily find a purchaser in such a place, and hoping to get it at length upon his own terms. In his absence, however, Mr. M—— stepped in, and paying down the sum demanded, which was but small, he took possession of the cottage.

He left it the next morning, and in a day or two returned, but not alone, as before; he brought with him a little female child, between two and three years old, and an elderly servant, a Swiss woman, who attended upon the child with all the affection of a mother, and all the respectful solicitude of a servant. At first there was, as there is always in such cases, much wonderment and mystery concerning this new family, but by degrees the story ran, though no one could tell exactly how the information was obtained, that Mr. M—— had gone to England, and fallen in love with a young lady of foreign extraction, whom he eventually mar-

ried, and with whom he had lived one brief year of happiness as great as can be enjoyed without luxuries or riches to procure them. At the end of a year, in giving birth to a daughter, she died, and the joy of his heart was gone forever. For several months his tearless stony grief bordered upon gloomy insanity, until one day as he stood with folded arms over the cradle of his child, and watched the calm awaking of her deep blue eyes, and saw her look upon him, and hold up her arms in joyful recognition, the rock of his heart was smote, and he wept for hours. From this time his grief was calm, tender, affectionate to those who approached him, but the bitterness of the preceding months had left him like a tree scathed by the storm. His hair had turned grey, his flesh had shrunk, and premature age had set its stamp upon him. It appeared that after long indulgence of his sorrowful thoughts, and finding himself incapable of the exertion which was necessary to his support, if he remained in England, he resolved upon selling his little establishment, and settling for the remainder of the life, which he had devoted to retirement, in the land of his fathers, and amid the scenes with which his earliest days had been familiar.

It is singular how beautifully the state and capabilities of inanimate nature, and the nature of man, are adapted to each other. How the devices and desires of our hearts are provided with a something whereupon to fix—how much is given that we could not create, but that we can assist, and mould, and form, and fashion, after our will, into those useful or exquisite shapes which our necessities demand, or our cultivated tastes teach us to consider beautiful. Enough is done for us to give us power, enough is left undone to give us employment; nor is it possible almost to arrive at that degree of improvement that will forbid further hope—nature herself crowns our best efforts with new and unlooked-for beauty; and

we still trust, and justly so, that if our industry fail not, neither will her reward.

Mr. M——'s cottage was pretty when he got it; but, weaned away from all more important pursuits, and possessed with a longing desire, which seemed to gratify his dejected heart, of making it all that his Emily *would have loved*, and would have assisted in making it, were she not with the spirits of the just, it soon appeared, under his tasteful and quiet, but unceasing cultivation, a very nest of beauty. His neighbor, the Colonel, saw it, and even in the midst of all his rich possessions, envied the poor man his little dwelling of peace, and his old hatred sprung up anew; but the last hatred vexed his own heart more than the first, because he had no ready means of giving it vent. He cursed the new comer within his teeth, first, for having got possession of that which his avarice had prevented him from getting for himself; and he cursed him again, because the place thrived with him and grew beautiful; but he knew, that while he held aloof from him, he had no power to injure a man, the pride of whose heart was broken, and he endeavored to become familiar with him again, that he might twist some chain about him, by the means of which he might hurt him whenever he listed. But the solitary refused all his advances with cold civility, and he only hated him more and more, without obtaining power over him.

In the meantime the young child, the little Emily, grew up as lovely as the flowers among which she played, and altogether as innocent. Like them she was beautiful and gentle by nature, and, like them, a little wild by situation. But as soon as her mind became sufficiently matured for instruction, her father bethought him of the things which she should learn, and himself became her fond and careful tutor. To fill her quick and sensitive mind with such knowledge as was suited to her years, and to embue her heart with feelings that

elevate, while they soften, was to him the most delightful task that he had known for years. Many a time would he turn away and weep, in spite of himself, at some accidental glance, or tone, or expression, so like that of her whom he had lost, that it seemed but the shadow, or the echo, or the repetition of that which lived so strongly in his memory; and little Emily's own soft blue eyes would fill with tears, as she observed his agitation, which she knew not the reason of, while she felt his tears upon her face as he kissed her a thousand times.

It happened that Mr. M—— was able to teach his daughter not only the more solid parts of knowledge, which educated men all possess, but also those accomplishments which, for the most part, are more common to women—viz. music and drawing, in both of which he had once been rather a proficient; and his skill speedily revived as he found it necessary to put it in practice for Emily's advantage.

In dancing, however, he would have been at fault, were it not for the Swiss servant, who proved, in this matter, a most useful ally, as, indeed, she was in sundry other little matters relating to needles and thread, and shears, and so forth, which were of no small value, not to say necessity, in a place which boasted not of either a fashioner of dresses, or a constructor of bonnets, within seven miles. It would have been a pretty and amusing sight, if one could have seen it, to look at the beautiful young Emily receiving her lesson in the saltatory art, from her now somewhat ancient professor, while her father, at the piano-forte, supplied the requisite music. Old Marguerite knew the dances of her country well, besides that she had been a little time in Paris, where she learned some refinement upon her country fashions, so far as her feet were concerned, but her heart happily remained such as she had brought it from the mountains.

Emily reached the age of seventeen, as lovely and as accomplished a girl as ever lived unknown in a secluded valley. I have said she was innocent as the flowers, and so she was; her joy was light and free as the air that played around her own mountains; yet her soul sometimes lifted itself up, and, like their pinnacles, soared heaven-ward, or looking deep into itself, would behold therein the indistinct forms of a thousand shadowy thoughts that know not utterance until some strong circumstance gives them more perfect shape, and calls them forth.

The joy of her father's heart was buried in the grave with his dead wife, and the more surely so, because every circumstance that would have brought joy—even his daughter's beauty and surpassing goodness—served to remind him of her who was gone, and thus dashed even the flowers of his heart with the dews of sorrow. Still, however, he had a serious gladness in the contemplation of all his Emily had grown to be, and her affection soothed his heart, and made his eyes fill with tears that were not those of pain; but as every satisfaction, almost, has some anxiety attendant upon it, even as its shadow, so had this: he felt occasionally, that although in respect to years he was little beyond what is called the prime of life, yet in appearance, and in constitution, he was already old, and it was dreadful to think of what might become of his Emily, unprotected as she was, when he should be called away. His thanksgivings, therefore, to God, for the great blessing which he had vouchsafed to him in her, were not unmingled with earnest petitions, that the protecting hand of an all-watchful Providence would guard his child, and be unto her as a guide and a stay when time to him should be no more.

His neighbor, the Colonel, though but a few years his junior, still appeared, as he actually was, in the vigor of life, and continued a bachelor; but to keep down the pride of

some nephews, which was sometimes troublesome to him, and perhaps, too, because it did not diminish the favorable regards of the ladies in the houses which he visited, (for we have said he had a good estate,) he was accustomed to give out that he by no means intended to continue all his life a single man—that he thought it right to consider at his leisure before he surrendered the freedom of a bachelor's life, but by and by he would certainly “settle,” and, of course, an heir to his estate was to follow. He had seen Emily M—— occasionally as she grew up, and now he saw her in the almost matured loveliness of womanhood, and he felt towards her as the grossness of his nature was alone capable of feeling. At no time of his life could he have felt himself what pure love was, or understood what was meant by others when they spoke of it; now that his heart was still more hardened by time, and any little sense of delicacy he ever had, utterly dissipated by constant intercourse with the profligate and the vile, he heard of love only to laugh at it. Yet his eyes followed after the young Emily with a filthy glare, and the brute passion that burned within him was blended with another that added to its fierceness—he still hated her father, and with as strong a hate as ever; for the respectability of his character, notwithstanding his slender means, elevated him in some sort into a rival; and the presence of an independent man so near him was an offence in his nostrils. In the dark recesses, therefore, of his gross and guilty mind, he desired to gratify at once his lust and his hatred, and he dared deliberately to think of the means by which he might accomplish the child's dishonor, and through that dishonor bring down her father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. He was a man that would not be startled by either the difficulty or the villainy of an attempt to accomplish what he wished, and his first plan was to bring himself upon some terms of acquaintance with the young lady;

and with this view he invited his nephew, a youth of eighteen, to spend his college vacation with him in the country, rightly judging, that through his assistance an acquaintance would be more likely to be opened than if he trusted to any civilities of his own. The Colonel was in the habit of going to church, for which he had certain reasons of his own that had nothing to do with religion; to the same church, which was about two miles from their dwelling in the glen, went also, on every Sunday that they could walk thither, Mr. M—— and his daughter, accompanied by their servant Marguerite. Here the young beauty was first pointed out by the Colonel to his nephew, as, dressed with rural, yet elegant simplicity, and her complexion heightened by the exercise of walking, she appeared a very paragon of loveliness. The boy admired, as boys will admire when they *think* they love; and that day he refused his dinner, and spent the evening in pensive meditation, and in turning an Epistle of Ovid into English verse. His *good* uncle rallied him, told him he was in love, which to boys in a fit of *admiration* is the sweetest of all flattery; and then, in a jocular way, instructed him how he was again to get a sight of Miss M——: “She goes every day,” he said, “to visit a woman in one of the cottages, who is sick. These people are my tenants, and you have a right to go there too, if you like. I don’t see why you should not choose the time when she is there to go in—you may chance to have some particularly nice flowers in your hand—my gardener will give them to you—I dare say the young lady likes good flowers, for I perceive her obstinate foolish father would have such things if he were not as poor as he is proud—he does his best to have them—offer her the flowers, and then offer to attend her home. I don’t well see how she can refuse—you have a tongue, and can speak—and you may invite her to come and see the conservatory here, and try to prevail on

her to do this—I should like to see whether she is really pretty when one sees her close at hand—and mind you are respectful, however, for this is necessary to gain a woman, and I have a little more experience in these things than you, my boy. Now, ring the bell for some brandy and biscuits, and then we’ll go to bed.”

The youth acted upon all this advice, but he needed not the suggestion to be respectful. There is a something in the feeling of admiration which beauty, and simplicity, and gracefulness, cause to spring up in the youthful mind, which is associated with the very deepest feelings of respect; and upon the contrived *accidental* meeting, which took place as Colonel B—— had planned it, this careful deference, united with a prepossessing figure and a good address, made a most favorable impression on the unsophisticated Emily; she accepted, with grateful thanks, the beautiful flowers which were offered to her, and as Marguerite was with her, she did not forbid the young gentleman to walk by her side as she went home, nor, indeed, could she well do so, as their way was the same.

To the invitation to see the conservatory, she replied by avowing her wish to see anything so beautiful as she had always heard it described to be; but she would ask her father whether she might go with Marguerite. She did ask, and was told that it would not be right; and so much was she accustomed to mould her wishes upon those of her father, that she assented to his negative with the same cheerfulness that she would have received his permission. Although disappointed in some measure by the ill success of this part of his scheme, Colonel B—— determined to take advantage of the acquaintance which his nephew had opened; and when Emily went abroad without her father, he contrived to walk with his nephew where they should meet her; nor did the nearer view of her innocent beauty in the least turn his cold

and sensual heart from its brutal purpose. Emily, of course, told her father of these accidental meetings, to which he made no objection, unwilling to provoke any needless enmity, and not supposing it possible that any evil purpose could have been intended by them. At length his nephew's vacation ended, and the Colonel was left to pursue his plans alone. My readers will perhaps expect that I shall have to tell them that the young collegian took away with him the heart of Emily, but it was not so; she thought him the pleasantest young gentleman she had met, because he was almost the only one; but she knew not what love was.

There was a bold decision in the character of Colonel B——, which had frequently been the cause of his success in the evil designs which he undertook, and having thus acquired a confidence in this method of carrying his purposes, it became habitual, and he had no longer sufficient patience in action for the villainy which his mind contemplated. He resolved, therefore, to bring his plans upon Emily M—— immediately to a point, and finding that, since his nephew's departure, he could not obtain more from her in the way of speech when he met her than a passing salutation, he ventured, in strong reliance upon his own merits, and the vanity which he supposed common to women, to write, and have privately conveyed to her, a letter, which he expected, if it would not at once obtain, would at least lead to the accomplishment of, his purpose. In the language of dexterous flattery, he complimented her beauty and her various accomplishments—lamented that she had not been born somewhat earlier, or himself somewhat later, that their years might have been more nearly equal, yet protested that the fire of love burned within his heart with all the fervor of youthful enthusiasm—spoke of the pride and joy with which he should see her the sharer of his fortune, and the mistress of his household, and concluded at length with a

statement, that certain circumstances of a delicate nature, which he would afterwards explain, made it inconvenient that the union, which was the highest object of his hopes, should take place at home; and a proposal, that, relying upon his faith and honor, she would commit herself to his protection, while he conveyed her to France, and there made her his by all the ties which could unite faithful lovers.

He had been so little accustomed to deal with perfect simplicity and innocence, that he never once supposed it possible that Emily would immediately hand this letter to her father, notwithstanding a postscript particularly cautioning her against making the slightest mention of it to him; but she was so bewildered by its contents as scarcely to know what was meant by it, and gave it to her father as a something to be explained to her, rather than resented by him.

Her father's brow grew dark as night as he read the letter, and he bit his lip till the blood sprung from it.

Emily trembled, and besought the reason of this agitation.—“Leave me,” he said, “leave me, my child, for awhile—this is a serious matter, and I must consider of it.—Unutterable villain!” he continued, as he paced about the room like a distracted man, after his daughter had left him; “insulting scoundrel! But he shall pay for this—the usage of the world gives me one mode of vengeance, and I shall take it, though I risk my life, and more than my life, to obtain it—aye, and I shall do it instantly—I shall not suffer my blood to cool, lest haply this monster should escape. I am alone—I have no friend to stand by my side—but I will go alone, and one of us shall die. Oh Emily! God shield thee then!” He covered his face with his hands for a moment, and then flung away into his study, where he had his pistols—they were kept loaded for the security of the house—he put them in his pockets, put on his hat, and rushed out, with more energy of bo-

dy, and a thousand times more fury of mind, than he had ever before possessed. The shades of evening were now closing in, and the moon was rising, but he thought not of the time, nor of anything but immediate vengeance; for he too well knew the man he had to deal with, not to understand his letter in its true light, and not to know that the foulest injury was intended. Here we must leave him for awhile, to relate some other circumstances which in their consummation became connected with the catastrophe of that evening.

In a broad cleft, or hollow, in the mountain's side, about two miles from Glen Cruagh, there had lived, about eight years before, an old woman and her two sons, famed as a triumvirate of wickedness. The sons occasionally had employment as laborers, but it was understood they lived chiefly by depredation; and if a sheep was missed off the mountain's side, it was suspected that mutton, or the value of it, found its way thereupon into the cabin of the "Widdy Lynch." If any young girl in the country side was found to have bartered her virtue for gold, Widdy Lynch was sure to have had some concern in it; and if any robbery took place, her cabin was the first searched for the stolen goods. As this woman and her sons, although more than suspected to be concerned in so much guilt, continued always to keep clear of such evidence as would convict them, the old woman obtained the reputation of dealing with the devil—a rumor which she by no means discouraged, as it gave her a double influence in carrying on her nefarious traffic, and in evading its consequences. But the pitcher, as the proverb says, though it goeth often to the well, is at last broken; and so it fell out with the family of the Lynches. Colonel B—— had some designs upon a young woman, who lived in her father's house at the mountain's foot, about two miles beyond Lynch's cabin; and the attentions of the Colonel, or intentions rather, becoming known to a young farmer who conceived he had some

pretensions to the young woman of an honest character than the Colonel's, he determined upon the Irish method of making short work of the matter, by forcibly carrying her off, and for this purpose he hired the two Lynches, who were always ready to engage in any act of desperation for a reward. With their assistance the young man succeeded in his lawless attempt; but Colonel B——, who was a very active magistrate when personally concerned, resolved to deter others from future interference of a similar kind with his amusements, and seized the culprits, whose haunts he well knew.

The men were brought to trial; and merely because Mr. M—— had the reputation of being a kind man, and a friend to the poor, they summoned him to "give them a character;" for the Irish peasantry cannot to this day be persuaded that a trial is merely an inquiry into the truth, but believe that it is a *mode of attack*, much less agreeable to them than if made with sticks and stones, but still one in which a muster of friends is of great avail. It was in vain Mr. M—— protested he could say nothing to their advantage. They insisted on his being examined, because "they were sure his honor was too kind a gentleman to give them a bad word;" and he was examined, and what he said in some measure tended to their conviction. Both Lynches were found guilty, one as principal, the other as an accessory; and one was transported for life, the other for seven years. The mother escaped being implicated in this affair; but while the proceedings were going on, she flitted up and down the country like an evil spirit—now here, now there—with a mysterious swiftness that added to her fame for supernatural agency. Supplication—vows of vengeance—curses, deep and dire, she used, as it was her purpose to coax or to intimidate those whose evidence was to be used against her sons, but all was unavailing; and when they were now pronounced guilty, her face grew black, and she muttered and trembled, but shed no tears.

When, with the rest of the grand jury, Colonel B—— was leaving the court house, she threw herself in his way, flung back her bright red cloak, the hood of which had, until then, enveloped her head, and, on her bended knees, with her hands clasped, and her long grey hair streaming behind, she cursed him with the energy and bitterness of a fiend. "Go along," she said, "and may the curse o' the widow, that's now left childless and desolate, cling about you night, noon, and mornin', as long as you live, and in the flames of hell after ye die—aye, black, hard-hearted, contrivin' villain as ye are, an' always was, an' always will be! Aye, go your ways, and may my curse be poison to your body and your soul! May you never know satisfaction or contentment in this world, and may my revenge bring you to a sudden death, and send your soul, hot an' hissin', to hell, from where it came! This is my curse, an' may it fall on you hot an' heavy, I pray God!"

It was not the words alone, but the fearful demoniac wildness of the manner, which, to those who beheld the woman, gave an impression of indescribable horror. She paused as if from exhaustion; and Mr. M—— went over to her, and in words of pity, which even disgust could not overcome, besought her to go away, and submit with decent quiet to the fate which the law had necessarily brought upon her sons. "Away!" she said, "away! chicken-hearted fool, that wouldn't spake a word for my boys! May be I'll have revenge of you too; but *you're* not wicked, an' I mustn't curse you." She disappeared, and was seldom seen afterwards in the glen; but once a-year, on the anniversary of the day on which her sons were convicted, she presented herself before Colonel B——, and renewed her curse. No matter where he went—she dogged him; and on that day, except he confined himself to his chamber, the widow renewed her malediction. Thrice he detected her in crimes, for which he was ena-

bled to throw her into jail for a short period, but still she got free again, and again she tracked his steps, and poured out upon him the bitterness of her heart.

About a month before the evening on which Mr. M—— rushed forth to seek from Colonel B—— personal satisfaction for the insult offered to his daughter, the widow's son had returned from his exile of seven years. The woman still occupied her wretched cabin on the hill-side, and to that miserable home the young man returned. The old woman now walked more erect—a gleam of fierce joy was seen now and then to shoot from beneath her projecting brow, and people said it was not like the joy she should have shown to see her son again, for there was "no tinderness in it, at all at all." But a satisfaction in which there was nothing of tenderness lurked in the woman's heart—she had persuaded her son to undertake a murder! On the day on which Colonel B—— wrote his letter to Emily, he received a note, which was found in the hall. How it came there, no one could tell; but it was in a woman's hand, ill spelled, and asking him to be on the bank of the stream, below the widow Lynch's cabin, that evening, at the rising of the moon. There were initials to the note which he knew—he put it in the fire, and determined to keep the appointment. He had gone out before Mr. M—— arrived at his gate, and the servant replied, with a look of astonishment, to the quick and fierce demand if his master were at home, "Is it the masther *you* want, sir?"

"Yes—I want to see him directly."

"He's gone out."

"Where?"

"I'thin, if it's meself that knows—only he wint down the glen, an' I heerd the gossoon sayin' that he met him turnin' up be the river, as he was comin' home just now, wid some trouts."

"I shall go and find him," said Mr. M——, as he turned away, determined to seek out the Colonel be-

fore he rested. He chanced to follow exactly in his steps; but rapidly as he walked, it was some time before he perceived his antagonist at a considerable distance in advance of him, walking on the pathway which skirted the stream, as it ascended towards the mountain region. The moon had just risen, calm, and bright, and beautiful, peacefully beaming on the rocks and furze, and glancing in the rapid stream as it pounced along from stone to stone, yet almost seeming to hush its wonted murmurs, through sympathy with the calm softness of the light that trembled upon it. Such an appearance of nature formed a singular contrast with the burning fever in the heart and brain of the insulted parent, who now strode along, irritated even more than he had previously been, by the sight of the man whose injuries he sought to resent and avenge. He had now approached within a dozen paces—his hands were upon his pistols, and he was about to call out to Colonel B——, who was just going to pass round a huge lump of granite that lay in the way, and would have concealed him momentarily from the view of Mr. M——, when the report of a pistol from the other side was heard, and in the same instant Colonel B—— leaped breast high from the ground, and then fell flat upon it, a dead man.

A moment before, and Mr. M—— had been himself eager to inflict such a doom upon the man who now lay stretched almost at his feet; yet at the sight of what was done he was petrified with horror, and stood for a moment, feeling as if his burning heart had been plunged in icy water. The next moment his recollection returned, and rushing round the rock, from the other side of which the shot appeared to have come, he found the Widow Lynch and her son, the latter with a pistol in his hand, still smoking from the discharge which had killed Colonel B——. "Murderers!" said Mr. M——, drawing forth one of his pistols, "you are detected in your foul assassination.

Surrender yourself instantly," he added to the son, "or you die as surely as the man you have just shot." The man made no reply, but flung himself upon Mr. M—— to disarm him. In the struggle the pistol was discharged, but the ball, whizzing past the ear of the ruffian, did him no injury. Mr. M—— was soon overpowered, as his arms having been seized he could not use his second pistol; the murderer was strong, and having flung him down, planted his knee upon his breast.

"What shall we do with him, mother?" he said. "Best send him after the Colonel, to give him a character," she replied, with a wild and fiend-like laugh. "I said I'd have my revenge of him too, an' the devil has put it in my way sooner than I expected."

The prostrate man thought of his daughter, and wished for life. "Woman," he exclaimed, "I never injured you!"—"Hah—you lie—you lie!" almost shrieked the hag. "I asked you to speak a word for my boys—for the boy that now has you in his grip—and you would not—But," she added, after a little pause, "I can't hate you, as I did the villain that's just done for. If you're let go, will you swear never to say a word to man or mortal of what you have seen to-night?"—"No," said Mr. M—— firmly—"Kill me, if you must; but if I live, I shall do my duty, and endeavor to bring you both to justice."

"Hoh, you will?" said the woman, and repeated her horrid laugh—"but say your prayers thin, if you think they'll do you any good, afore you die." She paused again a little space—her eyes glistened as if some joyful thought had struck her, and she whispered to her son.

"What brought you here, wid a pistol in your hand?" she said again, addressing Mr. M——.

"May God forgive me," he replied, "a wicked purpose; but I trust that sin, great as it was in intention, may not be imputed to me!"

"I don't think you liked the Curnel much, more than ourselves, Mr. M——. Maybe if we hadn't been in the way just now, you'd have saved us the trouble? What brought you here, I say, at this time, wid a pistol in your hand?"

"Not to assassinate a man in cold blood," replied Mr. M——. "A crime so foul as that I have not to answer for."

"Maybe you will, though," said the woman, "and save other people from being suspected. Lay hoults on him, Dinnis, and take him off. I'll charge him wid having shot the Curnel, and you'll back what I say—You seen him, didn't you?"—and again came forth the devilish laugh.

In a moment the unfortunate Mr. M—— saw the dreadful situation in which he was placed—his brain spun round, and he grew sick, with the fear not of death, but of infamy.—"Spare me, spare me!" he cried out in agony.

"No," replied the woman, in a tone which seemed like the echo of his own "No" to her proposal a minute before. The wretch mocked him even then.

It would protract my tale too much to tell minutely all that followed. A host of circumstances were brought forward against Mr. M——. He was proved to have followed the Colonel to a lonely place under strong irritation; to have taken his pistols with him, of which one was discharged, and the woman Lynch and her son swore positively to having come upon him, as the murder was done. All this was coherent, while his story was improbable, and unsupported. True, he had the Colonel's letter, which he said had provoked him to follow him with pistols; but the magistrates, who examined it, could see nothing in it but a proposal for an elopement, and not at all justificatory of the proceeding which it was said to have induced. True, the character of the woman Lynch and her son was bad as bad could be, and it was very possible to suppose them

capable of the murder which Mr. M—— alleged they had committed; but there was no particle of evidence against them, save the assertion of the accused, who had the strongest possible interest in speaking falsely. The weapon, too, with which he alleged the murder had been committed, could not be found, although the most diligent search had been made in and around Lynch's cabin. Mr. M—— was committed, by the magistrates, for trial. Who shall paint his misery, or that of the wretched Emily? Death, a felon's death—infamy, horrible infamy—hung over her father's head, and no ray of comfort pierced through this dreadful storm of unspeakable calamity. For a time, something like insanity took possession of the unfortunate prisoner; but at last the consolation of religion visited him, and Emily became his ministering angel, and he wept, and was calm, and tasted something like peace even in the midst of misery and tears.

Time rolled on—property lives, though men, who call it theirs, die; and it became necessary to arrange for the disposition of Colonel B——'s effects. The heir-at-law was his nephew, who had but a few weeks before been on a visit with him, and he now returned, petrified with horror at what had happened, and utterly incredulous as to the guilt of Mr. M——. He visited him in prison, and listened to his statement, which was given in the language, and with the deportment, of a man who had done with this world, and only testified the truth for the truth's sake. The prisoner's daughter was with him, for humanity did not refuse that blessing to his gloomy cell; and if one may speak of female loveliness in such a situation, even there the touching dignity of her extreme sorrow, and the pious duty of filial love in which she was constantly engaged, gave a depth of beauty almost angelic to her peerless face and form.

Tears stood in the young gentleman's eyes, as he mounted his horse

to quit the prison-gate. "Aye, your honor," said the servant, as he held the stirrup, and spoke with the familiarity which their respective ages made not unnatural between master and servant, "'twas a sorrowful sight you seen, I'll warrant me—a kind gentleman they always said he was,—and the poor young crathur—sure it's hard, an' heavy, an' arely her misfortunes have come upon her."

"Aye," replied his master, with a sigh, "aye—Do you know these people that are the witnesses against him, Peter?"

"Know thim? to be sure I do, your honor—but I b'lieve the divil knows them better nor any one else, an' has his houl't over thim strong enough."

"Do you know the spot where my uncle was shot?"

"I do, your honor, well. I seen it the day before yisterday, and the mark of the blood on the ground, God bless us an' be about us!"

"I wish you would bring me to the place."

"Whin, your honor?"

"This evening, after we ride home."

"The cross of Christ be about us! Sure, sir, it is not to go there after dark you want?"

"No; there will be moonlight. It was about this day month the murder was committed—and by moonlight. I wish to see it under similar circumstances."

"An' you're not afeerd, sir?"

"Afraid, fool! No; of what should I be afraid?"

"Why, your honor, to say nothin' of evil sperrits, for maybe you that has been at college doesn't beleve in them like us poor people—but it's just convanient to the Lynches' cabin, an' where they are I'm thinkin' there's little good."

"Never mind, take courage, and bring me to the place. I have a particular reason for wishing to go there."

Now, in sober truth, young Frederick B— had no *reason* at all, but he had a strong impression upon his

mind, derived from he knew not what—a presentiment, if philosophy would allow of such a thing—that by going, he would discover something of importance; and upon this impression, or presentiment, he acted.

At moonrise he arrived with his servant at the entrance of the gorge, through which the stream passes into the glen. Their horses were left in the care of one of the cottagers, and they proceeded on foot up the path-way which, exactly a month previously, had been trodden about the same hour by Colonel B—and Mr. M—. The present night, too, was calm and clear as that night had been, and all was silence save the rushing of the eager stream.

The servant, although somewhat confident from the presence of his master, who had been "at College," yet felt some fear withal, and as they came within sight of the rock where the murder was committed, which they did while yet a very considerable distance from it, he involuntarily stopped, and looked round with an anxious gaze as far as his eyes could reach.

"What is the matter, Peter?" said his master.

"Nothin', sir—only I thought I seen—look, sir, don't you think you see somethin' movin' down the side o' the hill, toart [towards] the rock?"

"Yes," said his master, looking in the direction pointed out, "I do see what I take to be two persons walking that way. I see them now more plainly—it is a man and a woman. What ails you, man?—does one man and an old woman frighten you?"

"It's the Widdy Lynch and her son," whispered the man; "an' the divil's not far off, in some shape or other, I'll be bail."

"Hush, Peter—let us observe their motions—see, they are getting down under the shadow of that rock. Good Heaven! they have vanished!"

"No, your honor," said Peter, smiling to find that for once he knew better than his master who had been at college—"they're only gone close

to the rock, and are quite hid in the shade—the bames o' the moon is all on the other side—they're gone there to hatch some divilment, I'll warrant me."

"Could we get to the other side of the rock without being perceived by them, Peter?"

"Not if you go straight forward, sir—for they'd see us innadiately; but if you go up the side of the hill a bit, and keep up till we get beyant the rock, thin we can come down upon the far side of it."

"Let us do so, then. I should wish, if possible, to hear their consultation."

The plan was put into execution, and in half an hour they found themselves approaching the rock on the opposite side from that on which they had before seen it.

"Think you they are still there?" said Frederick B——.

"I do, sir," replied the servant; "I kep my eye on the place, an' barrin' they wint within the last two minits, they're still in the same spot."

"How shall we get close upon them?"

"You can climb up upon the rock, an' get over their heads," replied the servant, whose spirit of enterprise had now overcome his fear.

"Good—that will be the best way."

"This is the way to do it, your honor," said Peter, pulling off his boots, in which his example was followed by his master; and they went forward, silent and warily, as the fowler creeps to take his aim. They readily climbed the rock, and lying flat upon the top, with their heads almost reaching over the verge on the darkened side, they easily overheard the whispered conversation of the pair beneath.

"I wonder you're not afeerd, mother," said the man, "to come down to this place, of all places in the world, to persuade me to sware more, whin I tell you I'd rather kill another man than sware. Let them take your own oath, but don't ax me to go into coort-house agin."

"Sware!" said the woman—"why, what's swarin'? or what's in a coort-house, or a judge's wig, to frighten ye? Is that the courage you larnt in foreign parts, to be afraid to spake, you that did the *raal* business so eliverly? Musha, but it was a steady hand that sent the bullet into the middle of his forehead—what is there in your tongue, that it can't be as steady as your hand?"

"Well, mother, don't say more about it now—I'll see afore the trial comes on, an' make up my mind to do it; but I wish you'd let me off. Where's the pistol? I want to lend it to Kelly in the mornin'."

"In the hole in the top of the rock overhead," said the woman—"Pull out the stone first, that I put in after it to prevent it getting wet."

The man placed his two hands upon the rock above his head, and made a spring to get upon it, when he found himself in the grasp of Frederick B——. He was paralyzed with sudden fear, and made little or no resistance to being secured. The woman gave a loud shriek, and then resigned herself to her fate. "Aye," she muttered—"Aye, and now my time is come; and sure I might have known it—didn't I dhrame last night that I made the ould man that's in jail a present of a black coffin, and he threw it back to me, an' said it would do for myself?"

Three years afterwards, Emily M—— was promoted much nearer the top of the alphabet, and, as Emily B——, appeared the lovely and happy wife of him whose fortunate chance it had been to rescue her father from the peril that impended over him. The old gentleman still kept his beautiful cottage, and old Marguerite still lived to take care of it. The skeletons of the Widow Lynch and her son hang in the surgeon's room of the county infirmary, whither their bodies had been sent to be anatomized.

So ends my tale.

THIRST IN A DESART.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

HUNGER's naething till Thrust. Ane in the middle o' the muir o' Rannoch I had near dee'd o' thrust. I was crossing frae Loch Ericht fit to the heed o' Glenorchy, and got in amang the hags, that for leagues and leagues a' round that dismal region seem howked out o' the black moss by demons doomed to dreary days-dargs for their sins in the wilderness. There was naething for't but lowp—lowp—lowpin' out o' ae pit intil anither—hour after hour—till, sair forfeuchen, I feenally gied mysel' up for lost. Drought had sooked up the pools, and left their cracked bottoms barken'd in the heat. The heather was sliddery as ice, aneath that torrid zone. Sic a sun! No ae clud on a' the sky glitterin' wi' wirewoven sultriness! The howe o' the lift was like a great cawdron pabblin' into the boil over a slow fire. The element o' water seem'd dried up out o' natur, a' except the big draps o' sweat that plashed doon on my fever'd hauns that began to trummle like leaves o' aspen. My mouth was made o' cork cover'd wi' dust—lips, tongue, palate, and a', doon till my throat and stammack. I spak—and the arid soun' was as if a buried corpse had tried to mutter through the smotherin' moul. I thoct on the tongue of a parrot. The central lands o' Africa, where lions gang ragin' mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, canna be worse—dreamed I in a species o' delirium—than this dungeon'd desart. Oh! but a drap o' dew would hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation!—a shower out o' the windows o' heaven, like the direct gift o' God. Rain! Rain! Rain! what a world o' life in *that* sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt mair, entrenched against a' liquidity by brazen barriers burnin' in the sun. Spittle I had nane—and when in desperation I sooked the heather, 'twas frush and fusionless, as if

withered by lichtenin', and a' sap had left the vegetable creation. What'n a cursed fule was I—for in rage I fear I swore inwardly, (heev'n forgie me,) that I did na at the last change-house put into my pooch a bottle o' whisky! I fan' my pulse—and it was thin—thin—thin—sma'—sma'—sma'—noo nane ava!—and then a flutter that tel't tales o' the exhausted heart. I grat. Then shame came to my relief—shame even in that utter solitude. Somewhere or ither in the muir I knew there was a loch, and I took out my map. But the infernal idewit that had planned it had na alloo'd a yellow circle o' aboun six inches square for a' Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds—thocht I—and the bees—and the butterflees—and the dragons?—a' waddin' their bills and their probosciscs in far-off rills, and rivers, and lochs! O blessed wild-dyucks, plouterin' in the water, strieckin' theirsells up, and flappin' their flashin' plumage in the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-belly, was rinnin' up my leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness—the first insecck I ever wantonly murdered syne I was a wean. I kenna whether at last I swarfed or slept—but for certain sure I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at hame—and that a tub o' whey was staunin' on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my head intil't, and sooked it dry to the wood. Yet it slokened not my thirst, but aggravated a thousan' fauld the torment o' my greed. A thunder-plump or water-spout brak amang the hills—and in an instant a' the burns were on spate; the Yarrow roarin' red, and foaming as it were mad,—and I thoct I cou'd hae drucken up a' its linns. 'Twas a brain fever ye see, sirs, that had stricken me—a sair stroke—and I was conscious again o' lyin' broad awake in the desart, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification o'

Thrust! and felt that I was ane o' the Damned Dry, doom'd for his sins to leevie beyond the reign o' the element to a' Eternity. Suddenly, like a man shot in battle, I bounded up into the air—and ran off in the convulsive energy o' dyin' natur—till doon I fell—and felt that I was about indeed to expire. A sweet soft celestial greenness cooled my cheek as

I lay, and my burnin' cen—and then a gleam o' something like a mighty diamond—a gleam that seemed to comprehend within itsel' the hail universe—shone in upon and through my being—I gazed upon't wi' a' my senses—mercifu' heaven! what was't but—a WELL in the wilderness,—water—water—water,—and as I drank—I prayed!

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.*

THE volume before us is divided into two portions, the one entitled "Songs of the Affections," and the other "Miscellaneous Poems;" although on perusal we find such arrangement more arbitrary than distinct, and it might as well have been done away with altogether. Among the former, we particularly admire "A Spirit's Return," "The Indian with his Dead Child," "The Sisters of Scio," "The Message to the Dead," and "The Land of Dreams." Our favorites among the latter are "The Song of Night," "The Storm Painter," "The Last Tree of the Forest," "The Better Land," and "The Voice of the Wind."

We rejoice to see that along with this volume a new edition of "The Records of Woman" has made its appearance. This says something for public taste, which many feared had turned quite away from poetry, since poetry has been deserted by Southey, Wilson, Moore, Scott, Campbell, and its other worthy worshipers. Such fears, we confess, were never ours; where there is a fit altar, there will be sacrifices,—and where there is a temple, worshipers worthy of it. That the earlier publications of Mrs. Hemans should have arrested so little attention is a more curious subject. She made her debut at Liverpool, we believe, when a mere girl; and in that volume of verses, which we have never chanced to see, we have been inform-

ed by one of our most distinguished living writers that there are manifest indications of the power which she has since exhibited. We do not know that she has yet surpassed some passages in her "Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," published, we believe, in 1817; yet it was not for a number of years after this, nor till after the publication of a number of volumes, various in merit we confess, that the reputation of Mrs. Hemans came to be established. Indeed, we rather think that her peculiar beauties were first pointed out to us by our transatlantic brethren, among whom she is almost deified, and whose newspapers are crammed with her verses. "The Records of Woman" was the work that first gave her reputation its form and pressure; and yet it is scarcely a couple of years since the publication of that beautiful little volume. It would afford scope for curious speculation, to examine into the fate and fortune which has attended different writers in the acquirement of renown. How rapid was that of Scott! He published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and at once "all Europe rang from side to side;" while the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth have wormed themselves into popularity by a slow and tedious process, long almost totally overlooked—then smiled over as silly—then supposed to contain something more than met the eye

* Songs of the Affections, with other Poems. wood. London: T. Cadell, Strand. 1830.

By Felicia Hemans. Edinburgh: W. Black-

—then lauded by a few as exquisite, and lastly, admitted *universo consensu* into the great body of classical English poetry. Almost all literary reputations may be arranged under one of these two species. Mrs. Hemans, as we have just said, forms a striking and singular exception. We are convinced that not one in ten of the numerous readers of her “Records of Woman” are aware that she had ever before appeared at the bar of public favor with a distinct and acknowledged publication. All her books, however, are evidently the productions of no common mind; but we think we can trace the manifest improvement in her latter writings to her study of German literature.

Now for a few specimens of the “Songs of the Affections.” “A Spirit’s Return” is beautifully written, and seems to have been suggested to the mind of the author by some wonderful passages in Byron’s *Manfred*. Mrs. Hemans has, however, imparted to her poem a character of its own. Its length prevents our copying it in the present number, but we may give it hereafter. The following is in another vein, but not less exquisite :—

The Vaudois’ Wife.

Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved !

Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting place,
And yet I must depart.

Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain—though mighty—vain !

Thou see’st mine eye grow dim, beloved !

Thou see’st my life-blood flow.—

Bow to the chastener silently,
And calmly let me go !

A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity !

Alas ! thy tears are on my cheek,
My spirit they detain ;

I know that from thine agony

Is wrung that burning rain.

Best, kindest, weep not ;—make the pang,
The bitter conflict, less—

Oh ! sad it is, and yet a joy,
To feel thy love’s excess !

But calm thee ! Let the thought of death
A solemn peace restore !

The voice that must be silent soon
Would speak to thee once more,
That thou mayst bear its blessing on
Through years of after life—
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender, and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e’er fond woman’s knew ;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Shower’d on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new !
For the voice which ne’er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer ;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here !

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried,
The right to gaze on death with thee,
To perish by thy side !
And yet more for the glorious hope
Even to these moments given—
Did not thy spirit ever lift
The trust of mine to Heaven ?

Now be thou strong ! Oh ! knew we not
Our path must lead to this ?
A shadow and a trembling still
Were mingled with our bliss !
We plighted our young hearts when storms
Were dark upon the sky,
In full, deep knowledge of their task
To suffer and to die !

Be strong ! I leave the living voice
Of this, my martyr’d blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent’s foaming flood—
A spirit ’midst the caves to dwell,
A token on the air,
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love !
Aye, joyously endure !
Our mountains must be altars yet,
Inviolat and pure ;
There must our God be worship’d still,
With the worship of the free—
Farewell ! there’s but one pang in death,
One only—leaving thee !

Here is a touching picture of conjugal love and tenderness. In the following a loftier key is touched, and not less successfully :—

The Exile’s Dirge.

There went a dirge through the forest’s gloom.
—An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

“ Brother ! ” (so the chant was sung
In the slumberer’s native tongue),
“ Friend and brother ! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be :—
Long the Exile’s woe hath lain
On thy life a withering chain ;

Music from thine own blue streams
Wander'd through thy fever-dreams ;
Voices from thy country's vines
Met thee 'midst the alien pines ;
And thy true heart died away,
And thy spirit would not stay."
So swell'd the chant ; and the deep wind's
moan

Seem'd through the cedars to murmur—
"Gone!"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine,
Stands the home that once was thine—
Brother! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian arrow flies!
He that blest thine infant head,
Fills a distant greensward bed ;
She that heard thy lisping prayer,
Slumbers low beside him there ;
They that earliest with thee play'd,
Rest beneath their own oak shade,
Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore,
Haply, brother! part ye more ;
God hath call'd thee to that band
In the immortal Fatherland!"

"The Fatherland!"—with that sweet word
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee,
Rich would many a meeting be!
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourn'd and lost one found!
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air ;
Loved and bright things to resign,
As even now this dust of thine ;
Yet to hope!—to hope in Heaven,
Though flowers fall, and ties be riven—
Yet to pray! and wait the hand
Beckoning to the Fatherland!"

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom ;—
They had reach'd the Exile's lonely tomb.

"The Ruin," to our taste, is one
of the finest things in the volume.

The Ruin.

No dower of storied song is thine,
O desolate abode!
Forth from thy gates no glittering line
Of lance and spear hath flow'd.
Banners of knighthood have not flung
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
Nor bugle notes to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.
Nor have rich bowers of *pleasance* here
By courtly hands been dress'd,
For princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest.
Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
Tells where the spirit of delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of quench'd light and silent board!
For me thou needest not.
It is enough to know that *here*,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,
Have link'd one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells!
—A solemnizing breath,

A presence all around thee dwells,
Of human life and death.
I need but pluck yon garden flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake, with strange and sudden power,
A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth!
Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve here met in mirth
Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone,
And childhood's laughing glee,
And song and prayer, have all been known,
Hearth of the dead! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly pour'd
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed ;
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear
The bloom from life away—
Alas! for love in changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of pain,
The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept :
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,
The breathless influence, shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
Have here been mark'd and mourn'd,
And time hath fill'd the vacant place,
And gladness hath return'd ;
Till from the narrowing household chain
The links dropp'd one by one!
And homewards hither, o'er the main,
Came the spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for thought,
Fix'd eye and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,
Ev'n lowliest hearts have bled?
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst
The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems
The long-forsaken spot ;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot!
Therefore in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the dead! I stand,
Where joy and sorrow, smile and tear,
Have link'd one household band.

One more extract and we have
done. It is perhaps the shortest
poem in the work, but it is the best :—

The Better Land.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze ;
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"

—"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand ?—"

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"

—"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child !"

We have been copious in our extracts, and must conclude ; but we are convinced that the real lovers of poetry will not be satisfied with what we have given them. "The Songs of the Affections" are worthy of Mrs. Hemans, and that is saying quite enough in their praise, to those acquainted with her productions.

LAST HOURS OF THE EARLIER SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

All warres you see do end as well as peace,
And then remaineth but a tombe of dust ;
A voyce of Fame, a blacke and mourning hearse.
To what, then, may we like this worldly lust ?
It is an evill vapping smoke that fumes,
Breathes in the braine, and so the life consumes.—R. JOHNSON.

GREATNESS has its phases, like every other passing meteor that lives its tiny day. Now it wears a spell which dazzles the eye with evanescent splendor ; and anon, shedding soft and lovely influences, it leaves behind it a fragrance of vivifying and imperishable sweetness, in which the affection of after ages delights to revel. But the greatness of kingly power stands on an unenviable eminence : beset with care, temptation and difficulties, and encompassed with a veil of unapproachable mystery, behind which the springs of action lie concealed from the vulgar ken, we should look upon it with an eye that fears "to judge," lest the beholder himself "be judged." Awful are the lessons which the chequered state of supreme greatness reads to prince and people, when He that giveth law to monarchs abandons them to their native weakness ; sublime and inspiring the meed which his right hand bestows, when the crowned brow reflects the majesty of goodness, and the transitory sceptre is wielded in lowly emulation of the power divine, for the benefit of mankind. Of a truth it is a fearful thing to contemplate the responsibilities which encircle every step of princes, in their lofty

progress from acquired sovereignty to the cold and deserted grave, where they rest them with their fathers, and suddenly sink into an equality of condition with the meanest of their lieges. For, are we not told, that "from them to whom much has been given, much will be required ?"

Our selection of the present season of mourning the loss of his late Majesty George IV. for the task of reviewing the last hours of some few sovereigns who have filled the English throne, carries its own justification with it ; and we direct the reader's attention to scenes of departed grandeur, for the sake of the salutary admonitions which their varied lessons are so eminently adapted to convey. Example is the corporeal form which precept assumes ; and if truth lays historical candor under contribution, she ever bears in mind, that from the cradle to the bier the paths of princes are beset by those who

"Soothe every passion
That in the nature of their lord rebels :
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters."

Proceed we, with such forethoughts as these, to open the instructive record with the Norman Conqueror.

WILLIAM, dying at Rouen (Anno 1087) in the 74th year of his age, however great and feared in his life time, was abandoned as soon as the breath was out of his body; indeed, his corpse lay for three days quite neglected, his attendants minding more to provide for themselves than attend upon him; and so soon as he was dead, departed forthwith to their own dwellings. The servants and inferior officers also fled away; and to double the baseness of their disposition, took with them whatsoever was portable about the king; his armor, plate, apparel, household stuff, all things were held as lawful booty. Thus the dead body was not only abandoned, but left almost naked upon the ground. On the fourth day, William, archbishop of Rouen, bethought himself that it would be decent to convey the remains to the Abbey of Caen; however, though the order was given, not a follower was to be found who chose to undertake the duty of attending, or the cost of interring, the royal corpse, until Herlwine, a country squire, caused the body to be embalmed and adorned for funeral pomp, conveyed it to the mouth of the Sourme, and brought it to Caen. Even here a new fatality intervened to arrest the decorum and solemnity of the occasion, as if fate had never been weary of insulting the royal remains; for "there happening a fire just at their entering the town, the corpse was again wholly deserted, the company all running to quench the flames. After that was done, and the body was carried to the monastery, and ready to be buried, a gentleman of note, Anselm Fitzarthur, stands up, and with angry countenance forbids his burial in that place, claiming the ground for his inheritance; whereupon William was forced to compound with him for an annual rent." Such were the "*good old times*," "men esteeming a living dog," adds our chronicle, "more than a dead lion; and most ready to trample upon those dead which they feared most when they were alive."

His son and successor, RUFUS,

according to Hayward's report, "as he was hunting at Choringham in the New Forest, struck a deer lightly with an arrow, and stayed his horse to look after the deer, holding his hands before his eyes because the sunbeams dazzled his sight; another deer crossing the way, Sir Walter Tyrrel shooting at it too carelessly, or too steadily at the king, (!) shot him full in the breast, and killed him, the 2d of Aug. 1110." It fared somewhat better with his remains than with those of his parent: for the body being found in the forest by the country people, was buried, without pomp or ceremony however, at Winchester; every one being too much occupied about his successor, to have time to follow an unbeloved sovereign to the grave.

His brother, HENRY, the first of that name, was one of the most accomplished princes that has filled the English throne. The last days of this sovereign appear to have been tormented by dreams, which are said to have been so terrifying, "that he would rise, take his sword, and act as if he would defend himself against some enemy." His death, which occurred in 1135, after a reign of five-and-thirty years, was occasioned by a surfeit of lampreys, at the castle of Lyons, near Rouen. "His body was coarsely embalmed, being stuffed with salt, and wrapped up in ox hides; after which it was transported to England, and buried at Reading. He was of a graceful person, quick-sighted, brown hair, and a close set body, wherein was seated a mind of solid judgment, and well ordered affections."

STEPHEN, his nephew, yielded as the price of his usurpation the first charter of privileges and liberties, which freed the English of arbitrary extortions and other grievances inflicted by their sovereigns. After dismissing his parliament, which he had called in 1154, "to consult about the good of the nation," and meeting the Earl of Flanders at Dover, on his return he fell sick, and dying at Canterbury within a few days, was buried in the abbey at Faversham.

HENRY PLANTAGENET, the nephew of Stephen's predecessor, evinced himself, throughout a reign of five-and-thirty years, a sovereign of right princely bearing, both in manners and conduct; extorting affection from his lieges, and a high degree of confidence from the princes his contemporaries. Disposed as he was, by the feelings of his nature, to kindness and affection, and accustomed as he had been to the smiles of fortune, the ingratitude of his sons, combined with the weight of his declining greatness, "broke his heart with grief and sorrow. Some few hours before he died, he saw a list of their names who had conspired against him with the king of France, and his son Richard; and finding among them John," the darling of his affections, the unhappy father burst into expressions of the most agonizing despair, "cursed his son's and his own birth, and, in that fit of anger, departed the world," at the castle of Chinon, near Saumur, and was, as he deserved, most honorably buried.

The impetuous and lion-hearted RICHARD entered upon his royal career, and within eleven years time finished it, with an act of violence; for, upon Henry's demise, he kept the Seneschal of Normandy in fetters of thirty pounds weight, until he had paid him down thirty thousand pounds of French money, and afterwards set the seal to his own destruction, by claiming unjustly the whole of a treasure found by Vidamor, Viscount of Limoges. Upon Richard's laying siege to Chalos castle, where he supposed the treasure to lie hidden, the garrison offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared to them; but he was so incensed against them, that he swore, sooner than grant them terms, he would hang them all. The siege being prosecuted, and Richard riding round the castle to discover the spot most suitable for an assault, Bertram de Gurdon shot a barbed arrow from the walls, and wounding him in the arm, he was carried to his quarters, from whence he directed the operations with re-

newed fury, took the castle, and put the whole of its brave defenders to the sword, excepting the individual who had wounded him. In the mean while the arrow, which does not appear to have inflicted a mortal wound, was extracted with so unskilful a hand that it became the fatal cause of his death. After disposing of his estate, three parts of which he bequeathed to his brother John, and the residue to his domestics, he called for de Gurdon to be brought before him. "What hurt have I caused thee," said Richard, "that thou shouldst do me this mischief?" "Thou didst slay my father and two of my brothers with thine own hand," de Gurdon answered, "and now, thou hast a design to slay me: take what revenge thou wilt upon my poor body; I will cheerfully endure any torture thou canst inflict, since I have slain thee who hast done such great and so much mischief to the world!" Richard's generous nature was warmed into forgiveness by this manly confession; he not only pardoned the offender, but commanded a hundred shillings to be presented to him; and with this act of grace expired. His body was interred at Fontevrault, at the feet of his father, his head was deposited at Rouen, and his bowels at Charron in Poictou.

Lewis, the eldest son of the King of France, had been called in to the aid of the malcontent nobles of England, and was making great progress in his designs against the crown, when the death of Richard's brother, JOHN, the mean and odious victim of his own sordid passions, changed the menacing aspect of his country's affairs. He was collecting an army, when the violence of his grief at the loss of his carriage and treasures, which were washed away by the rising of the tide as they were passing by the shore from Lynn into Lincolnshire, brought on a raging fever. This attack was aggravated by a surfeit of peaches and new ale taken to excess at Swinshead Abbey, where he died on the 16th of October, 1216.

The report of his having been poisoned by the monks of that monastery has never been traced to any credible source.

We now approach the close of the, what was once accounted, longest reign known in the annals of Britain,—that of HENRY III. The death of his brother, Richard of Cornwall, King of the Romans, is conceived, together with the distracted state of the national affairs, to have hastened the departure of the aged monarch. “After he had lived sixty-five years,” says one of his biographers, “and of them reigned fifty-six and odd days, and lavished away an immense treasure, he resigned his breath to him that gave it, at Edmunsbury, in Suffolk; was buried at Westminster, Anno 1272, and was happy in nothing so much as in the hopes of his eldest son, Edward.

The enterprises finished, and the projects formed by his son, EDWARD I., were more advantageous to the solid interests of Britain than those undertaken in any preceding or subsequent reign. The conquest of Wales, the homage of Scotland, and the patriotism of Bruce, are embalmed in the memory of every student of our annals. He was on the point of entering Scotland, which had for the third time revolted against the oppression of his instruments, when he sickened of a dysentery and died at Borough-on-the-Sands, near Carlisle, on the 7th of July, 1307, being then in his sixty-ninth year. Being sensible of his approaching end, he made his Will, bequeathing 32,000*l.* towards the support of the Holy War; which done, he called in his nobles, caused them to swear fealty to his son Edward, and left it as an injunction to that son, “*to be gentle and kind to his subjects, dutiful to his mother, and loving to his brethren*; and not to take the crown, nor bury his body, until he had subdued Scotland—assuring him that so long as his bones were with him he should not be conquered.”

The early influence of Gaveston’s
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dissolute companionship on the weak and wayward character of EDWARD OF CAERNARVON, gave a sinister and calamitous turn to the transactions of his whole reign. Both the admonitions and example of his illustrious parent were set at nought; and his disobedience entailed his deposition from the English throne, after a turbulent career of twenty years, scarcely relieved by one solitary gleam of sunshine. To this cruel blow was added the anguish resulting from his consort’s infidelity and his imprisonment at Killingworth, and subsequently, in Berkeley Castle; where, in the presence of his brutal keepers, Berkeley and Maltravers, he was one day overheard thus discoursing with his sorrows:—“Alas! is my offence so great that it deserves nor pity nor assistance? Is human piety so wholly lost, that neither in child, wife, servant, or subject, appears the least expression of love or duty? Admit my errors inexcusable, wherein I will not justify myself nor accuse others; though it has taken from me the glory of my former being, I am yet a father and a husband; these titles are without the jurisdiction of fortune. If I be so, where is the affection and duty that becomes the child, and wedlock?—Am I unworthy to be seen? I am then unfit to live, and will receive it as a well becoming pity, if my death may send me hence, from this so great a sorrow!” To the upbraidings here vented against him by one of his keepers, he replied with a broken, though indignant, spirit; thus concluding, “And, fellow, thou that takest so audacious and saucy a liberty to character thy Sovereign’s disposition, which thou art bound to honor and not to question;—know Edward’s heart is as free from thy base aspersions as thine from truth or honesty!”—His wretched queen was, in the meanwhile, consenting to an act of blood, at which even the inhuman Berkeley recoiled. That guardian was supplanted by Gournay, a more pliant tool, who immediately removed the hapless monarch to Corfe Castle, whence

straying with their captive from one spot to another for fear of plots, and having, by way of disguise, shorn his head with cold and putrid water in the open fields, while he sat upon a molehill, they brought him back to Berkeley Castle. Within these walls his miseries found a termination. The night before his death he supped heartily and went to bed betimes : scarcely were his heavy eyes locked in slumber, when his two assassins entered, and despatched him in the most brutal manner ; and the horrible deed was revealed to all in the castle, by the shrieks with which the tortured Edward rent the silence of the night. " Thus fell," writes the Viscount Faulkland, " that unhappy king, Edward II., who was son and father to two of the most glorious kings that ever held the monarchy of the English nation. But his doom was registered by that inscrutable providence of heaven, who, with the self-same sentence, punished both him and Richard II., his great grandchild, who were guilty of the same offences. The example of these two so unfortunate kings may be justly a leading precedent to all posterity."

The admirable character of EDWARD III.'s domestic government, and the prosperous conduct of his foreign wars, have invested the fifty years of his sway with an imperishable glory. Yet he had stepped over his parent's corse to the English throne ; and the chastisement of providence was upon him in the hour of

his dissolution. " At his last moment," says Daniel, " when he stood most in need of attendants, though they did not of him, he was deserted by all : his concubine packing up all she could lay her hands on, even to the rings off his fingers, left him ;—which, though a very bad example, and like such a woman's, yet was imitated by his counsellors and attendants, who forsook him and left the room, where he lay dying, empty ; which a poor priest, who was passing by, observing, entered, and going to the King's bed-side, whom he found sensible, he besought him to remember his Saviour, and beg pardon of his offences (which none before would do), and so wrought upon him by his advice, that he resigned his last breath with many signs of a sound faith and hearty repentance, at his manor of Richmond (or Shene), June 21, A. D. 1377, in the sixty-fourth year of his age and the fifty-first of his reign. He was a Prince the best known by his actions ; the soonest a man, and the longest that held so of any we read of."

Well may we exclaim, in committing these melancholy passages to the reader's meditation—

" What is the soul of *greatness* ?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating fear and awe in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing ?
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,
But poison'd flattery ? O be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give the cure !"

AND WHY SHOULD I DREAM ?

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

AND why should I dream of the future ?
And why should I mourn for the
past ?

I'm rather too old for the former—
A little too young for the last.

If I had the brow of the lily,
A cheek like the cloud of the morn,
I then might be proud as a poet,
And turn from the present in scorn.

And if like the fruit in the blossom,
Or honey within the bee's cell,

Hope yet had a place in my spirit,
I'd dream—oh, how wisely and well !

But the power of believing is over,
And love into liking is grown ;
And as of a voice in the distance,
I hear but its echo alone.

I have friends—and they vow that they
love me
Far better than praise or than self.
I trust them to-day ; and to-morrow
I leave to take care of itself.

They promise—I bow and am thankful ;
They fail to perform—I ne'er fret ;
And thus disbelief in affection
Oft saves one a terrible pet.

Abroad in the world—like a shadow
I pass, and am pass'd in my turn ;
We're civil to-day—does it matter,
To-morrow, whose civil or stern ?

I hear lovers vow to each other—
Like blossoms their silver words fall ;
Why tell them of change or of folly ?
If happy to-day—that is all.

I see poets darting in splendor,
Bright birds from the tropic of mind.
Why mock at each self-deem'd immortal ?
—To-day he is lord of his kind.

And if the young sculptor in marble,
And if the old chemist in gas,
And if the young author on paper,
Draw bills upon Time—let them pass.

And if they are duly dishonor'd,
Or light the old smoker's cigar,
Will it injure the dust in the coffin ?
The spirit that's dwelling afar ?

And yet there's an impulse within me
That longs, tho' my mind may condemn,
For the fount and the flowers of the future ;
Ah, what hath the future like them ?

But *can* there grow cowslips and lilies
Like those that I gather'd in youth ?
With my heart in the depths of their blossoms
All steep'd in the dew-drops of truth ?

And *can* there rise spray from the fountain,
Transparent as pearls in the sun ?
—Oh, no ! 'tis a vision—a fable—
I'll end in the strain I begun.

I'll never more dream of the future,
I'll never more sigh for the past :
I'm rather too old for the former—
A little too young for the last !

FRIENDSHIPS.

On first arriving in a town, I know nothing so detestable as letters of introduction ; but luckily, though it is impossible to refuse them from your friends, there is not the least necessity for presenting them. I have at this moment, I suppose, some scores of unknown acquaintances at the bottom of my trunk, whose fate I often pity in having no opportunity of securing the friendship of an individual so wonderfully recommended. A man ought always to form his own friends, and assuredly there is no such field for a crop of them as the coffee-room of an inn. There you may speak for half an hour to your neighbor on any subject you please : if you find him a profane swearer, or a hypocrite, or anything of that sort, treat him in future with the silent contempt he deserves. But if you discover him to be one of the right kind, how easy it is to convert the distance of unIntroduced acquaintance into the cordiality of old and well-cemented friendship. If you once dine together in the same box, before you have demolished the last limb of the turkey, and sipt the last glass of the Madeira, his face is as familiar to you

as your glove, and at the end of the evening, amidst the wreck of deviled bones, and the remnants of what once was "fruit and flower," opposite to you in a dim, mystic indistinctness, awful, and yet wonderfully beloved, you see sitting the chosen friend of your soul, whose name (which you never heard) you wonder you have forgotten—whose friends, home, parentage and education, are to you mere objects of conjecture,—but who, in the absence of all collateral ties, as you swallow the last bumper to his health, is "dear as the ruddy drops which warm your heart."

Such friendships as these are generally lasting. You take a personal pride in finding you have not been deceived in your choice, and he is endeared to you by being a friend entirely of your own acquisition. Far different this from the feelings you entertain towards the friend of your friend. In this case his kindness appears to you to be scarcely voluntary, and you fancy it is less bestowed on you, *quasi* yourself, than as the representative of the person who introduced you. You are assured that any one with the same

recommendation would be received with the same attention; and even the smiles of the ladies, though in the first instance falling on yourself, you fear may have been intended to "cannon" on your friend. You enact the miserable part of the hat stuck on a pole, to which as much deference is paid as to the distant individual who hung it there; but, in spite of all the kindness and hospitality of those around you, you can't help feeling all the time that if Gesler is deposed, the hat will sink from its high estate, and become a very ordinary, and by no means a favorite, beaver. To a man, who, like myself, trusts to his own taste in the selection of his friends, Bath is an inexhaustible store-shop, where he may find them of all sorts and sizes, almost ready made. An universal philanthropy seems spread over all its inhabitants, and every county in England, Scotland, and the Emerald Isle, seems to send a deputation of the most warm-hearted and accessible of its sons and daughters to the city of King Bladud. The ladies are winning beyond any ill-favored Benedict's belief. The high cheek-bones of Aberdeenawa, the delicate brogue of Munster, and the pure red and white of Lancashire or Surrey, are all there—equally profuse of their smiles and kindness, and equally ready to form a friendship to be ended only with their lives. Alas! that it is impossible to retain for any length of time the vantage ground of non-acquaintance! Few faces can stand the test of intimacy. Some tooth absent without leave is discovered to the watchful observer in the negligence of the laugh, or some trait of temper contracts the marble brow, where to the unacquainted beholder good-humor "or solemn contemplation love to dwell." And besides this advantage, unless you converse with the object of your admiration,

you run no risk of having that admiration diminished by an exhibition of her colloquial defects. At night, in the pauses of conversation among the *beaux esprits* of the Divan, you can whiff your cigar, and raise a lovely dream of the pure and delicate maiden you admired in the morning in the circus. No rude reality comes in the semblance of a silly question to destroy the magic of those rosy lips, no vacant stare dims the celestial loveliness of those deep blue eyes; but there she smiles upon you through the thin haze issuing from your gently breathing Havannah, clothed in all earthly beauty, like a goddess of the days of old, revealing herself to some favored worshiper, through the shadowing drapery of her ambrosial cloud. But short-lived and transitory is this blissful state of ignorance and admiration. By a variety of meetings, you cannot tell where,—by seeing her smile so often that at last you fancy she smiles on you,—by sitting in the same box at the play, and bowing to her cousin, with whom she is generally to be found, you are surprised to discover, in spite of your efforts to remain "alike unknowing and unknown," that you have met, and smiled, and cousined yourself into an acquaintance. Farewell, after that, to the long protracted and unheeded gaze,—farewell to the turn of admiration after you are past,—farewell to dream, and reverie and romance! Sad reality steps in, and overturns your "noble theories,"—and the being that you painted as the inhabitant of some fairy bower, the creature who had been the object of your far-off wonder and veneration,—"too fair to worship, too divine to love," you are forced to confess resides on the second floor of a boarding-house in Pulteney Street, is solicitous about the color of a ribbon, and above all things else in the world is anxious to get married.

CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

WE copy the following interesting conversation with Lord Byron from the new work by the late Dr. Kennedy.

"But since we have spoken of witches," said Lord Byron, "what think you of the witch of Endor? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch-scene that ever was written or conceived; and you will be of my opinion, if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the case, together with the gravity, simplicity and dignity of the language. It beats all the ghost-scenes I ever read. The finest conception on a similar subject is that of Goëthe's Devil, Mephistopheles; and though, of course, you will give the priority to the former, as being inspired, yet the latter, if you know it, will appear to you—at least it does to me—one of the finest and most sublime specimens of human conception."

I smiled at the singular associations which brought such subjects together in Lord B.'s mind. I said, I agreed with him as to the first, though I had not before considered it in a poetical point of view; but the grandeur of the circumstances readily struck me when he pointed them out to me: but I was not able to judge of the latter, as it was sometime since I had looked at Madame de Staël's work on Germany, where an abstract is given, and copious extracts are made from the work. "The authoress praises it in very high terms; but," I said, "whether owing to want of taste or something else, I had never met with any conception of angels, whether good or bad, or devils, or witches, which conveyed an idea sufficiently high of the goodness of the one class, or of the wickedness of the other. Milton," I said, "appears to me completely to fail in his angels. His good angels are very good, but they are a little insipid, and the bad angels excite more sympathy and less terror than perhaps he intended. The only

fine conception of its kind is the *Diable boiteux*, at least it seems to me more original than any other sketch of a devil which I have seen."

"Do you very much admire Milton?" asked Lord B. "It would be heresy," I replied, "to say that I do not admire Milton; and in sober earnestness I admire his talents as a poet, but I have no pleasure in the greater part of his *Paradise Lost*. The weakness of fiction is strikingly manifest to him who knows the simple majesty of divine truth, and he who is much impressed with the latter can have no enjoyment in seeing it rendered subservient to fiction." "I do not so greatly admire Milton myself," said Lord B.; "nor do I admire Cowper, whom so many people praise." "Cowper happens to be my favorite among the poets," I said; "and he is so with a large class of people, and will continue to be so, in proportion as real Christianity spreads, for he has more of moral and divine truth in his poems than any other poet of his rank and poetical abilities. My habits and studies do not lead me to read much poetry, and I am probably a very incompetent judge; but, like many others, I have read Cowper twice or thrice, and may read him oftener; but though I have more than once resolved to read Milton, I have never fairly read him twice, but tired after reading different passages."

"Do you admire Shakspeare?" inquired Lord B. "By no means to that extent which is generally done." "Neither do I," said his lordship. "I lately met with an invective in the *Eclectic Review* against our poets in general, and in particular against Shakspeare, in which the critic, with that sternness and intrepidity of mind which brings to remembrance the magnanimity of the puritans, accuses all poets of having done little good in their generation to the cause of virtue and religion; that their writings leave us nothing to admire, except the

mere eloquence and force of poetry, as their sentiments are often vicious, licentious and immoral; and with regard to Shakspeare, the admiration of the English for him, whether real or affected, approached to idolatry."

"I was pleased," I added, "at the earnest and manly tone of the reviewers, so different from the insipidity and common-place style of many of that fraternity in modern times, although the passage was extracted in another review as a proof of modern fanaticism."

"Pope," said Lord B., "is undoubtedly one of the greatest of the English poets, and his merits are little understood by many." I replied, that he was certainly one of the best versifiers in the language, but he was not a particular favorite of mine, from his vanity, and from the attacks which he had made on many of his friends; neither had he clear views of religion.

"But," said Lord Byron, "if you read Spence's Anecdotes, you will find Pope's character placed in a clearer and more correct point of view than is often done; and that as a friend, as a son, and as a member of society, his conduct was not only unimpeachable, but in the highest degree praiseworthy." * * * * *

"But," said Lord B., "they have all mistaken my object in writing Cain. Have I not a right to draw the characters with as much fidelity, and truth, and consistency, as history or tradition fixes on them? Now, it is absurd to expect from Cain sentiments of piety and submission, when he was a murderer of his brother, and a rebel against his Creator."

"That is true," I replied, "but they blame you, not for putting such sentiments in the mouth of Cain, but for not putting such sentiments into those of Abel and Adam as would have counterbalanced the effect of what Cain said. And they moreover urge, that the sentiments of Cain are carried too far, even to the height of blasphemy, and the effect of this is pernicious on many minds; especially when no counterbalancing effect is

produced from the sentiments of the other characters: and, that being the case, it is naturally inferred, that many of the sentiments belong not so much to Cain, as to your lordship, and you have expressed them with all that force, vivacity, and energy, as coming from the heart. The subject was unhappy, but though, from what I know, I believe it would be impossible to expect from you as much strength and force in your expressions of piety as in those of doubt, and incredulity, and daring murmuring, yet, it was a subject that required to be considered, whether such a work was calculated to be useful to yourself or others; and there is no doubt it has been the reverse, and will continue to be so. We know already that it has been productive of mischief."

"To myself it has," said Lord B., "for it has raised such an outcry against me from the bigots in every quarter, both in the church and out of the church, and they have stamped me an infidel without mercy, and without ceremony; but I do not know that it has been, or ever can be, injurious to others."

"I can mention one instance, at least, of its mischievous effects, which was told me a few days ago by Colonel D." "What is it?" inquired he. "Colonel D.," I replied, "read in one of the papers of a man in distressed circumstances, who one evening brought Cain in his hand to a friend, and read some passages of it to him, in which doubts of immortality, and of justice on earth, are expressed—and desired his attention to what you said. Next morning he shot himself." Lord B. looked serious. "I do not quote this," I said, "as a justification of the man, who may have been driven to insanity before, and who might, in such a state, pervert the writings of the best intentioned authors; but surely everything of a dubious or equivocal nature should be avoided by every honest man, to prevent even the shadow of reason or occasion for the commission of evil."

"In what work," asked Lord B., "did this fact appear?" "It was in the newspaper; whether true or false, I cannot say." "I am very sorry for it," he replied, "whether it be true or false. Had I known that such an event was likely to happen, I should never have written the book. I would like to see the thing, and I shall ask D. about it."

I said, if he would permit me, I would take an opportunity of asking Colonel D. in what paper it was, and then tell his lordship, lest Colonel D. should imagine that I had used his authority unreasonably.

"I certainly," said he, "never anticipated that the work would have been productive of evil; and in drawing the character of Cain, I prosecuted the conception of it which the Scriptures enable us to form of him, a daring unbeliever and blasphemer, and a vile murderer; nor can I conceive why people will always mix up my own character and opinions with those of the imaginary beings which, as a poet, I have the right and liberty to draw."

"They certainly do not spare your lordship in that respect; and in Childe Harold, Lara, the Giaour, and Don Juan, they are too much disposed to think that you paint in many instances yourself, and that these characters are only the vehicles for the expression of your own sentiments and feelings."

"They do me great injustice," he replied, "and what was never before done to any poet."—"But," I said, "although it may be carried too far, is there not, at least, some foundation for the charge? Virtue and piety are qualities of too insipid a nature to excite a vivid interest in the minds of too many readers; and in order to produce effect and impression, beings of high talents and evil dispositions may be drawn by the poet as well as figured by the painter; but unless care is taken in drawing some good qualities, in which a noble and virtuous mind must feel delight, the inference will be against the poet, if he

seems unable or unwilling to draw anything but that which is bad, however lofty the qualities and actions. Don Juan, as far as I have understood from the extracts in the reviews, has no counterbalancing effect in bringing forward good and virtuous characters, nor by the punishment of the wicked; but the hero goes on, prosperous and uncontrolled, from one vice to another, unveiling and mocking at the crimes and vices of mankind."

"Even in this work," said Lord B., "I have been equally misunderstood. I take a vicious and unprincipled character, and lead him through those ranks of society whose high external accomplishments cover and cloak internal and secret vices, and I paint the natural effects of such characters; and certainly they are not so highly colored as we find them in real life."

"This may be true; but the question is, what are your motives and object for painting nothing but scenes of vice and folly?"—"To remove the cloak which the manners and maxims of society," said his lordship, "throw over their secret sins, and show them to the world as they really are. You have not," added he, "been so much in high and noble life as I have been; but if you had fully entered into it, and seen what was going on, you would have felt convinced that it was time to unmask the specious hypocrisy, and show it in its native colors."

"My situation," I replied, "did not naturally lead me into society, yet, I believed, before the publication of your book, that the world, especially the lower and middling classes of society, never entertained the opinion that the highest classes exhibited models of piety and virtue; nay, from circumstances, we are naturally disposed to believe them worse than they really are."

"It is impossible you can believe the higher classes of society worse than they are in England, France, and Italy, for no language can sufficiently paint them."—"But still, my lord, granting this, how is your book

calculated to improve them; and by what right, and under what title, do you come forward in this undertaking?"—"By the right," he replied, "which every one has who abhors vice united with hypocrisy."—"Then," I added, "he that teaches others should be pure himself; and as your lordship belongs to that class, you cannot complain if they examine your own conduct to see if your lordship has a right to become a reformer. From what I have seen of Don Juan, I cannot perceive that morality is much inculcated in it; or that vice, united with hypocrisy, is held up to abhorrence. On the contrary, it is a pure, unvarnished display of vice, and in language by no means calculated to render the Don odious, or the subject odious, to any mind unfortified by sound principles."

"It is the plan," said his lordship, "to lead him through various ranks of society, and show that wherever you go vice is to be found." "This is a fact already known," I replied; "and it has also been known by experience, that no satire, however witty, poignant, or just, ever did any good, or converted, as far as I have heard, one man from vice to virtue. Neither Horace, nor Juvenal, nor Persius, could stop the torrent of vice, and folly, and crime, which inundated Rome, and which finally overthrew it, notwithstanding all the declamations of these satirists. Nor have I heard that Donne's or Pope's satires ever effected any good. Your language is not so gross as that of Juvenal or Persius, yet this is owing to the manners of the times; and while your satire is useless, it will call down on your head the exclamations both of the virtuous and the vicious: of the former, because they do not perceive in you the proper qualifications of a reformer of morals, nor believe that you have adopted the means calculated to promote such an object, but rather the reverse; while the latter will naturally hate him who unmasks those vices—more particularly if he be stained with any himself."

"But it is strange," he answered,

"that I should be attacked on all sides, not only from magazines, and reviews, but also from the pulpit. They preach against me as an advocate of infidelity and immorality, and I have missed my mark sadly in having succeeded in pleasing nobody. That those whose vices I depicted and unmasked should cry out, is natural,—but that the friends of religion should do so, is surprising; for you know," said he smiling, "that I am assisting you in my own way as a poet, by endeavoring to convince people of their depravity; for it is a doctrine of yours—is it not?—that the human heart is corrupted; and therefore, if I show that it is so in those ranks which assume the external marks of politeness and benevolence—having had the best opportunities, and better than most poets, of observing it—am I not doing an essential service to your cause, by first convincing them of their sins, and thus enabling you to throw in your doctrine with more effect?"

"This is a very ingenious turn which your lordship has given to the question, but it will not do. The heart of man is viler than you, with all your talents, can describe, and the vilest actions are often committed in secret by those who maintain a fine character externally. All this is true. But you have not conciliated these unhappy persons to yourself, nor to a new mode of life: you have not shown them what to do. You may have shown them what they are, but you have neither shown them by precept, nor by example, the proper remedy. You are like a surgeon, if I may use a simile from my own profession, who with diabolical delight tears the old rags, ointments, and bandages, from the numerous wounds of his ulcerated patients; and, instead of giving fresh remedies, you expose them to the air, and disgust of every by-stander—laughing, and smiling, and crying out, how filthy these fellows are."

"But I shall not be so bad as that," said Lord Byron. "You see what a winding up I will give to the story." I replied, "I shall be glad

to see any winding up which can have the effect of remedying the pernicious consequences of the first part of the work. But the best way," I added, "of remedying this, is for your lordship to study Christianity, now that you have time, and the matter is pressed upon you, and then you will know and feel what is right; and when you have exhibited proofs of your conversion, your attempts at reformation will be better received and more successful."

"But what would you have me to do?" asked his lordship. "I do not reject the doctrines of Christianity; I want only sufficient proofs of it to take up the profession in earnest; and I do not believe myself to be so bad a Christian as many of those who preach against me with the greatest fury—many of whom I have never seen nor injured. They furnish the suspicion of being latent hypocrites themselves; else why not use gentler and more Christian means?"

THE LOST PLEIAD.

[The Plate in the present number of the *Atheneum* is a beautiful illustration of the following extract from "The Lost Pleiad," by L. E. L., lately republished in this city by Cottons & Barnard. The quotation represents the fate of Cyrene after her desertion by Prince Cyrus.]

'Twas the red hue of twilight's hour
That lighted up the forest bower,
Where that sad Pleiad look'd her last.
The white wave of his plume is past;
She raised her listening head in vain,
To catch his echoing step again;
Then bow'd her face upon her hand,
And once or twice a burning tear
Wander'd beyond their white command,
And mingled with the waters clear.
'Tis said that ever from that day
Those waters caught their diamond ray.
—The evening shades closed o'er the sky,
The night winds sang their melody:
They seem'd to rouse her from the dream
That chain'd her by that lonely stream.
She came when first the starry lyre
Ting'd the green wave with kindling fire;
'Come, sister,' sang they, 'to thy place.'
The Pleiad gazed, then hid her face.
Slowly that lyre rose while they sung,—
Alas! there is one chord unstrung.
It rose, until CYRENE'S ear
No longer could its music hear.
He sought the fountain, and flung there
The crown that bound her raven hair;

The starry crown, the sparkles died,
Darkening within its fated tide.
She sinks by that lone wave: 'tis past;
There the lost Pleiad breathed her last.
No mortal hand e'er made her grave;
But one pale rose was seen to wave,
Guarding a sudden growth of flowers,
Not like those sprung in summer hours,
But pale and drooping; each appears
As if their only dew were tears.
On that sky lyre a chord is mute:

Haply one echo yet remains,
To linger on the poet's lute,
And tell in his most mournful strains,
—A star hath left its native sky,
To touch our cold earth, and to die;
To warn the young heart how it trust
To mortal vows, whose faith is dust;
To bid the young cheek guard its bloom
From wasting by such early doom;
Warn by the histories link'd with all
That ever bow'd to passion's thrall;
Warn by all—above—below,
By that lost Pleiad's depth of woe,—
Warn them, Love is of heavenly birth,
But turns to death on touching earth.

ANDREW DAWSON.

A TALE OF MY COUNTRY SIDE.

"Quoth Ralph, not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight sidrophel,
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells."—HUDIBRAS.

is a remote parish of Scotland, situated on the frontiers of the Highlands, were died, about fifty years ago, old Andrew Dawson, a reputed sorcerer. His history is rather remarkable; he

was, as far as I am aware, the last of his kind, in that part of the country at least, who, by reason of their own pertinacity, joined to the ignorance and superstition of their assailants,

underwent persecution. The character too of his sorceries (if they may be so called) is noticeable, as it illustrates how a gewgaw of folly's cap, after it has long ceased to be worn by authority or respected by fashion, may be employed as a successful means of eliciting from the vulgar mind deference and profit. For we shall afterwards see, that the leaven of his practices was derived from the far-famed doctrine of signatures, once so prevalent in medicine, and the remembrance of which, long after knowledge had exploded the leading principles of the grand folly itself, perplexed medical inquiries, as the baneful effects of a noxious drug continue to sap the foundations of the constitution, notwithstanding the removal of the pollution. How, in the meanderings of time's current, the influence of this singular doctrine should have been borne to an obscure individual in a remote district, is a question fraught with interest and difficulty. But to our tale.

Fortune had smiled on the early endeavors of Dawson. To ameliorate by honest industry the lot in which he had been cast, his paternal acres yielded him enough—'tis a pretty word that "enough," and the wise have said that happiness has graven it on her seal; but this our hero knew, or rather, considered not. Encouraged by success, he embarked in new speculations, but adversity was the bitter fruit of his ambition. Unforeseen disasters pressed upon him, while inclement seasons and insolvent debtors added new wings to his calamities. Bankruptcy followed, and his jackall factor first snatched, then pined, then roused. A few short years from the commencement of his adversity saw him expelled from the home of his fathers, and obliged to seek a place "whereon to lay his head" 'mid the heathy wilds of his native parish. He sunk not, however, under the accumulated load of misfortunes piled on his devoted head; but after recovering from the first shock of his calamities, he raised himself a hut,

which the wrecks of his estate supplied with furniture, while the kindness of his neighbors procured him other necessities. Tiring soon of this dependence on the good-will of his friends, he announced his intention, as the advertisements have it, of entering on the practice of medicine. His mother had been said by her neighbors to be "a canny wife." Her enemies, it is true, when they spoke of her skill, shook their heads, and looked a thousand things to the discredit of the aged dame. On the report of his mother's powers having devolved on him, Dawson, in the days of his prosperity, had been consulted, but it was rather regarding the issue than the cure of disease; his sagacity was universally admired, and his judgments revered; and it was this general confidence in his skill that suggested to him the idea of commencing medicine. It required but a little tact to ingratiate himself in the esteem of his already admiring neighbors; nor is the unlimited confidence which was placed in his assistance at all to be wondered at. Patients flocked to him from all quarters; yet, though many subjected themselves to his care, little was known of the remedies he employed, and the mysterious manner in which he administered them undoubtedly enhanced their value. Frictions, indeed, were the only sensible means of relief he used, during the employment of which he chanted, or rather muttered, an unintelligible catch. It would be tiresome to enumerate his cures and his failures, aye, as tiresome as the details of an Arctic voyage, made saleable by being crammed with the bearings of icy capes, and the latitudes and longitudes of frozen inlets. During the first period of his successful career, he was regarded with a superstitious awe, which approached to fear; but custom soon divested him of this attribute of such importance to his consequence. He, however, by no means suited himself to this alteration of opinion, but became every day more reserved and

haughty. This conduct engendered dislike, and envy at his prosperity fanned the flame into hatred—his ruin was earnestly desired by many, and the means to accomplish this were sedulously sought for. These were not long wanting. A report at first propagated itself of strange and unearthly sounds being heard proceeding from his hut, and the midnight wanderer remarked light peering through his narrow window, when every other angle in the parish was extinguished. A certain quaint laconic made the doctor, as he was called, had of expressing himself, strengthened not a little the suspicions that were afloat to his disparagement; but what seemed to place beyond all doubt his league with the powers of darkness, was his paying, at certain changes of the moon, visits to the Fairies' Knowe. On this Fairies' Knowe were the remains of a Druidical Temple; it was indeed a Palmyra in the desert—grass-grown, while all around was a dreary expanse of heath. One might have imagined that it still retained the fertility conferred on it by the "red rain" of the Druidical rites; for in the centre of the stony circle stood a rocking-stone, on which was placed the object of justice. If the uncertain stone moved, the already crowned victim was immolated on the spot—if it remained motionless, he was acquitted. This ground was still deemed unhallowed by the common people, and many were the tales of terror of which this spot was the scene. The visits of our unfortunate hero to the Knowe were repeatedly watched, and thus confirmed. This was quite sufficient to constitute what is technically called a *fama clamosa*; and a charge of sorcery being preferred against him, he was summoned to answer the charge before the kirk-session, a court in whose hands former superstition has placed the taking cognizance of such offences. This summons Dawson, by his absence, seemed to contemn; three several times it was repeated; as often was unattended to; excommunication

was in consequence fulminated against the sorcerer; and no appeal being made to a superior court, the sentence, by the accused's silence, seemed to be well merited.

The ecclesiastical ban appeared for a long while to sit very lightly on our hero's shoulders; he was as cheerful as he was wont, and his moral habits were regular, with the single exception of church attendance. His time was divided between the cultivation of a small piece of garden-ground, gained by his own exertions from the surrounding wastes, and his patients, who seemed to be of Paracelsus' mind, that it was quite proper to consult Satan when good spirits refused to be communicative. Age, however, stole apace upon the sorcerer; nor was he able by his arts to retain his firmness and his flexibility of purpose. Disease, too, the pioneer of death, had found entrance to his lonely cot, and rudely chastened to submission its proud and obstinate inhabitant. An interval of ease suffered him to express a wish to be reconciled to the church. The kirk-session were disposed to listen favorably to this proposal; they had deemed their own conduct harsh, but knowing well the consequences of such an avowal, they, though with reluctance, rejoiced at the prospect of once more penning in their fold this stray sheep. After a little delay, our applicant was informed that the sentence would be removed, provided he divulged to the session his secrets. This was a sore trial, but at last he submitted, and a day was appointed for shriving him.

The important day arrived, and the poor old man stood before the congregation. He still preserved some indications of the pride which once laughed to scorn ecclesiastical fulminations, and he had much the look of a wavering convert. He was asked by the minister the reasons why the sentence of excommunication should be annulled. In reply he spoke nearly to the following effect:—"There was a time I little thought I should

be called upon to gie sic an explanation—or that, when called upon, I should reply to it; but age and sickness baith warn me that it is time to make my peace with man. I canna bear that I should go out o' this warld wicked, though it be wi' a curse on my head. I canna think on the ill name which will remain after this weak frame is consumed, without a sigh; and when I think on the unhalloed and nettle-grown grave, far apart from a' that is human, my heart fails me, and the tears stand in my auld een. May be I'm doited; but surely there can be nae good in tormenting myself langer, so ye shall hear a' the witchcraft that ever I practised." He then pulled from his pocket three pebbles, and explained that in all diseases of the head he employed the first stone, which in its outline bore a rude resemblance to that part of the body. In diseases of the heart he used the second, which was shaped, not artificially, however, like that organ. The third, which he

used in diseases of the kidneys, was also in its shape somewhat similar to the viscus of which it was the signature. In all other respects they appeared common quartz pebbles. He added, that he enveloped the stones in flannel, and, by rubbing, communicated their healing power to the diseased part. As to his wakes and nocturnal wanderings, he admitted that they were merely a means of captivating the ignorant, and heightening the mystery with which superstition had invested him. Such was the burthen of his confessions. They were deemed satisfactory, and the sentence of excommunication being revoked, he was again admitted to participate in all the pleasures of a Christian.

His death happened six months after this event. He sleeps among Christians. The sorcerer's grave was for a long while pointed out; but now he is scarce remembered, and in a few years he will share the lot which the beloved of fame alone escape, and be forgotten.

PROFESSOR PORSON.

THE circumstance of Mr. Porson's marriage with a sister of his friend Mr. Perry, a widow, is another proof of his eccentricity, as regards the mode of his deciding on this important step. The professor was not supposed to be likely to commit matrimony, and especially a marriage of inclination. One night, however, while he was smoking his pipe at the cider-cellar in Maiden Lane, his favorite haunt, with my brother (says Mr. Gordon), they had called for a *second go*, when, addressing his companion, he said, "Friend George, do you not think the widow L——n an agreeable sort of personage as times go?" throwing out a huge volume of smoke. An affirmative nod and a compliment to the lady was the reply. "In that case you must meet me at St. Martin's in the Fields to-morrow morning at eight o'clock," rejoined the other; and so saying, and finishing his *go*, he threw down his reckoning and re-

tired. My brother, who knew his man well, though not a little astonished, determined to attend to the invitation; and at the hour fixed repaired to the church, where he found the professor and the fair widow attended by a female friend, with the parson and his clerk. The license being produced, the ceremony (a very short one) took place, when the parties separated, the bride and her friend retiring by one door, and Porson and his *man* by another. It appeared that the alliance which had just taken place had been some time on the *tapis*, but the lady objected, without her brother's approbation; on this point, however, the *Greek* was immoveable, and the widow, well knowing his temper, at length gave her consent to the clandestine step. My brother now urged him to declare his marriage to Mr. Perry, who he could not doubt would be speedily reconciled, though perhaps hurt that he

had not been consulted; but the professor would not listen to this advice, and they parted,—my brother being determined that Mr. P. should not be kept in the dark, the more especially as he had been an accessory to the deed. In a few hours, however, the Benedick entered in his best paraphernalia, viz., his black satin nether garments and ruffled shirt, which he only wore on *solemn* occasions. “Friend George,” said he, “I shall for once take advice (which I seldom do, as you know), and hold out the olive-branch, provided you will accompany me to the ‘Court of Lancaster;’ you are a good peace-maker.” They got into a hackney-coach, and found Mr. Perry at home. The bridegroom was presented, made a speech, and though his friend’s *amour propre* was not a little *blessé*, a reconciliation soon took place, a few intimate friends were summoned “on the spur of the occasion,” a handsome dinner was served, and an apartment was provided for the newly married couple. It caused no small speculation among the *Greeks*, what could induce the professor to marry, and in so mysterious a manner. Poor Mrs. Porson did not live long to enjoy her new honors; within a year after the event her health began to decline, and before two had expired she was consigned to the grave. In her brother she had found a father for her children, whom he educated and provided for. She was a good-tempered and an amiable person, and the professor treated her with all the kindness of which he was capable. He continued to reside with Mr. Perry until her death, when he again returned to his *kennel* in the Temple. His professorship did not produce him above 150*l.* a-year; he was too idle to continue the course of lectures which he had commenced on taking the chair, though with the most flattering prospects of advantage to the public and his own emolument; but he did not, it would appear, like a college life, and at the end of a couple of years he bade adieu to his *alma mater*, and returned to his customary

habits, and the society of his friends in the metropolis. He had for many years been subject to severe attacks of spasmodic asthma, which frequently reduced him to the lowest state of debility. On these occasions he neither took medicines nor consulted physicians, and he made no secret that he had a sovereign contempt for both. Starvation was his mode of treatment, but unfortunately, like all obstinate men, he carried his system too far. In a severe attack, which continued longer than usual, his bed-maker became alarmed, and offered him some light food, which his stomach rejected, debilitated by long fasting. It is supposed that he was himself alarmed at this symptom, for the same day he crawled towards the city; but whither his steps were directed was never known. Exhausted with this little exertion, he dropped on the pavement in Ludgate Hill, speechless, and with but small signs of life. He was carried to a neighboring apothecary’s shop, and a surgeon summoned to his assistance, who opened a vein, but scarcely any blood flowed. It was evident that the attack was apoplectic. Every usual remedy was resorted to, but with little good effect: he continued speechless. On examining his pockets, a note was found from his friend Dr. Raine, which identified the person of the invalid, and the abode of his friend, who, being apprised of his state, instantly flew to his assistance, and he was removed to his house; but the lamp of life was fast ebbing, for after continuing in a stupor for twenty-four hours, he expired, seemingly without pain or feeling. On a *post-mortem* examination, it was ascertained that his system of starvation had hastened his end; for having fasted so long, his stomach had entirely lost its tone, and could no longer perform its functions. It is melancholy to reflect that a man endowed with such extraordinary powers of mind, should have sacrificed his life to an obstinate whim, founded on no principle of common sense or sound reasoning.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

CHAPTER III.

"There are two hearts whose movements thrill
 In unison so closely sweet,
 That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
 They both must heave, or cease to beat.
 There are two souls, whose equal flow
 In gentle streams so calmly run,
 That, when they part,—they part—oh, no!
 They cannot part,—these souls are one."—BYRON.

I WAS now approaching seventeen, when an important letter arrived from Mr. Elton and Mr. Serape, my two guardians, directed to Dr. Singleton. The substance of this letter I might have foreseen, but did not at the time expect: and something like a tremble passed over my frame, when my venerable instructor called me into his study to make me the communication it contained. In a word, I was informed that these gentlemen were anxious that I should immediately make choice of one of the so-called learned professions, as they had determined on my removal to college before the commencement of the ensuing session.

To part from Anna Singleton as the exile parts from his native shore—to change the current of thoughts flowing all so deeply in one channel—to cut asunder the gordian knot, which, never to be untied, linked my heart to its only real enjoyments—how could my spirit bear to think of this? The blow was a staggering one to all my deeply cherished ideas of happiness; yet circumstances, hemming me around, had brought me to a precipice that could not be avoided; and I must either fly into open rebellion, or plunge into the gulf of misery.

Had a youth, almost ignorant of the circumstances in which he had been left, told his friends that he had resolved to pass through life an idler, he might have incurred the imputation of lunacy, without much blame on their parts; what then was I to do? The communication of my decision was required in a fortnight; and my irresolution may be easily conceived, as I had never seriously turned my mind to the subject.

Dr. Singleton, observing my confusion, besought me with much friendly earnestness to consider seriously the request of my guardians, which, he assured me, appeared to him to be dictated solely by a sincere regard for my welfare. The letter containing the requisition was addressed to my preceptor, not to myself—a circumstance which I can now readily explain from the known deference which they must have observed me pay to all the opinions of Dr. Singleton, but which, at the time, I regarded as little better than a mark of disrespect and insult. "Am I such a simpleton," thought I, "as to be considered incapable of taking by myself a step which must be resolved on by the very meanest and most abject of mankind; and on the verge of manhood am I not able to walk but in leading strings? And my answer is to be conveyed also through Dr. Singleton? Why," thought I, "should they not hear my determination from my own lips? They treat me as a boy, yet call on me to act the part of a man."

How distracted were my thoughts between the desolate idea of tearing myself from Anna Singleton and entering into new habits and new scenes of life. Everything around me assumed a tenderer and more endearing aspect. Never did the woods and the streams appear so beautiful as now, when I felt I must soon leave them forever. My heart bled and was breaking within me, though pride kept me silent; but when I looked in the face of Anna Singleton, who smiled unconscious of my doom, while presenting me with a carnation at the garden door, I felt my reason tottering on the brink of insanity.

Two or three days passed over in complete irresolution, but at length I felt the dismal necessity of bringing my thoughts to bear on the point. Law—could I think of such for a profession? Alas! how opposed to the habits of my mind. Was my life to be spent in debate and wrangling, in fomenting instead of healing the quarrels of society? Was I to make the distribution of justice a trade, and to lose the sense of right and wrong over musty papers and parchments? To a disposition like mine, the slavery of Siberia were incomparably preferable to such a lot. Divinity I did not choose, because nature never destined me for an orator, and because public speaking would have been a trial, an exposure, a suffering, insupportable to my too sensitive nerves. Medicine I preferred, not because I had any particular bias to the study, but because it was a grave, gloomy profession, connected with all that is heart-desolating and mournful—with the decay of the body and the mind—with the mutability of this earthly state—the nonentity of all worldly enjoyments—in a word, as not uncongenial to the habitual tone and temper of my spirit.

Mournful is the memory of pleasant days; and considering the transitoriness of all our pleasures, it scarcely appears to me in the light of a paradox, that even our joys here are sorrows—being sought after with anxieties—being mere sun-bursts, momentary in their duration, in the gloom of existence, and leaving behind them a

life-long memory of painful and unavailing regret. Perhaps I never felt the intoxication of love in a more intense degree than when the day of my separation from Anna Singleton had almost arrived. There was no friend to whom I could impart my feelings, and to give me sweet counsel in return. I was, as it were, alone in the world; the last leaf dangling from the November tree. Yet, even in woe, there is a species of enjoyment, especially if passion is the source of affliction; and, accordingly, a nameless feeling of luxury was linked with “my silent suffering and intense.”

The year, having passed its zenith, was now mournfully declining into the sunless days, and long, boisterous, dreary nights of October; and as I wandered about the fading woods, dreaming of nothing, save her I was about to forsake, perhaps forever, everything seemed in conspiracy to add to my melancholy gloom. The ripe rustling corn had been cut down and carried to the farm-yard; and yellow, withering leaves, whirling through the abandoned fields, spoke prophetically of decay. The skies had put on the solemnity of earth; and frequent showers fell from the heavy clouds. Here and there, as I beat up against the winds in my lonely rambles, might be seen the sportsman, prowling over the sterile wastes with his gun and dog; while ever and anon the piping note of the widowed partridge mingled with the sighing breezes.

THE GATHERER.

“Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather.”

Causes and Effects.—We have obscured our intellects, and benumbed our feelings, by making use of words that, strictly speaking, as we too frequently employ them, have no meaning. We talk of causes and effects, as words of course, quite plain in their signification to the slenderest capacity. As expressing facts deduced from our observation of the laws of Nature, this phraseology may be allow-

able; but when we have observed two or more facts in a certain, constant connexion with each other, and have remarked the order of their priority, we are as far as ever from furnishing, either to the judgment or the imagination, any light as to the reason of such connexion. The motions of a grain of sand conform to certain laws which we have observed upon, and to this conformity we give a name,—attraction;

but we know as little about the nature of this attraction as the unprotected child hurt by the fall it has occasioned. What are, therefore, denominated causes, are nothing more than determinations of the Deity; which, as founded in infinite wisdom, may be uniform and unchangeable in their nature. If, therefore, I put into the earth a seed, "it may chance be of wheat or some other grain," and trace the miracle of vegetation from its commencement to its completion, when I observe it has extracted from the earth matter hundreds of times its own weight, and of a nature totally dissimilar to the elements from whence it springs, and for purposes essentially different, I may notice, throughout, a number of connected effects, but I discern no cause beyond the will of the Deity. In like manner, if I regard the purposes, for which this crop of grain is evidently designed, namely, for food, and when, becoming such, it is, by quite as inexplicable a process, partly converted into an animal substance, and becomes a portion of myself, I again discern effects, but no causes beyond the will of the Deity.

What's in a name?—At the Winchester assizes, on Tuesday, an action for slander was brought by (the) Vain against (the) Weak. There was little between them, and the damages were fixed at one farthing.

A remarkable Animal.—It's a good sign o' a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's aye glowerin' up in his master's een, to discover what he's thinkin' on; and then, without the word or wave o' command, to be aff to execute the wull o' his silent thoct, whether it be to wear sheep or to rug doon deer. Hector got sae like me, afore he dee'd, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used to send him to tak my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he ance asked me neist day what I thoct o' the sermon; for he saw me wonnerfu' attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look, and I was feared Mr. Paton wud hae observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile, and jealous naething; though baith Hector and me was like to split, and the dog, after laughin' in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, could stand't nae langer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potatoe field, pretending to hae scented partridges.—*Ettrick Shepherd.*

Cement.—The late invasion of Algiers by France, has made us acquainted with a cement employed in the public works of that city, which bids fair to be of considerable importance. It consists of two parts of wood ashes, three of lime, and one of sand. This compound, which is called by the Moors *tabbi*, is mixed with oil, and afterwards becomes so hard as to endure

every change of the weather better than marble.

Large Flower.—Sir Stamford Raffles, in describing a journey beyond Bencoolen, says:—"The most important discovery was a gigantic flower, of which I can hardly attempt to give anything like a just description; it is perhaps the largest and most magnificent flower in the world, and is so distinct from every other, that I know not to what I can compare it. Its dimensions will astonish you—it measured across from the extremity of the petals rather more than a yard; the nectarium was nine inches wide, and as deep—estimated to contain a gallon and a half of water; and the weight of the whole flower, fifteen pounds." But the whole vegetable part of the creation is here on a magnificent scale. "There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation: the magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees, contrasts strikingly with the stunted, and, I had almost said, pigmy vegetation of England. Compared with our forest-trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under a hundred, and generally approaching a hundred and sixty to two hundred feet in height. One tree that we measured was, in circumference, nine yards! and this is nothing to one I measured in Java."

Metallic Alloy.—It is stated in the *Industriel Bruxelles*, that a very superior alloy for the construction of pumps, may be formed of four parts of tin, four of zinc, and one of antimony. This differs from the proportions employed in this country, but seems better calculated to prevent corrosion.

Bread.—Baron Ferrusac states, that there are in Paris 500,000 persons who subsist chiefly on bread, and that an increase in the price of this article, at the rate of one halfpenny per day, makes a difference in the year of 9,125,000 francs.

NEW BOOKS.

In the press.—*Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of the Year 1830*, 3 vols.—*The Alexandrians. A Novel.* 2 vols. 12mo.—*The Revolt of the Angels, and the Fall from Paradise*, an Epic Drama. By Edmund Reade Esq., author of *Cain the Wanderer*.—*The Heiress of Bruges*, a Tale, by the author of *Highways and Byways*.—*Stories of American Life*. By American Writers: Edited by Mary Russell Mitford.—*The Midsummer Medley for 1830*, a Series of Comic Tales and Sketches. By the author of *Brambletye House*.—*The Persian Adventurer*, forming a Sequel to *Kuzzilbash*. By J. B. Fraser.—A new edition of the Bible is announced, with Illustrations by J. Martin, and under the immediate patronage of the King.

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ATHENEUM;

OR

SPIRIT

OF THE

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THIRD SERIES.

VOLUME V.

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P R E F A C E .

AT the close of another period devoted to the publication and completion of a volume of the *ATHENEUM*, we are happy in having it in our power to offer its patrons the concluding number of a larger volume of the work than they have heretofore received. The same principles have governed us in the selection and arrangement of its contents, that have been our guide in conducting former volumes ; and we will venture to hope that the new literary journals which have lately been received, and the improvement in some of the old ones, together with greater experience, have increased its value in regard to the entertainment and instruction of its pages, as well as their number.

The enlargement of the *Atheneum* has been attended with expense and difficulty to the Proprietor. One circumstance only, however, has given us cause of regret in regard to this measure : the typography of the work, in consequence of it, has not been so neatly executed as we could have wished. It was necessary that new paper and a new press should be made, and in the qualities of both we have been disappointed. But these defects will be remedied in future ; and we shall endeavor to have the *Atheneum* deserve the credit of being elegantly, as we believe it does now that of being correctly, printed.

It has been suggested to us in various ways, that it would be agreeable to our readers to know from which of the English Magazines each article in the *Atheneum* is taken. Several editors of newspapers have indeed gone so far as to accuse us of a want of candor and justice in neglecting to give this information. We are always willing to listen to any suggestions or complaints from these sources,—we duly appreciate any encomiums upon our labors from them,—and we also like to see the principle of fair and upright dealing in all things maintained and defended : but when some of these same editors, who are so watchful over this principle in us, entertain no scruples in copying liberally from our pages, without giving credit either to the *Atheneum* or the source which its very title acknowledges, we must say they show at least a slight degree

of inconsistency. In announcing, therefore, that in future each article in the *Athenæum* will have the name of the Magazine from which it is taken prefixed to it, our readers will understand that the plan is adopted for their gratification, and not because we feel any guilt or penitence in regard to the course heretofore pursued.

Other improvements are contemplated in the next volume, and we respectfully solicit for it, from each of our subscribers, a continuance of former patronage.

Boston, March 15, 1831.

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Spirit

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1830. [VOL. 5, No. 3.

FERDINAND THE BELOVED; OR, ROYAL GRATITUDE.*

The proclamation concluded by declaring the CORTES to be dissolved; and ordaining that all opposing the execution of this decree should suffer DEATH!!—*Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns.*

AFTER an arduous service of six years in Portugal and Spain, during the whole of the interesting campaigns in these countries, I was at length indulged with permission to revisit England, on the short leave of absence of two months. Anxious to behold the gratifying spectacle of an idolized monarch reascending the throne of his ancestors, amidst the acclamations and blessings of his devoted people, after so many years of vicissitude in the fortune of war, I waived my original intention of embarking in the British packet from Cadiz, and determined on a journey to Madrid; having found a ready companion for the voyage in my friend, (a merchant of the former city,) at whose establishment, at Xeres de la Frontera, I had been passing some pleasant weeks.

Our preparations were immediately commenced. Knowing by experience how sadly destitute the houses of public accommodation on our route were of those conveniences, which are to be found, with a greater or less degree of comfort, in other parts of the European con-

tinent, I stored my ample canteens, (capable of furnishing a breakfast and dinner service for four persons,) with an abundant stock of tea, coffee, chocolate, sugars, liqueurs, and a gallon of old "King's own" rum (which had not seen the light for five years); nor did I omit (although no smoker myself) to fill a canister with a few dozen of prime Havannah cigars, of such a superior quality, that my fuming friends bestowed on them the name of "*sugar-plums.*"

Money, or liquor, no doubt, will have their influence in all countries; but to a Spaniard, a more tempting bribe could not be offered to quicken the movements of every man on the road, from the Director-general of Posts in his gaudy coat, down to the humble driver in his sheep-skin jacket, than a good cigar! It has been even known to mollify the heart of the rude bandit, and cause him, whilst rifling his victim, to utter an apologetic—"Pardon me, sir, for this little liberty!"

We discovered a chariot of ancient fashion for sale, which had

* The reference in this article to the proceedings in Spain in the year 1814 will be read with peculiar interest at the present time, when a revolution in France has just been effected presenting so brilliant a contrast to the one here described, and when other countries in Europe, and particularly Spain herself, are apparently on the eve of asserting and maintaining those rights which sixteen years since were so ingloriously resigned.

been built, Heaven knows when, or where ; but it had the advantages of being strong and roomy, with luggage wells, which were easily converted into a deposit for my cantens ; a strong net-work bag was fitted up behind, for the reception of the luggage, &c., which is called the *Zagal*, a name which is also borne by the man who sits in charge of it, and who has the additional duty to perform, of running between the leaders of the mule-team through towns, or narrow passes, holding the head of each at arms-length, whilst he, scarcely touching the ground, seems almost to fly, as he guides the team at a galloping pace. In this reticulated sack our trunks were stowed, and over them the *bedding*. My companion had provided regular mattress, bolster, &c. My preparations in that respect were few and simple—a canvass bag six feet by two, a pillow, and a blanket, sufficed for all my wants ; this bag was each night filled with fresh straw, (an ever-ready convenience,) and being laid on the well-swept floor, with the luxury of a pillow, it formed as comfortable a resting-place as I could desire, infinitely preferable to a berth on those (*almost-living*) bedsteads, on which the unwary traveller is invited to repose at the *Posado*. In various parts of the interior of the carriage were secret pockets, so artfully concealed as to set discovery at defiance, except by a general ripping open of the lining, an experiment frequently resorted to by practised banditti, when the plunder of their victims proves inadequate to their rank and appearance.

We engaged a tiro, or team, of six capital mules, for the entire journey to Madrid, for four hundred dollars, in which sum were included the payment for the services of the mayoral, or coachman, his *zagal*, and also the feeding, stabling, shoeing, &c., of the team ; an amount not exceeding that at which an equal length of road could be performed in England with four horses.

Even with such a powerful tiro, (to which the mayoral always attaches a spare mule on his own account in case of accidents,) we could not calculate on daily journeys of more than from ten to twelve Spanish leagues (four British miles each) per day. The usual rate of traveling of the *cochés colleroes*, or stage coaches, is forty miles per day with the same number of horses or mules, (generally the former,) and they halt every fourth day.

All being ready for the journey, we took our departure from the house of my *compañon de voyage* at Xeres, on the 20th April, 1814, attended by one servant only, an Irish boy, who had served me upwards of three years, and who possessed all the characteristic shrewdness and vivacity of his country, with a sufficient smattering of the Spanish language to render him equal to the expression of his own, or our ordinary wants, without the aid of our interpretation.

He sat perched beside the mayoral on the fore-boot, converted into a driving seat, of the comforts of which we could form but a mean opinion, from the imploring looks the poor fellow occasionally threw upon us, as turning his head to make a mute appeal to our pity. Meanwhile the carriage rattled over the long, rough, and stony streets of this straggling town, at the very top of the mules' speed. With the exception of the wheelers, the animals were strangers to the restraint of bit or rein, guided solely by the voice of the noisy driver, who, after the *zagal* resigned his office, scolded or encouraged each mule by name, and in terms which the brutes, by the quick motion of their lengthy ears, really appeared to understand.

My fellow traveller, although he had passed upwards of thirty years in Spain, had never been more than a few leagues beyond the purlieus of Cadiz and Xeres ; he was, notwithstanding, a man of the most extensive information on all subjects

relating to the country of his adoption—a scholar of the first order—a linguist of almost universal capacity—a Catholic of the purest faith—and, to crown all, an idolatrous admirer of the Spanish constitution, then in the third year of its rickety existence !—In his enthusiastic dreams, he was perpetually drawing on futurity for the realization of those blessings which, in the fervency of his imagination, he saw hovering, on angel-wings, over regenerated Spain, and which (next to Hibernia, the land of his birth) he adored with all a lover's fondness, frequently exclaiming, "You will see, my dear sir, what this country will be in *another hundred years* !"

There was scarcely a village or town through which we passed, to which his information and historical recollections did not impart an interest. Although bred to the mercantile profession in its most rigid forms, his mind had ever thirsted after every useful knowledge ; and it may seem strange, that I, who had passed my days in garrisons and camps, should supinely sit for two hours, half dozing, in our halted carriage at Baylen, while he pursued, with untired steps, under the rays of a scorching sun, the strides of a village guide, while pointing out the scene of Castaños' triumph and Dupont's defeat, exultingly exploring the field of battle, where eighteen thousand troops of the flower of the French army ingloriously grounded their arms to the raw and half-disciplined levies of the army of Spain, the self-assembled conscripts of an insulted and invaded nation ! It has been well observed by the intelligent and accomplished author of the *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*, that the "chivalry of France never received a deeper tarnish than in the surrender at Baylen."

At Cordova, the "once proud capital of the Omniade Caliphs,"

all my early feelings of romance revived ; and accompanied by my friend, I devoted an entire day to view the various wonders of that celebrated mosque, now a Christian cathedral, which, in all its pristine freshness of architectural ornament, adorns that renowned city.

Nor was my mind less excited by delightful reflections on our next day's journey, while threading the mazes of the Sierra Moreno, by the remembrance that we then traversed the very ground which the inimitable Cervantes has immortalized by making it the scene of the exploits of the heroic Quixote. Every hill, and dell, and mountain stream, seemed familiar to my eye and mind. Here the goatherd, clad in his rude dress made of the skins of the animals he tended, gazed in idle amazement at our equipage, while his startled flock cast up their bearded faces to bestow on us a momentary glance, then fled to the towering cliffs, tinkling their bells in secure defiance of pursuit. Again a troop of *Arieros*,* clad and armed as in days of yore, would cross our path at some sudden turn of our tortuous track, escorting their well-laden mules decked in their crimson, deep-fringed housings, (which possibly adorned their great-great-grandfathers,) plodding in low and solemn pace to the deep-toned sound of the neck-bell of their leader. Now and then a *Manchego*† from the plains, dressed in his black and braided *chaleco*, *Montero* cap, and nicely sandaled feet, appeared, cheering on his little mula with the sprightly *seguidilla* of the Mancha ; while, on each side of the animal, a dark and shining *boracho* hung glistening in the sunbeam, full, almost to bursting, of the delicious wine of the Val de Pénas ! Nothing appeared altered since the days of chivalry. It only wanted the presence of the renowned Knight and his faithful Sancho to complete the romantic scene.

* Carriers.

† Native of Mancha.

It was at a short distance from the village of Cardena, (the scene of so much fanciful adventure,) where we had halted during the heat of the day, that we met a Cabinet courier on his way to Cadiz, from whom we were destined first to hear that important intelligence which soon rung through the world with wonder—the abdication of the throne of France by the GREAT NAPOLEON ! The noise of our approaching carriage awoke this man of despatch, who was quietly dozing his siesta on the saddle, though traveling at the rate of ten miles an hour. This may appear an extraordinary assertion, but it is nevertheless true.* From him we received the proclamation of Louis the XVIIIth, issued at Paris on the 11th of that month on his restoration to the throne of his fathers, and also the gratifying news of the total cessation of hostilities. Elated by this intelligence, we pushed forward. Having the advantage of a bright moon, we prolonged our daily journey to the latest hour the mules could be kept to their pace, and on the night of the 30th April reached Madrid in safety.

Taking up our quarters in the Posado, called the Fontano de Oro, (at the Puerto del Sol,) we were early the next morning visited by several Members of Cortes, by the Minister of War, Don Tomas Moreno ; the Inspector General of Infantry, Don Juan O'Donoju ; the Inquisitor General (!) ; and last, though not least in my esteem, the brave Brigadier-General, Sir John Downie. Not the slightest suspicion of the king's hostility to the Cortes appeared to exist in the public mind at that period, when all parties seemed confident in his Majesty's acceptance of the constitution.

The 2d of May was appointed for

the affecting ceremony of the exhumation of the remains of the martyred patriots, Daioz and Velarde, who gloriously fell in the last desperate struggle to maintain the arsenal at Madrid, during Murat's massacre of the 2d May, 1808. On this solemn occasion, the Regency, the Cortes, the military of all ranks, and the public functionaries of the capital, emulously pressed forward to assist, and by their presence confirmed the patriotic feeling, which never appeared more intensely or nobly excited. The bones of these departed heroes were raised from their place of sepulchre, and deposited in a sarcophagus, under a discharge of one hundred salvoes of artillery.

The troops of the latter corps, to which these gallant men belonged, claimed the honor of bearing the sarcophagus to the church of St. Domingos. The procession, headed by the Regency, and including all that was of rank and honor in Madrid, extended more than one mile in length. "*Honor to the memory of the departed heroes !*" "*Death to the enemies of Spain !*" "*Long live Ferdinando, our Beloved King !*" and "*Long live the Constitution !*" were the shouts from thousands and tens of thousands, as the cypress and the laurel waved their united branches over all that remained of the first victims of French perfidy ! How soon, alas ! were these exchanged for sounds of discord, and for deeds of horror ; for the dungeon and the dagger's point ! for proscription and exile ! Fickle, inconstant people, deeply have you paid the penalty of your vacillation !

From the contents of confidential letters received from certain of the deputies, who, with the President of the Cortes, had proceeded to Valencia to do homage to their restored sovereign, whispers were already

* In this courier, my friend instantly recognised the same individual who brought the first intelligence of the peace of Amiens to Cadiz, in 1802, having performed the journey, direct from Paris, (without quitting the saddle one hour in the four and twenty,) in the incredibly short space of seven days, the distance about 1200 miles ! His speed was rewarded by the merchants of Cadiz and Seville with a purse of one thousand dollars.

circulated of royal treachery. In the meantime, the minions of the Court had received their instructions ; the emissaries of the enemies of the Cortes scattered themselves among the people, and working on the weakness of minds unprepared for the glorious boon of political freedom, soon turned the scale of popular feeling. The Cortes were represented as desirous of stripping their beloved King of his regal rights ; trampling on their holy religion ; and establishing an infidel republic ! The manifesto issued by Ferdinand at Valencia, on the 4th of May, (from which the motto of this article was extracted,) was placarded in every part of the city. The Cortes, thus denounced as traitors, became, from that moment, the objects of popular vengeance. Soldiers were allowed to parade the streets with drawn sabres or bayonets, shouting, "*Death to the Cortes !*" "*Death to the Constitution !*"

The Alcalde Mayor, Montezuma, (a Peruvian, boasting his descent from the Incas,) himself a member of the Cortes, had joined the royal cause, but found his civic authority (if indeed sincere in his attempts to enforce it) unequal to stem the tide of this alarming ferment. The military were under no sort of control ; the Regency tacitly laid down their functions which, it required no stretch of sagacity to foresee, would, ere many days, be wrested from their feeble hands. Thus Madrid, from the 9th to the 12th of May, (the day on which it was announced that the *Beloved Ferdinand* would make his grand entry,) was a prey to the unbridled licentiousness of an inflamed and debauched soldiery : the jails were emptied, and hordes of desperate ruffians were let loose upon the people, to work out their eventual freedom by the exercise of error, and the vengeance of the knife upon all who yet appeared favorable to the constitution ; the regs of the female population, inebriated with liquor, rushed in crowds through the streets, crying out,

"*BLOOD, BLOOD for our insulted Sovereign !!!*"

During these days of terror, the few English then in Madrid passed not only unmolested through the mob, but were even loudly cheered and caressed by the furious rabble ; the dissolution of the Cortes, now universally known, having been attributed to the countenance and advice of the British ambassador, who joined the King at Valencia the day preceding that on which the President of the Cortes and a deputation of its members presented themselves at the feet of their monarch. I shall decline entering into a discussion on the correctness of this opinion ; certain it is, however, that a loan of money to a considerable amount was, at that critical moment, granted—and, to the strength thus afforded to the despotic King, his sudden and unexpected manifesto against the Cortes and the Constitution was not unaptly attributed. Fortified with the means of corruption and intimidation, the new ABSOLUTE KING pursued his march in triumph to his capital, accompanied by the representative of *British* majesty, surrounded by four thousand cavalry, with *British* sabres in their hands, commanded by the *British* General Whittingham, and cheered by the homage of one hundred thousand willing slaves !!!

The night of the 12th was one of horrors ; several of the unfortunate deputies, of the liberal side, (denounced by their political opponents the *Serviles*,) were seized, even in the bosom of their families, and, loaded with chains, dragged off to the filthy dungeons of the Inquisition. Many others, who foresaw the impending storm, had providently fled from the capital in various disguises ; whilst others, trusting to the fidelity of some lowly dependant, were secreted in wretched hovels or in cellars, anxiously watching the favorable moment for escape. But, alas ! whither were they to fly ? From their places of concealment these unhappy men could hear the

wild shouts of their pursuers, thirsting for their blood.

The stone which had been erected in the Grand Plaza, commemorative of the Constitution, and before which (only a few weeks since) the people bowed in reverential joy, was now torn from its pedestal, the inscription defaced, and broken to pieces ; the maddened populace contending for the fragments, which were dragged in savage triumph through the public streets, amidst shouts of "*Long live the Absolute King !*" "*Death to the Constitution !*" Those who took no active part in these proceedings were compelled to uncover the head and join in the cry, in order to protect themselves against the assassin's knife or the soldier's sabre.

I dined at the Ambassador's that day, where, in the absence of his Excellency, his Secretary, Mr. Charles Vaughan, presided. The most marked reserve on the dreadful scenes then passing under every eye was preserved. Of all subjects, that which occupied every mind, and agitated every heart, was not once mentioned, even while the frantic cries from without seemed to make our glasses vibrate on the table ; but such is the characteristic *mystery* of diplomacy. Sir Henry Wellesley arrived, in the course of the evening, with the information that the King would not enter Madrid until the morning of the 14th.

On descending from the portico into the street, I found myself at once surrounded by thousands, whose wild uproar was suddenly checked by the first toll of the vesper bell. In an instant every tongue was mute, every head uncovered ; the most profound silence reigned for some moments, interrupted only by the whispering prayers of this devout (*yet murderous !*) mob !

During the last few days, my friend had never quitted the Posado, except for an hour in the morning, when he skulked out to snatch a hasty *mass* ; and I could only prevail on him to venture with me to

the ambassador's, on the 14th, by representing his danger if left unprotected at the inn during the excitement which the entry of the King would cause among the populace.

The morning was passed in feverish anxiety on the part of the swelling population, augmented every hour by the thousands pouring in from all the towns and villages within leagues of Madrid. Oftentimes, in the course of the forenoon, the whole Prado appeared like a sea of moving heads, as the false intelligence of "*Here comes the King !*" agitated the dense mass.

Bodies of troops continued to arrive every hour from Aranjuez, at which royal residence his majesty had slept and breakfasted. Amongst these many had, for the first time, appeared in their new and splendid uniforms. The King's regiment of hussars, dressed in embroidered scarlet jackets, with pelisses hanging to their shoulder, of sky blue, lined with lamb-skin in fleece, and mustering upwards of six hundred strong, (armed and equipped at the expense of John Bull,) caracoled about, showing off their finery, like jays in borrowed plumes. And then the ancient carabineros, looking as stiff and warlike as jack-boots, buff, and buckram could make them, smiled through their black and bushy whiskers, while on their tall and lanky longtailed stallions they gently forced a passage through the receding crowd ; meanwhile their *Birmingham* swords glittering in the bright rays of a Madrid midsummer sun, proved to the astonished Spaniards the superabundant wealth of England, and her generous interest in the cause of *Freedom !*

The evening had already commenced before the King reached his capital. Having to pass up the Calle Alcala, a better situation for seeing the procession than the balcony of the Hotel of Embassy, could not have been chosen. The company was numerous ; and we had just concluded dinner, when the trumpets announced the entrance of the

royal cavalcade into our street. Its progress was so slow, that we were nearly half an hour waiting, handkerchief in hand, before his Majesty approached near enough to receive our welcome. The mules of the clumsy state-coach, of which there had been several teams employed during the day, were as often unharnessed ; and the people yoked themselves by hundreds to the carriage, for the last forty leagues of his Majesty's route ; triumphal arches were erected in every town, while the whole female population, clothed in white, and decked with wreaths, marched before, strewing the roads with flowers, and distributing garlands. Thousands had kissed the royal hand, which was held out to all who sought that honor ; and the familiarity with which the Life-Guardsmen (all of whom rank as subaltern officers) lolled into the royal carriage at every momentary halt, conversing with their monarch, formed a strange contrast to our ideas of courtly etiquette. When his Majesty arrived opposite the hotel of Sir Henry Wellesley, he himself gave the signal for a halt, and stretching out his hand, kissed several times to the Ambassador, and the English party, which we, of course, returned with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and cries of "VIVA EL REY !" "VIVA ESPAÑA !" The King himself distinctly shouted "Viva Inglaterra !" more than once, (as well he might) ! The carriage then proceeded on its route, drawn by *women* alone ! to the amount of at least five hundred, who had attached ornamented ropes to the carriage, and displaced the men !

This sight was death to the hopes of my Constitutional friend, Don Donzozo, whose handkerchief absolutely fell from his hand, as with feeble effort he tried to wave it. To be alone his mental misery was perceptible. Spain ! his adored, heroic, regenerated Spain, licking the feet of the anti-constitutional monarch, the *Beloved*—the *Absolute* Ferdi-

nand ! As soon as coffee had been served, he hurried off to the hotel, leaving me to undergo the degradation (as *he* termed it) of kissing the hand of the despotic king on my presentation that evening. I had that honor about seven o'clock, when the marked attention which his Majesty bestowed on all persons presented by the British Ambassador, proved the closeness of the amity which then prevailed between the two governments. Having been favored with a few words from the King on my presentation, I had a full opportunity of observing his Catholic Majesty's person and manner. The courtesies of a king are said to operate like magic over the strongest minds. Mine was not an exception to this almost general rule. When I beheld him smiling on all around, caressing this grandee, and embracing that ; familiarly calling another towards him by the kind word "*Tocayo*," (or name-sake) ; bestowing grades of rank or titles of honor on his faithful officers ; I almost wished to forget the Cortes and the Constitution, and cry out with the rest, "*Long live the absolute King !*"—candor requires me to say so much. His Majesty was dressed in the uniform of his foot-guards, with the embroidery which distinguishes the rank of a captain-general on the cuffs—a scarlet silk sash, with massive tassels of gold ; he wore the ribbon and collar of the order of Carlos Tercero. In his full black eye, then beaming with the delight of gratified power and absolute monarchy, there lurked the tiger's fierceness, which all his smiles could not conceal ! His next brother, the Infant Don Carlos, stood on his right, and his imbecile old uncle, Don Antonio, on his left. I quitted the courtly circle at eight, hardly knowing at the moment whether to excuse or condemn the monarch's late proceeding.

On my return at night, I found my worthy Andalusian friend in a state of affliction, which I could in no other way account for, than his

apprehension of some dreadful personal outrage ; and it was not until after a quarter of an hour's entreaty to relieve my anxiety that he disclosed to me that his bosom friend, Don Tomas ****, an Andalusian deputy, was that day condemned to death in council, as the most guilty of the senate ; he having proposed in the Cortes, at the last sitting, that on the refusal of Ferdinand to swear fidelity to the Constitution, he should be declared as having "*ceased to reign* !" I endeavored to comfort my friend, by urging that it was a vain threat, as Don Tomas must then be far beyond the reach of his persecutors, having disappeared some days before.—"O ! no, no !" replied my agonized companion ; "he is not only still in Madrid, but his present hiding-place cannot afford him shelter beyond to-morrow's dawn—A price is on his head—his escape seems impossible. He has found means to communicate with me through an old woman, who is now in this house, imploring our assistance to aid his escape ; but how is it to be accomplished ? Although I would give all I possess on earth to secure his life, any attempt to do so in the present dreadful state of Madrid, would bring destruction on those who would move for his relief." I demanded to see the old woman, who was brought forth from an inner chamber. On seeing me full dressed as I had been to court, she imagined herself already in the hands of vengeful justice, and gave herself up for lost ; but a little explanation appeased her fears, and after throwing off my dress coat, and putting on my pelisse, I desired her to lead the way.

We sallied forth ; and whilst closely following her weary steps, I passed through some turbulent crowds, responding, with apparent zeal, their horrid shouts. My white feather and British appearance proved my safe passport. Having, after many windings, through streets and lanes, uncheered by the light of one solitary lamp, at length arrived

in front of a mean building, my guide, taking me by the hand, drew me to the entrance, pronouncing the words, "*Follow me, and fear not !*" We descended two distinct flights of cellar stairs, at the bottom of which she left me to my reflections in the horrid gloom. I unsheathed a long Turkish dagger, which I always carried at night, in a belt inside my pelisse, (it was a deadly weapon,) and groping for the wall, firmly fixed my back against it, ready for any attack. It is impossible to describe the current of thoughts and feelings that pressed on my agitated mind during this brief but awful period. At length the scarcely articulated sound—"His, yu, his, yu," (the national mode of calling attention,) broke faintly on my ear, to which I softly answered—"Aqui, aqui," ("here, here.") Guided by my voice, the beldam approached, and grasping my outstretched and unarmed hand—while, prepared for any event, I firmly held my dagger in the other—she led me along what I considered a passage, at the end of which I was refreshed with a rush of cool air, and a momentary glimpse of the few stars which lit the firmament. Crossing this opening, still under her guidance, towards another part of the building, I felt myself suddenly stopped, but with expressions of courtesy, by two men ; one of whom took from beneath his cloak a dimly burning lamp, which he held up on a level with my face ; in an instant my dagger was raised, and as instantly dropped, when I beheld the taller of the two make the genuine sign of a MASTER MASON !!! I sheathed the weapon, and holding out my hand, bestowed the fraternal grip, which my masonic brother returned with fervency ; and in a low whisper, directed the other to bring forward his friend. The glimmering light for a moment disappeared, and in less than a minute the unfortunate patriot came forth from an inner cellar, almost fainting under the conflict of his hopes and fears.

He expected to have seen his old friend Don Alonzo, and his feelings on beholding me, with whom he had but a slight acquaintance, come to his relief, at such a place, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, so unmanned him, that a flood of tears alone saved him from sinking on the damp floor of his dungeon. After a mental struggle, he gained his self-possession ; and when asking me to help him to liberty, added, " Not to preserve my life by base flight, but to die with arms in my hand, in defence of the liberties of my afflicted country, instead of being butchered in the dungeons of the Inquisition ! " My brief and unconsoling reply was,— " Resistance is now useless—Spanish liberty is already strangled in its infancy—Of your friends, none remain to assist you ; some, it is stated, have perished in secret—all your supporters are doomed to death, or ignominious exile—your cause is lost !—One chance alone presents itself to save your life—fly this night—*this instant*, if possible ; with these faithful friends who have hitherto protected you, mix with the crowds who are even now returning into the adjacent villages, tired and satiated with the day's festivities, and who are allowed to pass through the gates in crowds, unquestioned by the guard ; conceal yourself during the few hours of darkness in the Olive-wood, about a league from the Puerto St. Vicente, through which, one hour after daybreak tomorrow, my carriage shall slowly pass ; and I swear, come what may, to aid your escape.—Adieu ! "

On reaching the outer door, to which I ascended, leaning on the arm of my brother mason, at the moment of our separation, he revealed himself to me as a Captain of the Spanish Guards, a native of the Havannah, with whom, in the preceding year, I had sat in Lodge at Cadiz. I plunged once more into the dreary street, preceded by

my former guide, whose footsteps I followed in silence, while she flitted before me like a dark phantom, until we arrived once more at the low, still and empty Puerto del Sol, where she took her leave with " Bendita sea sus obras ! " * There was not a moment to lose—it was already past ten ; I turned down the Calle Alcala, (in which was the Ambassador's hotel,) and found his party at supper. After an apology for troubling his Excellency at that late hour, I requested my passports that night, as it was my intention to start at daybreak next morning, on my route to Paris. It became necessary, to meet my plans, that two servants instead of one (as stated in my former passport) should be named, and also to insert the nation to which the second servant belonged. I mentioned France at the instant, as I recollected that Don Tomas spoke with fluency the language of that country. Whether the Ambassador entertained any suspicions of an indefinite nature, from my impatience to obtain my passports at that late hour, I know not ; but he forebore to press the request he at first had made for my delay till ten the next morning, by which time he could prepare letters for his illustrious brother, then on his route from Paris to Madrid ; my papers were therefore instantly despatched.

I had for years been honored with the kindest attention and the friendship of that truly amiable man : and in a few moments' private conversation which I had with him, previously to taking my final leave, I felt convinced that he suspected my additional servant was some proscribed individual. Whatever were his thoughts, he confined them to his own breast ; contenting himself with one sentence of kind advice, which deeply impressed itself on my mind, although it could not shake my purpose. " Take care how you commit yourself : should

* " God's blessing on your good works ! "

this *French valet* of yours be discovered to be an improper subject, or one obnoxious to this government, you will place yourself and me in a painful situation." My only answer was, "Sir, I shall be cautious." My respectful attachment to him was too powerful to suffer me to deceive him by assurances, which probably a few weeks would falsify ; and he was of a nature too noble and generous to extort any confession from me. Hurrying off to the Posado, I found my unhappy friend still overwhelmed with affliction. My long absence had excited his alarm ; and when I detailed my adventures, and the arrangements I had in view for the attempt, at least, to rescue the unfortunate Don Tomas from his threatened fate, it required my utmost powers of persuasion to reconcile him to risk his share in the enterprise. He condemned the plan as impracticable ; and, resigning himself to despair, threw himself on his mattress in an agony of grief. Not that he was either morally or physically a coward ; but he had lived too long under a despotic government, where the will of power was the law, not to tremble with apprehension at the dangers of detection in such an attempt. Leaving him to seek such repose as his sorrows admitted, and trusting to my own address to conquer all his scruples by the ensuing morning, I employed myself until midnight, with my servant's aid, in packing up all our luggage. I then snatched a few hours' sleep, after a day of great excitement, and a night of great anxiety.

As early as four in the morning, the rumbling noise of our carriage, and the jingling of our mule bells, broke my sound and refreshing slumbers. Before five our luggage was stowed away, and my reluctant friend suffering himself to be led into the carriage with a heavy and a doubting heart, another quarter of an hour found us halted at the bar-

rier. Thrusting half my body through the carriage-window, I held out my passport, a couple of cigars, and a dollar, to the officer of the gate, the moment I perceived he was but a *sergeant*. Waving the paper on his approach, I touched his ready palm, and cried, "*Inglez, Inglez ! Senor CAPITAN.*"—"Bueno, Bueno," cried the guardian of the gate, without looking at the passport, (which he probably could not have read if he had.) "*Vaya vuestra senoria con Dios !*"*—"Andar," ("go on,") to the mayoral, and we passed through the gate at a gallop ! During this short parley, my fellow passenger was in purgatory ; and when I exultingly asked him, "What do you think of that ? We are out of Madrid, you see, with our heads on !" he faintly smiled for a moment, and then again sank into his corner. The first and greatest difficulty having been happily got over, our next object was to account to our mayoral for the no small addition of weight with which his tiro would so shortly be burdened ; and for which he would, no doubt, require extra remuneration. He was the same we had brought from Andalusia, and although we could reckon on his fidelity, we might not be so perfectly secure of his discretion, or of that of the zagal. My own servant, whose shrewdness it was impossible to deceive, and whose fidelity was incorruptible, was partly acquainted with our plan ; but knew not the object for whom we were interested. It became necessary, therefore, to repose entire confidence in him. When arrived at the Olive-wood I dismounted, and, taking him aside, explained all, and then placed him on the look-out. A thick exhalation hung over the surface of the earth, which obscured distant objects ; but through the haze I discovered three figures, which I concluded were those of the persons we sought. Time was precious. The masonic

* God be with your lordship !

clap of the hand was given, and that mystical signal, immediately repeated, satisfied me that our friend was near. He approached, supported by those I had seen the night before. A hasty embrace of gratitude, bestowed by the agitated Don Tomas, repaid those noble-hearted men for the dangers they had risked ; and in another minute we were off, the mules once more in full gallop !

Our new traveller took his seat beside the mayoral ; while my servant shared the zagal with his assistant. A mode of traveling so unusual soon shook the frame of the unfortunate deputy to an excruciating degree, who, though hastily instructed not to speak a word, except in the *French language*, involuntarily broke out in unmeasured curses in his vernacular tongue on the horrid road. "*Hay ! C——jo ! Malditos sea esta Camino !*" and then suddenly recollecting himself, would utter an odd "*sacre ——*" or two, and grin with pain. By the time we arrived at Buitraigo, (nearly fifty miles from Madrid,) which stage we reached by four o'clock, Don Tomas was scarcely able to crawl up the flight of steps at the entrance of the post-house, where we were destined to pass the night, huddled together in a sorry apartment over the kitchen. My lad helped him along, and laying him at full length on a mattress, in that general sleeping room, proceeded to exercise his talents as cook, to prepare our dinner. The mayoral and his mate had been informed that the new passenger was a Frenchman, who, in order to escape out of Spain in safety, had entered into my service ; and they were earnestly cautioned not to talk of him in any other capacity than that of a *servant*. The promise of an additional *hundred dollars* the first day he arrived in safety on the French territory, was to be the reward of their secrecy.

While assembled round the char-

coal fire, each trying his hand at some kind of cookery, we were assailed by showers of questions from the post-master—his wife—and an *ultra Royalist* friar, on the proceedings in Madrid the previous day,—to all of which, we gave the highest coloring ; concluding with our opinion, that not a single Cortes' man, or Constitutionalist, could have survived the slaughter of the night ! This exaggerated picture, so far from inspiring feelings of horror, diffused the utmost joy, and caused mutual congratulations. The woman, starting up in a frenzy, brandished her knife, and uttered a fervent wish that she had one of the Constitutionlists then within her grasp, that she might "*sheathe the weapon in his heart !*" A piteous moan broke from poor Don Tomas, in the room above, who could hear every word of our discourse, and who did not at that moment consider his life worth half an hour's purchase. "Who is that pale-faced animal above stairs ?" continued the fury ; "*if I thought he was for the Constitution, I would soon have his liver in the frying pan !*" On my informing her that he was a Frenchman who had deserted from the vile invaders, and come over to the British, she mollified, and becoming once more a woman, said, "*Poversito !*"* and instantly sent my lad to him with a plate of soup. But far beyond food, the agonized Deputy yearned for his cigar, and would rather have gone to the scaffold with one in his mouth, than linger out another day without one ; such indulgence, however, if observed, would betray him. There are two tests by which one genuine Spaniard could discover another, however artfully disguised. The first is, the pronunciation of a certain vulgar expletive ; the second, by his mode of holding in his mouth, and smoking his cigar ! It was the boast of Count O'Reilly, that he was the only foreigner who was

* Poor thing ! Poor creature !

ever known to pass this double ordeal without detection, and to which he owed the safety of his life. When seized, in the disguise of a chimney-sweep, at one of the gates of Madrid, during an insurrectionary movement of the populace against him, when governor, he escaped entirely by his powers of imitation of the lower classes of Madrileños.

It was not until long after dinner, when we removed to the upper apartment, that the poor prisoner could claim the privilege of a smoke, in which he was then allowed to indulge *ad libitum*, according to the admitted license of that country, where master and man, lady and gentleman, gentle and simple, are frequently lodged in the same apartment, with no other partitions than the doubtful decency of a thread-bare curtain, or perhaps a garment, hung up to act as a moral screen.

The next day, before we departed, proclamations, which had been sent forward by express from Madrid, were already posted throughout the town, offering large rewards to those who would apprehend certain proscribed Deputies ; the descriptions of whose persons were given with tolerable accuracy. Amongst the rest, that of the unfortunate Don Tomas, now Monsieur Francois le Brune, who, by abandoning his spectacles and cutting off his hair, had so completely altered his usual appearance, as to render it difficult for even an acquaintance to recognise him. While the merchant and myself regaled in the kitchen with the family, sharing our *English* breakfast with them, Don Tomas, (respectfully and kindly attended by my boy,) enjoyed his repast and cigar above stairs in security. Just as we were taking our departure, two English gentlemen, the Messrs. Spurrier of Poole, in Dorsetshire, dashed up to the post-house, their avant courier cracking his whip in the usual tones of announcement. In an instant, the senior Mr. S. (who passed some

months in Andalusia) recognised my friend and me ; and politeness required us to delay our departure a few minutes. Fixing his eyes with earnestness on the trembling Don Tomas, he gave me a look which implied much ; but I put him on his guard by saying, "Here is a poor Frenchman who has placed himself under our protection ; utter not one word of his *country* or *condition*, or his *LIFE* must be the forfeit !" That was enough. We all met ten days after at Bourdeaux, and could then talk in safety of our flight.

Nothing occurred to alarm us or shake our security, until our arrival at Burgos—the last post where any rigid search was enforced. While seated at our late dinner, after nightfall, the Town-Major was announced as having waited on me to request my attendance, and that of my suite, at the Hall of the Plaza, in order that all parties might undergo the personal examination of the Governor.

We had all been sitting at the same table. The third plate with the unfinished viands upon it, would have betrayed an intimacy not quite consistent with the rank of the parties. In an instant, Don Tomas was behind the chair of my friend, as in attendance, and while I rushed to the door to pour my compliments on our unwelcome visitor, my sharp servant, with the quickness of thought, had swept off the table all vestiges of the third cover, and dragged the now unoccupied chair forward with great bustle to seat the Town-Major. We plied him with a goblet or two of rum-punch, and while lost in his admiration of my canteens, of my "*Ponche de Rom*," and delicious cigar, he half forgot his duty. On his entrance we had ordered the servants out of the room. After half an hour's conversation, the Major reminded us of the purpose of his visit, and said, "His Excellency, the Governor, will expect you, with your party, by this time, in order that

their persons may undergo inspection, and comparison with the descriptions sent us from Madrid." My little Hibernian, with Don Tomas, had laid their ears to the door; and it may be supposed what an awful moment this must have been to the latter. I instantly called aloud for the servants, when in a few minutes, this ready-witted boy appeared without coat or waistcoat, his feet bare, and a nightcap on his head, saying, "Mounseer le Brown, sir, is gone fast asleep." I appealed to the kind feelings of the Major in behalf of the poor domestics, and girding on my sword, offered to accompany him to his Excellency the Governor, with my fellow traveller, and account to him for the non-attendance of the fatigued servants, both of whom he had seen.

On coming into the Plaza, I perceived the arms of a regiment piled, and the men walking about, prepared to fall in at the tap of the drum. We were soon introduced to the Governor, an old, white-headed, pompous mariscal del campo, who received, with the most perfect confidence, the account I gave him of our route, our party, and destination, and admitted my apology for the non-appearance of the servants, adding, that to an English officer *alone*, would he waive the execution of any particle of his instructions, which were to see all travellers. I

pulled out my cigar-skin, and requested he would honor me by his acceptance of it, and its contents, as a proof of my respect for his country, his adored king, and my abhorrence of the traitorous Constitutionalists. "Ah! Cavallero Inglis," said the gratified Governor in reply, "the English are indeed *entire* men!" This is the most delicate translation I can give to a compliment, which, however flatteringly intended, was certainly not the most choice in point of terms.

The remainder of our journey was pursued in security. We no longer felt it necessary to cloak our intimacy under the characters of master and servant, before the mayor and his assistants. They already partook of all the interest we felt for the safety of the poor refugee, who, in future, took his seat inside, and, completely released from his terrors, once more mounted his spectacles, and smoked his cigar from morn till night.

Arrived at the bank of the Bidasoa, he sprung from the carriage, and casting a long lingering look on the frowning summits of the cloud-capt Pyrenees, he threw himself, for the last time in his life, on the land of his birth, and kissed it with fervency; then snatching up a handful of the earth, he placed it next his heart, exclaiming, with a gush of tears,

"ADIOS! PATRIA INFELIZ!"

THE VALE OF PINES.

BY DELTA.

How soft is the sound of the river,
Stealing down through the green piny vale,
Where the sunbeams of eventide quiver
Through the scarce stirring foliage, and ever
The cooing dove plains out its tale:
While the blackbird melodiously sings
An anthem, reminding of innocent things.

Grey Evening comes onward, and scatters
The fires in the western serene;
And the shadows of Lebanon's daughters,
Darkly imaged, outspread on the waters,
Festoon'd with their outlines of green;
The clouds journey past, and below
Are reflected their masses of crimson and snow.

Oh sweet is the vision that loses
 Present cares in the glow of the past !
 As the light of Reflection reposes
 On youth, with its blossoming roses,
 And sunshine too lovely to last :
 Sweet dreams ! that have sparkled and gone,
 Like torrents of blue over ledges of stone !

But why should break forth our repining
 O'er what we have loved and have lost ?
 Whether fortune be shaded or shining,
 Our destinies bright or declining,
 Our visions accomplish'd or crost—
 It is ours to be calm and resign'd,
 Faith's star beaming clear on the night of the mind.

When morning awoke on the ocean,
 Dim tempests were louting around ;
 Yet see, with how steadfast a motion,
 As the clouds bend and glow with devotion,
 The sun his asylum hath found !
 Twilight weeps ; and all gorgeously red
 Are the smooth sloping vale, and the tall mountain-head.

Lo ! thus, when the clouds of life's sorrow
 Have pass'd and have perish'd, the sky
 An added effulgence shall borrow
 From the storms that have flown, and the morrow
 Gleam bright in eternity's eye ;
 And the Angel of Righteousness send
 His balm to that heart which is true to the end !

ON THE CURRENT LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

It has been long the generally expressed opinion, that the literature of the nineteenth century is, of all others, distinguished for its ephemeral purposes and vapid construction. It has been likened unto all manner of "airy nothings." Sometimes it is typified in the bubble that rises on the surface of the stream—that glitters and glances, bursts, and disappears forever. At other times it is personified by the moth, that "lives its little hour" in the sun, and perishes silently in mid-air. Next, we find it harnessed with a resemblance to a bottle of soda-water, or haply small beer, equally frothy and insipid ; then we find it burning in the socket, like a farthing taper, or flying across the country, with the speed, but without the virtue of thought, like an *ignis fatuus*. In whatever form of phrase the opinion is expressed, nothing seems more undeniable than the conclusion, that our literature is a "thing of naught." Everybody who reads

says so ; and we suppose we must confide in the proverb, that "what everybody says must be true."

Living and writing, as we do, in these times, glad are we to declare that we differ vastly and decidedly with "everybody" in regard to this particular subject. We do not think that the literature of the nineteenth century is a thing either to be sneezed at or to be sneered down. There is much in it which posterity will look upon with pride, as the productions of their forefathers ; much that they will admire and cherish, and applaud and imitate ; and a great deal that they will never be able, we will not say to rival, but to equal. Our writers belong essentially to the present age ; they have been formed by the times, and in them the present generation will be reflected, as in a mirror, to all posterity. The very puniest person that handles a pen has something good about him, which the lapse of time will discover and elicit. In-

deed, were it not that the literary men of this age form a complete mob, every one of them has claims to immortality; and some obscure individual, to whom might be applied the line of Shakspeare—

“There’s none so poor as do him reverence,”

if chance prove propitious to his moth-eaten manuscripts, may have himself placed upon the pedestal of renown, simply by the force of prejudice and association.

This, however, we may well consider as rather the sentiments that may operate, than as those which ought to prevail. Mercy must not be allowed to impede, although she may smooth or Macadamize, the course of justice. We must not look upon the literature of our own times with the eyes of our great-grandsons. While we profess ourselves pleased and delighted with much that contemporary authors have achieved, or say attempted, we confess that there is some foundation for that depreciating and discouraging tone which many assume in regard to the generality of writers and books. There is much to blame, and much that ought to be blotted out. The easy access that men of all grades have to the pleasures of the printing-press, has, of course, tended to produce a great quantity of mongrel literature. We regret to say, that the checks which intellect enforces against mere pretension, have by no means been proportionately exercised. While the production and consumption of literature seem to have increased one hundred-fold since the days of Pope and Dennis, the tribunal of criticism does not possess one tythe of the efficiency it then exhibited.

It might be stated as a reason for this, that the channels of literature being more widely dispersed, and the streams flowing in a stronger and fuller current, it is consequently a matter of greater difficulty to control and scrutinize the scattered emanations of the pen, coming, as they do, in shoals and masses before

the public eye. This is very true—but, by way of *caveate*, we must add, it is true only to a certain extent. So long as literature is pursued, not for its own sake, but as a matter of trade, the number of books, and their worthlessness, will increase. Public opinion, in such circumstances, has no existence—it is, at best, a mere negative power, that only acts upon itself. Thus it is, that it has been found impossible to keep the pathway to fame clear of intruders—nobody has power or authority to eject them; and it is only when a regular conspiracy or understanding betwixt a numerical force is established, that the veriest nincompoop can be driven into his proper sphere. The fault does not lie in the circumstances of literary matters, as they at present stand, so much as in the utter absence of any decided tribunal which the public can regard without fear or suspicion. For our own part, we frankly confess that we never are surprised to find, that, amongst ten critics who review the same book, no two of them agree in opinion. There are so many different interests involved in every book that is published, and in every periodical that aspires to popular favor, that it is morally impossible that the opinions, which are moulded and modified by these conflicting interests, can be otherwise than unsatisfactory and imperfect.

By these observations we do not mean to say, that our contemporaries are destitute of principle, or of any other of the good points of which we all wish to be thought possessed. By no means; that is an entirely different matter. Still we declare, that we place little or no reliance upon the generality of modern critiques; and we maintain, that in doing so, we are perfectly justified by the present state of our literature.

It may be asked, what are the principal features of our current literature? Can fiction here be said to go before fact?—romance before history? No. But what is equally

bad, if not worse, they are allowed to go hand in hand. We do not speak of those works which merely draw upon history for the staple of their material—these are harmless. But it will be found, that our histories are things got up like melo-dramas—for effect. The romantic points are polished and brought undeservedly into prominence; while the sobriety of details and the philosophy of conduct are utterly overlooked or forgotten. Is this not a proof of an unsound literature, so far as history is concerned? It would be unfair to urge so strong an objection, were the practice not so universally prevalent, that when posterity comes to settle the difference betwixt the romance and history of the present day, they will, in all likelihood, set down the former as belonging to truth, the latter to fiction.

Again, there are our novels; and here we do not mean to allude to the works of Sir Walter Scott. We must really declare, that, as a nuisance, they have become intolerable. Not one of them can survive the year of its nativity. Yet, who or what was it that has caused the many thousands of such works to go into eternal slumber? Had the critics anything to do with this consummation? Oh no. The affairs sank of their own weight, or evaporated of their own inanity. The critics puffed; but the public got wearied. Now, that novels, or at least the particularly flimsy class of books which assumed so respectable a name, and were devoted to the insignificant cant, and flash, and slang of a sort of life and society which had nowhere existence save in the giddy heads of ladies' maids and gentlemen's valets; now that this spurious class of novels have partly, perhaps chiefly, by our efforts been laughed out of popularity, we must regret that so much good paper and print as they must have wasted, was not expended upon worthier matters. And, not only this, but, in cases not a few, we have to lament the

misapplication of fair talents, and the mal-appropriation of precious time.

A considerable impression is thought to have been made on the tone and purposes of our current literature, by the publication of popular works on history and science, in the cheap and catching libraries of the time. This mode of publication is certainly preferable to the former system; and, accordingly, it has had not only the advantage of being a "new idea," but, in point of usefulness, it presents a decided superiority, and consequently a greater chance of being permanent. In so far, however, as literature abstractedly is concerned, no such remarkable change has taken place upon the matter as upon the form and price of books. The same resources, the same ability, the same information, were all previously in existence, though concealed in reviews or locked up in encyclopædias. The whole affair, as regards the cheap library system, may be said to be the result of a mere bookseller's speculation. The article created the demand, as much as the demand created the article. Still it is sufficiently obvious that this species of literature has produced, and is producing, its effects, which, though yet not very apparent, will gradually unfold themselves in the course of time. The results will be seen in the habits and opinions of the rising generation. We do not hesitate to say, that the cheap libraries will operate as a substantial blessing. But, at the same time, they can be easily perverted to pernicious and unworthy purposes. Let them be watched, else their character may suffer as much depreciation as the "novel" has experienced, simply because the name has been appropriated by pretenders and incapables.

If criticism has been slow on other occasions, we must, however, permit ourselves to say, that it has not lagged behind popular opinion in exploding the religious poetry of our current literature. The nui-

sance had grown too *serious* to be longer borne. In our opinion, however, this class of poets were brought into existence, almost of necessity, after the libertinisms and merry-makings of Don Juan and its imitators.

It would be scarcely worth while, at this time of day, to attempt analyzing the properties of the religious poetry which has just been abolished from our current literature. But as this has never been done, that we are aware of, such an attempt may not be altogether useless in our present notice. Our opinion of this class of poetry or verse has already been laid before the public. We never gave the slightest encouragement to its cultivation; and now that the seeds have only given birth to rubbish, we are the less inclined to extend our countenance even to fair and respectable efforts in the same way. The truth is, that although the Holy Bible is one mass of sublime and affecting poetry ("the eloquence of truth") from beginning to end—from Genesis to Revelations—even in the best hands it must lose by transplantation. No one will assert that Milton himself has improved upon or added a single beauty to the Word of God. Every effort to adorn the imagery, or the facts contained in that book, must prove at best a failure; and, putting aside the blasphemy of the thing, we hold such efforts, in a literary point of view, to be nothing better than heresy. Let those who would dispute the point, prate of Milton and Isaac Watts as they will: the genius of the former only succeeded, strong as it was, when in its prime; the skill of the latter extended no farther than putting the same idea in different words, without looking out of the original. Our modern poetasters are, however, on the one hand, destitute of the mind of Milton, though we do not deny some of them a degree of fancy; and, on the other hand, they have none of the industry, and humility, and learning of Watts. Their works

speak a kind of unknown dialect, which, though made up of English vocables, are so idealess and sounding, that they fall flat on the ear, like so many bladders of India-rubber. If we were anxious to show a goodly collection of specimens in the bathos, we need only refer to the religious poetry of the times,* where that sort of rarity is quite indigenous. In short, the writers of such stuff think to make up in sound what they want in intellect; or, it may be, perhaps, that they mistake the sonorous and the "long nebbit" for the sublime and beautiful. Again, we are not to look for nature, or any natural working, either of passion or thought, in such "chimeras dire." They seem to have a notion that the Bible is merely a collection of wonders, and miracles, and extravagances. The beautiful episodes of the New Testament never strike their perceptions; neither are they affected by the characteristic and national traits to be discovered in the Old. The mighty, the magnificent, and the awful, exist only for them, simply because the mongrel language which confuses their brain is more easily adapted to such a class of subjects. The Cocknies have, in fact, been bit and bewildered by Martin's pictures; and they must scribble and dribble about them. Now, we are no admirers of Martin's slap-dash style of painting; yet we confess that they ought to have produced better poets than the ones we have been noticing; and we are happy to think that they run every chance of being remembered long after our religious poetry has been swept even from the shops of the cheese-monger and the tobacconist.

As to efforts either in comedy or tragedy, it is in vain to talk of these, so long as there is no adequate prospect of remuneration held out for the exertion of genius and the expenditure of time. A great deal has been said on the decline of the drama in England, and not a few have

* More particularly the works of R. Montgomery, "The Age," and "Cain the Wanderer."
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attributed it to the very cause we have pointed out. We do not, however, say, that encouragement to writers of successful dramas would be alone sufficient to propagate a better state of things. The writers for the French stage are a living proof of the contrary. With all their sources of benefit they are worthless ; and their efforts, speaking generally, a disgrace to the age and country in which they live. But whose is the fault ? Why, it is that of the *press*. The press encourages the vaudevilles, and flummery, and their authors. It is for the critics of this country to act otherwise. They are, in fact, the public mind ; and if they were to labor properly, our stage, under better laws, might be made to mirror forth the genius and the mind of Britain, as it does at present the mere nothings of our French neighbors, so badly Anglified, that they are only redeemed by their absurdity. But, in truth, we have first to set encouragement before the eyes of our writers, ere we can expect them to contend for the golden guerdon of public opinion ; but, were this accomplished, we doubt not, judging from the state of feeling manifested by our brother critics, that, for men of talent, there would be a clear stage, and no favor ; and, for men of straw and pretension, the birch and the bastinado.

It is indeed pitiful to look around and observe the sort of persons who *do* the drama of this country—men of little or no imagination, of less learning and literary attainments—whose powers of speech are compressed within a French *mot*, and whose powers of observation are confined to the green-room of a play-house. The ingenious gentlemen, famed in the days of the Minerva press, have all turned dramatists and doggerel writers ; and, as they live moderately, it is all one to them whether they gain five pounds by writing three volumes of a novel or three acts of an opera. Now, all this sort of vileness must be done away ; other men must step for-

ward ; and the public must do their duty. Let explicit laws be made ; let actors be reduced to their proper level ; let the managers look to their authors as well as to themselves ; and we have no doubt, a bright morn will yet shine on the degraded drama of England.

It is not our intention here to enter upon the theatrical part of the matter. That is too clear to be made subject of dispute or doubt. Tact in a manager is everything ; and he finds that tact in the present day, is only successful when it explores unknown tribes, or unheard-of absurdities. He works for children alone. He has yet to learn that the stage is a field for the display of mind and nature.

Turning from the drama (that much abused term), we are induced to throw a glance upon the fugitive poetry of the times. Of late years it has fallen greatly in the estimation of the reading public. The most frequent phrase that crosses the critic's lips is—"Poetry is a drug." It is the thirty-nine articles of a bookseller's creed. The metropolitan and provincial scribe exclaim, "Mcne, Tekel, Upharsin—Poetry is a drug !" It cannot be denied "poetry is a drug" all the world over. What is this owing to ? There must be some undiscovered cause to which common sense may assign it. Everybody writes verse, and, what is more, with impunity. We see so much of poetry, that we never think of reading any at all ; and, of course, we come to the natural conclusion, that what is common is valueless. We decide without examination. Now, for our own part, we have read a good deal of fugitive poetry in our day ; and we do not, for a moment, hesitate to say, that there has been a greater quantity of good verses given and lost to the world, in a quiet way, during the last fourteen years, than ever was before in the same space of time since the springs of Helicon were discovered. This is a fact ; yet poetry has been called a drug. It has been sneered

out of fashion ; and we are in some degree glad of this, for it has induced people to think of concentrating their powers, or of directing them into a more convertible form. We are satisfied that the lyrical and fugitive poetry of the present day, when the genius for its production has departed, will be looked upon as one of the brightest and best features of our literature. It is entirely characteristic of the age, energetic, striking, versatile, and often highly original ; while it is by no means deficient in grace, harmony, pathos, and simplicity.

Akin to the fugitive poetry which we have noticed, is the miscellaneous prose which yet so much abounds. This kind of writing, even in its meanest form, has acquired a very high character. It is far above the generality of such things, as they came forth under the early patronage of Sylvanus Urban. The tale and the sketch—our magazine literature—in short, none of these have been so ably

cultivated as in our day, and none so plentifully. Criticism, too, has long held a high place in the scale of our good points. But these are matters which do not require more especial observation at our hands.

Whatever other conclusion may be drawn from the slight glance at our current literature which we have just taken, one thing is obvious, that we are a writing generation. We believe that this is a point generally settled as orthodox ; and it is too plain to be denied. We are convinced, however, that we will not long remain a scribbling generation. We are too much of a politician to think otherwise ; though we do not mean to enter upon an exposition of our views. Men will soon begin to act ; and, as the wheel of time circles upon its axle, turning up our children, we will be viewed on the descending side, as a set of prodigals and visionaries, whose lot it was in life and death never to have known our own minds.

TO THE EARTH.

My mother ! from whose fostering breast,
This weak and fleeting substance came,
And where these limbs are doom'd to rest
When thou reclaim'st the dying frame ;
Within thy regions lone and deep
What wild and sullen horror dwells,
And how doth shapeless Mystery keep
His watch beside those viewless cells !

There slumber they, the sons of might—
Titanic forms—thine earliest mould,
Who dared the vollied thunder's flight,
And cleft the towering hills of old ;
And chiefs who mark'd the battle bleed
When Time his infant course began ;
And they, the Assyrian Hunter's seed,
The shielded kings, whose prey was man.

There in its tideless fury shed
Forever on those steadfast shores,
Bituminous and darkly spread,
The aye enduring ocean roars ;
And mutters, bound and fetter'd fast,
The earthquake in its sullen ire ;
And lurks the power whose sulph'rous blast
Enrobes the rending mount with fire.

Thou hast thy treasures, jewel'd caves,
With sanguine rubies richly dight,
And emeralds green as ocean's waves,
And diamond rocks like veins of light,
And sapphires whose unshaded blue
Seems drank from summer's cloudless
skies,
And opals, as the iris hue,
Where morn's deep tinctured glances rise.

Thou hast thy beauties—realms unknown,
Where murmuring music soft and low,
O'er onyx, and the sardine stone,
The cold petrific waters flow ;
And sparry chambers dimly lit,
And shining groves and fretted bowers,
Where dreamy Silence loves to sit,
And Fancy proves her myriad powers.

Thou hast thine habitants—the horde
Of swarthy gnomes in vesture bright,
And elves who forge the mystic sword
And ebon panoply of night ;
And black-wing'd dreams whose legions sweep
Embattled through the realm of rest ;
And Phantasy, dim child of Sleep,
The Proteus of the slumbering breast.

Yet not for these thy sacred name
 I breathe, and on thy presence call,
 For thou dost boast a higher claim,
 Time hallow'd aid and home of all !
 Thou pourest forth thy golden birth,
 As Heaven's own quickening influence
 free,
 And blesseth, in thy bounteous mirth,
 The meanest hand that waits on thee.

The shades which mark this fleeting lot,
 Man's trust or pride with thee are vain ;
 The weak, the low, *thou* scornest not,
 The feeble limb and captive's chain :

Thou callest, and our feverish woes,
 Scared at thy parent-voice, depart,
 And husheth in thy deep repose
 The weary and the worn in heart.

And who shall view thee, even as now,
 While fraught with life thy features
 lie,
 With verdure on that sunny brow,
 And gladness as a veil on high,
 Nor think of what must briefly be,
 In that stern hour of good or ill,
 When Thou shalt urge the dread decree,
 And whisper to the breast—be still !

THE CONDEMNED.

“ The block, the axe !—God knows I've not deserved them.”

CONDEMNED to die !—What a rush of sickening recollections swept across my soul as I turned from the gaze of a crowded court, where I had heard pronounced against me the doom of a murderer—death by the block and axe. Condemned to die ! Years of sorrow and suffering, such as mankind feel and repine at, might have been concentrated into the briefest space, and yet fallen far short of the unutterable agony of that moment.

Stunned and dead to everything external, I followed the jailor, whose office it was to lead me from the court to my dungeon. “ This way, master, this way,” said he at length, as he turned into a low vaulted passage, which I knew conducted to the cell where condemned criminals were immured : “ This way, master ; you will soon be in a lodging where you will be allowed to pass the night without farther molestation, I warrant you.”

Scarcely conscious of what he said, I followed him in silence to the end of the passage, which was terminated by a low, massy, iron-bound door. Giving me in charge to two assistant officials who followed, my rough guide took from a bunch suspended at his girdle a large and ponderous key, which, after a few attempts, accompanied with as many fearful execrations, he succeeded in inserting into the key-hole, and soon threw open the door.

A convulsive shudder ran through my frame as it recoiled upon its grating hinges ; and I entered, preceded by the jailor, and followed by his attendants. As far as I could see, the walls appeared to be constructed of rough black stone ; the whole range of which seemed unbroken and solid, except a narrow aperture at the farther extremity, from which streamed a dull and uncertain light that did not nearly illumine the dungeon, though apparently of no great extent ; and so high in the wall, that it was next to impossible that the wretched inmate could reach it.

The jailor walked to the extremity of the dungeon, while his followers stood beside me. From the rattling noise I heard I was sure that he was handling iron fetters. In a moment or two my suspicions were confirmed. He came towards me, bearing in his hand a chain and massy iron ring, which I saw were intended as a means of securely confining my person. “ The vilest criminal might be sufficiently punished by confinement in this horrible place. You will not surely use *these* to confine me ! ” cried I, eyeing what he carried ; “ for I am innocent of the crime for which I am condemned to suffer.” “ Likely enough, master,” said the wretch, with a cold chuckle. “ So say all my lodgers when they take up their quarters in this place ; they are all

afflicted with an uncommon loss of memory ; but before they shake hands with my friend the headsman, they generally contrive to recollect some *little* circumstance which had *naturally* enough slipped out of their recollection. I only follow my orders, master—the deepest dungeon and the strongest chain.”

I shrunk back from the unfeeling wretch ; but at the same time could not help asking, “Who was he that appeared to-day as my accuser ?”

“That’s none of my business, master ; I suppose the court knows. But, come, come—no shilly shallying—stretch your leg this way, and I’ll fit you as well as e’er a tailor in Gottingen—aye, or in Saxony itself, and a much *firmer* fit mine will be than theirs ; and the wretch chuckled again at his abortive attempt to be witty.

“Too bad, too bad, Rudolp,” said one of the others, in whose face I thought I could trace some signs of compassion ; “you need not add insult to what you see the gentleman is already suffering.”

Rudolp looked up from the business of fixing the fetters on my legs with a grin of half pleasure, half anger on his countenance : “Would you have me wish him a speedy and *sharp* deliverance by the hands of my friend the headsman !” said he, to all appearance highly delighted with his successive witticisms.

I turned in disgust from the wretch, whose trade had rendered him so callous as to delight in sporting with human agony ; while the other replied,

“No, no, Rudolp ; I would only have you perform the duties of your office, without acting like a brute.”

“No names, an it like you, Horman,” retorted Rudolp sharply. “If you be so chicken-hearted now, you have little chance of succeeding me when I am promoted.”

“Better I never were, if it make me such as you are.”

Rudolp grumbled out some inar-

tulate reply ; and the chain being fastened to my legs and to an iron ring in the wall, he pointed to a pallet, on which he said the length of my chain would allow me to lie down, and prepared to depart. The grating noise of the bolts fell harshly on my ear. The clanking steps of those who had left, at length died away in the distance, and I was left in silence and solitude.

Condemned to die !—The maddening thought shot through my brain ; condemned to die ! and for what ? For the murder of Franz Waldenburgh—the playmate of my childhood—the associate of my boyhood—the companion of my incipient manhood—the brother of my own betrothed and beautiful Matilda—the friend to save whom I would have cheerfully sacrificed every earthly treasure. We had come together to Gottingen to finish our studies, and I only waited our return to claim Matilda as my bride. Matilda !—The thought was madness. I flung myself on my wretched couch, and prayed that I might die.

* * * * *

The night before my execution at length arrived. It might be near midnight, but I took no note of time. The first great paroxysm of horror and surprise was over, and I lay stretched on my pallet, with my hands clasped on my burning and throbbing brow, overcome with the thought of the strange fate that had befallen me. A slight rustling, as of some garments, close by me, made me start up. I listened. The same noise again met my ear, accompanied with a sort of shuffling step.

“Who goes there ?” I cried.

“A friend,” was the reply. Could I mistake the voice ? No : it was that of my unknown accuser—the same clear sharp voice which had exercised such a commanding influence over my judges, and which, if I had not known my innocence, would almost have convinced me of my guilt.

"Away, fiend," I cried, "are you come to exult in the agony your villainy has caused?"

"Patience, my dear sir, patience; you mistake me. I am come for quite a different purpose."

I disdained to reply to one whom I conceived to be such a villain, and turned away from the quarter from which the voice proceeded. To my great surprise my dungeon became suddenly lighted up. I turned round, and there stood my accuser, with a lamp in his hand.

The figure was one which would have been remarkable any where, and was still more so here. His nether extremities were cased in antique fashioned breeches of rusty black velvet, of a piece with his vest. Above this he wore a coat of a cut a century old at least, apparently of the same color and materials. A monstrous shaggy wig, from which a large queue descended half way down his back, surmounted by a little cocked hat, rose above his face, which, after all, was the most remarkable part of his person. The color of a mummy, and a thousand times its wrinkles, would give little idea of its general appearance. The nose was curved and sharp, so as to resemble nearly the beak of a hawk; the mouth was pursy and drawn together, and his little dark eyes shot occasionally sharp glances from behind an enormous pair of old-fashioned spectacles, which rested upon the bridge of his little hooked nose, and seemed a heavy burden to it.

The agitation of my mind had prevented me from thinking how this strange personage came to be beside me; but now the question, how got he in? flashed on my mind. The door of the dungeon had not opened, otherwise I would have heard its grating sound. He stood regarding me for a few moments with a sidelong glance, in which, if not mistaken, I could perceive a sort of concealed but malignant triumph.

"How did you get in here?"

I exclaimed. "Why, my dear sir, do you suppose I could get in any other way than by the door?"

"How dare you show yourself in my presence, after the irreparable injury you have done me? You knew I was innocent."

"Perfectly so—perfectly so, my dear sir," replied he, quite coolly "and I have now come to atone for it by setting you at liberty."

The sudden hope of escape flashed across my mind like lightning across the gloom of night. I suppressed my rising wrath as well as I was able, and answered, "aye, that shows some conscience; but can I believe you?"

"Believe me! my dear sir, there is not a more honorable personage in the world than I am," bowing.

"Who are you?" said I.

"Who am I? Why—hum—that's a question not so easily answered; at present I choose to be called Dr. Vanbruggen."

"Doctor!" exclaimed I, my curiosity increasing, "do you prescribe? Are you a physician?"

"Prescribe!" answered he, in apparent amazement; "I thought you would have known by this time. Prescribe? why—yes, I do prescribe for my friends in a certain way. He, he, he, he, he, he;" and he chuckled at his own reply.

"You execrable old villain," cried I, "I see you come to laugh at the effects of your iniquity."

"Coolly, coolly, my dear sir, these rages are exceedingly detrimental to the system. Be careful of yourself."

"You old rascal, you get me condemned to die for what you know I am not guilty of, and then talk about being careful of myself."

"'Tis all of a piece with my conduct, my dear sir. He, he, he, he, he, he;" and he shot from behind the enormous spectacles some of those sharp glances, which I could scarcely endure.

"Fiend," screamed I, "do you think I am in a condition to be facetious."

"Facetious—yes—he, he, he, he, he, he; facetious—yes—he, he, he—'tis a good joke."

"Joke!" I almost involuntarily exclaimed, gazing on him. My blood seemed to congeal in my veins at the exquisite cruelty which he thus displayed in mocking and torturing me. A momentary suspicion came across my mind that he was a madman, and that I had been the victim of one of those fancies which persons so afflicted are sometimes found to indulge in, and to carry through with so much the appearance of rationality. But this suspicion passed away almost instantly. For the short time that it did occupy my mind he stood eyeing me askance, with a half malignant, half mirthful aspect. At length he observed,

"I thought you would soon be calm. Now tell me, would you like to escape from this place?"

"Can you, who know my innocence, doubt it?" said I.

"Ah! well," said he of the queue and spectacles, your wish shall be granted; only I expect a little service in return;" and fumbling in one of his large coat pockets with his disengaged hand, he lugged out a piece of most antique-looking parchment; "you have only to write your name on this, and you are free."

"What good can that do?" said I, inquisitively.

"Oh, none at all, my dear sir; it's a mere matter of form; I only like a small acknowledgment from my friends, lest they should be burdened with a load of gratitude. Nothing I like worse than that people should think they are any way under an obligation to me."

"You are very generous," said I, rather amazed.

"Ah, yes," retorted he; "they wrong me who say otherwise." Then observing my eye fixed on the parchment he held, he asked, "Do you see anything remarkable in it?"

"It appears," said I, "to bear the stamp of antiquity on it."

"Good reason it has to look old to you, my dear sir; for I took it with my own hands from the Alexandrian Library, on the day on which the last parcel of it was consumed."

I started back in utter amazement, only able to articulate, "You!"

"I thought you had known me better, my dear sir. I recollect things of much older date. Why, to me 'tis an event of very modern occurrence! Besides, it was I who suggested the plan of destroying it in this way!"

"You knew the Caliph Omar, then!" said I.

"Perfectly, my dear sir—better than you seem to know me. The Caliph was one of my most intimate friends!"

I was utterly overwhelmed by this declaration. All I had heard of in romance or fable, was nothing to this. I could only gaze at the person who had made such an assertion, and make a sign to him that I was ready to do what he required.

"Aye," said he, appearing to understand my gesture; "I thought you would not object to such a trifling concern. Hold there, my dear sir," handing me the lamp and parchment, "till I afford you the means of doing it conveniently."

I took them without saying a word. The old gentleman now commenced pulling from his large pocket something that appeared difficult to be extracted. My surprise had been great before, but it was now infinitely increased by seeing him lug out, by a good deal of exertion, a very commodious writing table. A desk to correspond soon followed; and, in a trice, all proper implements for writing were placed before me. The thing appeared so incredible, that a table and desk should come out of his pocket, capacious as it was, that I allowed him to take the lamp from me, and to place it on the table, as well as to dispose the parchment for being written on, without being able to

ask a single question of explanation of what appeared so wonderful.

"In the name of wonder," said I, at length, "do you carry an upholsterer's shop in your pocket?"

"Nothing surprising, I hope, my dear sir; I, who travel so much, require to take such trifling conveniences with me; besides, I like to be always ready to accommodate my friends, among whom I reckon you in particular," bowing.

"How comes it that I should be one of them? I am sure I never saw you before the day of my trial."

"You astonish me, my dear sir," said he, "it is seldom that I have been at any great distance from you."

"I declare I never saw you before the day of my trial."

"Now you are in jest; you would not surely deny me for an old acquaintance."

"I should be glad to hear where I ever met you before."

"Ah, now *you* are facetious," he cried, pushing his little pursy face towards me, and darting through the enormous spectacles a glance, which made me turn away. "He, he, he! you are pleased to be facetious. Do you recollect the White Eagle? You are facetious. He, he, he."

The mention of this house recalled a thousand bitter recollections to my mind. Few students at Gottingen are ignorant of the locality of the White Eagle, and the excellent cheer it affords. It was in this, after indulging in the bottle, and the engaging in some games of chance, two things forbidden by the code of the university, that a misunderstanding had arisen between me and Franz Waldenburg. A casual remark by one of our companions, which I seconded, and which Franz conceived to apply to him, kindled up his indignation more against me than against the author of it. A scene of confusion and altercation ensued. Neither Franz nor I were masters of our-

selves. I swore that the devil might take his will of me if I ever thought of speaking to him again; nay, more, that I would have vengeance for the insult. Franz was equally desperate. With the greatest difficulty we were separated. By next morning I was convinced of my folly, and went early to his lodgings to reconcile myself to him. I knew, that though of a fiery temper, he had the most generous and forgiving disposition in the world, and would be more than ready to meet my advances. My surprise was great when told that he had not returned home the preceding evening. Several days passed, and Franz could not be found. From some information, the civil authorities of the town had me apprehended as the murderer. This information, I now saw, must have proceeded from the person who stood before me, and by his evidence my guilt had been too apparent. I reverted to the evening I had quarreled with Franz, and a dim and dream-like recollection of the personage at my side—of the queue and enormous spectacles, and antique dress—was mingled with the remembrance of all that had then been done. I stood overcome before the wonderful being who seemed able to associate his presence with any action of my life he pleased. While these thoughts were chasing one another through my mind, my eyes wandered over his face. Human language has no terms to express the feeling that seemed to sit upon it. Triumph, malignity, scorn, veiled under an appearance of mirth, would give but a faint conception of it. He looked at me as if he would read my thoughts; and, with the manner of one who has prevailed, took the parchment, placed it on the desk, and presented me with the pen. I took it in silence, and was about to subscribe my name without once looking at some writing which I perceived on it. Suddenly the thought came upon me to glance at

it. What was my horror on reading a bond, agreeing, in return for personal liberty granted me, to make over to him who should deliver me, all right over my body and soul after the period of my death. My pen was arrested—I looked up at my strange visitant and said, firmly,

“I will never sign that bond.”

“Not sign, my dear sir, not sign! you are not serious, surely.”

“Away, fiend,” I cried, starting back; “I know you; tempt me no more; not content with taking away my life, you would ruin my eternal salvation.”

“A mere trifle; a mere trifle, my dear sir.”

I crushed the parchment which I still retained in my hand, and flung it to the farthest extremity of my dungeon. “To you, an undone evil spirit, it may be a trifle; to me it is all—all.”

He walked to where I had thrown the parchment, took it up, and smoothing it, came towards me, and, in a coaxing tone, said, “I know you will do it now.”

“Never,” I exclaimed, resolutely, and turned away. A moment’s silence ensued. “But you shall,” said he; “turn and look.”

I turned. Instead of the rough black stone walls of my dungeon, I beheld the appearance of a room, such as is found in country inns; on a low couch lay the figure of Franz Waldenburg. His flushed and feverish cheek told the distress under which he had labored. I would have sprung forward, but my chains kept me back. I screamed in the bitterness of my grief.

“He yet lives,” said my tormenter; “he lives unconscious of your fate, and before he rises from that couch you will have died the death of a felon, if you comply not with my desire.”

A sudden mist seemed to cover my eyes, but soon passed away. The scene was changed—God of mercy! what did I behold—my own Matilda, my beautiful, my betroth-

ed. She seemed to kneel in an agony of grief. I saw her bosom heave as if her heart would have burst. The vision moved its hands, and I saw the very features of Matilda—but oh! the unutterable agony that was pictured upon them smote me to the heart. My dungeon—my tormenter—my utter helplessness, were forgotten. I rushed forward, but my chains again kept me back. I wrenched at them, but in vain. I screamed, till my dungeon rung, Matilda, Matilda, I am innocent. I stretched my hands towards her. I tore my hair in an agony of grief.

“Sign, and all are yet yours—Franz, wealth, happiness, the possession of Matilda—in herself worth all you can lose. Refuse, disgrace and death—a life of misery to your friend—the death of Matilda by a broken heart. Sign;” and the deepening voice sunk into a fearful whisper.

My brain was on fire. Forgetful of all the consequences, I grasped the pen which the tempter held out. “Sign,” again repeated the voice, still deepening; “sign, and all is yours.”

At that very moment, when I was about to seal my eternal perdition, Heaven, or my good angel, seemed to whisper to my heart, “What, resign heaven for a few fleeting years of such joy as earth can confer!” The good principle prevailed. I flung the writing materials from me, and exclaimed, “I will not barter my hopes of eternal happiness for a few miserable years on earth.”

The arts of the tempter were exhausted. As I gazed upon his features, they grew into demon blackness, and a scowl of inexpressible hatred and disappointment took possession of them.”

“Fiend, tempter, away!” I cried; “Heaven will guard me against thy farther wiles.” I flung myself on my pallet of straw, and mentally prayed to be delivered from his power.

"Then, fool—wretched fool, I leave you to your fate," said he, in a voice whose tones I shall never forget. The light disappeared with a crackling noise, and I was left in solitude and darkness; yet with a more satisfied conscience than if I had trod the earth with unfettered limbs, but with a heart oppressed by a sense of guilt.

* * * * *

Each toll of the death-bell went to my heart like a dagger, as the car on which I was dragged to execution came within sight of the scaffold erected in the public market place. Its long melancholy railings, and the fearful apparatus of the block and axe, struck a deadly chilliness to my heart. The guards, the populace, the buildings, swam before my eyes like indistinct and flitting shadows; nor did I recover my proper consciousness till I found myself on the scaffold, to which I had been conducted—the block before me, the executioner leaning on his axe at my side, and the death-hymn, for the welfare of the passing spirit, in the act of being chanted. They say that men can go to death with fortitude and calmness. To me this would seem to arise from the apathy of despair, from the almost congealing of the life-blood in the heart, which must soon cease to beat. The executioner assisted in taking off my coat and folding back my collar. I shrunk from him with instinctive horror as I felt his hands touch my neck. I knelt down before the block, and clasped my hands in the attitude of devotion. I took my last look of the earth and sky, and then closed my eyes, as I thought, forever. I know not if I prayed—I know not even if I thought.

"Drop your arms when you are ready," whispered the headsman in my ear.

I remained, perhaps a moment or two, in this posture. Suddenly a rushing sound as of many waters was in my ear. It ceased—again a louder sound was heard, and I

knew it was from the assembled multitude. I opened my eyes. A distant murmur was heard; it came nearer and nearer. "Innocent, innocent!" was the cry that burst on my ear. A thousand throats were strained with the cry, "Innocent, innocent!" A wild agitation pervaded the multitude, which opened like a cloven sea. Through the yielding mass a horseman lashed on his foaming and jaded steed with fury. When he reached the foot of the scaffold he threw himself hastily from his horse, and in another moment stood at my side. I gazed on the flushed but weak features of Franz Waldenburg! I fell senseless into his outstretched arms.

* * * * *

The explanation given by Franz of his mysterious disappearing was short. On the evening he had quarreled with me, when he was returning to his lodgings, a person ran full against him, and exclaimed, "Mr. Waldenburg, here is a letter of importance for you." Franz grasped it and hurried to the nearest inn to peruse it. It intimated that his presence was required immediately at home on some most important business. The evening mail was just setting out, and the horn had sounded for its departure. At the moment he was not in a mood to consider. He flung himself into the vehicle, and by next morning was more than twenty leagues from Gottingen on his way home. From whatever cause it may have sprung, at the village where he stopped he found himself far from well, so much so, that he was not able to proceed. The village Esculapius, after wisely shaking his head, under promise of making him well in a day or two, proceeded to bleed and blister him, so as to throw him into a fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. For some weeks there was a struggle between life and death. In this state no information could reach either his home or Gottingen. In this period my imprudent

sonment and trial had taken place. When he was getting better, he thought it unnecessary to render his friends anxious by letting them know of his illness. As for sending information to Gottingen, he thought it would be time enough when he returned himself. One morning—a day or two before the doctor had pronounced him fit to travel—his landlord came into his room to ask about his health.

“You will not have heard of that horrid business at Gottingen?”

“No,” said Franz, amazed, “what is it?”

“A young gentleman to be executed for the murder of one of his fellow-students.”

Franz eagerly inquired the names. The landlord had forgot, but he sent for the newspaper in which the account was contained. Franz grasped the paper, and to his horror read an account of my condemnation for the murder of himself. “To-day, too!” he cried wildly, as he sprung from bed.

“A horse, a horse!” he exclaimed, “for God’s sake—quick, he is innocent. I am the person who is said to be murdered.”

The landlord was at first bewildered, but was soon put right. Franz thought not of his distress.

In a few moments he was flying with the speed of lightning towards Gottingen; and, notwithstanding all his efforts, he was barely in time—a few moments later and I would have ceased to exist.

For the little time I remained in Gottingen I was the lion of the place. I dined with the civic authorities, an honor scarcely ever conferred except on the doctors of the university. Invitations showered on me from all quarters. Among the professors who paid me uncommon attention, I may name Drs. Dunderhead and Puddingkoft—the latter of whom was pleased to say, that many of his philosophical opinions regarding the operation of mind were illustrated by the facts of my case, and (but this was in confidence) that his private opinions on demonology were strongly confirmed.*

It may be easily believed, that when Franz and I returned into Upper Saxony, Matilda did not receive me less kindly for the dangers I had undergone. She has long been my wife. Many years have elapsed since my escape from death, but during that time I have never heard of nor seen the old gentleman with the rusty-black velvet dress, queue, and enormous spectacles.

ELEGY FROM THE SPANISH OF DON JORGE MANRIQUE,

A POET AND PREUX CHEVALIER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

Rouse, slumbering soul! thy every sense
To contemplation wake, and see
How swiftly life is gliding hence,
Death stealing on, how silently!
How fugitive are pleasure’s dreams,
By anguish followed fast!
How every passing moment seems
Less lovely than the past!

And since the scene that meets our eyes
Fades while we gaze and disappears,

To count each coming hour, ’twere wise,
As our already number’d years.
Away! away! the fond deceit
That Hope shall faithless prove no more,
For other fate they may not meet
Than they have met before.

Our lives are rivers tending still
To death—the all-engulfing sea.
The stream majestic, and the rill,
There mingle, and no more they be.

* Dr. Puddingkoft was of opinion that the absence of Franz was a device of the old enemy, since it was afterwards found that no such information as took him away was ever forwarded to him. He had also pretty strong suspicions that the son of Galen was in league with him, to say the least—in which profound and sagacious conclusions he will doubtlessly be followed by most of my readers.

There meet the noble and the vile,
And he a middle sphere who claim'd,
The wight o'erworn with daily toil,
The wealthy and the famed.

This world's the path to our abode,
In that which sorrow ne'er may blight;
And wise is he who tracts the road
And guides his steps aright.
With life our journey we begin,
Move on at every breath;
At sere old age the goal we win,
And then repose in death.

Mark, all how valueless and vain
The objects that engage us here!
To grasp them every nerve we strain,
And lo! they disappear.
Disastrous chances on them wait,
Time wasteth them away;
Their nature such—their best estate
But hastens their decay.

Those famous kings of whom we read,
Who lived in ages past—
What dire mishaps, by fate decreed,
Their brightest schemes o'ercast!
Popes, Emperors, and Prelates all,
The lordliest of their race,

Asleep, obey the Shepherd's call,
At death's command, give place.

The many mighty of our day,
Counts, Barons, Dukes, illustrious too,
Say, Death, whence hast thou borne away
And shrouded from the view?
Their deeds of glory and renown
In camp or council wrought,
Thou, tyrant, blastest with thy frown,
And bringest them to naught.

He too, alas! now owns thy might,
Don Roderick, the far renown'd—
The fearless champion of the right,
The guardian virtue sought and found.
Of every friendly soul the friend,
To foes a fearful foe indeed,
A master courteous and kind,
A hero in his country's need.

How shone his wisdom 'mongst the wise,
His courtesy amid the gay!
How would his glance the base chastise,
The braggart's hollowness betray!
But why should filial love rehearse
The glorious deeds that gild his name?
Vain is the tribute of my verse,—
The voice of nations sounds his fame.

THE SECRET.

SHE might not give one little sign,
Too many witnesses were near,
But well the look I could divine,
Which chased away each doubt and fear.
And now with lightsome foot I steal,
To thy green shade, thou lovely bower:
Oh! from the prying world conceal
The raptures of this lonely hour.

The mingled sounds too faintly come
To violate this calm retreat,
Yet midst the distant busy hum,
I hear the ponderous hammer beat;
So man his scanty pittance rends
From cruel fate with bitter strife,
But free from bounteous heaven descends
All that endears, and gladdens life.

Oh! let the bustling crowd forbear
To ask how blest true love can be!
They hate the joy they cannot share,
Delight the ruin'd hope to see.
The envious world can never brook
A bliss its harder fate denies:
Quick; ere it cast its withering look,
Quick must thou seize the transient prize.

Joy loves to glide, almost unseen,
Midst silence and the stilly night;
But where the traitor's eye has been,
She heavenward wings her hasty flight.
Pour from thy urn, thou gentle spring,
In broader stream come sweeping by,
Thy threatening waves around us fling,
And guard this holy sanctuary.

GALT'S LIFE OF BYRON.*

THE complaints made of Moore's *Life of Byron*, as they are referred to in the preface of the volume before us, may be summed up in two objections: first, that it was too private; and secondly, too favorable. The phrase, "intrusion into private life," appears to us mere cant, as applied to a public character. Those

who come openly forward, to place the great stake of their lives on opinion, must expect its exercise,—and the interior of a great man's life is almost as much general property as his external, inasmuch as the one influences the other; and it is unfair to repine, that the curiosity he himself has excited, he himself must

* The National Library, No. I. Galt's Life of Lord Byron. London, 1830.

gratify. A poet speaks of feelings, sorrows, and experience ; and in exact proportion to his popularity will be the desire to learn how much of these were truly his own. Those are the very Canutes of fame, who would say to the tide of popular interest, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. As matter for deep reflection, as means of solving the great problem of human nature, both as warning and as encouragement, all relating to a man like Byron is public property. Praise has its penalty ; and neither he nor those connected with him have a right to claim that domestic privacy, from which themselves first and voluntarily stepped forth. To drag those from retirement, which they have in no instance voluntarily quitted, is as reprehensible as it is indelicate ; but a man who courts fame, which is built on opinion, must expect to be canvassed by the tribunal to which he appeals. Secondly, as to Moore's likeness being too favorable : we must say, that the conclusions we draw from Galt's account, taken by a stricter hand, and in darker colors, have yet left on our minds an impression decidedly in Byron's favor. His childhood was peculiarly unfortunate—unfortunate in wanting that wholesome restraint which is the great principle both in laws and education. At this period, too, was doubtless received the impression of shame and horror at his personal deformity. Mr. Galt mentions that the neighbors used to call him "Mrs. Byron's crookit devil." He himself records the agony he felt on hearing his mother tauntingly allude to it. Now whether we blame, regret, or regard it as of no consequence, we all must admit, that the notice given to children, and in which they all delight, is universally attracted by their beauty : "bless your pretty face !" is as common a phrase in the lower, as "what a little angel !" is in the upper ranks. We have often thought, that a most pathetic essay might be written on

the sorrows of ugly children. A child has quick perception, but no discrimination,—a faculty only to be acquired by the comparisons made by experience ; and the idea of his defect being repulsive, once suggested, this idea would naturally be seized on by his susceptible temper, to account for whatever he might encounter of neglect or mortification ; and on the importance and indelibility of childish impressions no one need enlarge. Of his school days we shall quote one anecdote, and the heroism of the conduct it records may speak for itself.

"While Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant a few years older, whose name was * * * * *, claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly, I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain : * * * * * not only subdued him, but determined to punish the refractory slave ; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which during the operation, was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend, and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight * * * * * with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if * * * * * 'would be pleased to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict ?' 'Why,' returned the executioner, 'you little rascal, what is that to you ?' 'Because, if you please,' said Byron, holding out his arm, 'I would take half.'"

His marriage was the rock on which his whole after-life wrecked :

to use Lockhart's expressive words,—"If there be one curse which comes to earth direct as the crow flies, with all the steam of hell hot about it, it is an ill-assorted marriage." It seems to us a most affected delicacy, which in such a case would abstain from seeking grounds whereon to form an opinion, or expressing it when formed. Lord Byron was all his life before the public eye; and those who shared his celebrity, must share it whether as matter of vanity or annoyance. We think there is no sort of reproach to be thrown on Lady Byron's actual conduct; but the explanation of the whole is, that she had no love for her husband,—none of that kindly and feminine affection which makes all the excellence it finds, and softens away the very faults it discovers. The fact that, on such slight grounds as those of late, she has not hesitated to throw the most odious imputations on the dead, shows at least how little of attachment or forgiveness enters into a temper whose seeming at least is cold and unforgiving. Mutual indulgence is the only safety of domestic content: such a wife might be perfectly irreproachable; but there are few men who would not be tempted to exclaim, Thank Heaven she is not mine! Beyond the chilling vanity of conquest, she seems to have neither appreciated nor admired his genius, and certainly had no love for himself: but the last summing up of conclusions is in the words of his servant Fletcher, "that her ladyship was the only woman who could not manage him."

We have marked for quotation a series of miscellaneous extracts, as specimens of the spirit of the work, to which we now proceed.

His Mother's Death.—"Notwithstanding her violent temper and other unseemly conduct, her affection for him had been so fond and dear, that he undoubtedly returned it with unaffected sincerity; and from many casual and incidental expressions which I have heard him

employ concerning her, I am persuaded that his filial love was not at any time even of an ordinary kind. During her life he might feel uneasy respecting her, apprehensive on account of her ungovernable passions and indiscretions; but the manner in which he lamented her death clearly proves that the integrity of his affection had never been impaired. On the night after his arrival at the Abbey, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron, in passing the door of the room where the corpse lay, heard the sound of some one sighing heavily within, and on entering found his lordship sitting in the dark beside the bed. She remonstrated with him for so giving way to grief; when he burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone.' Of the fervency of his sorrow I do therefore think there can be no doubt; the very endeavor which he made to conceal it by indifference was a proof of its depth and anguish, though he hazarded the strictures of the world by the indecorum of his conduct on the occasion of the funeral. Having declined to follow the remains himself, he stood looking from the hall-door at the procession, till the whole had moved away; and then, turning to one of the servants, the only person left, he desired him to fetch the sparring gloves, and proceeded with him to his usual exercise. But the scene was impressive, and spoke eloquently of a grieved heart;—he sparred in silence all the time, and the servant thought that he hit harder than was his habit: at last he suddenly flung away the gloves, and retired to his own room."

Speaking of his peculiar temperament, Mr. Galt observes:

"Lord Byron possessed that sort of irrepressible predilections—was so much the agent of impulses, that he could not keep long in unison with the world, or in harmony with his friends. Without malice, or the instigation of any ill spirit, he was continually provoking malignity and

revenge. His verses on the Princess Charlotte weeping, and his other merciless satire on her father, begot him no friends, and armed the hatred of his enemies. There was, indeed, something like ingratitude in the attack on the regent—for his royal highness had been particularly civil; had intimated a wish to have him introduced to him; and Byron, fond of the distinction, spoke of it with a sense of gratification. These instances, as well as others, of gratuitous spleen, only justified the misrepresentations which had been insinuated against himself; and what was humor in his nature, was ascribed to vice in his principles. Before the year was at an end, his popularity was evidently beginning to wane: of this he was conscious himself, and braved the frequent attacks on his character and genius with an affectation of indifference, under which those who had at all observed the singular associations of his recollections and ideas, must have discerned the symptoms of a strange disease. He was tainted with an Herodian malady of the mind; his thoughts were often hateful to himself; but there was an ecstacy in the conception, as if delight could be mingled with horror. I think, however, he struggled to master the fatality, and that his resolution to marry was dictated by an honorable desire to give hostages to society against the wild wilfulness of his imagination."

His Grecian expedition:—

"Had Lord Byron never been in Greece, he was undoubtedly one of those men whom the resurrection of her spirit was likeliest to interest; but he was not also one fitted to do her cause much service. His innate indolence, his sedentary habits, and that all-engrossing consideration for himself, which in every situation marred his best impulses, were shackles upon the practice of the stern bravery in himself which he has so well expressed in his works. It was expected when he sailed for Greece—nor was the ex-

pectation unreasonable with those who believe imagination and passion to be of the same element—that the enthusiasm which flamed so highly in his verse was the spirit of action, and would prompt him to undertake some great enterprise. But he was only an artist; he could describe bold adventures and represent high feeling, as other gifted individuals give eloquence to canvass, and activity to marble; but he did not possess the wisdom necessary for the instruction of councils. I do, therefore, venture to say, that in embarking for Greece he was not entirely influenced by such exoteric motives as the love of glory or the aspirations of heroism. His laurels had for some time ceased to flourish,—the sear and yellow, the mildew and decay, had fallen upon them; and he was aware that the bright round of his fame was ovaling from the full, and showing the dim rough edge of waning."

On his religion:—

"Lord Byron had but loose feelings in religion—scarcely any. His sensibility and a slight constitutional leaning towards superstition and omens, showed that the sense of devotion was, however, alive and awake within him; but with him religion was a sentiment, and the convictions of the understanding had nothing whatever to do with his creed. That he was deeply imbued with the essence of natural piety—that he often felt the power and being of a God thrilling in all his frame and glowing in his bosom—I declare my thorough persuasion; and that he believed in some of the tenets and in the philosophy of Christianity, as they influence the spirit and conduct of men, I am as little disposed to doubt; especially if those portions of his works which only tend towards the subject, and which bear the impression of fervor and earnestness, may be admitted as evidence. But he was not a member of any particular church, and, without a reconstruction of his mind and temperament, I venture to

say he could not have become such ; not in consequence, as too many have represented, of any predilection, either of feeling or principle, against Christianity—but entirely owing to an organic peculiarity of mind. He reasoned on every topic by instinct, rather than by induction or any progress of logic ; and could never be so convinced of the truth or falsehood of an abstract proposition, as to feel it affect the current of his actions. He may have assented to arguments, without being sensible of their truth ; merely because they were not objectionable to his feelings at the time. And, in the same manner, he may have disputed even fair inferences, from admitted premises, if the state of his feelings happened to be indisposed to the subject. I am persuaded, nevertheless, that to class him among absolute infidels were to do injustice to his memory, and that he has suffered uncharitably in the opinion of ‘the rigidly righteous,’ who, because he had not attached himself to any particular sect or congregation, assumed that he was an adversary to religion. To claim for him any credit as a pious man, would be absurd ; but to suppose he had not as deep an interest as other men ‘in his soul’s health’ and welfare, was to impute to him a nature which cannot exist. Being altogether a creature of impulses, he certainly could not be ever employed in doxologies, or engaged in the logomachy of churchmen ; but he had the sentiment which at a tamer age might have made him more ecclesiastical. There was as much truth as joke in the expression, when he wrote,

“I am myself a moderate Presbyterian.”

We should do scant justice to Mr. Galt were we not to quote a few passages more especially his own. Each of the ensuing little extracts has struck us as possessing either some original thought or some beauty of expression.

“A few traces of terraces may

yet be discovered—here and there the chump of a column, and niches for receiving votive offerings, are numerous among the cliffs ; but it is a lone and dismal place : Desolation sits with Silence, and Ruin there is so decayed as to be almost Oblivion. * * * *

“The genii that preside over famous places have less influence on the imagination than on the memory. The pleasures enjoyed on the spot spring from the reminiscences of reading ; and the subsequent enjoyment derived from having visited celebrated scenes, comes again from the remembrance of objects seen there, and the associations connected with them. * * *

“I passed through the ruins of a considerable Turkish town, containing four or five mosques, one of them a handsome building still entire. About twenty houses or so might be described as tenatable, but only a place of sepulchres could be more awful. It had been depopulated by the plague—all was silent, and the streets were matted with thick grass. In passing through an open space, which reminded me of a market-place, I heard the cuckoo with an indescribable sensation of pleasure mingled with solemnity. The sudden presence of a raven at a bridal banquet could scarcely have been a greater phantasma. * * * *

“What a strange thing is glory ! Three hundred years ago, all Christendom rang with the battle of Lepanto, and yet it is already probable that it will only be interesting to posterity as an incident in the life of one of the private soldiers engaged in it. This is certainly no very mournful reflection to one who is of opinion that there is no permanent fame but that which is obtained by adding to the comforts and pleasures of mankind. Military transactions, after their immediate effects cease to be felt, are little productive of such a result. Not that I value military virtues the less by being of this opinion ; on the contrary, I am

the more convinced of their excellence. Burke has unguardedly said, that vice loses half its malignity by losing its grossness ; but public virtue ceases to be useful when it sickens at the calamities of necessary war. The moment that nations become confident of security, they give way to corruption. The evils and dangers of war seem as requisite for the preservation of public morals as the laws themselves ; at least it is the melancholy moral of history, that when nations resolve to be peaceful with respect to their neighbors, they begin to be vicious with respect to themselves.

* * * * *

“ It is singular, and I am not aware that it has been before noticed, that, with all his tender and impassioned apostrophes to beauty and love, Byron has in no instance, not even in the freest passages of *Don Juan*, associated either the one or the other with sensual images. The extravagance of Shakspeare’s Juliet, when she speaks of Romeo being cut after death into stars, that all the world may be in love with night, is flame and ecstasy compared to the icy metaphysical glitter of Byron’s amorous allusions. The verses beginning with

‘ She walks in beauty like the light
Of eastern climes and starry skies,’

is a perfect example of what I have conceived of his bodiless admiration

of beauty and objectless enthusiasm of love. The sentiment itself is unquestionably in the highest mood of the intellectual sense of beauty ; the simile is, however, anything but such an image as the beauty of woman would suggest. It is only the remembrance of some impression or imagination of the loveliness of a twilight applied to an object that awakened the same abstract general idea of beauty. The fancy which could conceive in its passion the charms of a female to be like the glow of the evening, or the general effect of the midnight stars, must have been enamored of some beautiful abstraction, rather than aught of flesh and blood. Poets and lovers have compared the complexion of their mistresses to the hues of the morning or of the evening, and their eyes to the dew-drops and the stars ; but it has no place in the feelings of man to think of female charms in the sense of admiration which the beauties of the morning or the evening awaken. It is to make the simile the principal.”

We recommend this volume to those who desire information, as well as to those who require amusement. It appears to us as impartial a judgment as it is possible for one man to form of another ; and as a composition, must elevate the already high literary character of Mr. Galt.

LITERARY BEAUTIES OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE declarations of Scripture inspire the most exalted sensations we are capable of, and fill the soul with pleasing wonder and astonishment. We need only examine them as they present to us the Supreme Being, in order to be convinced of this. Are we terrified at the giant strides of Homer’s Neptune, “under which the mountains trembled ;” or at the nod of his Jupiter, “by which the whole heavens were shaken ?” With what superior awe and dignity does Jehovah rise upon us, either

when first introduced to us in the wonderful works of creation, saying, “Let there be light and there was light ;” or when he bowed the heavens and came down to Mount Sinai, “and it quaked greatly, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace !” Pindar’s Jove “sits enthroned on clouds ;” but does he “make his pavilion round about him with dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky ?” Is he “clothed with light as with a garment ?” Hath “he stretched

out the heavens as a curtain, and laid the beams of his chambers in the waters?" It is not easy to collect and enumerate all the grand representations of God in Scripture. "He is the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity," in whose sight a "thousand years are but as yesterday;" so pure and holy, that "the very heavens are unclean before him;" so powerful, that "he killeth and maketh alive;" of such omniscience, that he "knoweth the thoughts of man afar off;" and of such mercy and goodness, that "he waiteth to be gracious and to forgive." In this presence as it were of the true and living God, how does the whole system of Pagan superstition melt away as mist before the morning sun! These descriptions of him as far transcend the descriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which the poets give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flashes of Salmoneus.

* * * *

But with what a superior dignity and simple grandeur is the diction of the evangelical Prophet fraught! In what a rich garment, how thickly crowded with bright images, tropes,

and figures, are his truly sublime and vigorous ideas habited! Æschylus is no longer bold and daring in his expressions, when compared with Isaiah, who rolls them on in rapid and continued succession, whilst the other at intervals only breaks forth into them: and what are they in the Grecian, but faint and sickly glimmerings of light, that cast a transient gleam over the sky, before the sun arises upon the morn? But the Jewish writer, like the noon-day sun, shines forth in full brightness and splendor; nor need we look further than to the difference of their subjects, in order to see the reason why that fire of imagination, which has subjected the tragedian to some censure, blazes out in the prophet with so general applause and approbation: it is because the sense of the one seems often overstrained, and will not bear the image applied; whereas so great and glorious is the matter of the other, that to treat it in a less exalted manner would be to disgrace it,—and the only danger was, lest throughout the whole range of diction no words could be found strong enough to convey an adequate sense of his conceptions.

REMINISCENCES.

WE select the following anecdotal reminiscences from "Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage," just published in London.

"In 1778," says Mr. Bernard, "I became acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Jackson, and commenced an early and lasting intimacy with that 'son of song,' Charles Incedon; an intimacy continued in England twenty, and renewed in America forty years afterwards. Incedon was at this time a thin, lanky youth, giving some promise of his future powers, but more noted for a disposition like that of a Newfoundland dog—compounded of courage, gratefulness, and love of the water. All the sto-

ries in circulation respecting him were illustrative of one or the other of these qualities. The best known features of his early life, I believe, are his rumpus at school, and departure to sea; over which I willingly pass, to record a circumstance more in honor of his character, and neither well known nor insignificant. Some aquatic sportsman of Exeter had offered a considerable sum to any man who would swim down the river a certain distance, to a boat moored, with a rope round his middle, and bring back to his starting-point another. Several had attempted this feat, and failed. Young Incedon accomplished it; but this was not his ground of glory: he

took the entire amount of his reward to a poor widow in the city, who had occasionally been kind to him, and was now fallen into distress. When Dr. Jackson heard of the circumstance, he was naturally alarmed lest his pupil should have contracted a cold which might injure his voice ; but when Incledon explained the manner in which he had appropriated the money, the benevolent man was immediately subdued, and dismissed him with these words—‘ Well, Charles, I’m not angry at what you’ve done ; for if your lungs should be affected, your heart’s in good order.’ The companion of Incledon, as all the world knows, was Davy the composer. Davy, it appears, was an orphan child, left to the care of a poor relative, a weaver, at Crediton. This man was a humble musician, teaching the science of psalmody to the village, and playing the *bas-viol* at church. He had an old spinet in his house, (the gift of a wealthier relative,) upon which he used to practise his tunes. Young Davy was always by his side on such occasions, and whenever he went away would mount his stool, and strike the instrument, in the endeavor to distinguish the notes. This amusement, however, not benefiting the spinet, it was locked up ; and the young musician, thus thrown upon his own resources, invented an instrument. He was at this time about six or seven. Next door to the weaver’s was a blacksmith’s shop, into which young Davy was continually running to watch the operations of the modern Cyclopes. He was thus enabled, unperceived and unsuspected, to convey away at different periods a number of horse-shoes, which he secreted in the unoccupied garret of the weaver’s dwelling. Then procuring a piece of wire (from the same magazine), he attached it to two cross-beams, and on this suspended the shoes, assigning each its place in succession, and graduating a correct scale by the strength of

his ear. He then obtained two sticks to strike them with, in imitation of the hand-bells which he had no doubt seen, as they were very prevalent in that part of England. So engrossed did he become in this new employment, that he not only gave up all his customary sports, but neglected his lessons and the family errands. He had sagacity enough, however, to keep the cause a secret, and fortune assisted him, till one day the weaver’s wife going up stairs to search among the lumber that the upper room contained, heard musical sounds, and stopping to listen, distinguished the outline of a psalm tune. However extraordinary the diversion, she could only attribute it to the presence of the devil, and her fright had nearly the effect of precipitating her to the bottom of the stairs. Her husband was at home, and to him she descended and made known this mysterious circumstance. He had less superstition than herself, and ascended the stairs more boldly. The same sounds were audible, and peeping up, he perceived the young musician perched on a rickety, broken-backed chair, with his legs tucked under him, and his tiny hands thumping the horse-shoes, in the endeavor to form the same tunes he had heard his relative play. The weaver was too pleased and astonished at this discovery either to chide or disturb him, but retired with his wife, and, after some cogitation, determined to go over to Exeter and tell Doctor Jackson his boy’s story, presuming that if he had abilities for music, that would be a better business for him than weaving, and knowing the doctor’s character to be as eminent for generosity as musical science. The following day was accordingly devoted to the walk. The doctor heard his narrative with mingled pleasure and surprise, and agreed to ride over to Crediton and witness the phenomenon. He did so, and was introduced by the weaver to his house and stair-case, where the

same sight presented itself as on a former occasion. The youngster was seated on his chair, thumping his horse-shoes, and distinguishing their sounds. The doctor could not control his transports, but sprang up into the garret, seized little Davy in his arms, and exclaimed—‘This boy is mine!’ My reader can imagine the scene that ensued. This was good fortune, far above the poor people’s expectations. Young Davy was then taken home to Exeter, and regularly apprenticed to his patron. His subsequent career is well known. * *

“Jemmy Whitely, an eccentric manager of a traveling corps, was not particular, in poor communities, whether he received the public support in money or in ‘kind.’ He would take meat, fowl, vegetables, &c., value them by scales, and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus his treasury very often, on a Saturday, resembled a butcher’s warehouse rather than a banker’s. At a village on the coast, the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish; but as the company could not subsist without its concomitants of bread, potatoes, &c., a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy accordingly, after admitting nineteen persons one evening for a shad a-piece, stopped the twentieth, and said—‘I beg your pardon, my darling—I am extramely sorry to refuse you; but if we ate any more fish, by the powers! we shall all be turned into mermaids!’ * *

“Quin was distinguished for his attachment to the society of females; though the accounts which have been handed down of his rugged habits and propensities, may have led the reader to the contrary supposition. There was infinite delicacy in the following:—Being asked by a lady why it was, as reported, that there were more women in the world than men, he replied—‘It is in conformity with the ar-

rangements of nature, madam: we always see more of heaven than earth!’”

The latter portion of the first volume is dedicated to a dramatic trip to Ireland, and is full of characteristic traits; but we can only introduce one or two of the Hibernian characteristics.

At Mallow: “On returning to the inn, we were struck for the first time with the sign, which was a red, round-faced Hibernian, grasping a punchbowl, and saying these words, ‘Pay to-day, and trust to——’ As this seemed to involve rather an important contradiction to us who were travellers, we required an explanation of the landlord (a bald-headed, bandy-legged little fellow, with a mouth which, when unclosed, explained the clown’s idea of an *open* countenance), and were informed, that when his old sign of the ‘Man and Punchbowl’ was worn out, Mr. Mic M’Cormick, a friend of his, had agreed to paint him a new one; but he being desirous that the latter should contain some motto or general rule of his establishment, as a guide to the traveller who gazed on it, agreed with Mr. Mic M’Cormick that the words ‘Pay to-day and trust to-morrow’ should be inserted; the artist to be paid at the rate of twopence a word. When the sign was completed, Mr. M’Cormick had brought it home, but with the deficiency of the word ‘morrow,’ as above, which was owing to a want of room. The worthy host was not then, it appeared, so much concerned at this alteration, or rather destruction of his meaning, as about the settlement of the question whether ‘to-morrow’ was to be considered one or two words—upon that fact depending the number of twopences he was to pay. After some argument between themselves, an umpire was called in, who deciding that ‘to-morrow’ was but one word, the painter was deducted twopence, and the sign was put up.”

Irish Traveling.—“The first day

of our journey passed over without much event ; but we derived sufficient amusement from the peculiarities of the carman, a mop-headed, lark-limbed beauty, whose clothes were so ragged, that as he strode along, with his coat, shirt, and breeches, fluttering behind him, he put us in mind of a persevering ship making its way against a head-wind. This gentleman never whipped his horses when they were low-spirited and lazy, but reasoned with them, as though they had been a pair of the Houynhms, mentioned by Gulliver, or intelligent Christian beings. ‘Arrah, Barney,’ he’d say to the leader, ‘arn’t you a pretty spalpeen to suffer your own brother Teddy to lug the car up the hill by himself? Haven’t I set you before him as an example? Have you any heart to forget a friend bekase you don’t see him? Oh! bad luck to your faalings! Arrah, Teddy (to the other), don’t you see, my darling, what Barney is at? he wants to rin away from you, and get to the little shebeen-house half a mile off, and ate up all your corn before you come. Hurry, hurry, my darling, or divil the mouthful will he lave you!’ Strange as it may seem, these addresses produced the desired effect ; and Barney and Teddy, as shaggy as a pair of lions, would pluck up courage, and pull along like a couple of camels. Observing that one of them was lame, we noticed it to their owner, as an infringement of our contract. ‘Lame! your honor,’ he replied ; ‘no sich thing—the boy’s quite parfect; only, you see, it’s a way he has of resting one leg till the other three are tired.’ * * * *

“Isaac, or Iky Sparks as he was commonly termed, lodged for a time in a house with a Scotch doctor, who amused his leisure hours by learning to play the fiddle. These gentlemen, it must be remarked, were not upon the most amicable terms ; the Scotchman turning up his nose at Sparks as a ‘vogabond plee-actor ;’ and the lat-

ter retorting by calling him a ‘legal vampire,’ since he lived by the death of other people. The doctor made it an invariable rule to rise at daylight to practise, about which time the convivial Mr. Sparks was getting into his first nap. As their rooms were adjoining, it was a necessary result that Sparks lost his sleep ; and it soon became another, that he should lie awake to meditate revenge. He did not like to leave the house (perhaps he could not) ; but he resolved, if possible, to expel this fiddling Macbeth ‘who murdered sleep’ and was instrumental to his annoyance. One morning, he heard Mr. M‘Intosh the doctor desire Judy the servant, who waited on both of them, to go out and buy him a pennyworth of rosin for his ‘feedle ;’ and as she passed his door, he called her in and inquired her errand. ‘Sure I’m going to get some ros’n, Mr. Sparks, for Mr. M‘Intosh’s fiddle.’ ‘Ros’n, ros’n, you crachur!’ said Sparks ; ‘and isn’t ros’n you are going to ax for, Judy, arrant nonsense?’ ‘Arrah, Mr. Sparks!’ ‘Ros’n’s Latin, my jewel : the shopkeeper won’t understand you!’ ‘Latin! och sure, Mr. Sparks, I know naughting of Latin ; will your honor tell me what am I to ax for?’ ‘Say you want a piece of stick-brimstone, darling ; that’s English to spake, and good Irish in the bargain.’ The girl complied with his direction, procured the brimstone, and returning to Mr. M‘Intosh, presented it to him. ‘You dom ——!’ exclaimed the Scotchman, ‘what hae ye broot me?—what do ye ca’ this?’ ‘Brimstone, sir!’ ‘Breemstun! did I na send ye for roosin?’ ‘Plase your honor, and so you did ; but Mr. Sparks tould me that brimstone was the raal thing to ax for.’ Foam-ing with rage, away flew the doctor into Isaac’s room (who was listening to the result), and demanded of him how he dared to interfere with another person’s affairs, and alter his commands to the servant? ‘Why, Mr. M‘Intosh,’ said Isaac,

very coolly, 'what did you send for?' 'Roosin, sir—roosin for my feedle, and be domm'd to ye.' 'Well,' replied Sparks, 'I always thought brimstone was rosin for a *Scotch fiddle!*' * * *

"At the Castle Inn in Sligo we put up; and the landlord, having been formerly an actor, paid us great attention. His house contained the Sligo assembly-room, the wainscot of which I observed to be perforated in numerous places with bullet-holes, under which were written different names. I naturally requested an explanation; and my

host informed me, that this room being the 'largest and natest in the town,' whenever its gentlemen fell out, here they took occasion to fall in, and settle their differences in a gentlemanly way. I need not point out the advantages of such a place for such a purpose over the open field, both as respected its retirement and security, and the means it afforded the parties of recording their claims to honor. I would merely assure my reader hereby, that the old joke of 'pistols and coffee for two' originated in a very serious truth."

CUI BONO?

WHAT is Hope? a smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is Life? a thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore;—

Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is Man? a foolish baby,
Fighting fierce for hollow nuts;
Demanding all, deserving nothing—
One small grave is what he gets.

MY NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

Where is the poet's native land?
Where noble streams of genius flow,
Where lovely wreaths for beauty blow,
Where manly hearts with passion glow
For all that's holy, fair, and grand:—
THERE is my native land.

How named the poet's native land?
Now, all her noble spirit broke,
She pines beneath a foreign yoke;
Once she was named LAND OF THE OAK,
THE LAND OF FREEDOM—GERMAN LAND:—
So named my native land.

Why weeps the poet's native land?
That to the tyrant's stern decree
Her princes bow the suppliant knee,
And none proclaim their country free,
Or dare to join her patriot band:—
THIS weeps my native land.

Whom calls the poet's native land?
She calls on powers that slight her prayer,
With thunder-words of dark despair
For freedom—for a Saviour's care,
For the avenger's righteous hand:—
THIS calls my native land.

What would the poet's native land?
She would beat down the usurping race,
The blood-hound from her border chase,
Her free-born sons with freedom grace,
Or free the buried in the sand;—
THIS would my native land.

And hopes the poet's native land?
She hopes, for sacred justice' sake,
She hopes her sons will yet awake,
She hopes, that God her chains will break,
To see outstretch'd the avenging hand:—
THIS hopes my native land.

FABLES.

I.

"WHAT is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?" said a young larch-tree to a young oak; "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches; I am straight and

taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe." "And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life; and I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled

and sawed into paling, where thou rottest and art burned after a single summer : of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas."

The richer a nature, the harder and slower is its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar-school : John ever trim, precise, and dux ; Walter ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time, John became Baillie John of Hunter-square ; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe.

The quickest and completest of all vegetables, is the—cabbage.

II.

"It is I that support this household," said a hen one day to herself ; "the master cannot breakfast without an egg, for he is dyspeptical and would die ; and it is I that lay it. And here is this ugly poodle,

doing nothing earthly, and gets thrice the victuals I do, and is caressed all day ! By the cock of Minerva, they shall give me a double portion of oats, or they have eaten their last egg !" But much as she cackled and creaked, the scullion would not give her an extra grain. Whereupon, in dudgeon, she hid her next egg in the dung-hill, and did nothing but cackle and creak all day. The scullion suffered her for a week, then (by order) wrung her neck, and purchased other eggs—at sixpence the dozen.

Man ! why frettest and whinest thou ? This blockhead is happier than thou, and still a blockhead ? Ah, sure enough, thy wages are too low ! Wilt thou *strike work* with Providence, then, and force Him to an "alternative ?" Believe it, He will do without thee : *il n'y a point d'homme necessaire*.

THE DISASTERS OF JAN NADELTREIBER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THERE are a multitude of places on this wide globe that were never heard of since the day of creation ; and that never would become known to a soul beyond their own ten miles of circumference, except to those universal discoverers, the tax gatherers,—were it not for some spark of genius which suddenly kindles there, and carries their fame through all countries and all generations. This has been the case many times, and will be the case again. We are destined to hear the sound of names that our fathers never dreamt of ; and there are other spots now basking in God's blessed sunshine, of which the world knows and cares nothing, that shall, to our children, become places of worship and pilgrimage.

Something of this sort of glory was cast upon the little town of Rapps, in Bohemia, by the hero whose name stands conspicuously at the head of this story ; and whose

pleasant adventures I flatter myself I am destined still further to diffuse. Jan Nadeltreiber was the son of old Strauss Nadeltreiber, who had, as well as his ancestors before him, for six generations, practised, in the same little place, the most gentlemanly of all professions—that of a tailor, seeing that it was, before all others, used and sanctioned by our father Adam.

Now Jan was, from his boyhood, a remarkable person. His father had known his share of trouble ; and, having two sons, both older than Jan, naturally looked, in his old age, to reap some comfort and assistance from their united labors ; but they had successively fled from the shop-board. One had gone for a soldier, and was shot ; the other had learned the craft of a weaver, but, being too fond of his pot, had broken his neck by falling into a quarry as he returned home one night from a carousal. Jan was

left the sole staff for the old man to lean upon, and truly a worthy son he proved himself. He was as gentle as a dove, and as tender as a lamb. A cross word from his father when he made a cross stitch would almost break his heart ; but half a word of kindness revived him again, and he seldom went long without it,—for the old man, though rendered rather testy and crabbed in his temper by his many troubles and disappointments, was naturally of a loving, compassionate disposition, and, moreover, regarded Jan as the apple of his eye. Jan was of a remarkably light, slender, active make, full of life and mettle. This moment he was on the board, stitching away with as much velocity as if he was working for a funeral or a wedding at an hour's notice ; the next he was despatching his dinner at the same rate ; and the third beheld him running, leaping, and playing among his companions as blithe as a young kid. If he had a fault it was being too fond of his fiddle—it was his everlasting delight. One would have thought that his elbow had labor enough with jirking his needle some thirty thousand times in a day ; but it was in him a sort of universal joint—it never seemed to know what weariness was. His fiddle stood always on the board in a corner by him ; and no sooner had he ceased to brandish the needle than he began to brandish the fiddlestick. If he could ever be said to be lazy, it was when his father was gone out to measure, or try on, and his fiddle being too strong a temptation for him, he would seize upon it, and labor at it with all his might till he spied his father turning the next corner homewards. However, he was a pattern of filial duty with this trifling exception. And now the time was come that his father must die ;—his mother was dead long before, and he was left alone in the world ; but his fiddle, and the whole house, board, trade—what there was of it—all were his. When he

came to take stock, however, and make an inventory of what he was worth, it was precious little. His father seldom had much before hand when he had the whole place to himself ; and now, behold ! another had come from nobody knew where ; had taken a great house opposite, hoisted a tremendous sign, and threatened to carry away every shred of Jan's business. In the depth of his trouble he took to his fiddle ; from his fiddle to his bed ; and in his bed he had a dream, by which he was assured that could he once save the sum of fifty dollars it would be the seed of a fortune—that he should flourish far beyond the scale of old Strauss ;—should drive his antagonist in despair from the ground ;—should, in short, arrive at no less dignity than mayor of Rapps.

Jan was, as I have said, soon set up with the smallest spice of encouragement ;—he was, moreover, as light and nimble as a grasshopper, and that little animal would exactly represent him, could it be made to stand on end. His dream, therefore, was enough ; he vowed a vow of unconquerable might, and to it he went. Day and night he wrought—work came—it was done ; he wanted little—a crust of bread and a merry tune were all he needed. The money grew, the sum was nearly accomplished, when, returning one evening from carrying out some work—behold !—his door was open !—behold ! the lid of his pot where he deposited his treasure, was off ! the money was gone ! This was a terrible blow. Jan raised a vast commotion ; he did not even fail to insinuate that it might be the interloper opposite : who so likely as he who had his eye continually on Jan's door ? But no matter, the thief was clear off, and the only comfort he got from his neighbors was being rated for his stinginess. “ Ay ! ” said they, “ this comes of living like a curmudgeon in a great house by yourself, working your eyes out

to hoard up money. What must a young man like you do with scraping up pots full of money like a miser? It is a shame, it is a sin, it is a judgment; nothing better could come of it! At all events you might afford to have a light in the house. People are ever likely to rob you. They see a house as dark as an oven, they are sure nobody is in it; they go and steal, nobody can see them come out; but, was there a light burning, they would always think there was somebody in too. At all events you might have a light!"

"There is something in that," said Jan. He was not unreasonable, so he determined to have a light in future, and he fell to work again. Bad as his luck had been, he resolved not to be cast down,—he was as diligent and as thrifty as ever; and he resolved, when he became Mayor of Rapps, to be specially severe on sneaking thieves, who crept into houses that were left to the care of Providence and the municipal authorities. A light was everlastingly burning in his window now, and people, as they passed in the morning, said, "this man must have a good business which requires him to be up so early;" and they who passed in the evening said, "this man must be making a fortune, for he is busy at all hours." He leapt down from his board, at length, with the work that was to complete his sum—went—returned, with the future Mayor growing rapidly upon him; when, as he turned the corner of the street—men and mercies!—his house was in a full burst of flame, illuminating with a ruddy glow half the town, and all the faces of the inhabitants, who were collected to witness the catastrophe. Money, fiddle, shop-board, all were consumed; and when poor Jan danced and capered in the very extasy of his distraction, "Ay," said his neighbors, "this comes of leaving a light in an empty house. It was just the thing to happen; why don't

you get somebody to take care of things in your absence?"

Jan stood corrected; for, as I have said, he was soon touched to the quick; and when his anger was a little abated, he thought there was reason in what they said. So, bating not a jot of his determination to save, he took the very next house, which luckily happened to be at liberty, and he got a journeyman. For a long time it appeared hard and hopeless: there were two mouths to feed, instead of one; wages to pay; and not much more work done than he could manage himself. But still the money grew, slowly—very slowly—but still it grew; and Jan pitched upon a secure place, to his thinking, to conceal it in. Alas, poor Jan! he had often, in his heart, grumbled at the slowness of his journeyman's hands, but his eyes had been quick enough; and one morning before Jan was up, the fellow had cleared out his hiding-place, and was gone: This was more than he could bear. He was perfectly cast down—disheartened—and inconsolable. "Ah!" said his officious neighbors, coming in to condole with him, "cheer up, man! there is nothing amiss yet. What signifies a few dollars? You will soon get plenty more with those nimble fingers of yours; you want only somebody to help you to keep them. You must get a wife. Journeymen were thieves from the first generation; you must get married." "Get married!" thought Jan—he was struck all in a heap at the very mention of it. "Get married! what! fine clothes to go a wooing in; and fine presents to go a wooing with; and parson's fees, and clerk's fees, and wedding-dinner, and dancing, and drinking; and then doctor's fees, and nurse's fees, and children without end—it is ruin upon ruin! The fifty dollars, and the mayoralty—they might wait till doomsday. Well, that is good," thought Jan, as he took a little more breath,—“they first counseled me to get a light—then

went house and all in a bonfire ;—next, I must get a journeyman—then went the money ; and now they would have me bring on myself more plagues than Moses brought upon Egypt. Nay, nay,” thought Jan, “you’ll not catch me there neither.”

Jan all this time was seated on his shop-board, stitching away at an amazing rate on a garment that the rascally Wagner should have finished to order at six o’clock that morning, instead of absconding with his money ; and, ever and anon, so far forgetting his loss, in what appeared to him the ludicrousness of this advice, as freely to laugh out. All that day the idea continued to run in his head ; the next, it had lost much of its freshness ; the third, it appeared not so odd as awful ; the fourth, he began to ask himself whether it might be quite so momentous as his imagination had painted it ; the fifth, he really thought it was not so bad neither ; the sixth, it had so worked round in his head, that it had fairly got on the other side,—it appeared clearly to have its advantages—children did not come scampering into the house all at once like a flock of lambs—a wife might help to gather as well as to spend, might possibly bring something of her own, would be a perpetual watch and housekeeper in his absence, and might speak a word of comfort in trouble when even his fiddle was dumb ; on the seventh, he was off ! whither ?

Why it so happened, that once he had accompanied his father to see an old relation in the mountains of the Bøhmer-Wald, and there, among the damsels who danced to the sound of his fiddle, was a certain bergman’s comely daughter, who, having got into his head in some odd association with his fiddle, could not be got out of it again ; especially as he fancied, from some cause or other, that the simple creature had a lurking fondness for both his music and himself. Away he went, and he was right : the damsel made no objection to his overtures. Tall, stout,

fresh, pleasant, growth of the open air and the hills, as she was, she never dreamt of despising the little skipping tailor of Rapps, though he was a head shorter than herself, and not a third of her weight. She had heard his music, and she had never heard of such a thing as family pride. But the old people ! they were in perfect hysterics of wrath and contempt. Their daughter ! the sole remnant, with the exception of one brother now on a visit to his uncle in Germany, of an old substantial house, who had fed their flocks and their herds on the hills for three generations !—it was death ! poison ! pestilence ! Nevertheless, as Jan and the damsel were agreed, everything else was nothing—they were married. Jan, it must be confessed, was exceedingly exasperated that the future mayor of Rapps should be thus estimated and treated, and determined to show a little spirit. As his fiddle entered into all his schemes, he resolved to have music at his wedding ; and, no sooner did he and his bride issue from the church-door, than out broke the harmony which he had provided. The fiddle played merrily, “you’ll repent, repent, repent—you’ll repent, you’ll repent—you’ll repent, repent, repent ;” and the bassoon replied, in surly tones, “and soon, and soon.” Thus they played till they reached the inn, where they dined, and then set off for Rapps.

It is true, that there was little happiness in this affair to any one. The old people were full of anger, curses, and threats of total disownment ; Jan’s pride was pricked and perforated till he was as sore as if he had been tattooed with his own needle and bodkin ; and his wife was completely drowned in sorrow at such a parting from her parents, and with no little sense of remorse for her disobedience. Nevertheless, they reached home—things began to assume, gradually, a more composed aspect ; Jan loved his wife, she loved him—he was industrious, she was careful ; and they trusted,

in time, to bring her parents round, when they should see that they were doing well in the world.

Again the saving scheme began to haunt Jan ; but he had one luckless notion, which was destined to cost him no little vexation. He had inherited from his father, together with his stock in trade, a stock of old maxims, amongst which one of the chief was, that a woman cannot keep a secret. Acting on this creed, he not only never told his wife of his project of becoming mayor of Rapps, but he did not even give her reason to suppose that he had laid up a shilling ; and that she might not happen to stumble on his money, he took care to carry it always about him. It was his delight, when he got into a quiet corner, or as he came along a retired lane from his errands, to take it out, and count it, and calculate when it would amount to this sum, and to that, and when the proposed sum would really be his own. Now it happened one day that having been a good deal absorbed in these speculations, he had loitered away a precious piece of time ; and, suddenly coming to himself, he set off, as was his wont, on a kind of easy trot—in which his small, light form thrown forward, his pale, grey-eyed, earnest-looking visage thrown towards the sky, and his long sky-blue coat flying in a stream behind him, he cut one of the most extraordinary figures in the world. On checking his pace as he entered the town, he involuntarily clapped his hand upon his pocket, when, behold ! his money was gone ; it had slipped away through a hole it had worn. In the wildness and bitterness of his loss he turned back, heartily cursing the spinner and weaver of that most detestable piece of buckram that composed his breeches-pocket ; that they had put it together so villainously as to break down with the carriage of a few dollars, halfpence, thimbles, balls of wax and thread, and a few other sundries, after the trifling wear of seven years, nine months,

and nineteen days. He was pacing, step by step, after his lost treasure, when up came his wife, running like one wild, and telling him, as well as she could for want of breath, that he must come that instant, for the Ritter of Flachenflaps had brought new liveries for all his servants, and threatened, if he did not see Jan in five minutes, to carry the work over to the other side of the street. Here was a perplexity ! The money was not to be found, and if it were found in the presence of his wife, he regarded it as no better than lost ; but found it was not, and he was forced to tell a lie into the bargain, being caught in the act of searching for something, and say he had lost his thimble ; and, to make bad worse, he was in danger of losing a good job, and all the Ritter's work forever, as a consequence. Away he ran, then, groaning inwardly, at full speed ; and arriving, out of breath, saw the Ritter's carriage drawn up at his opponent's door ! Wormwood upon wormwood ! His money was lost ! and his best customer was not only lost, but thrown into the hands of his detested enemy ! There he beheld him and his man in a prime bustle from day to day, while his own house was deserted. All people went where the Ritter went, of course. His adversary was flourishing out of all bounds ; he had got a horse, to ride out and take orders, and was likely to become mayor ten years before Jan had ten dollars of his own. It was too much for even his sanguine temperament : he sank down to the very depths of despair ; his fiddle had lost its music ; he could not abide to hear it ; he sat moody and disconsolate, with a beard an inch long. His wife, for some time, hoped it would go off ; but, seeing it come to this, she began to console and advise, to rouse his courage and his spirits. She told him it was that horse which gave the advantage to his neighbor. While he went trudging on foot, wearying himself and wasting his time, people came, grew impatient, and

would not wait. She offered, therefore, to borrow her neighbor's ass for him, and advised him to ride out daily a little way : it would look as though he had business in the country ; it would look as if his time was precious ; it would look well, and do his health good into the bargain. Jan liked her counsel ; he sounded exceedingly discreet ; he always thought her a gem of a woman, but he never imagined her half so able. What a pity a woman could not be trusted with a secret ! else had she been a helpmate past all reckoning.

The ass, however, was got—out rode Jan—looking amazingly hurried and half crazed with care, people fancied he was half crazed with stress of business. Work came in—things went flowingly on again ; Jan blessed his stars ; and as he grasped his cash, he every day stitched it into the crown of his cap. No more pots—no more hiding holes—no more breeches-pockets for him ; he put it under the guardianship of his own strong thread and dexterous needle. It went on exceedingly well. Accidents, however, will occur if men will not trust their wives ; and especially if they will not avoid awkward habits. Now Jan had a strange habit of sticking his needles on his breeches' knees, as he sat at work ; and sometimes he would have half a dozen on each knee for half a dozen days. His wife told him to take them out when he came down from his board, and often took them out herself, but it was of no use. He was just in this case one day as he rode out to take measure of a gentleman about five miles off. The ass, to his thinking, was in a remarkably brisk mood. Off it went, without whip or spur, at a good active trot, and not satisfied with trotting, soon fairly proceeded to a gallop. Jan was full of wonder at the beast : commonly it tired his arm worse with thrashing it, during his hour's ride, than the exercise of his goose and sleeve-board did for a whole day ; but now he was fain to pull it in. It was to no purpose—

faster than ever it dashed on—prancing, running sideways, wincing and beginning to show a most ugly temper. What, in the name of all Balaams, could possess the animal, he could not for his life conceive. The only chance of safety appeared to be in clinging with both arms and legs to it, like a boa-constrictor to its victim ; when, shy ! away it flew as if it were driven by a legion of devils. In a moment it stopped ;—down went its head—up went its infernal heels—and Jan found himself some ten yards off in the middle of a pond. He escaped drowning—you might as easily have drowned a rush ; but his cap was gone—the dollars in the crown had sunk it past recovery. He came home dripping like a drowned mouse, with a most deplorable tale, but with no more knowledge of the cause of his disaster than the man in the moon, till he tore his fingers on the needles in abstracting his wet clothes.

Fortune now seemed to have said, as plainly as she could speak—“Jan, confide in your wife. You see all your schemes without her, fail. Open your heart to her ;—deal fairly—generously, and you will reap the sweets of it.” It was all in vain ;—he had not yet come to his senses. Obstinate as a mule, he determined to try once more. But, good bye to the ass ! The only thing he resolved to mount was his shop-board ; that bore him well, and brought him continual good, could he only contrive to keep it.

His wife, I said, was from the mountains ; she therefore liked the sight of trees. Now in Jan's backyard there was neither tree nor turf ; so she got some tubs, and in them she planted a variety of fir-trees, which made a pleasant appearance, and gave a help to her imagination of the noble pines of her native scenes. In one of these tubs Jan conceived the singular idea of depositing his treasure. “Nobody will meddle with the tubs,” he thought ; so, accordingly, from week to week, he concealed in one of them

his acquisitions. This had gone on a long time. He had been out collecting some of his debts ; he had succeeded beyond his hopes. He came back exulting ; the sum was saved ; and, in the gladness of his heart, he had bought his wife a new gown. He bounded into the house with the lightness of seventeen ; his wife was not there ; he looked into the yard—saints and angels !—what is that ? He beheld his wife busy with the trees ; they were uprooted, and laid on the ground, and every particle of soil was thrown out of the tubs. In the delirium of consternation he flew to ask what she had been doing—“ Oh, the trees did not flourish, poor things ; they looked sickly and pinning ; she determined to give them some soil more suitable to their natures ; she had thrown the other earth into the river at the bottom of the yard.” “ And you have thrown into the river the boarding of three years—the money which had cost me many a weary day, and many an anxious night—the money which would have made our fortunes—in short, that would have made me mayor of Rapps,” exclaimed Jan, perfectly thrown off his guard to the exposure of his secret ! “ Why did you not tell me of it ? ” said his wife, kindly, gently, and self-reproachingly. “ Ay, that is a question ! ” said he. And it *was* a question ; for, spite of his apparent testiness, it had occurred to his mind some dozens of times ; and now it came back with such an unction, that even when he thought he treated it with contempt, it had fixed itself upon his better reason, and never left him till it had worked a most fortunate revolution. He said to himself, “ had I told my wife from the first, it could not possibly have happened worse ; and it is very likely it would have happened better ; for the future, then, be it so ! ” Wherefore he unfolded to her the whole history and mystery of his troubles and his hopes. Now Mrs. Jan Nadeltreiber had great cause to feel herself offended, most grievously

offended ; but she was not at all of a touchy temper. She was a sweet, tender, patient creature, who desired her husband’s honor and prosperity beyond everything. So she sat down, and in the most mild, yet acute and able manner, laid down to him a plan of operations, and promised him such aids and succors, that, struck at once with shame, contrition, and admiration, he sprang up, clasped her to his heart, called her the very gem of womanhood, and skipped three or four times across the floor like a man gone out of his senses. The truth is, however, he was but just come into them.

From this day, a new life was begun in Jan’s house. There he sat at his work—there sat his wife by his side, aiding and contriving with a woman’s wit, a woman’s love, and a woman’s adroitness. She was worth ten journeymen. Work never came in faster, never gave such satisfaction, never brought in so much money ; and, besides, such harmony and affection was there in the house, such delectable discourse did they hold together ! There was nothing to conceal ; Jan’s thoughts flowed like a great stream, and when they grew a little wild and visionary, as they were apt to do, his wife smoothed and reduced them to sobriety, with such a delicate tact, that, so far from feeling offended, he was delighted beyond expression with her prudence. The fifty dollars were raised in almost no time ; and, as if the prognostic of their being the seed of a fortune were to be fulfilled immediately, they came in opportunely to purchase a lot of cloth, which more than trebled its cost, and gave infinite satisfaction to his customers. Jan saw that the tide was rapidly rising with him, and his wife urged him to push on with it ; to take a larger house ; to get more hands, and to cut such a figure as should at once eclipse his rival. The thing was done ; but, as their capital was still found scanty for such an establishment, his wife resolved to try what she could do to increase it.

I should have said, had not the current of Jan's disasters run too strong upon me, that his wife's parents were dead, and died without giving her any token of reconciliation; a circumstance which, although it cut her to the heart, did not quite cast her down, feeling that she had done nothing but what a parent might forgive,—being, all of us, creatures alike liable to err, and demanding, alike, some little indulgence for our weaknesses and our fancies. The brother was now sole representative of the family, and, knowing the generosity of his nature, she determined to pay him a visit, although in a condition very unfit for traveling. She went; her brother received her with all his early affection: in his house her first child was born; and so much did she and her bantling win upon his heart, that, when the time came that she must return, nothing would serve but he must take her himself. She had been so loud in the praises of Jan, that he determined to go and shake him by the hand.

It would have done any one good to see this worthy mountaineer setting forth; himself firmly seated on his great horse, his sister behind him, and the brat slung safely on one side, cradled in his corn-hopper. It would have been equally pleasant to see him set down his charge at the door of Jan's new house, and behold with wonder that merry minikin of a man, all smiles and gesticulations, come forth to receive them. The contrast be-

tween Jan and his brother-in-law was truly amusing. He a shadow-like homunculus, so light and dry that every wind threatened to blow him before it; the bergman with a countenance like the rising sun, the stature of a giant, and limbs like an elephant. Jan watched with considerable anxiety the experiment of his kinsman's seating himself in a chair: the chair however stood firm, and the good man surveyed Jan in return, with a curious and critical air, as if doubtful whether he must hold him in contempt for the want of that solid matter of which he himself had too much. Jan's good qualities, however, got the better of him. "The man is a man," said he to himself, very philosophically, "and as he is good to my sister, he shall know of it." So, as he took his departure, he seized one of Jan's hands with a cordial gripe, that was felt through every limb, and into the other he put a bag of one thousand dollars! "My sister shall not be a beggar in her husband's house; this is properly her own, and much good may it do you!"

I need not prolong my story. The new tailor soon fled before the star of Jan's ascendancy. Jan was speedily installed in the office of Mayor of Rapps, in his eyes the highest of all earthly dignities; and, if he had one trouble left, it was only in the reflection that he might have obtained his wishes years before, had he better understood the heart of a good woman.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. I.

EVENING DRESS.—HALF LENGTH.

A DRESS of white gaze de Lyon, corsage uni, cut low and square, and trimmed round the bust with a triple fall of tulle arranged à revers; a fourth fall stands up round the bust. Sleeve formed of a single

bouffant, and terminated by a *manchette* of embroidered tulle. The hat is of lavender bloom crape. The brim wide but not very deep. It is trimmed on the inside with a *nœud* and *coques* of green gauze ribbon, and a very large *nœud* of ribbon is placed in front of the crown.

FIG. II.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—HALF LENGTH.

A jaconot muslin pelisse, with a triple pelerine and falling collar, trimmed as well as the fronts of the dress with narrow lace. *Manche à quatre bouffans*. *Chapeau-capote* of rice-straw, ornamented on the inside of the brim with gauze ribbons in a novel style. A superb plume, consisting of six ostrich feathers, placed on one side, droops over the brim : the strings tie in a full bow on the right side.

FIG. III.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—HALF LENGTH.

A printed muslin dress, over which is a *canzou* of fine cambric : the back is made *en pelerine*, the front *en robe*, a double fall of trimming disposed in deep plaits goes round the back and shoulders, and a row of *bouillonné* attached to two *entre deux* of embroidered cambric goes round the last immediately above the trimming. The ruff and *mentonnières* are of blond net. The hat is of white *gros de Naples* ; the brim, somewhat

closer than is generally worn, is ornamented on the inside with *coques* of rose-colored gauze ribbon lightly striped with black. Knots composed of ends only, and intermixed with sprigs of roses, decorate the crown. The strings tie in a full bow under the chin.

FIG. IV.

DINNER DRESS.—HALF LENGTH.

A *gros de Naples* gown ; the color *vert de Saxe*. The *corsage* is made high and plain behind, but partially open and disposed in folds on the bosom. The upper part of the sleeve is extremely wide, but it is confined near the wrist by two bands placed at regular distances, which form the fulness into a *bouffant*. *Chemisette* of white blond net. It falls over the *corsage* of the dress, and is trimmed with blond lace ; it is rounded behind, and forms a point in front. The hat is of white crape ; the brim edged with a *ruche* of *tulle*, and the crown trimmed with *nœuds* of white gauze ribbon, lightly fringed at the edges.

THE GATHERER.

“ Little things have their value.”

THE high strain of moral reflection with which Browne closes his Treatise on Unburial, affords passages of splendid eloquence that cannot easily be equaled. For example—

“ There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors’. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter ; to hope for eternity by any metrical epithets, or first letters of our names ; to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

“ The night of time far surpasseth the day—who knows when was the æquinox ? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment.—Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings. Who knows whether the best of men be known : or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that

stand remembered in the known account of time ?—The sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state, after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature.”

Dr. Gooch.—In the autumn of 1822, Gooch made a tour through North Wales ; and on his return passed a day in the company of Dr. Parr, at Warwick. They had previously met in London ; and Gooch afterwards gave an account of these two interviews in a lively paper, which was printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and entitled Two Days with Dr. Parr. On this occasion, when speaking of the different professions, and relative advantages and disadvantages of each, Parr said the most desirable was that of physic, which was equally favorable to a man's moral sentiments and intellectual faculties. One of the party reminded him of his first interview with Dr. Johnson. “ I remember it well,” said Parr ; “ I gave him no quarter,

—the subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great : whilst he was arguing I observed that he stamped ; upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, ‘ Why do you stamp, Dr. Parr ? ’ I replied, ‘ Sir, because you stamped ; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument.’ ”

Concatenation.—In 1765, a young man, who had just terminated his course of theology at the seminary of Avignon, went to Paris, where he had not a single acquaintance. On his journey, he fell in with two youths, who, like himself, had scarcely attained their twentieth year. One had studied the law, the other was already an M.D. They mutually interchanged an avowal of the projects and hopes which drew them towards the capital. “ I,” said the scholar of Hippocrates, “ wish to be Member of the Academy of Science, and Physician to the King.” “ I,” resumed the student of Bartholus, “ wish to be Advocate General,” and “ I,” said the student of Avignon, “ wish to be Chaplain to the King, and one of the Forty Members of the French Academy.” If our young heroes had not been alone in the carriage, every other hearer would have laughed at their imprudence, and pronounced all these fine projects so many castles in the air ; but, how ignorantly of the chances of human life ! The young physician was afterwards Dr. Portal ; the young advocate became the celebrated M. Treillard ; and the young student rose to a scarlet hat as Cardinal Maury !

The Orange Tree—may be considered as one of the graces of the vegetable world, uniting in itself a multiplicity of charms. It is a tree of handsome growth, with polished evergreen leaves of the most elegant form, a profusion of beautiful and fragrant flowers, and a wholesome and delicious fruit, cased in gold, which has inspired the poets with a thousand exquisite images. Yet, not satisfied with all these perfections, it insists upon yet further provoking the *genus irritabile*, by possessing them all at once ; the delicate white blossoms breathing out their sweetness upon the very cheeks of the glowing fruit. Such is the *beauty* of the tree ; ask the feverish invalid if its *benevolence* be not yet greater.

Truth, or a Fact.—A gentleman much in the habit of story-telling, (in its best sense), had acquired a habit also of prefacing his narrations with, “ *Now I’ll tell you a fact ;* ” but unfortunately, whatever degree of credit his friends were inclined to afford to these “ facts,” it was invariably destroyed by his winding up his tales with one prefaced thus :—“ But now, do listen, for now, I assure you, I am going to tell you a *REAL fact* ! ”

Highland Quarter.—A Highlander, whose regiment, having been surrounded, had cut their way out with the broad sword, with the loss of half their number,

being the last in retreating, and highly chafed, was stopped by a forward Frenchman returning from the pursuit, who charged him with his bayonet, but soon finding the disadvantage of his weapon, cried out, “ *quarter !* ”—“ *Quarter ye,*” said Donald, “ *te muckle teefil may quarter ye for me !* Py my soul I’fæ nae time to *quarter ye* ; ye maun e’en pe contentit to be cuttit in *two !* ” making his head fly from his shoulders.

Beautiful Remark.—A venerable gentleman lately conversing with a friend upon religious topics, said, “ I have no time to pray.” “ Ay, sir ? ” replied the other, gravely, and with an ominous glance of reproof, “ does the world and its affairs *yet* occupy so entirely your thoughts and time ? ” “ No, no,” rejoined the good old man, “ heaven forbid ! but I have not time to *pray*, because it is all occupied in *thanksgiving* ! ”

An original Idea.—A line frequently quoted by writers of every calibre, and yet which it would probably puzzle most of them to find in the modern poets, occurs in the works of Sir W. Jones, and is considered to be strictly that *rara avis* in literature—an *original idea* :—

“ Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung ;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But oh ! far sweeter if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.”

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE distinguished American novelist, Cooper, has a new production in three volumes in the press, under the attractive title of “ *The Watch.* ” New editions are preparing of his popular novels of “ *The Prairie,* ” and “ *The Borderers.* ”

Mrs. S. C. Hall, the author of “ *Chronicles of a School Room,* ” is preparing for the press a volume, entitled, “ *Anecdotes of Birds.* ”

An Authentic and Impartial Narrative of the Events which took place in Paris on July 27, 28 and 29, with an Account of the Occurrences preceding and following, is in preparation.

The Churchyard Lyrist, consisting of Five Hundred original Inscriptions for Tombs, is preparing for the press.

The Monthly Libraries and similar publications, i. e. such as are produced periodically and contain much matter at a cheap rate, are becoming, even with all their numbers, more popular than ever. Since the new Waverley Novel series commenced, about fifteen months ago, above 300,000 copies have been sold, and nearly 100,000*l.* been paid for them by the public !!!

Sir Walter Scott is engaged on a continuation of *Tales of a Grandfather* : the new volumes are to be taken from French history, and are looked for at Christmas, or soon after.





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AFFECTATION.

AMONG the many vices and follies to which human nature is prone, there is not one which shows its imperfection and inconsistency in so glaring a light as that of affectation. If men only affected such qualities as they might reasonably be desirous of possessing, this failing might not be without its use : the habit of assuming an appearance of virtue and good sense, would, perhaps, lead to the possession of them, or at least engender a certain degree of respect for all that is worthy and estimable ; and many people would doubtless discover this very useful fact, that the attainment of excellence is easier than the affectation of it, which can seldom be practised with complete success. But, unfortunately, few take the pains to affect those endowments which, if really possessed, would do them credit. It is to the most childish, the most contemptible habits, that affectation commonly leads ; and many a person assumes imperfections and weaknesses that are far from belonging to his character, and which, if he thought seriously on the subject, he would hasten to disclaim. To be free from all pretence, and to maintain, as it is usually termed, *a natural character*, is considered with approval in either sex ; and one would therefore suppose, that a commendation so easily deserved would be very generally laid claim to, and that perfect simplicity, that is, the absence of all affectation,

must become too universal for remark. Yet we do not find it so : we see people make a great effort to appear easy and natural ; but effort only leads them farther from nature, and even simplicity must be the effect of habit. We often hear a man of good education say coarse, blunt things ; or a woman who *can* speak rationally, chatter the most puerile nonsense, in order to pass for a *natural character* ; forgetting that the propensities natural to one mind are foreign to another ; and debasing the nobler nature, to affect that which is mean and insipid. It should be remembered that, by long habit, that which was at first assumed becomes natural ; that the drawl, the swagger, the foolish lisp, or the vulgar idiom, adopted at the age of twenty, will be unconquerable at twenty-five ; that common sense, however deeply implanted, will not thrive without cultivation ; and that he who neglects to use his reason in youth, may be pretty sure of becoming a mere driveller before his hairs are grey. At the first view it appears totally unaccountable how such a vice as affectation can exist, since we see no inducement that any one can have for rendering himself, in any respect, more imperfect than nature has already made him. But a moment's reflection will show as, that the main-spring of this as well as of many other errors, is self-love, which, if not carefully checked, engenders a con-

stant desire to attract notice, no matter by what means ; an effort to shine, without ceasing ; and a total forgetfulness of a rule admitting of very few exceptions—that the most beautiful objects lose a part of their attraction by being placed in too

strong a light. A person with only just sense enough *to be quiet*, will always make a better figure than he who, in his anxiety to obtain applause, suffers his efforts to degenerate into affectation, and, intolerant of neglect, cannot fail to incur ridicule.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF LITERATURE.

It must be allowed that the French do showy things in the most showy style of any nation of Europe. One of their old merits was the patronage of Literature. From Louis the Fourteenth down to Napoleon, they had the honorable ambition of struggling for the precedence in every class of literary fame ; and the allowable dexterity of flattering the leading writers of all countries into a *regard* for France. They gave little distinctions, little medals, little pensions, and little titles to the little men of academies in all lands, and reaped the full harvest of those donations in praise.

The Russians, always imitators of the *Grande Nation*, and extremely anxious to play the same part on the continent, whether with the pen or the pike, the cannon or the *corde rouge* ; have been for some years trying the same plan, and giving rings, like thimbles, set with diamonds that certainly have a villainous likeness to Bristol stones ; but those rings were given to all sorts of people for all sorts of things : for a new pattern of a joint-stool, for a five-shilling compilation of barbarous poetry, for a pair of breeches cut out of the living bear, for a tetotum on a new and infallible construction, “warranted to spin,” for a print of the features of some grim Slavonic ancestor, some Count of Wolfania, or Duke of Saberland, taken from the original carving in the Church of our Holy Mother of Kasan, or for a quarto of Travels through Russia, with all the anecdotes, from the newspapers, all the discoveries, from the road-books, all the history, from the tables

d’hôte, and all the “vignettes, views, inscriptions,” original,—from the print-shops.

On these brilliant productions even the thimbles of the Czar Nicholas were thrown away ; and the imperial liberality being fairly exhausted some time since, and finding that no European fame redounded to it from the labors of “illustrious men” (unknown in any country but their own, and there known only to be laughed at), has prohibited “All men by these presents,” in future to dedicate book, or send print, or transmit sleeve-button, and above all to insult it with poetry. The Russian ambassador has received strict orders, on pain of the knout, not to transmit any further beggar’s petition of this kind to his Imperial Majesty ; and notice has been given to contributors in general that, though Siberia is but a month’s journey from St. Petersburg, the Czar is about locating a new settlement for their benefit within sight of the Pole.

Louis Philippe, however, is beginning on a better plan, much more useful to the world, and which will repay France much more steadily in praise (to this we have no objection) than money lavished on such slippery personages as the mob of authorship. We are informed that “The King of the French has given instructions to a distinguished *littérateur* to obtain for him a correct list of all the literary and scientific bodies in Europe, with a precise account of their charitable institutions, in order that he may subscribe to those which he considers the most deserving of support. It is

stated that at present the king bestows nearly one million of francs per annum, directly, or indirectly, in the encouragement of literature and science ; and that he insists

upon each of his children patronising works of art to an extent justified by the pecuniary means which he has placed at their disposal." This is manly, and kingly too.

EXPLANATION.

MARGARET BURNSIDE was an orphan. Her parents, who had been the poorest people in the parish, had died when she was a mere child ; and as they had left no near relatives, there were few or none to care much about the desolate creature, who might be well said to have been left friendless in the world. True, that the feeling of charity is seldom wholly wanting in any heart ; but it is generally but a cold feeling among hard-working folk, towards objects out of the narrow circle of their own family affections, and selfishness has a ready and strong excuse in necessity. There seems, indeed, to be a sort of chance in the lot of the orphan offspring of paupers. On some the eye of Christian benevolence falls at the very first moment of their uttermost destitution—and their worst sorrows, instead of beginning, terminate with the tears shed over their parents' graves. They are taken by the hands, as soon as their hands have been stretched out for protection, and admitted as inmates into households, whose doors, had their fathers and mothers been alive, they would never have darkened. The light of comfort falls upon them during the gloom of grief, and attends them all their days. Others, again, are overlooked at the first fall of affliction, as if in some unaccountable fatality ; the wretchedness with which all have become familiar, no one very tenderly pities ; and thus the orphan, reconciled herself to the extreme hardships of her condition, lives on uncheered by those sympathies out of which grow both happiness and virtue, and yielding by degrees to the constant pressure of

her lot, becomes poor in spirit as in estate, and either vegetates like an almost worthless weed that is carelessly trodden on by every foot, or if by nature born a flower, in time loses her lustre, and all her days—not long—leads the life not so much of a servant as of a slave.

Such, till she was twelve years old, had been the fate of Margaret Burnside. Of a slender form and weak constitution, she had never been able for much work ; and thus from one discontented and harsh master and mistress to another, she had been transferred from house to house—always the poorest—till she came to be looked on as an encumbrance rather than a help in any family, and thought hardly worth her bread. Sad and sickly she sat on the braces herding the kine. It was supposed that she was in a consumption—and as the shadow of death seemed to lie on the neglected creature's face, a feeling something like love was awakened towards her in the heart of pity, for which she showed her gratitude by still attending to all household tasks with an alacrity beyond her strength. Few doubted that she was dying—and it was plain that she thought so herself ; for the Bible, which, in her friendlessness, she had always read more than other children, who were too happy to reflect often on the Word of that Being from whom their happiness flowed, was now, when leisure permitted, seldom or never out of her hands, and in lonely places, where there was no human ear to hearken, did the dying girl often support her heart when quaking in natural fears of the grave, by singing to herself hymns and psalms. But her hour was not

yet come—though by the inscrutable decrees of Providence doomed to be hideous—and sad with almost inexpiable guilt. As for herself—she was innocent as the linnet that sang beside her in the broom, and innocent was she to be up to the last throbbings of her religious heart. When the sunshine fell on the leaves of her Bible, the orphan seemed to see in the holy words, brightening through the radiance, assurances of forgiveness of all her sins—small sins indeed—yet to her humble and contrite heart exceeding great—and to be pardoned only by the intercession of Him who died for us on the tree. Often, when clouds were in the sky, and blackness covered the Book, Hope died away from the discolored page—and the lonely creature wept and sobbed over the doom denounced on all who sin and repent not—whether in deed or in thought. And thus religion became with her an awful thing—till, in her resignation, she feared to die. But look on that flower by the hill-side path, withered, as it seems, beyond the power of sun and air, and dew and rain, to restore it to the beauty of life. Next day, you happen to return to the place, its leaves are of a dazzling green, its blossoms of a dazzling crimson, and its joyful beauty is felt over all the wilderness. So was it with this Orphan. Nature, as if kindling towards her in sudden love, not only restored her in a few weeks to life—but to perfect health; and ere long she, whom few had looked at, and for whom still fewer cared, was acknowledged to be the fairest girl in all the parish—and the most beautiful of any while she continued to sit, as she had always done from very childhood, on the *poor's form* in the lobby of the kirk. Such a face, such a figure, and such a manner, in one so poorly attired, and so meanly placed, attracted the eyes of the young Ladies in the Patron's Gallery. Margaret Burnside was taken under their especial protection—

sent for two years to a superior school, where she was taught all things useful for persons in humble life—and while yet scarcely fifteen, returning to her native parish, was appointed teacher of a small school of her own, to which were sent all the female children that could be spared from home, from those of parents poor as her own had been, up to those of the farmers and small proprietors, who knew the blessings of a good education—and that without it, the minister may preach in vain. And thus Margaret Burnside grew and blossomed like the lily of the field—and every eye blessed her—and she drew her breath in gratitude, piety, and peace.

Thus a few happy and useful years passed by—and it was forgotten by all—but herself—that Margaret Burnside was an orphan. But to be without one near and dear blood-relative in all the world, must often, even to the happy heart of youthful innocence, be more than a pensive—a painful thought; and therefore, though Margaret Burnside was always cheerful among her little scholars, and wore a sweet smile on her face, yet in the retirement of her own room (a pretty parlor, with a window looking into a flower-garden), and on her walks among the braes, her mien was somewhat melancholy, and her eyes wore that touching expression, which seems doubtfully to denote—neither joy nor sadness—but a habit of soul which, in its tranquillity, still partakes of the mournful, as if memory dwelt often on past sorrows, and hope scarcely ventured to indulge in dreams of future repose. That profound orphan-feeling embued her whole character; and sometimes when the young Ladies from the castle smiled praises upon her, she retired in unendurable gratitude to her chamber—and wept.

Among the friends at whose houses she visited were the family at Moorside, the highest hill-farm in

the parish, and on which her father had been a hind. It consisted of the master, a man whose head was grey, his son and daughter, and a grandchild, her scholar, whose parents were dead. Gilbert Adamson had long been a widower—indeed his wife had never been in the parish, but had died abroad. He had been a soldier in his youth and prime of manhood; and when he came to settle at Moorside, he had been looked at with no very friendly eyes; for evil rumors of his character had preceded his arrival there—and in that peaceful pastoral parish, far removed from the world's strife, suspicions, without any good reason perhaps, had attached themselves to the morality and religion of a man, who had seen much foreign service, and had passed the best years of his life in the wars. It was long before these suspicions faded away, and with some they still existed in an invincible feeling of dislike, or even aversion. But the natural fierceness and ferocity which, as these peaceful dwellers among the hills imagined, had at first, in spite of his efforts to control them, often dangerously exhibited themselves in fiery outbreaks, advancing age had gradually subdued; Gilbert Adamson had grown a hard-working and industrious man; affected, if he followed it not in sincerity, even an austere religious life; and as he possessed more than common sagacity and intelligence, he had acquired at last, if not won, a certain ascendency in the parish, even over many whose hearts never opened nor warmed towards him—so that he was now an elder of the kirk—and, as the most unwilling were obliged to acknowledge, a just steward to the poor. His grey hairs were not honored, but it would not be too much to say that they were respected. Many who had doubted him before came to think they had done him injustice, and sought to wipe away their fault by regarding him with esteem, and showing themselves willing to interchange

all neighborly kindness and services with all the family at Moorside. His son, though somewhat wild and unsteady, and too much addicted to the fascinating pastimes of flood and field, often so ruinous to the sons of labor, and rarely long pursued against the law without vitiating the whole character, was a favorite with all the parish. Singularly handsome, and with manners above his birth, Ludovic was welcome wherever he went, both with young and old. No merry-making could deserve the name without him, and at all meetings for the display of feats of strength and agility, far and wide, through more counties than one, he was the champion. Nor had he received a mean education. All that the parish schoolmaster could teach he knew; and having been the darling companion of all the gentlemen's sons in the Manse, the faculties of his mind had kept pace with theirs, and from them he had caught, too, unconsciously, that demeanor so far superior to what could have been expected from one in his humble condition, but which, at the same time, seemed so congenial with his happy nature, as to be readily acknowledged to be one of its original gifts. Of his sister, Alice, it is sufficient to say, that she was the bosom-friend of Margaret Burnside, and that all who saw their friendship felt that it was just. The small parentless grand-daughter was also dear to Margaret—more than perhaps her heart knew, because that, like herself, she was an orphan. But the creature was also a merry and a madcap child, and her freakish pranks, and playful perversenesses, as she tossed her golden head in untameable glee, and went dancing and singing, like a bird on the boughs of a tree, all day long, by some strange sympathies entirely won the heart of her who, throughout all her own childhood, had been familiar with grief, and a lonely shedder of tears. And thus did Margaret love her, it might be said, even with a very mother's

love. She generally passed her free Saturday afternoons at Moor-side, and often slept there all night with little Ann in her bosom. At such times Ludovic was never from home, and many a Sabbath he walked with her to the kirk—all the family together—and *once* by themselves for miles along the moor—a forenoon of perfect sunshine, which returned upon him in his agony on his dying day.

No one said, no one thought that Ludovic and Margaret were lovers—nor were they, though well worthy indeed of each other's love; for the orphan's whole heart was filled and satisfied with a sense of duty, and all its affections were centred in her happy school, where all eyes blessed her, and where she had been placed for the good of all those innocent creatures, by them who had rescued her from the penury that kills the soul, and of whose gracious bounty she every night dreamt in her sleep. In her prayers she beseeched God to bless them rather than the wretch on her knees—their images, their names, were ever before her eyes and on her ear; and next to that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, and comes from the footstool of God into the humble, lowly, and contrite heart, was to that orphan, day and night, waking or asleep, the deep bliss of her gratitude. And thus Ludovic to her was a brother, and no more; a name sacred as that of sister, by which she always called her Alice, and was so called in return. But to Ludovic, who had a soul of fire, Margaret was dearer far than ever sister was to the brother whom, at the sacrifice of her own life, she might have rescued from death. Go where he might, a phantom was at his side—a pale fair face forever fixed its melancholy eyes on his, as if foreboding something dismal even when they faintly smiled; and once he awoke at midnight, when all the house were asleep, crying with shrieks, "O God of mercy! Margaret is

murdered!" Mysterious passion of Love! that darkens its own dreams of delight with unimaginable horrors! Shall we call such dire bewilderment the superstition of troubled fantasy, or the inspiration of the prophetic soul!

From what seemingly insignificant sources—and by means of what humble instruments—may this life's best happiness be diffused over the households of industrious men! Here was the orphan daughter of forgotten paupers, both dead ere she could speak; herself, during all her melancholy childhood, a pauper even more enslaved than ever they had been—one of the most neglected and unvalued of all God's creatures—who, had she then died, would have been buried in some nettled nook of the kirkyard, nor her grave been watered almost by one single tear—suddenly brought out from the cold and cruel shade in which she had been withering away, by the interposition of human but angelic hands, into the heaven's most gracious sunshine, where all at once her beauty blossomed like the rose. She, who for so many years had been even begrudgingly fed on the poorest and scantiest fare, by Penury ungrateful for all her weak but zealous efforts to please by doing her best, in sickness and sorrow, at all her tasks, in or out of doors, and in all weathers, however rough and severe—was now raised to the rank of a moral, intellectual, and religious being, and presided over, tended, and instructed many little ones, far far happier in their childhood than it had been her lot to be, and all growing up beneath her now untroubled eyes, in innocence, love, and joy inspired into their hearts by her their young and happy benefactress. Not a human dwelling in all the parish, that had not reason to be thankful to Margaret Burnside. She taught them to be pleasant in their manners, neat in their persons, rational in their minds, pure in their hearts, and industrious in all their habits. Rude-

ness, coarseness, sullenness, all angry fits, and all idle dispositions—the besetting vices and sins of the children of the poor, whose home-education is often so miserably, and almost necessarily neglected—did this sweet Teacher, by the divine influence of meekness never ruffled, and tenderness never troubled, in a few months subdue and overcome—till her school-room, every day in the week, was, in its cheerfulness, sacred as a Sabbath, and murmured from morn till eve with the hum of perpetual happiness. The effects were soon felt in every house. All floors were tidier, and order and regularity enlivened every heart. It was the pride of her scholars to get their own little gardens behind their parents' huts to bloom like that of the Brac—and in imitation of that flowery porch, to train up the pretty creepers on the wall. In the kirk-yard, a smiling group every Sabbath forenoon waited for her at the gate—and walked, with her at their head, into the House of God—a beautiful procession to all their parents' eyes—one by one dropping away into their own seats, as the band moved along the little lobby, and the minister sitting in the pulpit all the while, looked solemnly down upon the fair flock—the shepherd of their souls!

It was Sabbath, but Margaret Burnside was not in the kirk. The congregation had risen to join in prayer, when the great door was thrown open, and a woman, appeared as for the house of worship, but wild and ghastly in her face and eyes as a maniac hunted by evil spirits, burst in upon the service, and, with uplifted hands, beseeched the man of God to forgive her irreverent entrance, for that foulest and most unnatural murder had been done, and that her own eyes had seen the corpse of Margaret Burnside lying on the moor in a pool of blood! The congregation gave one groan, and then an outcry as if the roof of the kirk had been toppling over their heads. All cheeks

waxed white, women fainted, and the firmest heart quaked with terror and pity, as once and again the affrighted witness, in the same words, described the horrid spectacle, and then rushed out into the open air, followed by hundreds, who, for some minutes, had been palsy-stricken; and now the kirkyard was all in a tumult round the body of her who lay in a swoon. In the midst of that dreadful ferment, there were voices crying aloud that the poor woman was mad, and that such horror could not be beneath the sun; for such a perpetration on the Sabbath-day, and first heard of just as the prayers of his people were about to ascend to the Father of all mercies, shocked belief, and doubt struggled with despair as in the helpless shudderings of some dream of blood. The crowd were at last prevailed on by their pastor to disperse, and sit down on the tomb-stones, and water being sprinkled over the face of her who still lay in that mortal swoon, and the air suffered to circulate freely round her, she again opened her glassy eyes, and raising herself on her elbow, stared on the multitude, all gathered there so wan and silent, and shrieked out, “The Day of Judgment! The Day of Judgment!”

The aged minister raised her on her feet, and led her to a grave, on which she sat down, and hid her face on his knees. “O that I should have lived to see the day—but dreadful are the decrees of the Most High—and she whom we all loved has been cruelly murdered! Carry me with you, people, and I will show you where lies her corpse.”

“Where—where is Ludovic Adamson?” cried a hoarse voice which none there had ever heard before; and all eyes were turned in one direction; but none knew who had spoken, and all again was hush. Then all at once a hundred voices repeated the same words, “Where—where is Ludovic Adamson?” and there was no reply.

Then, indeed, was the kirkyard in an angry and a wrathful ferment, and men looked far into each other's eyes for confirmation of their suspicions. And there was whispering about things, that, though in themselves light as air, seemed now charged with hideous import; and then arose sacred appeals to Heaven's eternal justice, horribly mingled with oaths and curses; and all the crowd, springing to their feet, pronounced, "that no other but he could be the murderer."

It was remembered now, that for months past, Margaret Burnside had often looked melancholy—that her visits had been less frequent to Moorside—and one person in the crowd said, that a few weeks ago she had come upon them suddenly in a retired place, when Margaret was weeping bitterly, and Ludovic tossing his arms, seemingly in wrath and distraction. All agreed that of late he had led a disturbed and reckless life—and that something dark and suspicious had hung about him, wherever he went, as if he were haunted by an evil conscience. But did not strange men sometimes pass through the Moor—squalid mendicants, robber-like from the far-off city—one by one, yet seemingly belonging to the same gang—with bludgeons in their hands—half-naked, and often drunken in their hunger, as at the doors of lonesome houses they demanded alms, or more like foot-pads than beggars, with stern gestures, rising up from the ditches on the wayside, stopped the frightened women and children going upon errands, and thanklessly received pence from the poor? One of them must have been the murderer! But then, again, the whole tide of suspicion would set in upon Ludovic—her lover—for the darker and more dreadful the guilt, the more welcome is it to the fears of the imagination when its waking dreams are floating in blood!

A tall figure came forward from the porch, and all was silence, when

the congregation beheld the Father of the suspected criminal! He stood still as a tree in a calm day,—trunk, limbs, moved not,—and his grey head was uncovered. He then stretched out his arm, not in an imploring, but in a commanding attitude, and essayed to speak; but his white lips quivered, and his tongue refused its office. At last, almost fiercely, he uttered, "Who dares denounce my son?" and like the growling thunder, the crowd cried, "All—all—he is the murderer!" Some said that the old man smiled; but it could have been but a convulsion of the features—outraged nature's wrung-out and writhing expression of disdain, to show how a father's love brooks the cruelty of foolish falsehood and injustice.

Men, women, and children—all whom grief and horror had not made helpless—moved away towards the Moor—the woman who had seen the sight leading the way—for now her whole strength had returned to her, and she was drawn and driven by an irresistible passion to look again at what had almost destroyed her judgment. Now they were miles from the kirk, and over some brushwood, at the edge of a morass some distance from the common footpath, crows were seen diving and carcering in the air, and a raven flapping suddenly out of the covert, sailed away with a savage croak along a range of cliffs. The whole multitude stood stock still at that carrion-sound. The guide said shudderingly, in a low hurried voice, "See, see—that is her mantle,"—and there indeed Margaret lay, all in a heap, maimed, mangled, murdered, with a hundred gashes. The corpse seemed as if it had been baked in frost, and was embedded in coagulated blood. Shreds and patches of her dress, torn away from her bosom, bestrewed the bushes—for many yards round about there had been the trampling of feet, and a long lock of hair that had been torn from her temples, with the

dews yet unmelted on it, was lying upon a plant of broom a little way from the corpse. The first to lift the body from the horrid bed was Gilbert Adamson. He had been long familiar with death in all its ghastliness, and all had now looked to him—forgetting for the moment that he was the father of the murderer—to perform the task from which they recoiled in horror. Resting on one knee, he placed the corpse on the other—and who could have believed, that even the most violent and cruel death could have wrought such a change on a face once so beautiful! All was distortion—and terrible it was to see the dim glazed eyes, fixedly open, and the orbs insensible to the strong sun that smote her face white as snow among the streaks as if left by bloody fingers! Her throat was all discolored—and a silk handkerchief twisted into a cord that had manifestly been used in the murder, was of a redder hue than when it had veiled her breast. No one knows what horror his eyes are able to look on, till they are tried. A circle of stupefied gazers was drawn by a horrid fascination closer and closer round the corpse—and women stood there holding children by the hands, and fainted not, but observed the sight, and shuddered without shrieking, and stood there all dumb as ghosts. But the body was now borne along by many hands—at first none knew in what direction, till many voices muttered, “To Moorside—to Moorside”—and in an hour it was laid on the bed in which Margaret Burnside had so often slept with her beloved little Ann in her bosom.

The hand of some one had thrown a cloth over the corpse. The room was filled with people—but all their power and capacity of horror had been exhausted—and the silence was now almost like that which attends a natural death, when all the neighbors are assembled for the funeral. Alice, with little Ann beside her, knelt at the bed, nor

feared to lean her head close to the covered corpse—sobbing out syllables that showed how passionately she prayed—and that she and her little niece—and, oh! for that unhappy father—were delivering themselves up into the hands of God. That father knelt not—neither did he sit down—nor move—nor groan—but stood at the foot of the bed, with arms folded almost sternly—and with his eyes fixed on the sheet, in which there seemed to be neither ruth nor dread—but only an austere composure, which, were it indeed but resignation to that dismal decree of Providence, had been most sublime—but who can see into the heart of a man either righteous or wicked, and know what may be passing there, breathed from the gates of heaven or of hell!

Soon as the body had been found, shepherds and herdsmen, fleet of foot as the deer, had set off to scour the country far and wide, hill and glen, mountain and morass, moor and wood, for the murderer. If he be on the face of the earth, and not self-plunged in despairing suicide into some quagmire, he will be found,—for all the population of many districts are now afoot, and precipices are clomb till now brushed but by the falcons. A figure, like that of a man, is seen by some of the hunters from a hill top, lying among the stones by the side of a solitary loch. They separate, and descend upon him, and then gathering in, they behold the man whom they seek, Ludovic Adamson, the murderer.

His face is pale and haggard—yet flushed as if by a fever centred in his heart. That is no dress fit for the Sabbath-day—soiled and savage-looking—and giving to the eyes that search an assurance of guilt. He starts to his feet, as they think, like some wild beast surprised in his lair, and gathering itself up to fight or fly. But—strange enormity—a Bible is in his hand! And the shepherd who first seized him, taking the book out of his

grasp, looks into the page, and reads, "Whoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be surely shed." On a leaf is written, in her own well-known hand, "The gift of Margaret Burnside!" Not a word is said by his captors—they offer no needless violence—no indignities—but answer all inquiries of surprise and astonishment (O! can one so young be so hardened in wickedness!) by a stern silence, and upbraiding eyes, that like daggers must stab his heart. At last he walks doggedly and sullenly along, and refuses to speak—yet his tread is firm—there is no want of composure in his face—now that the first passion of fear or anger has left it; and now that they have the murderer in their clutch, some begin almost to pity him, and others to believe, or at least to hope, that he may be innocent. As yet they have said not a word of the crime of which they accuse him—but let him try to master the expression of his voice and his eyes as he may, guilt is in those stealthy glances—guilt is in those reckless tones—And why does he seek to hide his right hand in his bosom?—And whatever he may affect to say—they ask him not—most certainly that stain on his shirt-collar is blood. But now they are at Moorside.

There is still a great crowd all round about the house—in the garden—and at the door—and a troubled cry announces that the criminal has been taken, and is close at hand. His father meets him at the gate—and, kneeling down, holds up his clasped hands, and says, "My son, if thou art guilty, confess, and die." The criminal angrily waves his father aside, and walks towards the door. "Fools! fools! what mean ye by this? What crime has been committed? And how dare ye to think me the criminal? Am I like a murderer?"—"We never spoke to him of the murder—we never spoke to him of the murder!" cried one of the men who now held him by the arm; and all assembled

then exclaimed, "Guilty, guilty—that one word will hang him! O, pity, pity, for his father and poor sister—this will break their hearts!" Appalled, yet firm of foot, the prisoner forced his way into the house; and turning, in his confusion, into the chamber on the left, there he beheld the corpse of the murdered on the bed—for the sheet had been removed—as yet not laid out, and disfigured and deformed just as she had been found on the moor, in the same misshapen heap of death! One long insane glare—one shriek, as if all his heartstrings at once had burst—and then down fell the strong man on the floor like lead. One trial was past which no human hardihood could endure—another, and yet another, awaits him—but these he will bear as the guilty brave have often borne them, and the most searching eye shall not see him quail at the bar or on the scaffold.

They lifted the stricken wretch from the floor, placed him in a chair, and held him upright, till he should revive from the fit. And he soon did revive; for health flowed in all his veins, and he had the strength of a giant. But when his senses returned, there was none to pity him; for the shock had given an expression of guilty horror to all his looks, and, like a man walking in his sleep under the temptation of some dreadful dream, he moved with fixed eyes towards the bed, and looking at the corpse, gobbled in hideous laughter, and then wept and tore his hair like a distracted woman or a child. Then he stooped down as he would kiss the face, but staggered back, and, covering his eyes with his hands, uttered such a groan as is sometimes heard rending the sinner's breast when the avenging Furies are upon him in his dreams. All who heard it felt that he was guilty—and there was a fierce cry through the room of, "Make him touch the body, and if he be the murderer, it will bleed!"—"Fear not, Ludovic, to touch it,

my boy,"—said his father ; " bleed afresh it will not, for thou art innocent ; and savage though now they be, who once were proud to be thy friends, even they will believe thee guiltless when the corpse refuses to bear witness against thee—and not a drop leaves its quiet heart ! " But his son spake not a word, nor did he seem to know that his father had spoken, but he suffered himself to be led passively towards the bed. One of the bystanders took his hand and placed it on the naked breast, when out of the corners of the tooth-clenched mouth, and out of the swollen nostrils, two or three blood-drops visibly oozed—and a sort of shrieking shout declared the sacred faith of all the crowd in the dreadful ordeal. " What body is this ? 'tis all over blood ! " said the prisoner, looking with an idiot vacancy on the faces that surrounded him. But now the sheriff of the county entered the room, along with some officers of justice—and he was spared any farther shocks from that old saving superstition. His wrists soon after were manacled. These were all the words he had uttered since he recovered from the fit—and he seemed now in a state of stupor.

Ludovic Adamson, after examination of witnesses who crowded against him from many unexpected quarters, was committed that very Sabbath night to prison on a charge of murder. On the Tuesday following, the remains of Margaret Burnside were interred. All the parish were at the funeral. In Scotland it is not customary for females to join in the last simple ceremonies of death. But in this case they did ; and all her scholars, in the same white dresses in which they used to walk with her at their head into the kirk on Sabbaths, followed the bier. Alice and little Ann were there, nearest the coffin, and the father of him who had wrought all this woe was one of its supporters. The head of the murdered girl rested, it might be said,

on his shoulder—but none can know the strength which God gives to his servants—and all present felt for him as he walked steadily under that dismal burden, a pity, and even an affection, which they had been unable to yield to him ere he had been so sorely tried. The Ladies from the Castle were among the other mourners, and stood by the open grave. A sunnier day had never shone from heaven, and that very grave itself partook of the brightness, as the coffin, with the gilt letters—" Margaret Burnside—Aged 18"—was let down, and in the darkness below disappeared. No flowers were sprinkled there—nor afterwards planted on the turf—vain offerings of unavailing sorrow ! But in that nook—beside the bodies of her poor parents—she was left for the grass to grow over her, as over the other humble dead—and nothing but the very simplest headstone was placed there, with a sentence from Scripture below the name. There was less weeping, less sobbing, than at many other funerals ; for as sure as Mercy ruled the skies, all believed that she was there—all knew it, just as if the gates of heaven had opened and showed her a white-robed spirit at the right hand of the throne. And why should any rueful lamentation have been wailed over the senseless dust ! But on the way home over the hills, and in the hush of evening beside their hearths, and in the stillness of night on their beds—all—young and old—all did nothing but weep !

For weeks—such was the pity, grief, and awe inspired by this portentous crime and lamentable calamity, that all the domestic ongoings in all the houses far and wide, were melancholy and mournful, as if the country had been fearing a visitation of the plague. Sin, it was felt, had brought not only sorrow on the parish, but shame that ages would not wipe away ; and strangers, as they traveled through the moor, would point the place

where the foulest murder had been committed in all the annals of crime. As for the family at Moorside—the daughter had their boundless compassion—though no eye had seen her since the funeral ; but people, in speaking of the father, would still shake their heads, and put their fingers to their lips, and say to one another in whispers, that Gilbert Adamson had once been a bold, bad man—that his religion, in spite of all his repulsive austerity, wore not the aspect of truth—and that had he held a stricter and a stronger hand on the errors of his misguided son, this foul deed had not been perpetrated, nor that wretched sinner's soul given to perdition. Yet others had gentler and humaner thoughts. They remembered him walking along God-supported beneath the bier—and at the mouth of the grave—and feared to look on that head—formerly grizzled, but now quite grey—when on the very first Sabbath after the murder he took his place in the elder's seat—and was able to stand up along with the rest of the congregation, when the minister prayed for peace to his soul, and hoped for the deliverance out of jeopardy of him now lying in bonds. A low Amen went all round the kirk at these words—for the most hopeless called to mind that maxim of law, equity, and justice—that every man under accusation of crime should be held innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Nay, a human tribunal might condemn him, and yet might he stand acquitted before the tribunal of God.

There were various accounts of the behavior of the prisoner. Some said that he was desperately hardened—others, sunk in sullen apathy and indifference—and one or two persons belonging to the parish who had seen him, declared that he seemed to care not for himself, but to be plunged in profound melancholy for the fate of Margaret Burnside, whose name he voluntarily mentioned, and then bowed his head on his knees and wept. His

guilt he neither admitted at that interview, nor denied—but he confessed that some circumstances bore hard against him—and that he was prepared for the event of his trial—condemnation and death. “But if you are not guilty, Ludovic, *who can be the murderer?* Not the slightest shade of suspicion has fallen on any other person—and did not, alas ! the body bleed when ?” —The unhappy wretch sprang up from the bed, it was said, at these words, and hurried like a madman back and forward along the stone-floor of his cell. “Yea—yea,” at last he cried, “the mouth and nostrils of my Margaret did indeed bleed, when they pressed down my hand on her cold bosom. It is God's truth !” —“God's truth ?” —“Yes—God's truth. I saw one drop, and then another, trickle towards me—and I prayed to our Saviour to wipe them off before other eyes might behold the dreadful witnesses against me—but at that hour Heaven was most unmerciful—for those two small drops—as all of you saw—soon became a very stream—and all her face, neck, and breast—you saw it as well as I miserable—were at last drenched in blood. Then I may have confessed that I was guilty—did I, or did I not, confess it ? Tell me—for I remember nothing distinctly ;—but if I did—the judgment of offended Heaven, then punishing me for my sins, had made me worse than mad—and so had all your abhorrent eyes—and, men, if I did confess, it was the cruelty of God that drove me to it—and your cruelty—which was great—for no pity had any one for me that day, though Margaret Burnside lay before me a murdered corpse—and a hoarse whisper came to my ear urging me to confess—I well believe from no human lips, but from the Father of Lies, who, at that hour, was suffered to leave the pit to ensnare my soul.” Such was said to have been the main sense of what he uttered in the presence of

two or three who had formerly been among his most intimate friends, and who knew not, on leaving his cell and coming into the open air, whether to think him innocent or guilty. As long as they thought they saw his eyes regarding them, and that they heard his voice speaking, they believed him innocent—but when the expression of the tone of his voice, and of the look of his eyes—which they had felt belonged to innocence—died away from their memory—then arose against him the strong, strange circumstantial evidence, which—wisely or unwisely—lawyers and judges have said *cannot lie*—and then, in their hearts, one and all of them pronounced him guilty.

But had not his father often visited the prisoner's cell? Once—and once only—for in obedience to his son's passionate prayer, beseeching him—if there were any mercy left either on earth or heaven—never more to enter that dungeon, the miserable parent had not again entered the prison—but he had been seen one morning at dawn, by one who knew his person, walking round and round the walls, staring up at the black building in distraction, especially at one small grated window in the north tower—and it is most probable that he had been pacing his rounds there during all the night. Nobody could conjecture, however dimly, what was the meaning of his banishment from his son's cell. Gilbert Adamson, so stern to others, even to his own only daughter, had been always but too indulgent to his Ludovic—and had that lost wretch's guilt, so exceeding great, changed his heart into stone, and made the sight of his old father's grey hairs hateful to his eyes? But then the jailor, who had heard him imploring—beseeching—commanding his father to remain till after the trial at Moorside, said, that all the while the prisoner sobbed and wept like a child—and that when he unlocked the door of the cell, to let the old

man out, it was a hard thing to tear away the arms and hands of Ludovic from his knees, while the father sat like a stone-image on the bed, and kept his tearless eyes fixed sternly upon the wall, as if not a soul had been present, and he himself had been a criminal condemned next day to die.

The father had obeyed, *religiously*, that miserable injunction, and from religion it seemed that he had found comfort. For Sabbath after Sabbath he was at the kirk—he stood, as he had been wont to do for years, at the poor's-plate, and returned grave salutations to those who dropt their mite into the small sacred treasury—his eyes calmly, and even critically, regarded the pastor during prayer and sermon—and his deep bass voice was heard, as usual, through all the house of God, in the Psalms. On week-days, he was seen by passers-by to drive his flocks a-field, and to overlook his sheep on the hill pastures, or in the pinfold; and as it was still spring, and seed-time had been late this season, he was observed holding the plough, as of yore—nor had his skill deserted him—for the furrows were as straight as if drawn by a rule on paper—and soon bright and beautiful was the braird on all the low lands of his farm. The Comforter was with him, and, sorely as he had been tried, his heart was not yet wholly broken, and it was believed that, for years, he might outlive the blow that at first had seemed more than a mortal man might bear and be! Yet that his woe, though hidden, was dismal, all erelong knew, from certain tokens that intrenched his face—cheeks shrunk and fallen, brow not so much furrowed as scarred, eyes quenched, hair thinner and thinner far, as if he himself had torn it away in handfuls during the solitude of midnight—and now absolutely as white as snow; and over the whole man an indescribable ancientness far beyond his years—though they were many, and most of them had

been passed in torrid climes—all showed how grief has its agonies as destructive as those of guilt, and those the most wasting when they work in the heart, and in the brain, unrelieved by the shedding of one single tear—when the very soul turns dry as dust, and life is imprisoned, rather than mingled, in the decaying—the mouldering frame !

The Day of Trial came, and all labor was suspended in the parish, as if it had been a mourning fast. Hundreds of people from this remote district poured into the circuit town, and besieged the court-house. Horsemen were in readiness, soon as the verdict should be returned, to carry the intelligence—of life or death—to all those glens. A few words will suffice to tell the trial, the nature of the evidence, and its issue. The prisoner, who stood at the bar, in black, appeared—though miserably changed from a man of great muscular power and activity, a magnificent man, into a tall thin shadow—perfectly unappalled ; but in a face so white, and wasted, and woe-begone, the most profound physiognomist could read not one faintest symptom either of hope or fear, trembling or trust, guilt or innocence. He hardly seemed to belong to this world, and stood fearfully and ghastlily conspicuous between the officers of justice, above all the crowd that devoured him with their eyes, all leaning towards the bar to catch the first sound of his voice, when to the indictment he should plead “Not guilty.” These words he did utter, in a hollow voice altogether passionless, and then was suffered to sit down, which he did in a manner destitute of all emotion. During all the many long hours of his trial, he never moved head, limbs, or body, except once, when he drank some water, which he had not asked for, but which was given to him by a friend. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and consisted of a few damning facts, and of many of the very slightest sort, which, taken singly,

seemed to mean nothing, but which, when considered all together, seemed to mean something against him—how much or how little, there were among the agitated audience many differing opinions. But slight as they were, either singly or together, they told fearfully against the prisoner, when connected with the fatal few which no ingenuity could ever explain away ; and though ingenuity did all it could do, when wielded by eloquence of the highest order—and as the prisoner’s counsel sat down, there went a rustle and a buz through the court, and a communication of looks and whispers, that seemed to denote that there were hopes of his acquittal—yet, if such hopes there were, they were deadened by the calm, clear, logical address to the jury by the counsel for the crown, and destroyed by the judge’s charge, which amounted almost to a demonstration of guilt, and concluded with a confession due to his oath and conscience, that he saw not how the jury could do their duty to their Creator, and their fellow-creatures, but by returning *one* verdict. They retired to consider it ; and during a deathlike silence, all eyes were bent on a deathlike Image.

It had appeared in evidence, that the murder had been committed—at least all the gashes inflicted—for there were also finger-marks of strangulation—with a bill-hook, such as foresters use in lopping trees—and several witnesses swore that the bill-hook which was shown them ; stained with blood, and with hair sticking on the haft—belonged to Ludovic Adamson. It was also given in evidence—though some doubts rested on the nature of the precise words—that on that day, in the room with the corpse, he had given a wild and incoherent denial to the question then put to him in the dim, “What he had done with the bill-hook ?” Nobody had seen it in his possession since the spring before—but it had been found, after several weeks’ search, in a hag in the moss.

in the direction that he would have most probably taken—had he been the murderer—when flying from the spot to the loch where he was seized. The shoes which he had on when taken, fitted the foot-marks on the ground, not far from the place of the murder, but not so perfectly as another pair which were found in the house. But that other pair, it was proved, belonged to the old man; and therefore the correspondence between the foot-marks and the prisoner's shoes, though not perfect, was a circumstance of much suspicion. But a far stronger fact, in this part of the evidence, was sworn to against the prisoner. Though there was no blood on his shoes—when apprehended his legs were bare—though that circumstance, strange as it may seem, had never been noticed till he was on the way to prison! His stockings had been next day found lying on the sward, near the shore of the loch, manifestly after having been washed and laid out to dry in the sun. At mention of this circumstance a cold shudder ran through the court; but neither that, nor indeed any other circumstance in all the evidence—not even the account of the appearance which the murdered body exhibited when found on the moor, or when afterwards laid on the bed—extorted from the prisoner one groan—one sigh—or touched the imperturbable deathliness of his countenance. It was proved, that when searched—in prison—and not before—for the agitation that reigned over all assembled in the room at Moorside that dreadful day, had confounded even those accustomed to deal with suspected criminals—there were found in his pocket a small French gold watch, and also a gold brooch, which the Ladies of the Castle had given to Margaret Burnside. On these being taken from him, he had said nothing but looked aghast. A piece of torn and bloody paper, which had been picked up near the body, was sworn to be in his handwriting; and

though the meaning of the words yet legible was obscure, they seemed to express a request that Margaret would meet him on the moor on that Saturday afternoon she was murdered. The words, "Saturday"—"meet me"—"last time"—were not indistinct, and the paper was of the same quality and color with some found in a drawer in his bedroom at Moorside. It was proved that he had been drinking with some dissolute persons—poachers and the like—in a public-house in a neighboring parish all Saturday, till well on in the afternoon, when he left them in a state of intoxication—and was then seen running along the hillside in the direction of the moor. Where he passed the night between the Saturday and the Sabbath, he could give no account, except once when, unasked, and as if speaking to himself, he was overheard by the jailor to mutter, "Oh! that fatal night—that fatal night!" And then, when suddenly interrogated, "Where were you?" he answered, "Asleep on the hill;" and immediately relapsed into a state of mental abstraction. These were the chief circumstances against him, which his counsel had striven to explain away. That most eloquent person dwelt with affecting earnestness on the wickedness of putting any evil construction on the distracted behavior of the wretched man when brought without warning upon the sudden sight of the mangled corpse of the beautiful girl, whom all allowed he had most passionately and tenderly loved; and he strove to prove—as he did prove to the conviction of many—that such behaviour was incompatible with such guilt, and almost of itself established his innocence. All that was sworn to *against* him, as having passed in that dreadful room, was in truth *for* him—unless all our knowledge of the best and of the worst of human nature were, as folly, to be given to the winds. He beseeched the jury, therefore, to look at all the other circumstances that did indeed seem

to bear hard upon the prisoner, in the light of his innocence, and not of his guilt, and that they would all fade into nothing. What mattered his possession of the watch and other trinkets? Lovers as they were, might not the unhappy girl have given them to him for temporary keepsakes? Or might he not have taken them from her in some playful mood, or received them—(and the brooch was cracked, and the main-spring of the watch broken, though the glass was whole)—to get them repaired in the town, which he often visited, and she never? Could human credulity for one moment believe, that such a man as the prisoner at the bar had been sworn to be by a host of witnesses—and especially by that witness, who, with such overwhelming solemnity, had declared he loved him as his own son, and would have been proud if heaven had given him such a son—he who had baptized him, and known him well ever since a child,—that such a man could *rob* the body of her whom he had violated and murdered? If, under the instigation of the devil, he had violated and murdered her, and for a moment were made the hideous supposition, did vast hell hold that demon whose voice would have tempted the violator and murderer—suppose him both—yea that man at the bar—sworn to by all the parish, if need were, as a man of tenderest charities, and generosity unbounded,—in the lust of lucre, consequent on the satiating of another lust—to rob his victim of a few trinkets! Let loose the wildest imagination into the realms of wildest wickedness, and yet they dared not, as they feared God, to credit for a moment the union of such appalling and such paltry guilt, *in that man* who now trembled not before them, but who seemed cut off from all the sensibilities of this life by the scythe of Misery that had shorn him down! But why try to recount, however feebly, the line of defence taken by the speaker, who on that day seemed

all but inspired. The sea may overturn rocks, or fire consume them till they split in pieces; but a crisis there sometimes is in man's destiny, which all the powers ever lodged in the lips of man, were they touched with a coal from heaven, cannot avert, and when even he who strives to save, feels and knows that he is striving all in vain—aye, vain as a worm—to arrest the tread of Fate about to trample down its victim into the dust. All hoped—many almost believed—that the prisoner would be acquitted—that a verdict of “Not Proven,” at least, if not of “Not Guilty,” would be returned—but *they* had not been sworn to do justice before man and before God—and, if need were, to seal up even the fountains of mercy in their hearts—flowing, and easily set a-flowing, by such a spectacle as that bar presented—a man already seeming to belong unto the dead!

In about a quarter of an hour the jury returned to the box—and the verdict, having been sealed with black wax, was handed up to the Judge, who read, “We unanimously find the prisoner Guilty.” He then stood up to receive sentence of death. Not a dry eye was in the court during the Judge's solemn and affecting address to the criminal—except those of the Shadow on whom had been pronounced the doom. “Your body will be hung in chains on the moor—on a gibbet erected on the spot where you murdered the victim of your unhallowed lust, and there will your bones bleach in the sun, and rattle in the wind, after the insects and the birds of the air have devoured your flesh; and in all future times, the spot on which, God-forsaking and God-forsaken, you perpetrated that double crime, at which all humanity shudders, will be looked on from afar by the traveller passing through that lonesome wild, with a sacred horror!”—Here the voice of the Judge faltered, and he covered his face with his hands; but the prisoner stood unmoved in figure, and in face untroubled—and

when all was closed, was removed from the bar, the same ghostlike and unearthly phantom, seemingly unconscious of what had passed, or even of his own existence.

Surely now he will suffer his old father to visit him in his cell ! "Once more only—only once more let me see him before I die !" were his words to the clergyman of the parish, whose Manse he had so often visited, when a young and happy boy ! That servant of Christ had not forsaken him, whom now all the world had forsaken. As free from sin himself as might be mortal and fallen man—mortal because fallen—he knew from Scripture and from nature, that in "the lowest deep there is still a lower deep" in wickedness, into which all of woman born may fall, unless held back by the arm of the Almighty Being, whom they must serve steadfastly in holiness and in truth. He knew, too, from the same source, that man cannot sin beyond the reach of God's mercy—if the worst of all imaginable sinners seek, in a Bible-breathed spirit at last, that mercy through the Atonement of the Redeemer. Daily—and nightly—he visited that cell ; nor did he fear to touch the hand—now wasted to the bone—which, at the temptation of the Prince of the Air, who is mysteriously suffered to enter in at the gates of every human heart that is guarded not by the flaming sword of God's own Seraphim—was lately drenched in the blood of the most innocent creature that ever looked on the day. Yet a sore trial it was to his Christianity to find the criminal so obdurate. He would make no confession !. Yet said that it was fit—that it was far best—he should die !—that he deserved death ! But ever when the deed without a name was alluded to, his tongue was tied—and once in the midst of an impassioned prayer, beseeching him to listen to conscience and confess—he that prayed shuddered to behold him frown, and to hear bursting out in terrible energy,

"Cease—cease to torment me, or you will drive me to deny my God !"

No father came to visit him in his cell. On the day of trial he had been missing from Moorside, and was seen next morning—(where he had been all night never was known—though it was afterwards rumored, that one like him had been seen sitting, as the gloaming darkened, on the very spot of the murder)—wandering about the hills, hither and thither, and round and round about, like a man stricken with blindness, and vainly seeking to find his home. When brought into the house, his senses were gone, and he had lost the power of speech. All he could do was to mutter some disjointed syllables, which he did continually, without one moment's cessation, one unintelligible and most rueful moan ! The figure of his daughter seemed to cast no image on his eyes—blind and dumb he sat where he had been placed, perpetually wringing his hands, with his shaggy eyebrows drawn high up his forehead, and the fixed orbs—though stone-blind, at least to all real things—beneath them flashing fire. He had borne up bravely—almost to the last—but had some tongue syllabled his son's doom to him in the wilderness, and at that instant had insanity smitten his soul ?

Such utter prostration of intellect had been expected by none ; for the old man up to the very night before the Trial had expressed the most confident trust of his son's acquittal. Nothing had ever served to shake his conviction of his innocence—though he had always forborne speaking about the circumstances of the murder—and had communicated to nobody any of the grounds on which he more than hoped in a case so hopeless ; and though a trouble in his eyes often gave the lie to his lips when he used to say to the silent neighbors, "We shall soon see him back at Moorside." Had his belief in his Ludovic's innocence, and his trust in God that that innocence would be established and set free, been so sacred, that the blow, when

it did come, had smitten him like a hammer, and felled him to the ground, from which he had risen with a brain rent and riven? In whatever way the shock had been given, it had been terrible; for old Gilbert Adamson was now a confirmed lunatic, and keepers were in Moorside—not keepers from a mad-house—for his daughter could not afford such tendance—but two of her brother's friends, who sat up with him alternately, night and day, while the arms of the old man, in his distraction, had to be bound with cords. That dreadful moaning was at an end now; but the echoes of the hills responded to his yells and shrieks; and people were afraid to go near the house. It was proposed among the neighbors to take Alice and little Ann out of it; and an asylum for them was in the Manse; but Alice would not stir at all their entreaties; and as, in such a case, it would have been too shocking to tear her away by violence, she was suffered to remain with him who knew her not, but who often—it was said—stared distractedly upon her, as if she had been some fiend sent in upon his insanity from the place of punishment. Weeks passed on, and still she was there—hiding herself at times from those terrified eyes; and from her watching corner, waiting from morn till night, and from night till morn—for she never lay down to sleep, and had never undressed herself since that fatal sentence—for some moment of exhausted horror, when she might steal out, and carry some slight gleam of comfort, however evanescent, to the glimmer or the gloom in which the brain of her Father swam through a dream of blood. But there were no lucid intervals; and ever as she moved towards him, like a pitying angel, did he furiously rage against her, as if she had been a fiend. At last, she who, though yet so young, had lived to see the murdered corpse of her dearest friend—murdered by her own only brother, whom, in secret, that

murdered maiden had most tenderly loved—that murderous brother loaded with prison-chains, and condemned to the gibbet, for inexpressible and unpardonable crimes—her father raving like a demon, self-murderous were his hands but free, nor visited by one glimpse of mercy from Him who rules the skies—after having borne more than, as she meekly said, had ever poor girl borne, she took to her bed quite heart-broken, and, the night before the day of execution, died. As for poor little Ann, she had been wiled away some weeks before; and in the blessed thoughtlessness of childhood, was not without hours of happiness among her playmates on the braes!

The Morning of that Day arose, and the Moor was all blackened with people round the tall gibbet, that seemed to have grown, with its horrid arms, out of the ground, during the night. No sound of axes or of hammers had been heard clinking during the dark hours—nothing had been seen passing along the road—for the windows of all the houses from which anything could have been seen, had been shut fast against all horrid sights—and the horses' hoofs and the wheels must have been muffled that had brought that hideous Frame-work to the Moor! But there it now stood—a dreadful Tree! The sun moved higher and higher up the sky, and all the eyes of that congregation were at once turned towards the east, for a dull sound, as of rumbling wheels and trampling feet, seemed shaking the Moor in that direction; and lo! surrounded with armed men on horseback, and environed with halberds, came on a cart, in which three persons seemed to be sitting, he in the middle all dressed in white—the death-clothes of the murderer, the un pitying shedder of most innocent blood.

There was no bell to toll there—but at the very moment he was ascending the scaffold, a black cloud knelled thunder, and many hundreds of people all at once fell

down upon their knees. The man in white lifted up his eyes and said, "O Lord God of Heaven! and Thou his blessed Son, who died to save sinners! accept this sacrifice!"

Not one in all that immense crowd could have known that that white apparition was Ludovic Adamson. His hair, that had been almost jet-black, was now white as his face—as his figure, dressed, as it seemed, for the grave. Are they going to execute the murderer in his shroud? Stone-blind, and stone-deaf, there he stood—yet had he, without help, walked up the steps of the scaffold. A hymn of several voices arose—the man of God close beside the criminal, with the Bible in his uplifted hands—but those bloodless lips had no motion—with him this world was not, though yet he was in life—in life and no more! And was this the man, who, a few months ago, flinging the fear of death from him, as a flash of sunshine flings aside the shades, had descended into that pit which an hour before had been bellying, as the foul vapors exploded like cannons, and brought up the bodies of them that had perished in the womb of the earth? Was this he who once leapt into the devouring fire, and re-appeared, after all had given over for lost the glorious boy, with an infant in his arms, while the flames seemed to eddy back, that they might scathe not the head of the deliverer, while a shower of blessings fell upon him as he laid it in its mother's bosom, and made the heart of the widow to sing for joy? It is he. And now the executioner pulls down the cord from the beam, and fastens it round the criminal's neck. His face is already covered, and that fatal handkerchief is in his hand. The whole crowd are now kneeling, and one multitudinous sob convulses the air;—when wild outcries, and shrieks, and yells, are at that moment heard from the distant gloom of the glen that opened up to Moor-

side, and three figures, one far in advance of the other two, come flying as on the wings of the wind, towards the gibbet. Hundreds started to their feet, and "'Tis the maniac—'tis the lunatic!" was the cry. Precipitating himself down a rocky hillside, that seemed hardly accessible but to the goats, the maniac, the lunatic, at a few desperate leaps and bounds, just as it was expected he would have been dashed in pieces, alighted unstunned upon the level greensward; and now, far ahead of his keepers, with incredible swiftness neared the scaffold—and, the dense crowd making a lane for him in their fear and astonishment, he flew up the ladder to the horrid platform, and, grasping his son in his arms, howled dreadfully over him; and then with a loud voice cried, "Saved—saved—saved!"

So sudden had been that wild rush, that all the officers of justice—the very executioner—stood aghast; and lo! the prisoner's neck is free from that accursed cord—his face is once more visible without that hideous shroud—and he sinks down senseless on the scaffold. "Seize him—seize him!" and he was seized—but no maniac—no lunatic was the father now—for during the night, and during the dawn, and during the morn, and on to midday—on to the HOUR OF ONE—when all rueful preparations were to be completed—had Providence been clearing and calming the tumult in that troubled brain, and as the cottage clock struck one, memory brightened at the chime into a perfect knowledge of the past, and prophetic imagination saw the future lowering upon the dismal present. All night long, with the cunning of a madman—for all night long he had still been mad—the miserable old man had been disengaging his hands from the manacles, and that done, springing like a wild beast from its cage, he flew out of the open door, nor could a horse's speed on that fearful road

have overtaken him, before he reached the scaffold.

No need was there to hold the miserable man. He who had been so furious in his manacles at Moor-side, seemed now to the people at a distance, calm as when he used to sit in the elder's seat beneath the pulpit in that small kirk. But they who were on or near the scaffold, saw something horrid in the fixedness of his countenance. "Let go your hold of me, ye fools," he muttered to some of the mean wretches of the law, who still had him in their clutch—and tossing his hands on high, cried with a loud voice,—*"Give ear, ye Heavens ! and hear, O Earth ! I am the Violater—I am the Murderer !"*

The moor groaned as in earthquake—and then all that congregation bowed their heads with a rustling noise, like a wood smitten by the wind. Had they heard aright the unimaginable confession ? His head had long been grey—he had reached the term allotted to man's mortal life here below—threescore and ten. Morning and evening, never had the Bible been out of his hands at the hour set apart for family worship. And who so eloquent as he in expounding its most dreadful mysteries ! The unregenerate heart of man, he had ever said—in scriptural phrase—was *"desperately wicked."* Desperately wicked indeed ! And now again he tossed his arms wrathfully—so the wild motion looked—in the wrathful skies. *"I ravished—I murdered her—ye know it, ye evil spirits in the depths of hell !"* Consternation now fell on the minds of all—and the truth was clear as light—and all eyes knew at once that now indeed they looked on the murderer. The dreadful delusion under which all their understandings had been brought by the power of circumstances, was by that voice destroyed—the obduracy of him who had been about to die, was now seen to have been the most heroic virtue—the self-sacrifice of a son to

save a father from ignominy and death !

"O monster, beyond the reach of redemption ! and the very day after the murder, while the corpse was lying in blood on the Meer, he was with us in the House of God ! Tear him in pieces—rend him limb from limb—tear him into a thousand pieces !"—"The Evil One had power given him to prevail against me, and I fell under the temptation. It was so written in the Book of Predestination, and the deed lies at the door of God !"—*"Tear the blasphemer into pieces ! Let the scaffold drink his blood !"*—"So let it be, if it be so written, good people ! Satan never left me since the murder till this day—he sat by my side in the kirk—when I was ploughing in the field—there—ever as I came back from the other end of the furrows—he stood on the head-rig—in the shape of a black shadow. But now I see him not—he has returned to his den in the pit. I cannot imagine what I have been doing, or what has been done to me, all the time between the day of trial and this of execution. Was I mad ? No matter. But you shall not hang Ludovic—he, poor boy, is innocent ;—here, look at him—here—I tell you again—is the Violater and the Murderer !"

But shall the men in authority dare to stay the execution at a maniac's words ? If they dare not—that multitude will, now all rising together like the waves of the sea. *"Cut the cords asunder that bind our Ludovic's arms"*—a thousand voices cried—and the murderer, unclasping a knife, that, all unknown to his keepers, he had worn in his breast when a maniac, sheared them asunder as the sickle shears the corn. But his son stirred not—and on being lifted up by his father, gave not so much as a groan. His heart had burst—and he was dead ! No one touched the grey-headed murderer, who knelt down—not to pray—but to look into his son's eyes—and to examine his lips—and

to feel his left breast—and to search out all the symptoms of a fainting fit, or to assure himself,—and many a corpse had the plunderer handled on the field after hush of the noise of battle,—that this was death. He rose ; and standing forward on the edge of the scaffold, said, with a voice that shook not, deep, strong, hollow, and hoarse—“Good people ! I am *likewise* now the murderer of my daughter and of my son ! and of

myself !” Next moment, the knife was in his heart—and he fell down a corpse on the corpse of his Ludovic. All round the sultry horizon the black clouds had for hours been gathering—and now came the thunder and the lightning—and the storm. Again the whole multitude prostrated themselves on the moor—and the Pastor, bending over the bodies, said,

“THIS IS EXPIATION !”

THE MONKS OF OLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU, DE L'ORME, &c.

I ENVY them—those monks of old,—
Their book they read, and their beads they
told ;
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth
But charity.

I envy them : their cloister'd hearts
Knew not the bitter pang that parts
Beings that all Affection's arts
Had link'd in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best-loved of their race,
And blot out each sweet memory's trace
In dull obscurity :

To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head :
They looked with envy on the dead,
And not with agony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,
No music of the heart they woke,
When one brief moment it had spoke,
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived—peaceful they died ;
And those that did their fate abide
Saw Brothers wither by their side
In all tranquillity.

They loved not, dream'd not,—for their
sphere
Held not joy's visions ; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

I envy them—those monks of old ;
And when their statues I behold,
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,
How true an effigy !

I wish my heart as *calm* and still
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift thrill
With bitter usury.

THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

A PUNGENT satire on the public characters of our times—occasionally in good taste, but much more frequently sacrificing feeling to fun, has just appeared, with the above title. It is affected to be palmed on the Editor of the Court Journal, which is altogether a bungling failure ; since not a scintillation of resemblance can be traced in the two works ; and it can be neither credit nor advantage for the author of the Devil's Progress to revolve around that orb of illustrious dullness. His

genius merits brighter company ; and he should recollect that irony is at best like playing with edge-tools.

The opening is warm and glowing, as the reviewer would say :—

The Devil sits in his easy chair,
Sipping his sulphur tea,
And gazing out, with a pensive air,
O'er the broad bitumen sea ;
Lull'd into sentimental mood,
By the spirits' far-off wail,
That sweetly, o'er the burning flood,
Floats on the brimstone gale !
The Devil, who can be sad, at times,
In spite of all his mummery,

And grave,—though not so prosy quite
As drawn by his friend Moutgomery,—
The Devil, to-day, has a dreaming air,
And his eye is raised, and his throat is bare !

His musings are of many things,
That—good or ill—befell,
Since Adam's sons macadamized
The highways into hell :—
And the Devil—whose mirth is *never* loud—
Laughs with a quiet mirth,
As he thinks how well his serpent tricks
Have been mimick'd upon earth ;
Of Eden and of England, soil'd
And darken'd by the foot
Of those who preach with adder-tongues,
And those who eat the fruit.

Towards the close is the following :—

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listen'd to a lute,
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute !
The moon was watching, on the hill,
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
To hear a lover's suit,
That—half a vow, and half a prayer—
Spoke less of hope than of despair ;
And rose into the calm, soft air,
As sweet and low
As he had heard—oh, woe ! oh, woe !—
The flutes of angels, long ago !

“ By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith, that mounts on angel-wings,
By *dreams* that make night shadows bright,
And *truths* that turn our day to night,
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,
By pleasure's *day*, and sorrow's *year*,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,
For joy or grief—for hope or fear,
For all hereafter—as for here,
In peace or strife—in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine ! ”

And for its soft and sole reply,
A murmur and a sweet, low sigh,
But not a spoken word ;
And, yet, they made the waters start
Into *his* eyes who heard,
For, they told of a most loving heart,
In a voice like that of a bird !—
Of a heart that loved—though it loved in vain !
A grieving—and, yet, not a pain !—
A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
And, early, shed their bloom !—
Of vanish'd hopes and happy smiles,
All lost forevermore :
Like ships, that sail'd for sunny isles,
But never came to shore !—
A flower that, in its withering,
Preserved its fragrance, long ;—
A spirit that had lost its wing,
But, still, retain'd its song !—
A joy that could not, *all*, be lost,
A comfort in despair !—
And the Devil fled like a lated ghost,
That snuffs the purer air ;
For he felt how lovers' own sweet breath
Surrounds them, like a spell,
And he knew that love, “ as strong as death,”
Is far too strong for Hell ;
And, from the country of its birth,
Brings thoughts—in sorrow or in mirth—
That sanctify the earth,—
Like angels, earthward tempest driven,
And waiting to return to heaven !

This passage and the Hebrew's prayer, still further on, are the best portions of the poem ; and in such writing evidently lies the writer's *forte*. There are five etchy illustrations ; but the poem would have been “ most adorned ” by their omission.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

MR. JOHNSON was a brewer in a small country town, and as the natives were not very well-bred people, he carried on a flourishing trade, and was generally said to be *making* money. He had neither wife nor family, or, as the newspapers, by a happy and polite synonyme, express the same condition, he was “ without incumbrance ; ” and to supply the want of both heirs and partners, he had introduced into his business a distant relative, by name Jonathan Maurice. The young man, or rather boy, who had no better prospects, was highly delighted with an offer so promising,

and continued for some years an active and cheerful superintendent of the manufacture of ale. An intimacy with the neighboring family of a wealthy farmer formed one of his chief pleasures, and no higher ambition disturbed an incipient attachment for his youngest daughter, Juliet.

But in an evil hour, as he was on the point of being constituted a partner in the business, he received a pressing invitation from an old school-fellow ; and having obtained a month's furlough, set out to pay the required visit. His friend was one of a family who had risen in the

world, and exhibited all its vice and pride, with none of its dignity. The father had, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, made a fortune, and his next step was to make himself a family. While he remained in comparative poverty, he cared little whether he had any ancestors or not, but when wealth poured in upon him, he grew very jealous of the idea of regular procreation, and seemed really apprehensive lest some terrible mistake should be made respecting his origin. As his riches increased, so did his ancestors ; when he had one thousand a year, his genealogy extended only to one hundred years, and embraced no names of any eminence ; but at two thousand, a noble progenitor was beheaded for high treason ; at four thousand, he was connected with royalty ; and when he retired from business, there was no question that the founder of his race was a Norman Vagabond, attendant on the Conqueror. In establishing his dignity, he was, however, a little puzzled by the brevity and unimportance of his name, which was, simply, John James ; but having observed that it was usual in such cases to double the appellation, he thought it would be still more remarkable to repeat it thrice, and, accordingly, denominated himself "John James James-James, Esq., of Nutbridge-park."

The novelty of his pretensions was not displayed by ordinary vulgarity, but, what was far more insufferable, by excessive politeness and inveterate good breeding. His taste was not indeed aristocratically plain, nor could he refrain from making the footman and footboy, one very tall, and the other as remarkably short, both stand together behind his carriage ; but he knew enough of the world to be aware that extravagant show is the last means by which a man of moderate sense would seek to display newly acquired wealth. He insisted that his daughters should dress

plainly, though exquisitely ; refused his sons permission to drive tandem in a dog-cart ; and supplied his groom, whom, by the way, he caused to ride so close behind him as to leave no assignable interval, with a horse much handsomer than his own.

But in spite, or rather in consequence, of much study to be polite and easy, an air of pride and vulgar restraint pervaded the whole family. They were proud of everything—of their wealth, their taste, their condescension, but chiefly of their manners. They always came into company with the air of wild beasts imperfectly tamed, and their father bore so exactly the aspect of a showman, that, when he began to say this is my son John, or my daughter Jane, the guest would not have been surprised, had he proceeded to detail the circumstances of their capture, and the mode of their subsequent discipline. His children themselves lived, like Tantalus, in perpetual dread, fearing lest some breach of good manners should fall on their devoted heads. Of that perfection of art which consists in the concealment of art they had no conception. They were constantly talking of politeness.

Their intention in inviting Maurice, was to overwhelm him with alternate pleasure and mortification, and send him home deeply impressed with his own meanness and their superiority. On the first day he afforded them much entertainment, by his hungry amazement at the delay of dinner. At two o'clock he thought it probable they dined at three, and so on, for several hours ; but at six, he felt certain they would not dine at all, and even if they should, he doubted whether he should be alive to partake of the repast. At seven, however, he welcomed the sound of a bell, and learnt it was the signal for dressing, upon which he hurried up stairs, and returning with much precipitation, after the lapse of five minutes,

was surprised to find several of the party not yet set out on the errand he had so speedily accomplished.

At dinner he ate enormously of the first course, supposing it to be the only one, and called three times for beer. The forks puzzled him extremely, and he seemed wholly unable to determine which side should be kept uppermost, but he failed to apply them to their most important use, and employed his knife where its principal attribute of cutting was more than needless. His companions were shocked ; nor was the subject so disgustingly stale to them, as to check the wit of Alexander, the eldest son, and deter him from inquiring, with great simplicity, whether he had seen the Indian Jugglers, and insidiously leading him to explain their method of thrusting knives down their throats.

In the evening, the young ladies entertained him with Italian music, and would not believe he understood nothing of it. One asked his opinion of Rossini, and another was certain he liked Beethoven ; but the greatest mirth was excited by his replying to a question respecting a song he held in his hand, that he could not tell its name, but it was from "*Nozzy die Figaro*, by Mozart." Then he was entreated to sing himself, and with so much urgency, that he was obliged to yield ; fortunately, he selected a comic subject, and though his auditors were too polite to laugh, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the amusement they exhibited.

He remarked that the song was in a play, and inquired if they had ever seen it performed. They replied in the negative ; and fancying himself in one respect at least their superior, he began to relate how exquisitely he had seen it acted by a strolling company in his native town. They heard him gravely till he concluded, and then gave him to understand that they never frequented the theatres in London, and that, in fact, nobody ever did ;

an assertion which much amazed him at first, since he had been informed they were often almost full ; but they soon explained themselves more clearly, and abashed him by the conviction that he had introduced a subject of notorious vulgarity.

A disquisition on the metropolis naturally ensued, and here, having never seen it, he felt himself in very deep shade, and, while they desecated on its charms, he was not a little galled by their commiseration of his ignorance. London seemed the very utopia of their imaginations—the concentration of all that was beautiful to the eye, and delightful to the intellect. It was the seat and source of all merit ; other regions shone only by its reflected lustre ; they esteemed Nature an architect inferior to Mr. Nash ; and could the moon and stars have been "*warranted town-made*," they would have liked them better.

Every succeeding day added to the humiliation Maurice already began to experience ; and all the divisions of the day had their appropriate annoyances. If he walked out, he detested his boots or his gloves ; if he rode, he inwardly cursed his breeches ; and at dinner, he was so bothered by French names for the commonest dishes, that he was reduced to the phrases, "*I'll trouble you*," or, "*a little of that dish, if you please* ;" and if he was asked to take any particular wine, he gave a hurried assent, though, for aught he knew of its appellation, it might have been a solution of arsenic.

"And who," he inquired, "were the persons that caused him this vexatious abasement ?" Merely a London merchant, at one time not much richer than himself, content with a plain cypher on his seal, instead of the splendid coat of arms of horned dogs and winged pigs, which now figured on every signet and every possible article of furniture in the house, from the hall-chairs

to the buckets used in the stable-yard. One of his sons had been his school-fellow : so far from being in any way his superior, he had ranked far beneath him in attainments, and was flogged once a week for never washing his face. The reflection on the change produced in their relative situations was of such constant and irritating recurrence, that the pleasure of his visit was wholly annihilated, and as soon as he conveniently could, he made some pretext for returning home.

He resumed the duties of his business, but the smell of malt disgusted him. The workmen, whom he had once respected as industrious or clever servants, seemed to him perfect caricatures of humanity ; and the huge tubs, which had excited his pride by their immensity, looked so insupportably hideous, that he almost wished they might burst. A *country* brewer !—that phrase comprised all that was odious. Had he been a London brewer, the case would have been completely changed, for then he might have had no more to do with brewing than with astrology, and, at the expense of having his name gibbeted in capitals all over the city, followed by the mysterious word *Entire*, he might have enjoyed an ample income, and sat, with booksellers and linendrapers, an ornament to the senate of his country.

He concluded, therefore, that the principal difference in human conditions depended on living in, or out of, the metropolis ; and he began to consider, whether it was not competent to him to attain all the advantages it could offer, and become, like Mr. James-James, the founder of a polite, wealthy, and ancient family. As the idea began to unfold itself, its attractions increased, and he ventured, at length, to communicate his views to Mr. Johnson, who called him a fool, and strove to convince him that he was one ; but, failing in the argument, and hoping that love might have more influence than reason, he sent

him on a visit to Miss Juliet Manning.

All families have their distinctive foibles, and the reigning one of the Mannings was a pathetic love of brute pets. The sitting-room, into which Maurice was ushered, contained two old dogs and a puppy, a parrot, a cat without a tail, and a lamb ; Juliet was nursing a kitten, and three of her brothers were in tears—William, because his last pigeon was just dead ; and John and Thomas, because the tame hawk of the one had slain the tame mouse of the other. In short, it was impossible to walk across the room, much less to approach the fire, without breaking the tail or the leg of some antiquated favorite, and such an accident was certain to call forth so much tenderness of feeling, that the author of it wished he had only murdered all the family. The present spectacle was deeply interesting. Juliet looked pleased, and welcomed her lover : but she could not rise without disturbing the kitten ; her brothers sat bemoaning themselves with undiminished grief, and the dogs lay luxuriously on the hearth-rug. But shortly after the scene was wholly changed ; the mourners leaped up and dried their tears ; the kitten was laid aside in a little bed, and the dogs raised their unwieldy bodies upon their insufficient legs. Maurice did not at first comprehend the reason, but was speedily informed that Mr. Manning had just sounded a horn, to intimate that he was awaiting them at the pond to entertain their tender sensibilities with the diversion of a duck-hunt. He accompanied them, and witnessed the sport, which was highly satisfactory ; the duck, indeed, died from exhaustion, but, as it was not a pet, its sufferings excited no commiseration, and its death no sorrow.

In a happier frame of mind, Maurice would have excused the inconsistency and thoughtless cruelty which he witnessed, but he had begun to despise the actors in the

scene, and therefore felt little tenderness for their failings. Juliet, in particular, he condemned with unmeasured severity, and contrasted the unbridled gaiety of her demeanor with the calm dignity of the ladies at Nutbridge-park, till he concluded that she was vulgar as well as silly, and combined ill-breeding with a want of sensibility. As he had once erred in exalting her foibles to the rank of virtues, so he now did by exaggerating them to the dignity of crimes.

Hundreds imagine themselves persons of refined taste or excellent morality, when they are, in fact, only ill-tempered: they feel contempt because they are bilious; and when they are overwhelmed with spleen, they dignify their ailments with the idea of conscious superiority, pity their friends, and write satires. Such, at least, was the foundation of the discontent of Maurice. He struggled to conceal the change in his sentiments, but was not so far successful as to avoid wounding the feelings of Juliet; for his attentions were less spontaneous than usual, and his thoughts so abstracted, that when, by way of experiment, she dropped her glove, she was compelled, half-weeping with mortification, to pick it up again with her own hand.

He concluded his visit, little pleased with his friends, and far less with himself; and as he rode home, he wrought himself up to the resolution, that he would without delay seek his fortune in that *El Dorado*, which had raised so far above him persons whom he had once deemed little more than his equals.

Mr. Johnson was a man who had no idea of arguing, and whether right or wrong, he always got into a passion; whence it arose, that the urgency of Maurice in pressing the execution of his plan—a plan, of which he saw the folly more clearly than he could explain it—led to an inveterate quarrel. The relatives separated in disgust; and the younger one, with a hundred

pounds in his pocket, and an imagination overcharged with ideas of wealth and pleasure, set out on a cold evening in March for the metropolis.

He found only one vacant space left for him on the exterior of the vehicle, and that considerably encroached upon by the persons and goods of others. Two men of extraordinary dimensions, wearing, each, twenty great coats, with as many score of capes, shared the seat, and opposite to him was the guard; the space destined for his feet was occupied by a hamper of fish, and two umbrellas had right of possession behind him: but these evils were tolerable, when compared with the annoyance of a box so projecting from among the luggage, that it gave to his head one compulsory position, far from pleasing or perpendicular. The long dreariness of a wintry night lay in prospect before him; he could not sleep; and once when he attempted it, the sonorous bugle of the guard, covering his head, awoke him with a start; but it must not be disguised, that he had the satisfaction, not only of seeing and hearing that several of his companions were asleep, but of feeling the fact, by occasional buttings and oscillations, indicative of happy repose. At length morning broke on the white frosty fields in the neighborhood of the metropolis; and shortly after he was deposited in Gracechurch-street, with London all before him where to choose.

The appearance of all he had hitherto seen of his terrestrial paradise rather surprised him. The buildings in Whitechapel did not strike him as more splendid than those of his native town, and the atmosphere, compounded of smoke, gas, and steam, seemed scarcely fluid. It had not rained for some time previously, yet everything was as wet as if the flood had just subsided: but this, though he knew it not, was an advantage to the prospect, for, otherwise, clouds of dust would have blinded him and prevented his seeing at all.

Instead of remaining in the City, he proceeded, as he had been recommended, to the neighborhood of Covent Garden, which for its undisturbed quiet, and the sweet perfume of stale vegetables, is a very favorite region for hotels. Here he was ushered into a room, which exactly contained a bed, and after surrendering his boots to a man, who gave him in exchange a pair of slippers, which would have fitted a horse as well as a gentleman, he endeavored to procure a little rest. But, to say nothing of an "Introduction to Entomology," of which it would be improper to speak more particularly, the bed might have proved an excellent antidote to a pound of opium; and two persons, one whistling, and the other singing, were getting up in adjoining apartments.

Accordingly, he soon rose again, and attempted to wash himself with water, of which the surface was covered with heaven-descended particles, answering the purpose of rouge, except that they were black, while the soap seemed intended, by its size, to exemplify the infinite divisibility of matter, and, by its unchanged endurance of moisture, proved itself a far better material for public buildings than the external plaster of the new treasury, so lately built to contain the national debt. Nor was it very easy to obtain any alleviation of his numerous afflictions, for, though a rope attached to a wire hung from the ceiling, he labored at it for a long period without success, and had no other reason to suppose he was ringing a bell, than that nobody came to answer it.

When he had prevailed over all the difficulties of the toilette, and taken the meal naturally succeeding to it, his thoughts turned towards a subject of yet greater importance,—the accomplishment of the first step in creating his own fortune. And here he was surprised to discover how indefinite his ideas

had hitherto been, and how much they wanted of any approach to practical application. In this perplexity, he had recourse to the advice of a person slightly connected with him by descent, and was fortunate enough to procure a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. The salary, indeed, was exceedingly small, and the labor required bore to it the usual inverse ratio: but it was precisely the occupation he desired, as affording most room for the splendid results he anticipated.

The ostensible head of the mercantile concern to which Maurice was recommended, was Mr. Merivale; but he committed all its cares to one or two accomplices, and took no active part, except that of spending much the largest share of the profits. There once existed a decided line of demarcation between commercial grandeur and the dignity of nobility and hereditary wealth; and the distinction, though founded in pride, and often invidious, was not wholly mischievous in its tendency. But, at the birth of Mr. Merivale, this boundary-line was fast fading away; and the city wall, weakened by the frequent irruptions of needy nobles, and excursive exploits of ambitious traders, was tottering to its foundation.

In conformity with the prevailing idea, that a merchant not only might be, but ought to be, a gentleman, the father of Mr. Merivale sent him to the university, and educated him, in all respects, as a man of hereditary and independent fortune. The natural consequence was, that, at three-and-twenty, he felt no predilection for the city; was irregular in his attendance at his office, and careless in his transactions; and in process of time, after the death of his father, surrendered the whole management of his affairs to partners and clerks. Thenceforth he regarded his merchandise in no other light than as a disgraceful source of profit—the secret profession of a thief, of which

nothing must be known—or an Irish estate, an unseen spring of convenient wealth.

As he totally evaded the labors of his business, he ought in fairness to have been moderately indifferent to its returns : but, in point of fact, he was far more rapacious than the active partners ; and the mention of storms, embargoes, blockades, or anything that tended to the diminution of his income, exasperated him to madness. Money, however, was with him an evanescent good : he was habitually extravagant, and lest any motive to profusion should be wanting, he selected for his wife the worst of all possible economists—a poor lady of rank. Her expenses and his own frequently reduced the gentleman-merchant to some difficulties ; but, on such occasions, he studied not how to reduce his expenditure, but how to increase his income. With this view, he effected at one time a reduction in the salaries of the clerks, and at another, by abolishing their vacations of a week annually, diminished their numbers—measures by which he saved sixty pounds towards the rent of an opera-box.

On an appointed day, Maurice set out for the counting-house of the Russian merchants. It was situated in a lane leading out of Lombard-street, so narrow that broad daylight could never be said to enter it, and, in winter, sunrise and sunset could most easily be ascertained by the almanac. Ascending the ancient stairs, he entered a large, low room, lighted with gas, which served to exhibit the filthiness of its condition, and the sallow countenances of ten laborers at their desks. In compliance with the directions there given him, he proceeded to an adjoining closet, where, perched on a stool, sat a very short Tyrian prince, by name Sichæus, or, as he was more commonly and corruptly called, Mr. Sikes.

The room was ridiculously small, but into it were crowded, with much

ingenuity, a fire-place, a desk, a stool, and Mr. Sikes. Its contracted dimensions seemed, however, to give its tenant no uneasiness ; and, indeed, he could do in it what no man could do in a palace ; for, as he sat on his stool, he could open the window, shut the door, stir the fire, or kill a spider on the ceiling. He heard the address of Maurice with attention, but soon exhibited his reigning characteristic, which was to be always busy. He had, indeed, a great weight of occupation ; but he affected to have yet more, and never was so hurried or precipitate in dismissing a visiter, as when beginning to kick his legs against his stool for want of any other earthly employment. In fact, being busy was with him as mere a trick as taking snuff, or going to church : he was busy eating, busy sleeping, and busy doing nothing ; and though he has since found time to die, he was so much hurried that he died suddenly.

He received Maurice with blunt civility, and, after making a few inquiries, set him immediately to work at copying out a long letter of business relating chiefly to tallow, to Palcoviwitch, Lorobowsky and Palarislay, merchants at St. Petersburg. He was accordingly introduced into the company of his fellow-clerks, and while undergoing much observation and remark, he, in his turn, made several conclusions respecting them. Most of them seemed to have little care of their manners or appearance ; but there was one of more refinement, who, while the rest spat openly, like cats in a passion, put his hand beside his mouth to conceal the operation ; and, while two of his companions were quarreling about the shutting of a window, earnestly and politely entreated them not to make d—d fools of themselves. But they had little time to waste, and, excepting some angry interludes and complaints of an unequal division of labor, their whole attention was absorbed by immense books

and numberless papers. Maurice found his own share of the labor sufficiently wearisome, and before he had half completed it, he was assailed by a violent headach, which gradually increased till the hour of his release arrived. At that wished-for period, he returned to his hotel, with eyes dizzied by the glare of diurnal gas, and spirits depressed by fatigue ; and beginning to suspect that, though London was certainly the mart of wealth and grandeur, it was not a scene of pure and unalloyed pleasure.

The day following he occupied in seeking some place of abode more suited to his very limited finances, and finally selected the first floor (as the second floor of a building is generally called) of a house in the suburbs, which adjoined a large open space, full of new bricks and deep pits, whence their materials had been extracted. On the evening of his establishment in these "pleasant and airy lodgings," he returned from his office to a late dinner, much annoyed by a reproof from his superior, and an insult from one of his fellow-clerks. After knocking three times, he was admitted by a little girl ; and having proceeded up stairs in the dark, he, in course of time, succeeded in obtaining a light. In another half-hour, his dinner appeared, consisting of two mutton-chops, embedded in liquescent grease, which seemed eager to claim kindred with the more perfect character of the tallow of the solitary yellow candle. Two enormous potatoes, pleasingly diversified with black spots, and as hard as cannon-balls, completed the course ; and the place of wines, in all their absurd variety, was philosophically supplied by a pint of black liquor, compounded of glue, treacle and wormwood, and denominated porter.

The second course was brought in with much ceremony by the child before-mentioned, whom, in default of a bell, he was obliged to summon by her name—*Arrier-Beller*.

The centre-dish, side-dishes, and top and bottom dishes were ingeniously contracted into one, bearing a small piece of cheese that a hungry rat would have scorned, beside a lump of butter, to the authorship of which sheep and pigs had a better claim than cows ; and with this the unsophisticated repast concluded.

All men of business, when left to themselves, fall fast asleep immediately after dinner ; and Maurice experienced exhaustion and fatigue enough to induce him to adopt the same course, had his inclinations been his only rule. But it happened that there were lodging over him two little children who screamed incessantly, the one taking turns with the other to sleep ; while, during one half of the day and night, their parents made twice as much noise in attempting to quiet them. Not, indeed, that the infants were always ill or out of temper ; but the only method their tender age had of expressing pain or pleasure, was by an exertion of the lungs, which made them black in the face ; and the amusements contrived for them—such as rattling the latch of a door, or galloping on a footstool—were all of a noisy character. Maurice wished he could explain to them that his head ached, and regretted that the mother, in singing her boy to sleep, thought it necessary, vibrating seconds, to stamp sixty times in a minute on the frail floor ; but he endeavored to recollect that the path to eminence is generally toilsome, and, as his evils were of his own choosing, pride furnished him with a resolution, which he chose to call patience.

More than a month passed away in unremitting labor, and Maurice yet saw no prospect of the advancement he anticipated, and had tasted none of the pleasures with which he had always understood London to overflow. His masters were imperious, and reproved him in unmeasured terms for the mistakes

into which he was led by entire ignorance of the system of business ; but the annoyances he experienced from them were unfrequent, compared with those he received from his fellow-laborers. In admitting an idea so novel as the possibility of a mere countryman being in any respect superior to denizens of the largest, most smoky, and most conceited capital in the world, he was, as it became him, modest ; and when they ridiculed his dress or his provincialisms, he strove to believe their taste excellent, and their language English.

When Mr. Merivale abolished the vacations of his unfortunate clerks, he deeply regretted that popular opinion compelled him to let them be idle all Sunday ; and had he not, on other grounds, been an infidel, he never could have believed that a deity who knew anything of the world would have been so regardless of the interests of commerce as to make fifty-two days in every year unavailable for the purposes of business. Multiplying fifty-two by ten, he found five hundred and twenty days were lost to him annually. Indeed the general character of the Sunday seemed to afford him some ground for considering it almost useless as a religious institution. Not that he objected to ministerial dinners and private parties on that day ; but he thought it intolerable that the lower classes, for whom religion was certainly invented, should neglect the opportunity afforded them. He considered it obtaining a holiday under false pretences.

Sunday, therefore, Maurice had at his own disposal ; and though habit sent him to church in the morning, he thought fit, in the afternoon, to amuse himself by walking towards the West. His dress, with which he had taken unusual pains, consisted of top-boots and drab breeches, a red waistcoat striped with black, and a black neckcloth with red spots, the whole surmounted by a snuff-colored coat,

and a hat of prodigious extent : nor had he any reason to be dissatisfied with the attention he excited. After encountering a few trifling accidents, of which the most important were spraining his ancle by slipping off the pavement ; losing his handkerchief he knew not how ; having his hat blown off by an unexpected gust of wind ; and his foot crushed by a person stepping back upon it ; and ensuring a tolerable headach by coming in contact with a stout fellow who was walking rapidly, and, like himself, looking another way—he at length entered the Park, not a little irritated and fatigued. Presently he came to an oblong sheet of water, and was told it was the Serpentine ; but this was too much for his credulity, and he expressed so freely his opinion of his informant's veracity, that he narrowly escaped a hostile engagement.

Continuing to walk forward among stunted trees, he now saw at a distance a long line of vehicles, and concluded, as they seemed to be perfectly stationary, that it was a stand of hackney-coaches ; but as he drew nearer, he perceived them to be in very tardy motion, and settled in his own mind that it was the funeral of some distinguished person. At length he learned the true nature of the spectacle ; and never did his ideas of London receive a greater shock, than when he was given to understand that this melancholy procession, this tortoise-hunt, formed the most extatic enjoyment of the highest classes, to whom the kindness of fortune had opened all the avenues of pleasure !

In the midst of the crowd he discovered the family of Mr. James, and thinking he could do no less, he approached the carriage, and offered his compliments at the open window, but, to his great astonishment, they did not recognize him, and, with a stare of surprise, drew up the glass. As he returned to the footpath, he encountered a par-

ty of young men who were laughing immoderately, and some of their expressions which reached his ear explained to him that he had just undergone a very marked insult, and was consequently the object of general derision. His feelings were not very comfortable ; he could almost have wept with vexation, and growing a little weary of pleasure, he put his hand to his watch hoping to find it time to return home, but his endeavor to find the seals was ineffectual ; and he was compelled to admit the melancholy conviction, that he had sustained a second loss more serious than the preceding one.

In his way home he encountered the friend by whose kindness he had obtained the situation he held, informed him of his misfortune, and was advised how to act, that is, to do nothing at all. Proceeding to inquire after the family of his relative, he learnt, to his surprise, that he had not seen them very lately. To his questions respecting his shop, his gig, and his cottage at Highgate, his answers were very sparing ; and at the end of a certain street he bade him farewell, nor could any persuasion induce him to extend his walk. Maurice observed a change in him, and wondered at the modesty with which so prosperous and wealthy a tradesman spoke of his possessions ; but shortly after, his admiration was removed by learning that he was at that very period enjoying the rules of the Fleet Prison.

The ensuing week afforded him one of those commercial miracles, a holiday, of human institution. The great question among his companions was how to make the most of it ; and it was finally decided that a party should be formed to row up the river, and visit one of the theatres in the evening. He consented to share in the excursion ; and as all the party professed themselves expert rowers, and scoffed at the idea of steering, he anticipated very great pleasure.

When they were all seated in an eight-oared boat, it was discovered that every oar was in the wrong place, and the act of exchanging produced so much confusion, and so many disasters, that the whole crew were completely out of temper before the voyage was commenced. At length they made way, but they had no idea of keeping time, and perhaps the universe did not afford anything more ridiculous than the spectacle they exhibited, dipping their oars into the water in regular succession, like the paddles of a steam-packet, and looking all the while exceedingly earnest, and very angry. One accused another of not rowing, but he insisted upon it that he did, and appealed to his profuse perspiration, and hands already nearly flayed. The steersman, however, bore the blame of all that went wrong, and after undergoing vehement censure from all quarters, surrendered his office to another of the party, who was completely exhausted by ten minutes' labor.

But his successor was still more ignorant, and more unfortunate, and the numberless directions given him puzzled him infinitely, because those who gave them sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot, that their right was his left, and the converse. Once he steered them against a barge, then against a bridge, and, finally, having spoilt a wherry-match near the Red House, he was so much irritated by the reproaches showered on him, that he insisted on being put on shore. His request was granted with many sneers and much laughter ; but he was not unrevenged, for as his companions were putting off again, a bargeman dashed his enormous pole into the river, and covered them with mud and water, while a rope carried away the hat of one of them ; and he could obtain no other satisfaction for the injury than virulent abuse for being a cockney, and intimations that, one day or another,

he would meet with a rope productive of more serious consequences.

It had been fixed that the party should re-assemble at the lodgings of one of them in the evening. There, in the intervals of smoking, they were occupied in discussing many subjects of the last importance. It was astonishing to perceive how easily they determined questions in politics and religion, on which other wise men had doubted and disputed for ages. Occasionally they descended to minor topics : praised an actress to whose "benefit" they had received an order ; spoke of fashions in dress, which they imagined to exist at the other end of the town ; and established doctrines of etiquette they were fortunate enough to overlook in practice.

They now adjourned to the theatre, and reaching it half an hour before the commencement of half-price, spent the interval in a sepulchral gallery, listening to sounds of mysterious import. The companions of Maurice were not, however, unoccupied ; for with commendable forethought, they proceeded, like persons preparing for an expedition to the Pole, to lay in stores of provisions, sufficient, if properly economized, to last them a year or two. But ere many minutes had elapsed, their resolution failed them, and first one, and then another, released from his distended pocket an apple, an orange, or a biscuit ; and then ensued a scene of great variety, accompanied by sounds which seemed sufficient to maintain the principle of suction against all philosophy.

When the first rage of appetite had subsided, they began to pelt each other with orange-peel, and practise many other witty jokes, far above the capacity of country people. But the greatest mirth was excited by one of them knocking off the hat of his neighbor, from which there fell a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, two oranges, a cigar and a half, a bill of the play, and some

biscuits : a feat which the sufferer took very easily ; and while he replaced the rest of his possessions, politely offered Maurice one of the biscuits which had been broken by the fall. At length the third act concluded, and the doors being opened, the expectant multitude rushed with useless eagerness towards the crowded pit.

In the midst, however, of the crush and vapor, Maurice perceived a vacant standing-place, and hastily occupying it, looked with an air of triumph at his companions ; but, while he was at the height of his self-gratulation, a good-natured person advised him to take off his hat, which, on examination, he found covered with the droppings of a candle placed above. Then one of the gods thought proper to send down a glass bottle on the heads of those below ; fortunately it alighted on that man whose comprehensive hat was before mentioned.

Maurice, overpowered perhaps by the odor of gas and the exhalations of human bodies densely crowded together, thought it just such a play as he had seen performed in the country, and though the theatre was huge, and the performers more elegant, the superiority was not so striking as he expected. Nor could he disguise it from himself that there were many points in the representation more vulgar and wicked than he should have supposed so brilliant an assemblage would tolerate, especially as he had been informed of the notable fact, that, a little time before, a celebrated performer had been hissed off the stage, because he had been found guilty of a breach of the seventh commandment—a circumstance which had struck him forcibly, and naturally led him to conclude, that, as known adulterers were not only endured but courted in every other department of public life, the stage must be superior to them in morality and decorum ; nor did it then occur to him to consider it as a mark of detestable hypocrisy

in the age, and of petty tyranny in a vicious public over those on whom three-and-sixpence gave them the power of censure.

He had not, however, a complete opportunity of judging on the merits of London theatricals, for while he was almost stunned with the applause lately bestowed on a *double entendre*, and now given to a sentiment of preposterous national vanity, his arm was seized by a spectator, who, having lost his handkerchief, charged him with the theft, and committed him to the custody of an officer, thus putting a suitable conclusion to the pleasures of the day.

The next morning, Maurice was brought forward in a public character as a prisoner at a police-office, whither he was conveyed in company with the lowest and most abandoned of his species. But it happened that the prosecutor, having discovered that one of his own friends had taken his handkerchief in jest, did not think proper to appear, and he was accordingly dismissed, with an insolent congratulation from the magistrate on his narrow escape from transportation. But though the spectators considered him the more guilty from his happily escaping all proof of his guilt, our noble and excellent law, generously acknowledging his innocence, fined him for it the sum of one shilling, and with reluctance dismissed him from her close embrace.

When, late in the day, he returned home in considerable discomfort, but with some satisfaction at the prospect of relief, he was surprised to find the house completely closed, and impregnable to his attacks. However, the sound he created drew together some of the neighbors, who talked a great deal, and disputed for an hour whether it was a hanging matter to break open a house. In the end, Maurice himself forced an entrance, and was astonished to find no traces of inhabitants or of furniture, nor even a

single relic of his own possessions. It appeared that the tenants had packed up and departed quietly in the night; but the neighbors were too much used to such occurrences to exhibit the smallest surprise or disapprobation; and, with the exception of one man, who loudly execrated their conduct, and carried off two bell ropes, lest they should be stolen by any one else, they all departed in peaceable horror at the idea of interference.

The loss of his wardrobe was of little consequence to Maurice compared with that of his hundred pounds, which he had left, as he thought, perfectly secure in a very curiously constructed drawer of his writing-desk, not at all considering that the desk, drawer and all, might be carried off at one fell swoop. Overwhelmed with distress and perplexity, and knowing of no friend to whom he might apply for counsel, he resolved to have recourse to the advice of his fellow-clerks, but on arriving at the office, he found everything in extreme confusion, and in answer to his oft-repeated inquiries was informed that one of the partners had left the country without notice, that it was *up* with the concern, and that all connected with it must begin life afresh, each as he could.

This was too much, and Maurice almost sank under a blow, which seemed equivalent to absolute beggary. He advertised in the newspapers, and generally found his half-guinea statement crowded into a supplementary sheet, amidst columns of applications from young men, who seemed to have every possible merit, and yet in many instances were contented with mere nominal salaries, or anxious only for employment. Finding these methods wholly ineffectual, he had recourse to personal applications, but generally met with so much cruelty and ridicule, that he considered himself happy in a civil repulse. At length, however, he was so fortunate as to procure the office

of shopman at a haberdasher's, and continued in it for three months, very wretched, and very hard-worked, till being unjustly suspected of secreting a parcel, he was dismissed without payment of his salary, and threatened with the infliction of that admirable English justice, which is always more ready to hang an innocent man, than a known murderer whose name has been misspelt in the indictment.

In this state of things he found, as if by a strange fatality, several situations vacant ; but the inquiry as to his character was always fatal. To return to Mr. Johnson seemed impossible : every succeeding day added to his despair. At length his feelings became intolerable ; and he had actually repaired to London Bridge with the fixed determination of committing suicide, when he was kindly accosted by a passer-by, who had observed his agitation and suspected his purpose.

The first words of interest which he had heard for many weeks, deeply affected him ; and inquiry easily drew from him the detail of his circumstances. The benevolent stranger listened with attention, and instead of passing on with expressions of pity, seemed bent on befriending him more effectually ; gave him a small sum of money for his immediate necessities ; and promising, if he found his statement true, to meet him on the ensuing evening, departed.

At the hour and place agreed upon, both kept the appointment.

"I have to congratulate you," said Warren (for that was the stranger's name) ; "I have called on your late master, and have ascertained the removal of all suspicion against you : the offender was his own son."

"God bless you !" exclaimed Maurice, eagerly ; "then I may yet hope ?"

"Certainly, if you mean to obtain another situation in London ; but I should rather advise you to return to your relative."

"It is impossible : he will refuse to receive me."

"If he does, you are no worse than at present : but he may relent ; it is worth the trial."

"But might I not succeed here ? Surely, Sir, there have been instances——"

"Of splendid success ? Yes ; but, compared with the cases of deplorable failure, they have been as one to infinity. To rise unassisted from a subordinate situation, is a miracle ; to remain in it, a better sort of slavery. Take my own case, which is a favorable one : I have been thirty years in a merchant's office ; I labor nearly twelve hours in the day, and receive two hundred a year. As to a week's vacation, I might as well resign as ask for it ; and probably the mere mention would lead my employers to exercise that power which they know to be despotic over a man with six children, destitute of all other resource."

Maurice expressed his acquiescence.

"Fortunes," continued Warren, "have unquestionably been made suddenly, but generally at an immense risk, and often by disgraceful means."

"It was not the desire of wealth only that made me leave the country ; I had heard the pleasures of London extolled."

"The pleasures of London ! What pleasures has it which cannot be better enjoyed elsewhere ? I leave out of the question those persons who spend a few months of the year in the metropolis, for to them change and the power of choice may give enjoyment ; but to those who inhabit it regularly, it is the most miserable place in the creation. Probably, you had heard a great deal of the theatres ; but, as far as my own observation extends, there are very few Londoners who visit them twice a year ; and, for my own part, I have not done so for a quarter of a century. The only pure pleasures of life are,

domestic intercourse, literature, and religion ; and what scene can be more unfavorable to either of them, than a noisy mass of crowded buildings ? ”

“ But those buildings are beautiful.”

“ The beauty of a scene of labor is absolutely nothing to a man’s happiness : a gardener is not a whit happier than a collier ; what a man sees every day he thinks nothing of ; and millions pass the Monument daily, without more notice than they would bestow on a watch-house.”

“ I believe you are right ; for the inhabitants of London seem to leave it as often as they can. Yet, certainly, all classes of men are richer here than in the country ? ”

“ A very common mistake : London is the poorest place in England, and half the splendor you see is rotten—the pride which goes before destruction. All live up to their income, and thousands beyond it, almost from necessity.”

“ I will return, certainly, and throw myself on the mercy of Mr. Johnson.”

“ Do so : own that you have been wrong ; and when, in future, you see any one dreaming of wealth and grandeur, and quitting certainty for hope, tell him your own experience : if he has nothing, let him come to London ; but if he is provided for at home, advise him to stay there ; and assure him that, if here he may find a larger carcase, he will also find a far greater number of eagles.”

“ I will write to Mr. Johnson immediately,” said Maurice.

“ By no means,” replied Warren. “ If you have any favor to seek, always make a personal application ; it is much more difficult to refuse than a written one, and it must be answered one way or another.”

Maurice took, with much gratitude, the advice so kindly offered him, and the same evening set out for his native town. His pride, which had yielded to arguments

enforced by immediate distress, returned as the prospect of humiliation approached more nearly ; and when he was set down at the Castle inn, he had almost resolved to return again to the metropolis. But it happened that, in taking up a local newspaper, an advertisement met his eye, which turned his thoughts into another channel. It was one of those extravagant scholastic annunciations which excite at once pity and contempt : the boys were to be taught with miraculous exactness and celerity, and no vacations were given but at the option of the parents. The name of the principal was Merivale ; and all doubt as to the identity of the person was removed by his seeing him, shortly afterwards, pass the window, shabbily dressed, and driving before him two or three boys not his superiors in appearance.

It is needless to explain how his feelings were affected by the spectacle of a man, bred up in ease and affluence, reduced to the adoption of a profession than which there was none more laborious, and few for which he could have been more unqualified. He proceeded with humility and alacrity to the house of his relative, freely avowed his circumstances, and met with less severity than he anticipated. The anger of Mr. Johnson could not be very inveterate against a man who came to tell him he was right, and to admit himself a fool in having ever differed from him.

It remained for him to make his peace in another quarter ; and when he again saw Juliet, he was enabled, by a more extended knowledge of the world, to do justice to her merits. If she wanted the refinements, she wanted also the vices of the town. She was not elegant nor fashionable ; but neither was she affected and vain, or addicted to filthy and tawdry finery ; and her appearance had all those graces which peculiarly belong to health and nature. In short, running, as he was wont, into extremes, he be-

gan to admire those very defects he had once despised ; and having conceived a strong disgust for the Golden City, he consigned it to ut-

ter detestation, hated all that reminded him of it, and was really happy in having escaped the fulfilment of his most anxious wish.

BERNARD'S RETROSPECTIONS.

IN our two last numbers we gave some amusing extracts from the late John Bernard's "*Retrospections of the Stage*,"—the best collection of theatrical anecdotes we have seen since Michael Kelly's volumes. In a literary point of view it is far superior to many of the dull autobiographies which have been lately offered to the public, and the author tells a story passing well. We have served up for our readers another entertainment from its pages, of which we think it will be unnecessary to urge them to partake.

THE "SIX-BOTTLE MEN."

I visited a "six-bottle club" but once, and from the headach it cost me, was wise enough ever afterwards to decline an *encore* : but I remember very well being invited to one which held its orgies at a sea-side hamlet, and was very generally attended, with the following highly cheerful inducements : "Will you come over to us, Mr. Bur-nard, for a wake ? You'll be mightily plased with the fillows you'll mate there, and plinty of variety : for one Sunday night you'll see as merry a set of divils round the table as your heart could desire ; and the nixt, more than half will be under the sod, and a set of frish faces will pop into their places. Will you come, Mr. Bur-nard ?"

IRISH CALCULATION.

Bob Bowles' landlady was what was termed a "general dealer," and, among other things, sold bread and whisky. A customer entering her shop, inquired if she had anything to eat and drink. "To be sure," she replied ; "I have got a thimbleful of the crature, my darling, that

comes ounly to twopence ; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money !"—"Both twopence ?"—"Both the same, as I'm a Christian woman, and worth double the sum."—"Fill me the whisky, if you plase."—She did so, and he drank it ; then rejoined—"It comes to twopence, my jewel ; I'm not hungry, take back the loaf," tendering it.—"Yes, honey, but what pays for the whiskey ?"—"Why the loaf, to be sure !"—"But you haven't paid for the loaf !"—"Why, you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't eat ?" A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide this difficulty, who gave it against her ; and from some deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape.

A LONG MEAL.

About half-way between the towns of Chard and Taunton was an inn, where I purposed to stop and refresh myself. A short distance before I reached it, a gentleman passed me on foot, of a very comfortable and clerical appearance : he was dressed in black, with a broad-brimmed hat and a silver-headed cane. Having honored my person with a particular scrutiny as he passed, he halted at a little distance to look back at me. This notice, and a tolerably empty stomach, induced me to indulge in various pleasing speculations as respected his character and motives. He is the parson of the parish, thought I, and, interested by my young and hungry appearance, he feels half inclined to ask me to his house, and satisfy my wants. Fancy needed but little stimulus to carry me to the worthy man's table, and conjure up the apparatus of a gas-

tronomic performance. The sudden disappearance of their object, however, dissipated my day-dream ; and pushing on to the inn, I entered the public room, and rang a hand-bell. My first summons was not attended to ; at my second, the door was slightly opened, and a red, round, full-moon sort of a countenance intruded, with a mouth like a horizon dividing the head into upper and lower hemisphere, and tresses sufficiently golden, to have procured the owner from a poet the name of "Apollo."

"Landlord," said I, "I have had a long walk, and want something to eat."

The sounds had scarcely passed my lips, before the rustic's jaws, opening like the gates of a subterranean abyss, sent forth a roar of laughter. Naturally surprised at such an answer, I requested an explanation ; but his wife coming up at that instant (a small, unsymmetrical bundle of fat), he repeated my words to her, and they instantly got up a duet to the same tune, laughing till they were tired of standing, and then sat down to prolong their merriment. Mortified and indignant at what I could only interpret as a piece of bumpkin impertinence, I snatched up my hat, and was about to leave the house, when the landlord recovered his breath, and begged to explain himself.

It appeared that, about half an hour previously, a parson-looking gentleman, as he described him (who corresponded with the person who had passed me on the road), had come into his parlor, and pretending that it was too early to dine, yet too long to wait for dinner, inquired what would be the charge for a slight snack of cold meat and bread. The honest farmer, wishing to be moderate, as well as to cultivate his custom, replied, "Sixpence," and that he had got in the house a cold round of beef. "Very well," exclaimed the parson-looking gentleman, "bring it in, and with it a pint of your best ale."

The meat was brought, his customer sat down to it, and giving his knife a good edge, took the entire circuit of the beef, in a slice which must have weighed a pound. The farmer started at this, in the conviction that he should get but small profit from his sixpence. The gastronome was not long in putting this slice away, and its duplicate layer was taken from the round. The farmer was petrified. This was a shilling's worth of beef at the lowest reckoning. He contented himself, however, with the reflection, "that a bargain is a bargain," and perhaps the gentleman would be his customer another time. With the stillness and stiffness of a statue, he now regarded the clerical cormorant convey into his mouth, bit by bit, every vestige of the second pound. He now expected him to rise, when lo ! the fatal weapon was again laid to the beef, and his unappeasable customer exclaimed, "Landlord, now bring me the ale—I always drink when I have half done !" At these words, and their accompanying illustrative gesture, the farmer's delicacy was overwhelmed by his interest ; he sprang towards the table, seized the dish, and reiterating the words "haalf done, noa, dem it measter," said he, "if thee have any more of thic dish for thy little zixpence ; do thee get along, or I'll zet Towzer at thee. I don't want thy money, but only do thee moind, never to come here agin for a zixpenny znack !"

The gentleman in black, it appeared, very indignantly took up his hat and departed ; and on my entering the room shortly after, and making a similar request, namely, that having come a long walk, I wanted something to eat, it was very pardonable that the good-humored host should have indulged in his merriment. I could not now restrain my response to it, and we all laughed together.

THE WRONG LEG.

Amyas Griffiths was deformed both in his back and legs, which

procured him from many the title of the modern *Æsop*. One evening he was rattling and sparkling away, with the least crooked leg of the two thrown over the other (a piece of pardonable policy), when the conversation happened to turn upon dancing. A wag in the company, who knew his good humor, asked him "if he was fond of the amusement?"—"Yes," he replied, "and mean to subscribe to the winter-balls."—"What! with that leg?"—"Ay, with this leg; and, notwithstanding your sneering, I'll bet you a rump and dozen, there's a worse leg in the room."—"Done, done!" cried a dozen voices. Amyas shook the hands of each. "Now," said his antagonist, with a smile of confidence, "come forward, gentlemen, and let Mr. Griffiths point out such another limb as that." "Here it is," he replied; and throwing off his left leg, raised his right in the air, immeasurably more hideous than the other. A general laugh was the result, and the society decided he had fairly won his wager.

THE TWO "WAT TYLERS."

Mr. Tyler had a brother Watkins, who commanded in a corps of volunteers, and was invariably present in our boxes. This gave rise to a droll coincidence: Cherry was playing Lingo in the "Agreeable Surprise" one evening; and when he came to the question to Cowslip—"You never heard of the great heroes of antiquity, Homer, Heliogabalus, Moses, and Wat Tyler?" the audience laughed loudly, and turned their eyes upon Captain Wat Tyler in the boxes. Cherry was known to be in the habit of introducing jokes of his own; and the gallant officer concluding this to be such a one, left his seat when the act was over and went behind the scenes, where he desired Dick Row, our prompter, to let him look at the book. He was greatly agitated, and Row in an instant surmised the cause. "Sir," said he, as the captain turned over the leaves hurriedly, his face

burning, and throat choking with indignation, "Mr. Cherry spoke the author."—"Indeed, sir!" replied the son of Mars; "I'm afraid not, sir—I'm afraid not; and by St. Patrick and the seven holy stars! if he dared to—I—eh—" At this moment he had found the right place, and the words met his eye: his features instantly relaxed into a comical smile, and, looking at Row, he exclaimed, "By the powers! there's two of us, sure enough! Mr. Cherry, sir, was correct, and I beg you ten thousand pardons for this intrusion:" saying which he returned the book, made an elegant bow, and retreated.

GENIUS ON THE WING.

Galway, when representing the Player King (in *Hamlet*), stepped forward to repeat the lines—

"For us, and for our trage-dy,
Here stooping to your clemen-cy,
We beg your hearing patient-ly."

Here he should have rested with Spakspeare; but genius was on the wing, and he could not bring the eagle-bird to earth; therefore he continued—

"And if on this we may rely,
Why, we'll be with you by and by."

At which Whitely, who lay on the ground, as *Hamlet*, snarled out, loud enough to be heard by all the audience—

"And if on pay-day you rely,
Take care I stop no sala-ry."

Thus justifying the rhyme by a very serious reason.

WEEKS AND HIS "WOE."

An old gentleman in the company by the name of Weeks, who played the Friar in *Romeo and Juliet* (and whose body seemed to resemble a Norwegian deal, never fit for use till it had had a good soaking), on arriving at the concluding speech, which, as it contained a moral, was never omitted in the country,

"From such sad feuds what dire misfortunes
flow,"

espied a carpenter behind the scenes, very cautiously, but decidedly, approaching a tankard of ale, with which he had been solacing himself during the evening, in order, as he used to say, "to get mellow in the character." The tankard was placed in a convenient niche, with a good draught at its bottom; and whenever he was on, his eye would glance off, to watch over its safety. Being a little tipsied, he was somewhat stupefied at the treachery of the varlet; and fixing his eyes, cat-a-mountain like, on him, momentarily forgot his audience in himself, who interpreting this as a piece of deep acting, began to applaud. The carpenter was now within a step of

the tankard, and Weeks slowly articulated—

"Whate'er the cause—

(Here the fellow raised his hand)

"the sure effect is—

The knight of the hammer had clenched the pewter—Weeks at the same instant staggered off, wrenching the jeopardised liquid from his grasp,—the friar tucked it under his arm, and popping his head on at the wing, with a significant nod, shouted the last word, "woe!" at which the curtain fell, amidst a roar of laughter—a termination very rarely contemplated to the "Tragedy of Tragedies."

THE "HOW" AND THE "WHY."

I AM any man's suitor,
If any will be my tutor:
Some say this life is pleasant,
Some think it speedeth fast—
In time there is no present,
In eternity no future—
In eternity no past.

We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?
The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheat-ears whisper to each other:
What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round is not square?
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The world is somewhat, it goes on somehow;
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?
I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat, but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth "Why, why!"
In the summer-woods when the sun falls low;
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face and shouts "How, how!"
And the black owl scuds down the mellow twilight,
And chants "How, how!" the whole of the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?
What the life is? Where the soul may lie?
Why a church is with a steeple built,
And a house with a chimney-pot?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *what*?
Who will riddle me the *what* and the *why*?

SINGULAR SMITH.

MR. JOHN SMITH is now a bachelor, on the young side of forty. He is in the prime of *that* happy period, ere the freedom of single blessedness has deteriorated into formality, that "last infirmity of noble" bachelors. Caps have been, and are now, set at him; but he is too shy a bird to be caught in nets of muslin, or imprisoned by the fragile meshes of Mechlin lace. Widows wonder that he does not marry; wives think he should; and several disinterested maiden ladies advise him to think seriously of something of that sort; and he, always open to conviction, promises that he will do something of that kind. In fact, he has gone so far as to confess that it is melancholy, when he sneezes in the night, to have no one, night-capped and nigh, to say "God bless you!" If the roguish leer of his eye, in these moments of compunction, means anything, I am rather more than half inclined to doubt his sincerity. One argument which he urges against committing matrimony is certainly undeniable—that there are Smiths enough in the world, without his aiding and abetting their increase and multiplication: he says he shall wait till the words of Samuel, "Now there was no Smith found throughout all Israel," are almost applicable throughout all England: and then he may, perhaps, marry. "Smiths," as he says, "are as plentiful as blackberries. Throw a cat out of every other window, from one end to the other of this metropolis, and it would fall on the head of *one* Smith. Rush suddenly round a corner, and knock down the first man you meet, he is a Smith; he prostrates a second, the second a third, the third a fourth the ninth a tenth—they are all and severally Smiths."

I am indeed afraid that he is irrecoverably a bachelor, for several reasons which I shall mention. He is, at this time, "a little, round,

oily man," five feet and a half in his shoes; much given to poetry, pedestrianism, whim, whistling, cigars, and sonnets; "amorous," as the poets say, of umbrageousness in the country, and umbrellas in the town; rather bald, and addicted to Burton ale; and a lover of silence and afternoon *siestas*—indeed, he is much given to sleep, which, as he says, is but a return in kind; for sleep was given to man to refresh his body and keep his spirits in peace; indulgences these which have anything but a marrying look: so that no unwilling Daphne has lost a willing Damon in my duodecimo friend. It is too manifest that he prefers liberty, and lodgings for a single gentleman, to the "Hail, wedded love!" of the poet of Paradise—a sort of clergyman "triumphale" to which his ear is most unorthodoxically deaf when time is called. He has even gone so far as to compare good and bad marriages with two very remarkable results in chemical experiment, by which, in one instance, charcoal is converted into diamond, and in the other, diamond is deflagrated into charcoal. The fortunate Benedict marries charcoal, which, after a patient process, proves a diamond; the unfortunate husband weds a diamond, which, tried in the fire of adversity, turns out charcoal. Yet he is not unalive to those soft impressions which betoken a sensitive nature. He has been twice in love; thrice to the dome of St. Paul's with the three sisters Simpson, and once to Richmond by water with a Miss Robinson, in May, that auspicious month, dedicated to love and lettuces. These are perhaps the only incidents in his uncheckered life which approach the romantic and the sentimental; yet he has passed through the ordeal unsinged at heart, and is still a bachelor. He was, at one time, passionately partial to music and mut-

ton-chops, muffins and melancholy, predilections much cultivated by an inherent good taste, and an ardent love of the agreeable; yet he has taken to himself no one to do his mutton and music, no one to soften his melancholy and spread his muffins. It is unaccountable; the ladies say so, and I agree with them.

I have mentioned "the things he is inclined to;" I must now specify "those he has no mind to." His antipathies are tight boots and bad ale—two of the evils of life (which is at best but of a mingled yarn) for which he has an aversion almost amounting to the impatient. His dislike to a scold is likewise most remarkable, perhaps peculiar to himself; for I do not remember to have noticed the antipathy in any one beside. A relation is, to be sure, linked to a worthy descendant of Xantippe; and this perhaps is the key to his objections to the padlock of matrimony.

It is the bounden duty of a biographer (and I consider this paper to be biographical) to give in as few words as possible, the likeness of his hero. Two or three traits are as good as two or three thousand, where volume-making is not the prime consideration. He is eccentric, but without a shadow of turning. He is sensitive to excess; for though no one ever has horse-whipped him, I have no doubt if either A or B should, he would wince amazingly under the infliction, and be very much hurt in his feelings. Indeed, he does not merit any such notice from any one; for he has none of that provoking irascibility generally attendant on genius (for he is a genius, as I have shown, and shall presently show.) He was never known to have been engaged in more than one literary altercation; then he endeavored, but in vain, to convince his grocer, who had beaten his boy to the blueness of stone-blue for spelling sugar without an *h*, that he was assuredly not borne out in his orthography by Johnson and Walker.

To sum up the more prominent points of his character in few words. As he is a great respecter of himself, so he is a great respecter of all persons in authority: his bow to a beadle on Sundays is indeed a lesson in humility. Being a sincere lover of his country, he is also a sincere lover of himself: he prefers roast-beef and plum-pudding to any of your foreign kickshaws; and drinks the Colonnade champagne when he can, to encourage the growth of English gooseberries; smokes largely, to contribute his modicum to the home-consumption; pays all government demands with a cheerfulness unusual and altogether perplexing to tax-gatherers; and subscribes to a poor hospital (two guineas annually—nothing more.) In short, if he has not every virtue under heaven, it is no fault of Mr. Smith. The virtues, he has been heard to say, are such high-priced luxuries, that a man of moderate income cannot afford to indulge much in them.

These are Mr. John Smith's good qualities: if he has failings, they "lean to virtue's side," but do not much affect his equilibrium: he is a perpendicular man in general, and not tall enough in his own conceit to stoop when he passes under Temple Bar. If he is singular, he lays it to the accident of his birth: he was the seventh Smith of a seventh Smith. This fortuitous catenation in the links of the long chain of circumstance, which has before now bestowed on a fool the reputation of "a wise man," only rendered him, as he is free to confess, an *odd* man. His pursuits have indeed of late been numerous beyond mention, and being taken up in whimsies, ended in oddities. As I have said, he wrote verses, and they were thought by some people to be very odd and unaccountable. He lost a Miss —, who was dear to him, in trinket expenses more especially, through a point of poetical etiquette certainly very unpardonable. In some cases

addressed to that amiable spinster and deep-dyed *bas bleu*, he had occasion to use the words *one* and *two*, and either from the ardor of haste, or the inconsiderateness of love, or perhaps from the narrowness of his note-paper, he penned the passage thus :—

“ Nature has made us 2, but Love shall make
us 1;
1 mind, 1 soul, 1 heart,” &c.

This reminded the learned lady too irresistibly of a catalogue of sale—1 warming-pan, 2 stoves, 1 stewpan, 1 smoke-jack, &c. and she dismissed him in high dudgeon.

MR. SHELLEY.

THIS unfortunate gentleman was undoubtedly a man of genius—full of ideal beauty and enthusiasm. And yet there was some defect in his understanding, by which he subjected himself to the accusation of atheism. In his dispositions he is represented to have been ever calm and amiable ; and but for his metaphysical errors and reveries, and a singular incapability of conceiving the existing state of things as it practically affects the nature and condition of man, to have possessed many of the gentlest qualities of humanity. He highly admired the endowments of Lord Byron, and in return was esteemed by his Lordship ; but even had there been neither sympathy nor friendship between them, his premature fate could not but have saddened Byron with no common sorrow.

Mr. Shelley was some years younger than his noble friend ; he was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Castle Goring, Sussex. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Eton, where he rarely mixed in the common amusements of the other boys ; but was of a shy, reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. He was not distinguished for his proficiency in the regular studies of the school ; on the contrary, he neglected them for German and Chemistry. His abilities were superior, but deteriorated by eccentricity. At the age of sixteen he was sent to the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by publishing a pamphlet, under the absurd and world-defying title of

The Necessity of Atheism, for which he was expelled the University.

This event proved fatal to his prospects in life ; and the treatment he received from his family was too harsh to win him from error. His father, however, in a short time relented, and he was received home ; but he took so little trouble to conciliate the esteem of his friends, that he found the house uncomfortable, and left it. He then went to London, where he eloped with a young lady to Gretna Green. Their united ages amounted to thirty-two ; and the match being deemed unsuitable to his rank and prospects, it so exasperated his father, that he broke off all communication with him.

After their marriage the young couple resided some time in Edinburgh. They then passed over to Ireland, which, being in a state of disturbance, Shelly took a part in politics, more reasonable than might have been expected. He inculcated moderation.

About this time he became devoted to the cultivation of his poetical talents ; but his works were sullied with the erroneous inductions of an understanding which, inasmuch as he regarded all the existing world in the wrong, must be considered as having been either shattered or defective.

His rash marriage proved, of course, an unhappy one. After the birth of two children, a separation, by mutual consent, took place, and Mrs. Shelley committed suicide.

He then married a daughter of Mr. Godwin, the author of *Caleb*

Williams, and they resided for some time at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, much respected for their charity. In the meantime, his irreligious opinions had attracted public notice, and, in consequence of his unsatisfactory notions of the Deity, his children, probably at the instance of his father, were taken from him by a decree of the Lord Chancellor : an event which, with increasing pecuniary embarrassments, induced him to quit England, with the intention of never returning.

Being in Switzerland when Lord Byron, after his domestic tribulations, arrived at Geneva, they became acquainted. He then crossed the Alps, and again at Venice renewed his friendship with his Lordship ; he thence passed to Rome, where he resided some time ; and after visiting Naples, fixed his permanent residence in Tuscany. His acquirements were constantly augmenting, and he was without question an accomplished person. He was, however, more of a metaphysician than a poet, though there are splendid specimens of poetical thought in his works. As a man, he was objected to only on account of his speculative opinions ; for he possessed many amiable qualities, was just in his intentions, and generous to excess.

When he had seen Mr. Hunt established in the Casa Lanfranchi with Lord Byron at Pisa, Mr. Shelley returned to Leghorn, for the purpose of taking a sea excursion ; an amusement to which he was much attached. During a violent storm the boat was swamped, and the party on board were all drowned. Their bodies were, however, afterwards cast on shore ; Mr. Shelly's was found near Via Reggio, and, being greatly decomposed, and unfit to be removed, it was determined to reduce the remains to ashes, that they might be carried to a place of sepulture. Accordingly preparations were made for the burning.

Wood in abundance was found on the shore, consisting of old trees

and the wreck of vessels : the spot itself was well suited for the ceremony. The magnificent bay of Spezia was on the right, and Leghorn on the left, at equal distances of about two-and-twenty miles. The headlands project boldly far into the sea ; in front lie several islands, and behind dark forests and the cliffy Appenines. Nothing was omitted that could exalt and dignify the mournful rites with the associations of classic antiquity : frankincense and wine were not forgotten. The weather was serene and beautiful, and the pacified ocean was silent, as the flame rose with extraordinary brightness. Lord Byron was present ; but he should himself have described the scene, and what he felt.

These antique obsequies were undoubtedly affecting ; but the return of the mourners from the burning is the most appalling orgia, without the horror of crime, of which I have ever heard. When the duty was done, and the ashes collected, they dined and drank much together, and bursting from the calm mastery with which they had repressed their feelings during the solemnity, gave way to frantic exultation. They were all drunk ; they sang, they shouted, and their barouche was driven like a whirlwind through the forest. I can conceive nothing descriptive of the demoniac revelry of that flight, but scraps of the dead man's own song of Faust, Mephistophiles, and Iguis Fatuus, in alternate chorus.

" The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false are past ;
Lead us on thou wand'ring Gleam ;
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see how swift, advance and shift,
Trees behind trees--row by row,
Now clift by clift, rocks bend and lift,
Their frowning foreheads as we go ;
The giant-snouted crags, ho ! ho !
How they snort, and how they blow.

Honor her to whom honor is due,
Old mother Baubo, honor to you.
An able sow with old Baubo upon her
Is worthy of glory and worthy of honor.

The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
Some on a ram, and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along.

Every trough will be boat enough,
With a rag for a sail, we can sweep through
the sky,
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?"

ON THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

How a certain disposition of certain sounds should, through the medium of the ear, raise, depress, or tranquillize the spirits, is a problem difficult to be solved; yet, in a greater or less degree, all are convinced of its truth; and, to gratify this universal feeling, Nature seems to have mingled harmony in all her works. Each crowded and tumultuous city may properly be called a temple to Discord; but wherever Nature holds undisputed dominion, music is the partner of her empire. The "lonely voice of waters," the hum of bees, the chorus of birds; nay, if these be wanting, the very breeze that rustles through the foliage is music. From this music of Nature, solitude gains all her charms; for dead silence, such as that which precedes thunder-storms, rather terrifies than delights the mind:—

On earth 'twas all yet calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound—
More awful than the tempest's sound!

Perhaps it is the idea of mortality thereby awakened, that makes absolute stillness so awful. We cannot bear to think that even Nature herself is inanity; we love to feel her pulse throbbing beneath us, and to listen to her accents amid the still retirements of her deserts. That solitude in truth, which is described by our poets, as expanding the heart, and tranquillizing the passions, though far removed from the inharmonious din of worldly business, is yet varied by such gentle sounds as are most likely to make the heart beat in unison with the serenity of all surrounding objects. Thus Gray—

Now fades the glimmering landscape on my sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds!

Even when Nature arrays herself in all her terrors, when the thunder roars above our heads, and man, as he listens to the sound, shrinks at the sense of his own insignificance—even this, without at all derogating from its awful character, may be termed a grand chorus in the music of Nature.

Almost every scene in the creation has its peculiar music, by which its character, as cheering, melancholy, awful, or lulling, is marked and defined. This appears in the alternate succession of day and night. When the splendor of day has departed, how consonant with the sombre gloom of night is the hum of the beetle, or the lonely, plaintive voice of the nightingale. But more especially, as the different seasons revolve, a corresponding variation takes place in the music of Nature. As winter approaches, the voice of birds, which cheered the days of summer, ceases; the breeze that was lately singing among the leaves, now shrilly hisses through the naked boughs; and the rill, that but a short time ago murmured softly, as it flowed along, now, swelled by tributary waters, gushes headlong in a deafening torrent.

It is not, therefore, in vain that, in the full spirit of prophetic song, Isaiah has called upon the mountains to break forth into singing; "the forests, and every tree thereof." Thus we may literally be said to "find tongues in trees—books in the running brooks;" and, as we look upward to the vault of Heaven, we are inclined to believe that—

There's not the smallest orb which we behold,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

GENIUS AND VIRTUE.

VARIOUS states of the soul are in themselves so excellent—and so ready for the reception of Virtue—such, for example, as self-command, patience, and steadfastness of purpose—that to the Imagination, which conceives not merely what is, but what is possible to be, which can hardly represent to itself the soul so full of powers, without supposition, at the same time, of their noble application, these very powers themselves receive a part of that esteem which is due to them only when they are applied in the service of Virtue. Now, may we not, without violence, extend the spirit of this remark to those intellectual powers and dispositions which we are always accustomed to contemplate with a feeling resembling that of moral approbation? They belong to the highest state of the soul; to the exaltation of that spirit, of which the highest exaltation is Virtue. How much of that nature, which is indeed moral, must be unfolded in him, in whom either the creative or meditative powers of the mind have attained to great perfection! They are not, strictly speaking, moral indeed; for they may exist apart from all morality. But they have prepared so many faculties of the whole being to be in harmony with Virtue, that we can scarcely regard them without something of the reverence which is justifiable only towards Virtue itself.

In respect, then, to these and other similar qualities, there is always one feeling prevalent in the mind. We regard the soul in the excellence of all its highest powers, as that object to which our moral reverence and love are due. But none of its nobler powers can appear to us in great strength, without giving intimation to our thoughts of something beyond what appears to us. That ennobled state of one power appears connected with the ennobled state of the whole being to

which it belongs; and our forward admiration awakes to excellence which is dimly apprehended, but not manifested to our eyes.

Is it not in this way, we ask, that we look upon the highest genius, imaginative or meditative, as kindred to the highest virtue? When we think of Newton in the silence of midnight reading the radiant records of creative wisdom in the sky, and with something of a seraph's soul, enjoying a delight known but to intellect alone, we cannot but transfer the admiring thoughts with which we have regarded the contemplative philosopher, to what we feel to be the virtue and piety of the man. It is the will of God for which he is searching among the stars of heaven. In the laws which guide those orbs along in their silent beauty, he feels still the presence of the one Great Spirit; so that with the name of Newton are not only associated ideas of vastness and sublimity in our imagination, but thoughts of divine love and mercy in our hearts. Thus everything low and earthly is dissevered from that majestic name. It rises before us pure and beautiful as a planet; and we may be almost said to feel our own immortality in the magnificent power bestowed by the Deity upon a child of dust.

So, too, when we think on the highest triumphs of imaginative Genius, and see it soaring on its unwearied wings through the stainless ether. The innocence of a yet un-fallen spirit, and the bliss of its yet unfaded bowers, as breathed upon us in the song of Milton, seems to consecrate to us that great Poet's heart; and we feel the kindred nature of the intellectual and moral spirit of Genius and Virtue, when shown by his sacred power the image of a sinless world, or, mixed with human, celestial shapes,

“Crowning the glorious hosts of Paradise.”

THE LADY TO HER LOVER.

On ! thy vow of love was breathed to me
 In yon myrtle bower, whose blossoms crown'd us,
 While moonlight slept on the tranquil sea,
 And the heavens and earth were still around us ;
 Dark storms shall rise on the troubled main,
 The bower shall droop, and the moon shall wane,
 But my faithful heart shall never slight
 The sacred vow of that moonlight night.

Thy vow was breathed in the summer time,
 When the fields were rich in flowery treasures,
 And the valleys smiled in their blushing prime,
 And the birds pour'd forth their warbled measures ;
 Cold winter soon shall its snows impart,
 The flowers shall fade, and the birds depart,
 But Love, in its own warm genial clime,
 Shall nurse that vow of the summer time.

Thy vow was breathed in the morn of youth,
 When thy step was gay in springing lightness,
 And thy open brow spoke joy and truth,
 And thy dark eye laugh'd in merry brightness ;
 Oh ! thy brow the shades of care shall borrow,
 And thine eye shall float in the tears of sorrow,
 But my heart, with fond unchanging truth,
 Shall dwell on the vow of thy early youth.

Thy vow was breathed in the glow of hope,
 When thy ear drank in Fame's flattering story,
 And the path of life seem'd a sunny slope,
 And thy pulse throb'd high with thoughts of glory ;
 The dream of thy pride shall fade away,
 And thy spirit mourn its dull decay,
 But a love like mine with ills shall cope,
 And shed new life on thy dying hope.

Yes, trust me, yes, when the spell is gone
 Of the fairy scenes that now invite thee,
 And thy young heart turns in bitter scorn
 From the false, false world that dares to slight thee ;
 One radiant light shall desert thee never,
 One hope shall cling to thy path forever,
 And I feel that light, that hope, shall be
 The vow thou hast breathed this night to me.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A HIGH dress composed of India muslin, *corsage en chemisette*, but with very little fulness, which is arranged in a broad band of rich embroidery round the top ; a similar embroidery marks the centre of the bust before. Sleeve à la *Montespan*, with an embroidered epaulette ; the trimming of the skirt consists of a worked flounce, placed close to the border, above which is a rich embroidery surmounted by

another flounce, and that headed also by embroidery. Pink crape hat elegantly trimmed with an intermixture of blond lace, flowers, and rosettes of ribbon. Scarf of pink gauze terminated by *nœuds* of ribbon to correspond.

EVENING DRESS.—A SLIGHT SKETCH OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

A satin dress, the color is Clarence blue of the highest shade. The *corsage* is cut low and square, and

made with a pointed white satin stomacher richly ornamented with large pearls; a string of pearls encircles the waist, and terminates by a tassel which descends from the point. Short full white satin sleeve, over which is one in the form of a shell, composed of three falls of white *tulle*, embroidered in blue silk of a lighter shade than the dress. The skirt is made considerably shorter than the white satin slip worn under it, and is trimmed with a deep flounce of *tulle* richly embroidered in blue silk. *Tulle* apron, also embroidered. The

hair is dressed in full curls on the forehead, and low at the sides of the face; it is turned up in one large bow on the summit of the head, by a jeweled comb; an ornament resembling a tiara, composed of blond net, intermixed with pearls, and surmounted by bows of gauze ribbon to correspond in color with the dress, is placed immediately over the forehead, and a *tulle* scarf embroidered to correspond with the trimming, thrown gracefully over the back of the head. Necklace and ear-rings of large pearls. Gold bracelets.

THE GATHERER.

"Little things have their value."

A Benevolent Man.—The grandfather of the present Earl of Balcarras was a benevolent man, with more of what the French call *bonhomme*, than most men, as the following fact will show. His lordship was a skilful agriculturist, and, among other fruits of his skill, he was particularly proud of a field of turnips, which were of unusual size. One day, his lordship was walking in this field, and admiring its produce, when he discovered, close to the hedge, a woman, who was a pensioner of the family, but who, forgetting her duty and her obligations, had stolen a large sackful of the precious turnips, and was making the best of her way home, when she was thus caught in the manner, as the lawyers would say. The worthy nobleman very justly reproached the woman with her dishonesty and ingratitude, reminded her that she would have received a sackful of turnips had she asked for it in a proper way, instead of stealing his favorites. The woman silently curtsied at every sentence, and confessed her offence, but pleaded her large family. The good man was at last mollified, and was leaving the field, when the woman, who had dropped her prize on his lordship's first accosting her, and was now with difficulty endeavoring to lift it on her back again, called to him—"O, my lord, my lord, do gie me a haund, and help the poke on my back, for it's unco heavy, and I canna get it up by myself." Thus she bespoke the earl, who actually turned back, and *did* assist the woman to load herself with the stolen turnips!

Imitation.—A silk-mercier had associated with Shuter till he caught, not only all his best jokes and ditties, but the very manner in which they were given. The latter hearing this, determined to visit a club one evening which this gentleman frequented, and see what would be the effect of his

good things at first hand, which had told so well at second. He did so; but soon lost both humor and temper, at hearing the worthy cits, whenever he attempted to be funny, respond with mingled wonder and delight, "How like Tom Bennet!"

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.—When Cowper composed his Satires, says Mr. Southey, he hid the name of Whitefield "beneath well-sounding Greek;" and abstained from mentioning Bunyan, while he panegyriced him, "lest so despised a name should move a sneer." In Bunyan's case this could hardly have been needful forty years ago; for, though a just appreciation of our older and better writers was at that time far less general than it appears to be at present, the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was even then in high repute. His fame may literally be said to have risen; beginning among the people, it had made its way up to those who are called the public. In most instances, the many receive gradually and slowly the opinions of the few respecting literary merit; and sometimes, in assent to such authority, profess with their lips an admiration of they know not what—they know not why. But here, the opinion of the multitude had been ratified by the judicious. The people knew what they admired. It is a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart; the child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius which it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age.

An Outline.—When the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townshend being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered,

"he did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador."

The Way in which we shoot Game.—We are a dead-shot, but not always, for the forefinger of our right hand is the most fitful forefinger in all this capricious world. Like all performers in the Fine Arts, our execution is very uncertain; and though "always ready" is the impress on one side of our shield, "hit and miss" is that on the other, and often the more characteristic. A gentleman ought not to shoot like a gamekeeper, any more than at billiards to play like a sharper. We choose to shoot like a philosopher, as we are, and to preserve the golden mean in murder. We hold, with Aristotle, that all virtue consists in the middle between the two extremes; and thus we shoot in a style equi-distant from that of the game-keeper on the one hand and that of the bagman on the other, and neither killing nor missing every bird; but, true to the spirit of the Aristotelian doctrine, leaning with a decided inclination towards the first rather than the second predicament. If we shoot too well one day, we are pretty sure to make amends for it by shooting just as much too ill another; and thus, at the close of the week, we can go to bed with a clear conscience. In short, we shoot like gentlemen, scholars, poets, philosophers, and contributors, as we are; and looking at us, you have a sight

"Of him who walks in glory and in joy.
Following his dog upon the mountain-side,"—

a man evidently not shooting for a wager, and performing a match from the mean motive of avarice or ambition, but blazing away at his own delight, and, without seeming to know it, making a great noise in the world. Such, believe us, is ever the mode in which true genius displays at once the earnestness and the modesty of its character.

Drum Ecclesiastic.— "Ah, Sir," exclaimed an elder, in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a powerful preacher, for in the short time he delivered the word among us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the insides out o' five bibles!"

Ears.—Among the Romans it was a custom to pull or pinch the ears of witnesses, present at any transaction, that they might remember it when they were called to give in their testimony.—Among the Athenians it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored; and among the Hebrews and Romans this was a mark of servitude.—Butler tells us that "a witty knave bargained with a seller of lace, in London, for so much lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol.

—Mandeville tells of a people somewhere, that used their ears for cushions. And a servant of his (says Dr. Bulwer), that could not conceal his *Midas*, told me lately in private, that on going to bed he binds them to his crown, and they serve him for quilted nightcaps."

Spicy Profits.—In the third voyage of the Company to the East Indies, one of the ships, the *Consent*, of 115 tons, sailed from the Thames in March, 1607, and procured a cargo of cloves. The prime cost was £2,945 15s. and they were sold for £36,787.

Strength of "the Ruling Passion."—M. de Fontenelle, who lived till within one month of 100, was singular in his conduct; for it was remarked of him that he was never known either to laugh or to cry, and he even boasted of his insensibility. One day a certain *bon vivant Abbé*, with whom he was particularly intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner. The Abbé and Fontenelle were both very fond of asparagus; but the former liked it dressed with butter, and the latter with oil. Fontenelle said, that for such a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable, and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had ordered for himself, and that half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing together thus friendly, the poor Abbé fell suddenly down in an apoplectic fit; upon which his friend, Fontenelle, instantly scampered down stairs, and bawled out to his cook, with eagerness, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil! as at first."

A Concert of Cats.—The following amusing passage occurs in a letter, "*Sur les Spectacles des Anglais*," from Baron Bielfield to a friend at Berlin:—"On m'a raconté qu'un Italien industrieux s'avisa de donner, il y a quelque années, un spectacle singulier à Londres. C'étoit abord un concert de Chats, qu'il avoit rangés selon leur âge, leur grosseur, et leur voix, plus ou moins forte, sur des gradins, en forme d'amphithéâtre. Tous les Chats étoient ajustés de fraises, et de manchottes de papier. Ils avoient devant eux des pupitres, où leurs pattes étoient attachées. Chaque Chat avoit devant soi une feuille de musique, et deux bougies. L'on m'a assuré, que cette assemblée de *virtuose mi-tigres* formoit un coup-d'œil bien comique au moment qu'on levait la toile: qu'il y avoit parmi ces Chats des phisicomics fort plaisantes; que chacun d'eux sembloit rouler les yeux d'une manière différente; que la musique, et les instruments dont on accompagnoit leur voix, étoient également bizarres; et que toutes leurs queues étant arrêvées dans des pincées, le maître de cette chapelle singulière n'avoit que serrer ces pincées, pour faire miauler et crier ses chanteurs aux endroits où il en avoit besoin."

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THE TURNED HEAD.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

HYPPOCHONDRIASIS, Janus-like, has two faces—a melancholy and a laughable one. The former, though oftener seen in actual life, does not present itself so frequently to the notice of the medical practitioner as the latter; though, in point of fact, one as imperatively calls for his interference as the other. It may be safely asserted, that a permanently morbid mood of mind invariably indicates a disordered state of some part or other of the physical system; and which of the two forms of hypochondria will manifest itself in a particular case, depends altogether upon the mental idiosyncrasy of the patient. Those of a dull, phlegmatic temperament, unstirred by intermixture and collision with the bustling activities of life, addicted to sombreous trains of reflection, and, by a kind of sympathy, always looking on the gloomy side of things, generally sink, at some period or other of their lives, into the “slough of despond”—as old Bunyan significantly terms it—from whence they are seldom altogether extricated. Religious enthusiasts constitute by far the largest portion of those afflicted with this species of hypochondria—instance the wretched Cowper; and such I have never known entirely disabused of these dreadful fantasies. Those, again, of a gay and lively fancy, ardent temperament,

and droll, grotesque appetencies, exhibit the laughable aspect of hypochondriasis. In such, you may expect conceits of the most astounding absurdity that could possibly take possession of the topsyturvied intellects of a confirmed lunatic; and persisted in with a pertinacity—a dogged defiance of evidence to the contrary—which is itself as exquisitely ludicrous, as distressing and provoking. There is generally preserved an amazing *consistency* in the delusion, in spite of the incipient rebuttals of sensation. In short, when once a crotchet, of such a sort as that hereafter mentioned, is fairly entertained in the fancy, the patient *will* not let it go! It is cases of this kind which baffle the adroitest medical tactician. For my own part, I have had to deal with several during the course of my practice, which, if described coolly and faithfully on paper, would appear preposterously incredible to a non-professional reader. Such may possibly be the fate of the following. I have given it with a minuteness of detail, in several parts, which I think is warranted, by the interesting nature of the case, by the rarity of such narratives,—and, above all, by the peculiar character and talents of the well-known individual who is the patient; and I am convinced that no one would laugh more heartily

over it than he himself—had he not long lain quiet in his grave!

You could scarcely look on N—— without laughing. There was a sorry sort of humorous expression in his odd and ugly features, which suggested to you the idea that he was always struggling to repel some joyous emotion or other, with painful effort. There was the rich light of intellect in his eye, which was dark and full—you *felt* when its glance was settled upon you;—and there it remained concentrated at the expense of all the other features;—in the clumsy osseous ridge of eye-bone impending sullenly over his eyes—the Pitt-like nose, looking like a finger and thumb full of dough drawn out from the plastic mass, with two ill-formed holes inserted in the bulbous extremity—and his large liquorish, shapeless lips—looked altogether anything but refined or intellectual. He was a man of fortune—an obstinate bachelor—and was educated at Cambridge, where he attained considerable distinction; and at the period of his introduction to the reader, was in his thirty-eighth or fortieth year. If I were to mention his name, it would recall to the literary reader many excellent, and some admirable portions of literature, for the perusal of which he has to thank N——. The prevailing complexion of his mind was sombrous—but played on, occasionally, by an arch-humorous fancy, flinging its rays of fun and drollery over the dark surface, like moonbeams on midnight waters. I do believe he considered it sinful to smile! There was a puckering up of the corner of the mouth, and a forced corrugation of the eyebrows—the expression of which was set at naught by the conviviality—the solemn drollery of the eyes. You saw Momus leering out of every glance of them! He said many very witty things in conversation, and had a knack of uttering the quaintest conceits with something like a whine of compunction in his

tone, which ensured him roars of laughter. As for his own laugh—when he *did* laugh—there is no describing it—short, sudden, unexpected was it, like a flash of powder in the dark. Not a trace of real merriment lingered on his features an instant after the noise had ceased. You began to doubt whether he had laughed at all, and to look about to see where the explosion came from. Except on such rare occasions of forgetfulness on his part; his demeanor was very calm and quiet. He loved to get a man who would come and sit with him all the evening, smoking, and sipping wine in cloudy silence. He could not endure bustle or obstreperousness; and when he did unfortunately fall foul of a son of noise, as soon as he had had “a sample of his quality,” he would abruptly rise and take his leave, saying, in a querulous tone, like that of a sick child, “I’ll go!” [probably these two words will at once recall him to the memory of more than one of my readers]—and he was as good as his word; for all his acquaintances—and I among the number—knew his eccentricities, and excused them.

Such was the man—at least as to the more prominent points of his character—whose chattering black servant presented himself hastily to my notice one morning, as I was standing on my door-steps, pondering the probabilities of wet or fine for the day. He spoke in such a spluttering tone of trepidation, that it was some time, before I could conjecture what was the matter. At length I distinguished something like the words, “Oh, Docta, Docta, com-a, and see-a a Massa! Com-a! Him so gashly—him so ill—ver dam bad—him say so—Oh lorra-lorra-lorra! Com see-a a Massa—him ver orrid!”

“Why, what on earth is the matter with you, you sable, eh?—Why can’t you speak slower, and tell me plainly what’s the matter?” said I, impatiently, for he seemed

inclined to gabble on in that strain for some minutes longer. "What's the matter with your master, sirrah, eh?" I inquired, jerking his striped morning jacket.

"Oh, Docta! Docta! Com-a—Massa d—n bad! Him say so!—Him head turned! Him head turned!"

"Him *what*, sirrah?" said I, in amazement.

"Him *head turned*, Docta—him head turned," replied the man, slapping his fingers against his forehead.

"Oh, I see how it is, I see; ah, yes," I replied, pointing to my forehead in turn, wishing him to see that I understood him to say his master had been seized with a fit of insanity.

"Iss, iss, Docta—him Massa *head turned*—him head turned!"

"Where is Mr. N——, Nambo, eh?"

"Him lying all 'long in him bed, Massa. But him 'tickler quiet—him head turned.

I felt as much at a loss as ever; it was so odd for a gentleman to acknowledge to his negro-servant that his *head was turned*.

"Ah!" he's gone *mad* you mean, eh—is that it? Hem! *Mad*—is it so?" said I, pointing, with a wink, to my forehead. "No, no, doctor—him head turned!—him *head*," replied Nambo; and raising both his hands to his head, he seemed trying to twist it round! I could make nothing of his gesticulations, so I dismissed him, telling him to take word, that I should make his master's my first call. I may as well say, that I was on terms of friendly familiarity with Mr. N——, and puzzled myself all the way I went, with attempting to conjecture what *new* crotchet he had taken into his odd—and, latterly, I began to suspect, half-addled—head. He had never disclosed symptoms of what is generally understood by the word *hypochondriasis*; but I often thought there was not a likelier subject in the world for it. At

length I found myself knocking at my friend's door, fully prepared for some specimen of amusing eccentricity—for the thought now crossed my mind, that he might be really ill. Nambo instantly answered my summons, and, in a twinkling, conducted me to his master's bed-room. It was partially darkened, but there was light enough for me to discern that there was nothing unusual in his appearance. The bed was much tossed, to be sure, as if with the restlessness of the recumbent, who lay on his back, with his head turned on one side, and buried deep in the pillow, and his arms folded together outside the counterpane. His features certainly wore an air of exhaustion and dejection, and his eye settled on me with an alarmed expression from the moment that he perceived my entrance.

"Oh, dear doctor!—Isn't this frightful!—Isn't it a dreadful piece of business?"

"Frightful!—dreadful business!" I repeated, with much surprise. "What is frightful? Are you ill—have you had an accident, eh?"

"Ah—ah!—you may well ask that!" he replied; adding, after a pause, "it took place this morning about two hours ago!"

"You speak in parables, Mr. N——! Why, what in the world is the matter with you?"

"About two hours ago—yes," he muttered, as if he had not heard me. "Doctor, do tell me truly now, for the curiosity of the thing, what did you think of me on first entering the room?—Eh?—Feel inclined to laugh, or be shocked—which?"

"Mr. N——, I really have no time for trifling, as I am particularly busy to-day. Do, I beg, be a little more explicit! Why have you sent for me?—What is the matter with you?"

"Why, God bless me, doctor!" he replied, with an air of angry surprise in his manner which I never saw before, "I think, indeed, it's *you* who are trifling! Have you

lost your eye-sight this morning ? Do you pretend to say you do not see I have undergone one of the most extraordinary alterations in appearance, that the body of man is capable of—such as never was heard or read of before ? ”

“ Once more, Mr. N——,” I repeated, in a tone of calm astonishment, “ be so good as to be explicit. What are you raving about ? ”

“ Raving !—Égad, I think it’s *you* who are raving, doctor ! ” he answered ; “ or you must wish to insult me ! Do you pretend to tell me you do not see that *my head is turned* ? ”—and he looked me in the face steadily and sternly.

“ Ha—ha—ha !—Upon my honor, N——, I’ve been suspecting as much for this last five or ten minutes ! I don’t think a patient ever described his disease more accurately before ! ”

“ Don’t mock me, Doctor ——,” replied N——, sternly. “ By G——, I can’t bear it ! It’s enough for me to endure the horrid sensations I do ! ”

“ Mr. N——, what *do* you ”——

“ Why, Doctor —— ! you’ll drive me mad !—Can’t you see that the back of my head is in front, and my face looking backwards ? Horrible ! ” I burst into loud laughter.

“ Doctor ——, it’s time for you and me to part—high time,” said he, turning his face away from me. “ I’ll let you know that I’ll stand your nonsense no longer ! I called you in to give me your advice, not to sit grinning like a baboon, by my bedside ! Once more,—finally: Doctor ——, are you disposed to be serious and rational ? If you are not, my man shall show you to the door the moment you please.” He said this in such a sober earnest tone of indignation, that I saw he was fully prepared to carry his threat into execution. I determined, therefore, to humor him a little, shrewdly suspecting some temporary suspension of his sanity—not exactly *madness*—but at least some extraordinary hallucination. To

adopt an expression which I several times heard him use—“ I saw what o’clock it was, and set my watch to the time.”

“ Oh—well !—I see now how matters stand !—The fact is, I *did* observe the extraordinary posture of affairs you complain of—immediately after I entered the room—but supposed you were joking with me, and twisting your head round in that odd way for the purpose of hoaxing me ; so I resolved to wait and see which of us could play our parts in the farce longest !—Why, good God ! how’s all this, Mr. N—— ?—Is it then *really* the case ?—Are you—in—in earnest—in having your head turned ? ”—“ *In earnest*, doctor ! ” replied Mr. N——, in amazement. “ Why, do you suppose this happened by my own will and agency ?—Absurd ! ”—“ Oh, no, no—most assuredly not—it is a phenomenon—hem ! hem !—a phenomenon—not unfrequently attending on the *nightmare*,” I answered, with as good a grace as possible.

“ Pho, pho, doctor !—Nonsense !—You must really think me a child, to try to mislead me with such stuff as that ! I tell you again I am in as sober possession of my senses as ever I was in my life ; and, once more, I assure you, that, in truth and reality, my head is turned—literally so.”

“ Well, well !—So I see !—It is, indeed, a very extraordinary case—a very unusual one ; but I don’t, by any means, despair of bringing all things round again !—Pray tell me how this singular and afflicting accident happened to you ? ”

“ Certainly,” said he, despondingly. “ Last night, or rather this morning, I dreamed that I had got to the West Indies—to Barbadoes, an island where I have, as you know, a little estate left me by my uncle, C—— ; and that, a few moments after I had entered the plantation, for the purpose of seeing the slaves at work, there came a sudden hurricane, a more tremendous one

than ever was known in those parts ; — trees — caues — huts — all were swept before it ! Even the very ground on which we stood seemed whirled away beneath us ! I turned my head a moment to look at the direction in which things were going, when, in the very act of turning, the blast suddenly caught my head, and—oh, my God !—blew it completely round on my shoulders, till my face looked quite—directly behind me—over my back ! In vain did I almost wrench my head off my shoulders, in attempting to twist it round again ; and what with horror, and — and — altogether — in short, I awoke — and found the frightful reality of my situation !— Oh, gracious Heaven !” continued Mr. N——, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, “what have I done to deserve such a horrible visitation as this ?”

Humph ! it is quite clear what is the matter *here*, thought I ; so assuming an air of becoming professional gravity, I felt his pulse, begged him to let me see his tongue, made many inquiries about his general health, and then proceeded to subject all parts of his neck to a most rigorous examination ; before, behind, on each side, over every natural elevation and depression, if such the usual varieties of surface may be termed, did my fingers pass ; he, all the while, sighing, and cursing his evil stars, and wondering how it was that he had not been killed by the “dislocation !” This little farce over, I continued silent for some moments, scarcely able, the while, to control my inclination to burst into fits of laughter, as if pondering the possibility of being able to devise some means of cure.

“Ah,—thank God !—I have it—I have it”——

“What !—what—eh ?—what is it ?”

“I’ve thought of a remedy, which, if—if anything in the world can bring it about, will set matters right again—will bring back your head to its former position.”

“Oh, God be praised !—Dear—dear doctor !—if you do but succeed, I shall consider a thousand pounds but the earnest of what I *will* do to evince my gratitude !” he exclaimed, squeezing my hand fervently. “But I am not absolutely certain that we shall succeed,” said I cautiously. “We will, however, give the medicine a twenty-four hours’ trial ; during all which time you must be in perfect repose, and consent to lie in utter darkness. Will you abide by my directions ?”

“Oh, yes—yes—yes !—dear doctor !—What is the inestimable remedy ? Tell me—tell me the name of my ransom. I’ll never divulge it—never !”

“That is not consistent with my plans, at present, Mr. N——,” I replied, seriously ; “but, if successful—of which I own I have *very* sanguine expectations—I pledge my honor to reveal the secret to you.” “Well—but—at least you’ll explain the nature of its operation—eh ? Is it internal—external—what ?” The remedy, I told him, would be of both forms ; the latter, however, the more immediate agent of his recovery ; the former, preparatory—predisposing. I may tell the reader simply what my physic was to be : three *bread-pills* (the ordinary *placebo* in such cases) every hour ; a strong laudanum draught in the evening ; and a huge bread-and-water poultice for his neck, with which it was to be environed till the parts were sufficiently *mollified* to admit of the neck’s being twisted back again into its former position ; and, when that was the case—why—to ensure its permanency, he was to wear a broad band of strengthening plaster for a week !! This was the bright device, struck out by me—all at a heat ; and, explained to the poor victim with the utmost solemnity and deliberation of manner—all the wise winks and knowing nods, and hesitating “hems” and “has” of professional usage—sufficed to inspire him with some confidence as

to the results. I confess I shared the most confident expectations of success. A sound night's rest—hourly pill-taking—and the clammy saturating sensation round about his neck, I fully believed would bring him round :—and, in the full anticipation of seeing him disabused of the ridiculous notion he had taken into his head, I promised to see him the first thing in the morning, and took my departure. After quitting the house, I could not help laughing immoderately at the recollection of the scene I had just witnessed ; and Mrs. M——, who happened to be passing on the other side of the street, and observed my involuntary risibility, took occasion to spread an ill-natured rumor, that I was in the habit of making myself merry at the expense of my patients !”—I foresaw, that should this “crick in the neck” prove permanent, I stood a chance of listening to innumerable conceits of the most whimsical and paradoxical kind imaginable — for I knew N——’s natural turn to humor. It was inconceivable to me how such an extraordinary delusion could bear the blush of daylight, resist the evidence of his senses, and the unanimous simultaneous assurances of all who beheld him. Though it is little credit to me, and tells but small things for my self-control, I cannot help acknowledging, that at the bedside of my next patient, who was within two or three hours of her end, the surpassing absurdity of the “turned head” notions glared in such ludicrous extremes before me, that I was nearly bursting a blood-vessel with endeavors to suppress a perfect peal of laughter !

About eleven o’clock the next morning, I paid N—— a second visit. The door was opened as usual by his black servant, Nambo ; by whose demeanor I saw that something or other extraordinary awaited me. His sable swollen features, and dancing white eyeballs, showed that he was nearly bursting with laughter. “He—he

—he” he chuckled, in a sort of *sotto voce*, “him massa head turned ! —him back in front ! him waddle ! —he—he—he !”—and he twitched his clothes—jerking his jacket, and pointing to his breeches, in a way that I did not understand. On entering the room where N——, with one of his favorite silent smoking friends, (M——, the late well-known counsel,) were sitting at breakfast, I encountered a spectacle which nearly made me expire with laughter. It is almost useless to attempt describing it on paper—yet I will try. Two gentlemen sat opposite each other at the breakfast table, by the fire : the one with his face to me was Mr. M—— ; and N—— sat with his back towards the door by which I entered. A glance at the former sufficed to show me, that he was sitting in tortures of suppressed risibility. He was quite red in the face—his features were swelled and puffly—and his eyes fixed strainingly on the fire, as though in fear of encountering the ludicrous figure of his friend. They were averted from the fire, for a moment, to welcome my entrance—and then re-directed thither with such a painful effort—such a comical air of compulsory seriousness—as, added to the preposterous fashion after which poor N—— had chosen to dress himself—completely overcame me. The thing was irresistible ; and my utterance of that peculiar choking sound, which indicates the most strenuous efforts to suppress one’s risible emotions, was the unwitting signal for each of us bursting into a long and loud shout of laughter. It was in vain that I bit my under lip almost till it brought blood, and that my eyes strained till the sparks flashed from them, in the vain attempt to cease laughing ; in full before me sate the exciting cause of it, in the shape of N——, his head supported by the palm of his left hand, with his elbow propped against the side of the arm-chair. The knot of his neck-kerchief was tied,

with its customary formal precision, back at the nape of his neck ; his coat and waistcoat were buttoned down his back ;—and his trowsers, moreover, to match the novel fashion, buttoned behind, and, of course, the hinder parts of them bulged out ridiculously in front !—Only to look at the coat-collar fitting under his chin, like a stiff military stock—the four tail buttons of brass glistening conspicuously before, and the front parts of the coat buttoned carefully over his back—the compulsory handiwork of poor Nambo !

N——, perfectly astounded at our successive shouts of laughter—for we found it impossible to stop—suddenly rose up in his chair, and, almost inarticulate with fury, demanded what we meant by such extraordinary behavior. This fury, however, was all lost on me ; I could only point, in an ecstasy of laughter, almost bordering on frenzy, to his novel mode of dress—as my apology. He stamped his foot, uttered volleys of imprecations against us, and then ringing his bell, ordered the servant to show us both to the door. The most violent emotions, however, must in time expend their violence, though in the presence of the same exciting cause ; and so it was with Mr. M—— and myself. On seeing how seriously affronted N—— was, we both sat down, and I entered into examination, my whole frame aching with the prolonged convulsive fits of irrepressible laughter.

It would be in vain to attempt a recital of one of the drollest conversations in which I ever bore part. N——'s temper was thoroughly soured for some time. He declared that my physic was all a humbug, and a piece of quackery ; and the “d—d *pudding* round his neck,” the absurdest farce he ever heard of ; he had a great mind to make Nambo eat it, for the pains he had taken in making it, and fastening it on—poor fellow !

Presently he lapsed into a melancholy reflective mood. He pro-

tested that the laws of locomotion were utterly inexplicable to him—a practical paradox ; that his volitions as to progressive and retrogressive motion neutralized each other ; and the necessary result was, a cursed circumgyratory motion—for all the world like that of a hen that had lost one of its wings ! That henceforward he should be compelled to crawl, crab-like, through life, all ways at once, and none in particular. He could not conceive, he said, which was the nearest way from one given point to another ; in short, that all his sensations and perceptions were disordered and confounded. His situation, he said, was an admirable commentary on the words of St. Paul—“But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind.” He could not conceive how the arteries and veins of the neck could carry and return the blood, after being so shockingly twisted—or “how the wind-pipe went in,” affording a free course to the air through its distorted passage. In short, he said, he was a walking lie ! Curious to ascertain the *consistency* of this anomalous state of feeling, I endeavored once more to bring his delusion to the test of simple sensation, by placing one hand on his nose, and the other on his breast, and asking him which was which, and whether both did not lie in the same direction. He wished to know why I persisted in making myself merry at his expense. I repeated the question, still keeping my hands in the same position ; but he suddenly pushed them off, and asked me, with indignation, if I was not ashamed to keep his head looking over his shoulder in that way—accompanying the words with a shake of the head, and a sigh of exhaustion, as if it had really been twisted round into the wrong direction. “Ah !” he exclaimed, after a pause, “if this unnatural state of affairs should prove permanent—hem !—I’ll put an end to the chapter ! He—he—he ! He—he—

he!" he continued, bursting suddenly into one of those short abrupt laughs, which I have before attempted to describe. "He—he—he! how d—d odd!" We both asked him, in surprise, what he meant, for his eyes were fixed on the fire in apparently a melancholy mood.

"He—he—he! exquisitely odd, He—he—he!" After repeated inquiries, he disclosed the occasion of his unusual cachinations.

"I've just been thinking," said he, "suppose—He, he, he!—suppose it was to come to pass that I should be *hanged*—he, he, he! God forbid, by the way; but, suppose I should, how old Ketch would be puzzled!—my face looking one way, and my tied hands and arms pointing another! How the crowd would stare! He, he, he! And suppose," pursuing the train of thought, "I were to be publicly whipped—how I could superintend operations! And how the devil am I to ride on horseback, eh? with my face to the tail, or—to the mane? In short, what is to become of me? I am, in effect, shut out from society!"

"You have only to *walk circumspectly*," said M——; "and as for *back-biters*—hem."

"That's odd—very—but impertinent," replied the hypochondriac, with a mingled expression of chagrin and humor.

"Come, come, N——, don't look so steadily on the dark side of things," said I.

"The dark side of things?" he inquired—"I think it is the *back-side* of things I am compelled to look at!"

"Look forward to better days," said I.

"Look forward, again! What nonsense!" he replied, interrupting me; "impossible! How can I *look forward*? My life will henceforth be spent in wretched *retrospectives*!" and he could not help smiling at the conceit. Having occa-

sion during the conversation to use his pocket-handkerchief, he suddenly reached his hand behind as usual, and was a little confused to find that the usual position of his coat-pocket required that he should take it from before! This I should have conceived enough to put an end to his delusion, but I was mistaken.

"Ah! it will take some time to reconcile me to this new order of things—but practice—practice, you know!" It was amazing to me, that his sensations, so contradictory to the absurd crotchet he had taken into his head, did not convince him of his error, especially when so frequently compelled to act in obedience to long accustomed impulses. As, for instance, on my rising to go, he suddenly started from his chair, shook my hands, and accompanied me to the door, as if nothing had been the matter.

"Well now! What do you think of that?" said I, triumphantly.

"Ah—ah!" said he, after a puzzled pause, "but you little know the effort it cost me!"

* * * * *

He did not persevere long in the absurd way of putting on his clothes which I have just described; but even after he had discontinued it, he alleged his opinion to be, that the front of his clothes ought to be with his face! I might relate many similar fooleries springing from this notion of his turned head, but sufficient has been said already to give the reader a clear idea of the general character of such delusions. My subsequent interviews with him, while under this unprecedented hallucination, were similar to the two which I have attempted to describe. The fit lasted near a month. I happened luckily to recollect a device successfully resorted to by a sagacious old English physician, in the case of a royal hypochondriac abroad, who fancied that his nose had swelled into greater dimensions than those of his whole body beside; and forthwith resolved to adopt a similar method of cure with N——.

Electricity was to be the wonder-working talisman ! I lectured him out of all opposition, silenced his scruples, and got him to fix an evening for the exorcisation of the evil spirit—as it might well be called—which had taken possession of him. Let the reader fancy, then, N——’s sitting-room, about seven o’clock in the evening, illuminated with a cheerful fire, and four mould candles ;—the awful electrifying machine duly disposed for action ; Mr. S—— of —— Hospital, Dr. ——, and myself, all standing round it, adjusting the jars, chains, &c. ; and Nambo busily engaged in laying bare his master’s neck, N—— all the while eyeing our motions with excessive trepidation. I had infinite difficulty in getting his consent to one preliminary—the bandaging of his eyes. I succeeded, however, at last, in persuading him to undergo the operation blindfolded, in assuring him that it was essential to success ; for that if he was allowed to see the application of the conductor to the precise spot requisite, he might start, and occasion its apposition to a wrong place ! The *real* reason will be seen presently ; the great manœuvre could not have been practised but on such terms ; for how could I give his head a sudden twist round at the instant of his receiving the shock, if he saw what I was about ? I ought to have mentioned that we also prevailed upon him to sit with his arms pinioned, so that he was completely at our mercy. None of us could refrain from an occasional titter at the absurdity of the solemn farce we were playing—fortunately, however, unheard by N——. At length, Nambo being turned out, and the doors locked, lest, seeing the trick, he might disclose it subsequently to his master, we commenced operations. S—— worked the machine—round, and round, and round, whizzing—sparkling—crackling—till the jar was moderately charged ; it was then conveyed to N——’s neck, Dr. —— using the conductor.

N——, on receiving a tolerably smart shock, started out of his chair, and I had not time to give him the twist I had intended. After a few moments, however, he protested that he felt “something loosened” about his neck, and was easily induced to submit to another shock considerably stronger than the former. The instant the rod was applied to his neck, I gave the head a sudden excruciating wrench towards the left shoulder, S—— striking him, at the same moment, a smart blow on the crown. Poor N—— ! —“Thank God !” we all exclaimed, as if panting for breath.

“I—i—s it all over ?” stammered N—— faintly—quite confounded with the effects of the threefold remedy we had adopted.

“Yes—thank God, we have at last brought your head round again, and your face looks forward now as heretofore !” said I.

“O, remove the bandage—remove it ! Let my own eyesight behold it !—Bring me a glass !”

“As soon as the proper bandages have been applied to your neck, Mr. N——.”

“What, eh—a *second* pudding, eh ?”

“No, merely a broad band of dyachlym plaster, to prevent—hem—the contraction of the skin,” said I. As soon as that was done, we removed the handkerchiefs from his eyes and arms.

“Oh, my God, how delightful !” he exclaimed, rising and walking up to the mirror over the mantelpiece. “Ecstasy ! All really right again”—

“My dear N——, do not, I beg, do not work your neck about in that way, or the most serious disarrangement of the—the parts,” said I—

“Oh, it’s so, is it ? Then I’d better get into bed at once, I think, and you’ll call in the morning.”

I did, and found him in bed. “Well, how does all go on this morning ?” I inquired.

“Pretty well—middling,” he replied, with some embarrassment of

manner. "Do you know, Doctor, I've been thinking about it all night long—and I strongly suspect"—His serious air alarmed me—I began to fear that he had discovered the trick. "I strongly suspect—hem—hem"—he continued.

"What?" I inquired, rather sheepishly.

"Why, that it was my brains

only that were turned—and—that—that—most ridiculous piece of business"—

"Why, to be sure, Mr. N——"
* * * and he was so ashamed about it, that he set off for the country immediately, and among the glens and mountains of Scotland, endeavored to forget that ever he dreamed that HIS HEAD WAS TURNED.

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Can guilt or misery ever enter here?
Ah! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
Guards, powerful as the sword of Cherubim,
The hallow'd Porch. She hath a heavenly smile,
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
And wins him o'er to virtue.—WILSON.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never mark'd before!

Is it the brooding night?
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was there
At evening-hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those grey locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear!
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod,
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful? Faithless hearted!
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The in-born gladdening light!

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from Nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode
By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,

And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air ;
Thou, thou alone, art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there !

And must I turn away ?
—Hark, hark !—it is my mother's voice I hear,
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the sound !
Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother ! Now receive thy child,
Take back the Lost and Found !

REMINISCENCES.

I know it is not beautiful !
That in the vale below,
Far gayer gifts of summer bloom,
And brighter waters flow ;
I know it is not beautiful !
But, oh ! unto my heart
It breathes a charm of vanish'd days,
No other scenes impart.

The days once eloquent with tones
They never more may bring,
Sweet as e'er woo'd a woman's lip
To Love's delicious spring ;
Deep as the distant clarion's breath
Upon the moonlight air,
Inspiring high and glorious deeds,
It were a pride to share !

The form whose beauty imaged forth
The vision of my sleep,
The painting of a youthful heart,
Romantic, warm, and deep ;
The voice, that music of my mind !—
Are with the spells of yore,
On which the morn may brightly rise,
But never waken more !

No gift of thine, love, meets my gaze,
No token fond and fair—
No, not, to soothe me in my tears,
A single lock of hair :
Thou'st pass'd, my love, like some pale star
We look in vain to find,
Nor left to cheer my blighted path
One lonely ray behind !

They tell me I am waning fast,
That leaf by leaf I fade—
They bear me forth with wreathed hair,
In jewel'd robes array'd ;
They deem the festive dance may woo
My memory from this spot,
But, ah ! amidst the courtly crowd,
Thou art the *least* forgot.

My eyes are wandering fast and far
To other shores away,
My soul is with thee in thy grave !—
How can I then be gay ?
I perish in their festive light,
I die amidst their mirth—
Oh ! take me to thine arms, dear love,
From this cold, cheerless earth !

TRUTH, YOUTH, AND AGE.

Truth. What is Immortality ?

Youth. It is the glory of the mind,
The deathless voice of ancient Time ;
The light of genius, pure, refined !
The monument of deeds sublime !
O'er the cold ashes of the dead
It breathes a grandeur and a power,
Which shine when countless years have
fled,

Magnificent as the first hour !

Truth. What is Immortality !

Age. Ask it of the gloomy waves,

Of the old forgotten graves,
Whereof not one stone remains ?
Ask it of the ruin'd fanes,
Temples that have pass'd away,
Leaving not a wreck to say,
Here an empire once hath stood !
Ask it in thy solitude,
Of thy solemn musing mind,
And, too truly, wilt thou find.
Earthly immortality
Is a splendid mockery !

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE PHYSICAL NECESSITIES OF MAN.

THE primary physical wants of the human being are food, clothing, shelter, and defence. To supply these, he has cleared and cultivated the earth—he has invented his various arts, and built houses and cities. At first, we see him like the other animals, laboring under the wants which their common nature produces—under sufferings to which they are alike exposed, actuated by passions which boil in their blood,—Hunger, Thirst, the inclemency of the skies, the fear and anger of self-preservation in the midst of powerful and inflammable enemies. Hunger and Thirst cultivate the earth. Fear builds castles and embattles cities. The animal is clothed by nature against cold and storm, and shelters himself in his den. Man builds his habitation, and weaves his clothing. With horns, or teeth, or claws, the strong and deadly weapons with which nature has furnished them, the animal kinds wage their war; he forges swords and spears, and constructs implements of destruction that will send death almost as far as his eye can mark his foe, and sweep down thousands together. The animal that goes in quest of his food, that pursues or flies from his enemy, has feet, or wings, or fins; but man bids the horse, the camel, the elephant, bear him, and yokes them to his chariot. If the strong animal would cross the river, he swims. Man spans it with a bridge. But the most powerful of them all stands on the beach and gazes on the ocean. Man constructs a ship, and encircles the globe. Other creatures must traverse the element nature has assigned, with means she has furnished. He chooses his element, and makes his means. Can the fish traverse the waters? So can he. Can the bird fly the air? So can he. Can the camel speed over the desert? He shall bear man as his rider.

But to see what he owes to inventive art, we should compare man, not with inferior creatures, but with himself, looking over the face of human society, as history or observation shows it. We shall find him almost sharing the life of brutes, or removed from them by innumerable differences, and incalculable degrees. In one place we see him harboring in caves, naked, living, we might almost say, on prey, seeking from chance his wretched sustenance, food which he eats just as he finds it. This extreme degradation is rare; perhaps nowhere are *all* these circumstances of destitution found together—but still they *are* found, fearfully admonishing us of our nature. Man has as yet done nothing for himself—his own hands have done nothing for him—he lives like a beggar on the alms of nature. Turn to another land, and you see the face of the earth covered with the works of his hand—his habitation, wide-spreading, stately cities—his clothing and the ornaments of his person culled and fashioned from the three kingdoms of nature. For his food, the face of the earth bears him tribute; and the seasons and changes of heaven concur with his own art in ministering to his board.

This is the difference which man has made in his own condition by the use of his intellectual powers, awakened and goaded on by the necessities of his physical constitution. He stands naked in the midst of nature, but armed with powers which will make him her sovereign lord. Want, Pain, and Death, howling in the forest, urge him on, and he rouses up the powers of his invincible mind to the contention with physical evil. It is not his hand alone that delivers him from this lot of affliction; but it is his mind working in that powerful organ. His first food is from nature's bounty; his next is from his own art. He sees that the seeds she

casts into the ground spring up with another season. He casts them in, and waits for the season. He then, at her guidance, chooses the soil and prepares it ; and thus his first step towards the conquest of nature, is to observe her own silent and mysterious operations.

The early history of the great primary arts of life, their origin, and the first steps of their progress, lie buried in the darkness of antiquity ; but thus much we may understand, that man found himself in the midst of a world teeming with natural productions, and full of the operation of natural powers offering him benefit, or menacing him with destruction. The various knowledge, the endlessly multiplied arts, by which he fills his life with the supplies of its great necessities, and with all its great resources of security and power, or with which he adorns it, are all merely the regulated application of powers of nature acting at his discretion upon her own substances and productions. But the various knowledge, the endlessly multiplied observation, the experience and reasonings of man added to man, of generation following generation, which were required to bring to a moderate state of advancement the great primary arts subservient to physical life,—the arts of providing food, habitation, clothing, and defence, to man, *we* are utterly unable to conceive. We are *born* to the knowledge, which was collected at first by the labors of many generations. How slowly with continual accessions of knowledge were those arts reared up which still remain to us ! How many arts which had laboriously been brought to perfection, have been displaced by superior invention, and fallen into oblivion ? Fenced in as we are by the works of our predecessors, we see but a small part of the power of man contending with the difficulties of his lot. But what a wonderful scene would be opened up before our eyes, with what intense interest

should we look on, if we could indeed behold man armed only with his own implanted powers, and going forth to conquer the creation ! If we could see him beginning by subduing evils, and supplying painful wants ; going on to turn those evils and wants into the means of enjoyment—and at length, in the wantonness and pride of his power, filling his existence with luxuries ! If we could see him from his first step, in the untamed though fruitful wilderness, advancing to subdue the soil, to tame and multiply the herds,—from bending the branches into a bower, to fell the forest and quarry the rock,—seizing into his own hands the element of fire, directing its action on substances got from the bowels of the earth,—fashioning wood, and stone, and metal, to the will of his thought,—searching the nature of plants to spin their fibres, or with their virtues to heal his disease ;—if we could see him raise his first cities, launch his first ship, calling the winds and waters to be his servants, and to do his work,—changing the face of the earth,—forming lakes and rivers,—joining seas, or stretching the continent itself into the dominion of the sea ;—if we could do all this in imagination, then should we understand something of what man's intellect has done for his physical life, and what the necessities of his physical life have done in forcing into action all the powers of his intelligence.

But there are still higher considerations arising from the influence of man's physical necessities on the destiny of the species. It is this subjugation of natural evil, and this created dominion of art, that prepares the earth to be the scene of his social existence. His hard conquest was not the end of his toil. He has conquered the kingdom in which he was to dwell in his state. That full unfolding of his moral powers to which he is called, was only possible in those states of society which are thus brought into

being by his conflict with all his physical faculties against all the stubborn powers of the material universe ; for out of the same conquest Wealth is created. In this progress, and by means thus brought into action, the orders and classes of society are divided ; Property itself, the allotment of the earth, takes place, because it is the bosom of the earth that yields food. That great foundation of the stability of communities is thus connected with

the same necessity ; and in the same progress, and out of the same causes, arise the first great Laws by which society is held together in order. Thus that whole wonderful development of the Moral Nature of man, in all those various forms which fill up the history of the race, in part arises out of, and is always intimately blended with, the labors to which he has been aroused by those first great necessities of his physical nature.

THE GOLD CROSS.

It was late one cold and stormy evening in Autumn that a traveller, plainly dressed, and of middle age, entered a little village of Flanders. It was not sufficiently wealthy to be possessed of a comfortable inn, and after reconnoitring the miserable auberge, the pedestrian, who had left his carriage to explore the interesting scenery, resolved to seek in some one of the cottages the blessings of neatness and quiet. He passed several whose noisy children or smoking men did not coincide with his wishes, till the appearance of a small abode struck him with an aspect of comfort superior to any he had beheld. The little garden was kept in neat order, and looking through the casement he contemplated, unobserved, a scene which charmed a lover of nature. The wood fire blazed brightly, and cast its strong glare on the features of an old woman occupied in knitting. On the other side of the fire-place its light fell with a softer lustre on the profile of a young girl, who appeared to be making lace. She was dressed in a costume of the country, and one of its most becoming ones. The crown of her cap, the material of which was of a snowy whiteness, was moderately high, and the front, placed rather far back, revealed her lovely brow, and the dark chesnut locks parted simply on it. Her features were regular and soft ; her long black eye-

lashes, deep eye-lids, and the pale pure expression of her face, might have formed a model for a Madonna, till she raised her bright blue eyes, speaking the simplicity and hilarity of her age ; and her lips parted in a sweet and lively smile. Her form, laced in the picturesque corset, and shaded by her lawn handkerchief, had all the graces of youth, and more than are generally found in a peasant. The unseen spectator resolved here to seek hospitality. He knocked gently at the door, and the young maiden, with the fearlessness which marks the primitive manners of a retired place, came and opened it. "Will you ask your mother," said the Count de Larive, "to admit a strange gentleman to a night's lodging if she has a spare bed ? I am much fatigued, and should prefer your quiet cottage to the bustle of an inn."—"Willingly," said the girl ; and having mentioned to the old woman this request, she arose and advanced towards him, when he perceived she was not so old as he had thought before ; and after a few courteous inquiries frankly admitted the Count, who had no motive to conceal his name, to the hospitality he needed. Having divested himself of his traveling pelisse, he appeared to Madame Surville, who was not quite a stranger to the aspect of genteel persons, what he really was, a high-bred gentleman, and, as such, very

easy and affable. "I fear, Sir," said she, "we have not a supper fit to offer you—some dried fish, fresh eggs, and bread, are all our cottage can afford; but my daughter will prepare them neatly and expeditiously."—"Good fare, Madame, for a tired traveller, said the Count, who was surprised at her refined manners, "and I shall be glad to partake of anything prepared by so charming a child as your daughter!" The Count's age, and that of the young girl, which was scarcely seventeen, rendered this compliment excusable, and the mother took it in good part. "Yes," said she, "Rosalie is worthy of praise, for she is a good girl, and, since my poor husband died, my only consolation."—"You are a widow, then?" observed the Count.—"Yes, Sir, several years; but I endeavor to be resigned to the will of Providence, for her affection supports me; for," added she, observing Rosalie was busy in hospitable arrangements at the other end of the apartment, "she will not marry, though she has a very good offer from a respectable man, the baillie here, who has been very kind to us, out of pure friendship, as we thought at first, though it seems he wished to gain her for a wife; but he has not sufficient means to maintain me too, and Rosalie declares she will not leave me, as, from a paralytic weakness in my hands, I am unfit for much work."

The Count was interested by this little narrative; and as supper was placed by the white hands of Rosalie, with a neatness delightful even to a fastidious eye, and as he gazed on her delicate and peculiar style of beauty, he thought her the pearl of cottage maidens. He had cares of his own which rendered his cheek pale and his eye thoughtful, but his rustic companions were struck with his fine and gentle countenance. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Madame Surville, "for looking at you so attentively, but I surely have seen one who strongly resem-

bled you, though I cannot recall where." Then after a pause, she suddenly, and as if involuntarily, added—"Ah! now I remember!" But she stopped suddenly, and changed color. The Count deemed that she recalled some painful recollections, and to divert the conversation, while he partook cheerfully of his simple repast—"Who plays on that instrument?" inquired he, pointing to a guitar which hung near.—"My daughter," answered Madame de Surville; "and if you please, Sir, she will sing you the Evening Hymn as you finish your supper."—"I should be gratified indeed." The obliging Rosalie, who had scarcely spoken, instantly fetched her guitar; and though a faint blush streaked her fair cheek, sang, in a sweet but untaught voice, this

EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"See! Evening sinks o'er hill and bower,
Ave Maria! hear our prayer;
Pure as the dew-drop on the flower—
As free from guilt, as free from care,
May we thy guardian influence share.
"See! Winter's Evening sets serene,
Ave Maria! hear our prayer;
The snows that shine so dazzling sheen,
May not with Virtue's robe compare—
This spotless vesture let us wear!"

As Rosalie concluded, the Count observed her take what he thought a small cross from her bosom, and kiss it with much devotion. She then rose, and, hanging up her guitar, approached her mother, and tenderly embracing her, said she would go and prepare the gentleman's apartment, and afterwards retire to rest. Her manner in saying this, and the modest curtsy with which she departed, delighted the Count. How superior, thought he, is this simple maiden to most of our Paris Demoiselles. How soon a dancing-master and affectation would spoil that native elegance—yet how rare to find it in a cottage. "You are then Catholics?" said he, turning to Madame de Surville.—"My dear Rosalie is, Sir, but I myself am a Protestant."—"That is rather surprising!" said the

Count, almost unconsciously.—His hostess sighed. "Yes!" said she, "there is much which is extraordinary in the events of my life, though they have been few and are drawing to a close; for I am weakened by sorrow more than by age, and all that grieves me is to think I must leave my poor girl unprovided for."—"Have you no friends here?" asked her pitying auditor. "Scarcely any, Sir; for I have not been in this place many years. The baillie, indeed, professes love for Rosalie, but he is a widower, with children, and it is said he was not kind to his first wife. I should be loth to leave one so gentle to such protection."—"True, indeed," said the Count, "she is a most interesting girl, and, from your account, very amiable. I wish I could befriend her. I have a wife, a most excellent woman, who will arrive here probably to-morrow in our carriage. I think she will be extremely pleased with your Rosalie."—"Any one might be pleased with her, though I say it who ought not; yet who has more right? She works day and night for my support, delicate as she has always been, and will work for the poor too, when she can do nothing else for them; but I must trust to Providence, who knows her virtues, to reward them!"—"All you have said," replied the Count, "has excited in me much interest, and a desire to be of service to you both. I am rich, and have, alas! little else to do with my wealth than to make others happy. If you would confide to me, although a stranger, something of your situation, and, if it should be necessary, those peculiar circumstances to which you alluded, if my power and good-will could assist you I should be inclined to offer both."—"You are very kind, Sir; and there is something in your features," added she, with a sigh, "which almost makes me think I ought to confide in you, for in this lone place such an opportunity may never occur again of making a

friend for my poor Rosalie. I am sure I may trust to your honor never to reveal those parts of my story I wish to remain secret, and which will still further affect your feelings for this excellent girl."—"Believe me," said the Count, "as no idle curiosity, but a sincere wish to serve you, prompts my request, so with me your confidence will be sacred." The good woman mused a little, wiped away some tears, and drawing her chair close to the fire, began her narrative in these terms:—

"I will commence my tale at that period of my life which found me happy in the possession of all the moderate comforts of life, and still more so in the affection of an excellent husband, who owned a small competence, which, with his own industry and mine, sufficed our moderate wishes. We dwelt in a town of France, the name of which I need not mention. My husband was engaged abroad most of the day by his occupations, and my time was fully employed in superintending a school of young girls, the children of respectable, though not opulent parents, whom I instructed in the first rudiments of education. I may say with truth no couple bore a better character than ourselves, and my few scholars (for I would not increase the number) were reckoned the best-behaved, the healthiest, and most happy of all the daughters of our neighbors. It happened one evening, when they were all departed, and I was quite alone, my husband being detained later than usual, a sudden ring at the bell startled me, for my visitors were few and rare. Having but one servant I went to the door myself, and was not a little surprised to see a lady of most noble appearance, well dressed, and leading a little girl, who appeared about three years old." At this part of the narrative her auditor suddenly started. The good woman observed it not, but continued absorbed in recollection. "You may guess I made my best curtsy, not being

used to see such fine ladies in our town, and civilly inquired what business she would honor me with.—‘Allow me,’ said she, ‘to speak to you a few moments alone in your parlor.’—Though surprised, I of course assented, and led the way to an apartment I kept in which to see any one who might call and wish to speak with me apart from my scholars. When I had offered the lady a chair, she sat down, indeed she seemed scarcely able to stand, and, to my wonderment, began to be much agitated, and wept bitterly ; for, though her veil covered her countenance, I could hear her violent sobs. At last she spoke.—‘Excuse me, Madam,’ said she ; ‘I am a mother, and my object here is to part with my little girl. Is the number of your scholars full ?’—Quite struck at the question from a lady of her consequence, I replied it was ; and though honored by her commands, I felt myself quite unequal to the task of bringing up a young lady who appeared of such high birth. At this my mysterious visitor seemed more distressed. At length, raising her veil, she discovered to my view a countenance I shall never forget—all my life will its surpassing beauty and sweetness be as it were imprinted on my very heart.—‘Madam !’ said she, ‘this is not what I meant to say ; I have heard, from those who know you, of your extreme goodness of heart, your gentleness, your humanity to children. Unhappy circumstances, which I cannot explain, force me to join my husband, and leave our only child behind me. I have, alas ! no friends to confide her too—but the good are all friends ; those who act on the divine precepts of Christianity never can be strangers. I have the means amply, liberally to recompense your care of her ; but to the kindness, the uprightness of your character, I trust, not to wish to penetrate the mystery which must, alas ! envelope an unfortunate wife forced to choose between the father and the child. Oh, Madam,’

she exclaimed, ‘I am sure you feel for a distracted mother ; do not refuse my request ! let me have the only consolation I can know in quitting this innocent, tender from her age and her sex,—that of leaving her with a worthy woman, one who fears God, and who will therefore perform her duty to my child. I care not for accomplishments—teach her to be good and happy like yourself ; judge by these tears whether I can covet external advantages for her, when they have rendered her mother so unhappy.’—Seeing, by my silence, at once my emotion and indecision, the lady placed on the table a heavy purse of gold.—‘This,’ said she, ‘is to pay the first year of her charge—a similar sum annually shall be transmitted till the happy period when I may hope to claim her again.’—‘Madam,’ said I, ‘suffer me to inform my husband.’—‘No,’ replied she ; ‘hesitate not, pause not to do a good action—your heart tells you it is right. I swear before the awful Power, to whose protection I confide my child, I have told you the truth—more I cannot add. You shall hear from me. Accept this precious deposit,’ said she, looking at her lovely little girl, who smiled unconscious in her face ; ‘by so doing, you will save a mother from despair—you will perform a deed which will sweeten your last moments, and no possible harm, but great benefit, may accrue to you and yours.’—Then, before I could prevent her, she threw herself on her knees before me—she seized my hand, put into it the trembling one of the little girl, and was gone ere I had recovered from the stupor of surprise.”

The good woman paused, much affected by her interesting account : for so it seemed by the sympathy of her auditor, whose deep-drawn sighs and pale cheeks now drew her attention.

“Proceed, I entreat you, Madam !” said he in a faint but eager voice, “I have been a father, and your relation affects me.”

Madame Surville bowed, and continued. "I will not dwell on my astonishment, or that of my husband, who was somewhat displeased at the transaction, as, he said, no good could come from such mystery; but the sweet countenance of the little girl, and her grief for the absence of her mother, endeared her to me, and I tried every means to console her. She had a little basket in her hand, containing a few plain but costly articles of clothing. We were most perplexed as to what religion we should bring her up in, being ourselves Protestants, though in a Catholic country. We had also some difficulty in accounting to our neighbors for this sudden increase of our family. As for making inquiries in the hope to discover more of the child's parents, we thought it both right and prudent to abstain. The little dear had received a severe and effectual caution herself against answering any questions; nor did there seem much to tell, but that she lived very retired in a small cottage, with her mother, and an old lady who was now dead. However, some of our doubts were ended in a few weeks, by the arrival of a packet containing more money, a letter, and some presents for the child. The letter was short—it thanked us in the name of two unfortunate parents for undertaking so important a charge, committing her, with the strongest entreaties, to our tender care, and assuring us we should be remunerated beyond our utmost expectations. One of the presents was a gold cross, which, by her mother's desire, has never since quitted Rosalie's neck; she kisses it night and morning, and it is doubly the object of her devotion. We were told in the letter, 'her family's religion was Catholic,' and were earnestly requested to bring her up in the same, which injunction we have conscientiously followed. The other present was a miniature picture of a gentleman in uniform, whom we supposed her father: but this we were en-

joined not to show her yet, as likely to raise too strong emotions in her young mind of wonder and regret, but to endeavor to reconcile her to her situation, and bring her up at once with care and simplicity. Many a tear have I shed over the letter, which breathed a mother's love in every line—and that picture, so noble, so manly. Excuse me, Sir, but I thought just now at supper it had some resemblance to yourself."—"Have you still that picture, and will you let me see it?" asked the stranger, in a hollow voice.—"Why, yes, Sir; it is so long ago, no harm can, I hope, come from showing it to a gentleman like you." The good woman rose, unlocked a small closet near the fire-place, took out a little casket, and applying her finger to the spring, opened it, and discovered a miniature and a letter. She gave the Count both. He seized, and eagerly looked at the writing of the letter, and it dropped from his nerveless hand; then throwing himself into a chair, he covered his eyes, as though too much agitated to contemplate the portrait.—"Dear Sir," said the widow, "what moves you thus? Did you know our dear Rosalie's parents! Can you tell me where they are?"—"The Count raised his face, and bringing the picture nearer the light, "Excellent woman!" said he, "in this behold the image of what I was fourteen years ago, ere the sorrow of parting with an only child withered my youthful bosom."—"Struck to the heart, Madame de Surville first turned deadly pale, then directing her looks to heaven—"The Author of all Good be praised!" said she. "If I must lose my dear adopted daughter, I shall at least place her in the arms of her parents."—"Lose her!" exclaimed the Count, seizing her hand. "No; you have been to her a mother too long to be less than a sister to me and my wife. With us and your dear Rosalie shall you end your life."

Let us pass over, however, these emotions of the first moments of

surprise. When both parties had a little recovered composure, the Count declared his resolution to restrain his impatience, and defer declaring his affinity to his new-found treasure until the arrival of her mother, by which time Madame de Surville might have prepared Rosalie for the change. This worthy being could not repress her anxiety to be informed of the circumstances which had thus thrown his child on the protection of strangers. And as the Count found it impossible for him to rest that night, he determined to satisfy her solicitude, though the relation would prove a severe trial to his own feelings.

"In me, my dear madam," said he, "you behold one of the sad examples of the misery arising from ungoverned passions acting on an originally good heart, but unregulated by principle. I was born to all the advantages of rank and luxury, the only and adored son of my father (for my mother died in my infancy, or her tender care might have softened my defects). Indulged, flattered, caressed, I became headstrong and impatient of control. My father, accustomed to gratify my boyish wishes, never reflected that a day might arrive when they would interfere with his own sentiments. With the same want of foresight he had brought up with me a female orphan, rather younger than myself, a distant relation of our family, and who being without fortune, was indebted to my father for an honorable education. Emilie de la Tour was—alas! I need not say what—for you beheld her the unfortunate mother of Rosalie—when in the prime of her beauty, matchless as it was, ere grief had tarnished its splendor. To her extraordinary charms she joined sweetness, wit, and accomplishments. Yet my father never appeared to suspect it was impossible for me daily to behold without loving her. Her education, like my own, had been imperfect, and her feelings were strong though amia-

ble. Neither of us seemed sensible that we had no right to dispose of our hearts and hands without consulting those who had a claim to our confidence.

"To shorten my painful tale, our mutual but innocent attachment was discovered by my father. Never shall I forget his displeasure—the thought of his son, the heir to all his honors, marrying a portionless orphan, seemed almost to drive him to madness. My poor Emilie was hurried away without my knowledge to a distant part of France, to stay with an old aunt previous to being immured in a convent. By extraordinary exertions I discovered her retreat, and managed secretly to correspond with the idol of my soul. My father was pacified by her absence, and all might yet have been well, had not he unhappily proposed to me an immediate and illustrious marriage with another. Distracted at the bare idea, I however dissembled, but it was only to execute a plan which would render it forever impossible for me to marry any one but Emilie. By the plausible excuse of joining my regiment, I hurried to her, and thought myself the happiest of human beings when I had by entreaties, and almost threats of ending my existence, prevailed upon her to consent to a private marriage, which I procured to be solemnized. I afterwards returned to my father, while she continued with her aunt. What was my remorse for this hasty step, when, on my return, some disagreement between the two families had broken off the dreaded match! Yet was Emilie mine. We had won over her aunt to conceal our imprudence, and, through her contrivance, we enjoyed many stolen hours of each other's society, though empoisoned by conscious duplicity and disobedience to a parent. But when I became the father of a sweet little girl, my sensations were the most poignant—every smile of hers was a dagger to my heart, and seemed to reproach

me with my deceit towards the author of my days. But my earthly punishment was to come. I adored my wife and child. In their caresses I tasted the only alleviation of my misery, when a sudden order of my regiment to a foreign and most unhealthy climate imposed on me the dreadful necessity of parting with all I loved—for to ask my wife to leave her Rosalie, or take her to those pestilential shores, was impossible. My aged, my injured father, too, I was forced to abandon, and this seemed to my repentant heart the severest stroke of all—for never might I again behold him—never make reparation for the days my unhappy passion had embittered. Thank Heaven! for his own peace, he knew not of my guilt—as for mine it seemed gone forever. One consolation remained, I left my beloved and her child in the care of her excellent aunt, and this a little reconciled me to my hurried departure, not even allowing me to breathe a painful adieu! What then were my feelings on learning by a letter that Emilie's aunt lay a corpse! Deprived of her only friend in her own country, she was determined to seek her sole protection in my arms, to share my dangers, and at least die with me. Yet to expose her child's tender age to the same dangers, was more than the heart of a mother could resolve. She happened to be well acquainted with one of your little pupils; had heard of your extreme kindness—the good character of your husband—and knowing no one else in whom she could confide, and the town where you lived being not more than ten miles from her abode, she formed the wild plan of trusting her Rosalie to a good and benevolent stranger. Heaven has blessed her intention, and it will reward your fidelity. Let me briefly pass over the long, sad years we spent abroad. My regiment was ordered home, and I returned with the resolution of throwing myself at my father's feet and confess-

ing all, and entreating his forgiveness. Alas! I found him no more. With his dying breath he blessed my filial duty; and, at that awful moment, remembering the virtues of my Emilie, and believing her yet single, he left his consent to our union. My sorrow, and the deep repentance that accompanied it, I cannot describe—my health, impaired by the climate, quite gave way. On my recovery from a severe fever, my first proposal was to set out immediately to claim that beloved child, who was the only tie we now possessed in our country. Alas! how inestimably dear. Think then of the feelings of her doating mother, already faded by premature cares and regret—think of the anguish, of the remorse that rent my heart, when on reaching the little town you had inhabited, our utmost endeavors could find no trace of you. Three tedious years have been consumed in almost hopeless traveling through France and the neighboring countries in search of our lost treasure. And now, when my Emilie's pale cheek and sunken eye tells the tale of hope deferred,—when my spirits are so worn by disappointment as scarcely to be able to cheer hers, Heaven, which has doubtless chastised us in its mercy, relents, and permits two erring, but sincerely penitent beings, to clasp to their bosom the pledge of their early, sad, but misguided affection." The Count ceased, much affected, and evidently unable to continue.—"It is for me, dearest Sir," said Madame de Surville, "to fill up the blank in your narration, and account for the mysterious disappearance of my little family.

"During a period of ten years we regularly received your munificent allowance for the care of Rosalie. The last year of our remaining at F—, whether in consequence of the approaching removal of your regiment, or what cause, you may perhaps explain, none reached us. It was indeed a

year of calamity. I have mentioned our being Protestants, and we were now to find that to live in our own country and profess that religion was impossible. My scholars first dropped off; my husband's employment was taken from him: we underwent numerous persecutions; and at last had cause to think our liberty, if not our lives, in imminent danger. It was then we reaped the benefit of your generosity—the sums you had transmitted we had partly saved, intending them as a little resource for the dear girl in case of our death. Necessity was urgent. We had, thanks to this store, the means of flight, but to do so with safety, it was necessary to leave no trace of our steps. This we felt very distressing on your account, but less so as not having heard for nearly two years, we feared you were no more. Our place of retreat was this village, where we should have lived comfortably but for the villany of an agent who robbed us of most of our treasure. My poor husband is gone, and I had no consolation left but the goodness of my adopted child, and the sweet thought, that should you ever claim her, she would be found in beauty, innocence and virtue, worthy of any rank.”

The evening following that which witnessed the arrival of the Count

as a solitary traveller to ask the hospitality of Madame de Surville's hearth, that hearth again blazed as brightly, but no longer were two figures alone seated beside it. Next to his adored daughter sat the Count de Larive; she still wore the peasant's cap and simple boddice, but her cheek was bright with a joy it had never known before, and her eyes sparkled with an almost heavenly radiance as she leaned on her fond father's shoulder, and playfully held up to him to kiss the gold cross, which had never been absent from her bosom since in childhood he had placed it there; and it had every day and night received the kisses of filial affection when the dear donors were unknown. Opposite them was the beautiful though faded form of the enraptured Emilie, as she gazed on the beloved pair, and showing Madame de Surville the well-known picture of her husband, now changed, but more endeared by time and sorrow. She dropped a tear on the ivory to the remembrance of past errors and trials, but a smile beamed around her lip which told of hopes of Heaven's forgiveness; and she felt its cheering influence confirmed as she saw her husband reverentially kiss the, to them sacred, symbol of the GOLD CROSS.

THOMSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

BY DELTA.

“Is Ednam, then, so near me? I must gaze
On Thomson's cradle-spot,—as sweet a
bard

As ever traced the name,—and on the
scenes

That first to poesy awoke his soul.”

So saying to myself, with eager step,
Down through the avenues of Sydenham,
The birth-house of the being with whose
fate

Mine own is sweetly mingled, on I stray'd
In a perplexity of pleasing thoughts,
Amid the perfume of blown eglantine,
And hedge-row wild-flowers, memory
conjuring up

The bright and soul-subduing lays of him,
Whose fame is with his country's being
mix'd,

And cannot die;—until at length I gain'd
An opening in the road, between the stems
Of two green sycamores,—and lo! at once,
The downward country like a map unfurl'd
Before me,—pastures green,—and forests
dark,—

And, in its simple quietude reveal'd,
Ednam—no more a visionary scene!

A rural church,—some scatter'd cottage
roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue
smoke,
Silently wreathing through the breezeless
air,

Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stain'd;
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;

And here and there a venerable tree
In foliaged beauty :—of these elements,
And only those, the simple scene was
form'd.

Oft had I dream'd of Ednam, of the spot
Where, to the light of life, the infant eye
Of Thomson open'd; till the syllables
Brought to my heart a vista of delight,
A soft Elysian picture, dipp'd in hues
Of pastoral loveliness—an atmosphere,
Such as the wizard's wand has charm'd
around

The realm of Indolence, where every sight
And every sound, unto tranquillity
Smooth'd down the ever-swelling waves
of thought ;—

And oft, while o'er the Bard's harmonious
page,

Nature's reflected picture, I have hung
Enchanted, wondering thoughts have
cross'd my mind,

Of his lone boyhood, and the eager thirst
With which his opening spirit must have
drank

The shows of earth and heaven, till I have
wish'd

That on his birthplace I could gaze, and
tread

The pathways hallow'd by the feet of him
Whose inspiration sang the Vernal morn
With its refulgent brow; the Summer day
Glowing and endless; the Autumnal eve
Of mellow dye; and Winter's midnight
arch

Unclouded, paved with multitudinous stars.

Now Ednam was before me—but the
thought

Of Thomson vanish'd, nor would coalesce
And mingle with the landscape, as the
stream

Loses itself within the summer sea;
For why? a spell was broken; it was not
My vision shadow'd by reality

In lineaments harmonious, it was not
The poet's birthplace,—earth etherealized
And spiritual,—but quite an alien scene,
Fair in itself, and only for itself

To seek our praises or regard; the clue
Of old associations was destroy'd,—

A leaf from Fancy's volume was torn out,—
And, as the fairy frost-work leaves the grass,
A tract of mental Eden was laid waste,
Never to blossom more!

Alone I stood,
Gazing around me in the glowing light
Of noon, while, overhead, the rapturous
lark

Soar'd as she sang, less and less visible,
Till but a voice mid Heaven's engulfing
blue.—

Yet though the tones and smiles of Nature
bade

The heart rejoice, a shadow overspread
My musings, and the fairy-land of thought
"Melted into the light of common day."

A moment's look had disenchanting years
Of cherish'd vision; Ednam, which before
Spoke to my spirit as a spell, was now
The index to a code of other thoughts;
And turning on my heel, I sigh'd to think
How oft our joys depend on ignorance.

A SCENE ON THE "COSTA FIRME."*

I WAS awakened by the low growling, and short bark of the dog. The night was far spent; the tiny sparks of the fire-flies that were glancing in the door-way, began to grow pale; the chirping of the crickets and lizards, and the *snore* of the tree-toad waxed fainter, and the wild cry of the tiger-cat was no longer heard. The *terral*, or land-wind, which is usually strongest towards morning, moaned loudly on the hillside, and came rushing past with a melancholy *sough*, through the brushwood that surrounded the hut, shaking off the heavy dew from the palm and cocoa-nut trees, like large drops of rain.

The hollow tap of the wood-pecker; the clear flute note of the *Pavo del monte*; the discordant shriek of

the macaw; the shrill *chirr* of the wild Guinea fowl; and the chattering of the paroquets, began to be heard from the wood. The ill-omened *gallinazo* was sailing and circling round the hut, and the tall flamingo was stalking on the shallows of the lagoon, the haunt of the disgusting alligator, that lay beneath, divided from the sea by a narrow mud-bank, where a group of pelicans, perched on the wreck of one of our boats, were pluming themselves before taking wing. In the east, the deep blue of the firmament, from which the lesser stars were fast fading, all but the "Eye of Morn," was warming into magnificent purple, and the amber rays of the yet unrisen sun were shooting up, streamer-like, with intervals between, through the

* See "The Quenching of the Torch" in the *Atheneum* for December 15.

parting clouds, as they broke away with a passing shower, that fell like a veil of silver gauze between us and the first primrose-colored streaks of a tropical dawn.

"That's a musket shot," said the Lieutenant. The Indian crept on his belly to the door, dropped his chin on the ground, and placed his open palms behind his ears. The distant wail of a bugle was heard, then three or four dropping shots again, in rapid succession. Mr. Splinter stooped to go forth, but the Indian caught him by the leg, uttering the single word "*Espanoles*."

On the instant, a young Indian woman, with a shrieking infant in her arms, rushed to the door. There was a blue gunshot wound in her neck, from which two or three large black clotting gouts of blood were trickling. Her long black hair was streaming in coarse braids, and her features were pinched and sharpened, as if in the agony of death. She glanced wildly behind, and gasped out "*Escapa, Oreeque, escapa para mi soi, muerto ya*." Another shot, and the miserable creature convulsively clasped her child, whose small shrill cry I often fancy I hear to this hour, blending with its mother's death-shriek, and, falling backwards, rolled over the brow of the hill out of sight. The ball had pierced the heart of the parent through the body of her offspring. By this time a party of Spanish soldiers had surrounded the hut, one of whom kneeling before the low door, pointed his musket into it. The Indian, who had seen his wife and child thus cruelly shot down before his face, now fired his rifle, and the man fell dead. "*Siga mi Querida Bondia—maltido*." Then springing to his feet, and stretching himself to his full height, with his arms extended towards heaven, while a strong shiver shook him like an ague fit, he yelled forth the last words he ever uttered, "*Venga la suerte, ya soi listo*," and resumed his squatting position on the ground.

Half a dozen musket balls were now fired at random through the wattles, while the Lieutenant, who spoke Spanish well, sung out lustily, that we were English officers who had been shipwrecked. "*Mentira*," growled the officer of the party, "*Piratas son ustedes*." "Pirates leagued with Indian braves; fire the hut, soldiers, and burn the scoundrels!" There was no time to be lost; Mr. Splinter made a vigorous attempt to get out, in which I seconded him, with all the strength that remained to me, but they beat us back again with the butts of their muskets.

"Where are your commissions, your uniforms, if you be British officers?"—We had neither, and our fate appeared inevitable.

The doorway was filled with brushwood, fire was set to the hut, and we heard the crackling of the palm thatch, while thick stifling wreaths of white smoke burst in upon us through the roof.

"Lend a hand, Tom, now or never, and kick up the dark man there," but he sat still as a statue. We laid our shoulders to the end wall, and heaved at it with all our might; when we were nearly at the last gasp it gave way, and we rushed headlong into the middle of the party, followed by Sneezer with his shaggy coat, that was full of clots of tar blazing like a torch. He unceremoniously seized "*par le queue*," the soldier who had throttled me, setting fire to the skirts of his coat, and blowing up his cartouch box: I believe, under Providence, that the ludicrousness of this attack saved us from being bayoneted on the spot. It gave time for Mr. Splinter to recover his breath, when, being a powerful man, he shook off the two soldiers who had seized him, and dashed into the burning hut again. I thought he was mad, especially when I saw him return with his clothes and hair on fire, dragging out the body of the captain. He unfolded the sail it was wrapped in, and pointing to

the remains of the naval uniform in which the mutilated and putrifying corpse was dressed, he said sternly to the officer,—“We are in your power, and you may murder us if you will; but *that* was my captain four days ago, and you see, *he* at least was a British officer—satisfy yourself.” The person he addressed, a handsome young Spaniard, with a clear olive complexion, oval face, small brown mustachios, and large black eyes, shuddered at the horrible spectacle, but did as he was requested.

When he saw the crown and anchor, and his Majesty’s cipher on the appointments of the dead officer, he became convinced of our quality, and changed his tone—“*Es verdad, son de la marina Inglesa;*” “But, gentlemen, were there not three persons in the hut?” There were indeed—the flames had consumed the dry roof and walls with incredible rapidity, and by this time they had fallen in, but Oreeque was no where to be seen. I thought I saw something move in the midst of the fire, but it might have been fancy. Again the white ashes heaved, and a half-consumed hand and arm were thrust through the smouldering mass, then a human head, with the scalp burnt from the skull, and the flesh from the chaps and cheek-bones; the trunk next appeared, the bleeding ribs laid bare, and the miserable Indian, with his limbs like scorched rafters, stood upright before us, like a demon in the midst of the fire. He made no attempt to escape, but reeling to and fro like a drunken man, fell headlong, raising clouds of smoke and a shower of sparks in his fall. Alas! poor Oreeque, the newly risen sun was now shining on your ashes, and on the dead bodies of the ill-starred Bondia and her child, whose bones, ere his setting, the birds of the air, and beasts of the forest, will leave as white and fleshless as your own. The officer, who belonged to the army investing Carthagea, now treated us with great civility; he

heard our story, and desired his men to assist us in burying the remains of our late commander.

We remained all day on the same part of the coast, but towards evening the party fell back on the outpost to which they belonged. After traveling an hour or so we emerged from a dry river course, in which the night had overtaken us, and came suddenly on a small plateau, where the post was established on the promontory of “*Punto Canoá.*” There may be braver soldiers at a charge, but none more picturesque in a *bivouac* than the Spanish. A gigantic wild cotton-tree, to which our largest English oaks were but as dwarfs, rose on one side, and overshadowed the whole level space. The bright beams of the full moon glanced among the topmost leaves, and tipped the higher branches with silver, contrasting strangely with the scene below, where a large watch-fire cast a strong red glare on the surrounding objects, throwing up dense volumes of smoke, which eddied in dun wreaths amongst the foliage, and hung in the still night air like a canopy, leaving the space beneath comparatively clear.

A temporary guard-house, with a rude verandah of bamboos and palm leaves, had been built between two of the immense spurs of the mighty tree, that shot out many yards from the parent stem like wooden buttresses, whilst overhead there was a sort of stage made of planks laid across the lower boughs, supporting a quantity of provisions covered with tarpaulins. The sentries in the back ground with their glancing arms, were seen pacing on their watch; some of the guard were asleep on wooden benches, and on the platform amongst the branches, where a little baboon-looking old man, in the dress of a drummer, had perched himself, and sat playing a Biscayan air on a sort of bagpipe; others were gathered round the fire cooking their food, or cleaning their arms.

It shone brightly on the long line

of Spanish transports that were moored below, *stem on* to the beach, and on the white sails of the armed craft that were still hovering under weigh in the offing, which, as the night wore on, stole in, one after another, like phantoms of the ocean, and letting go their anchors with a splash, and a hollow rattle of the cable, remained still and silent as the rest.

Farther off, it fell in a crimson stream on the surface of the sheltered bay, struggling with the light of the gentle moon, and tinging with blood the small waves that twinkled in her silver wake, across which a guard boat would now and then glide, like a fairy thing, the arms of the men flashing back the red light.

Beyond the influence of the hot smoky glare, the glorious planet reassumed her sway in the midst of her attendant stars, and the relieved eye wandered forth into the lovely night, where the noiseless sheet lightning was glancing, and ever and anon lighting up for an instant

some fantastic shape in the fleecy clouds, like prodigies forerunning the destruction of the stronghold over which they impended; while beneath, the lofty ridge of the convent-crowned Popa, the citadel of San Felipé bristling with cannon, the white batteries and many towers of the faded city of Carthagená, and the Spanish blockading squadron at anchor before it, slept in the moonlight.

We were civilly received by the captain, who apologized for the discomfort under which we must pass the night. He gave us the best he had, and that was bad enough, both of food and wine, before showing us into the hut, where we found a rough deal coffin lying on the very bench that was to be our bed. This he ordered away with all the coolness in the world. "It was *only* one of his people who had died that morning of *romito*, or yellow fever." "Comfortable country this," quoth Splinter, "and a pleasant morning we have had of it, Tom!"

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"OF such a man his country may be proud." This is an old-fashioned eulogy; not perhaps the worse for that; and yet it suits Hogg as exactly as if it had been invented expressly on his account. Of such a man his country may be proud. We respect and we admire him. We respect the energy that has made its own way,—the industry that has done the best with materials within its power. We admire the genius which has added to our literature so much of its better part—simple, touching, and beautiful poetry. Hogg has just translated the fine old airs of his country into words. A strong feeling has gone straight from his heart to his song; and nothing can be more real than his sorrow, unless it be his mirth. He is the poet of actual emotions. To use a simile—fit fashion of reviewing poetry—he is like one of

his own mountain rivulets gushing forth in music and sunshine, melody and merriment—tender, yet joyous. Moreover, there is a quaint sturdiness about him, which is something between the independent man and the spoilt child. The running commentary on his own songs is one of the most amusing and original things we remember to have read. We shall quote a few of these prefaces.

"'Donald M'Donald.'—I place this song the first, not on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses—for there it ranks rather low—but merely because it was my first song, and exceedingly popular when it first appeared. I wrote it when a barefooted lad herding lambs on the Blackhouse Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had run through the three kingdoms, like fire set to heather, for ten or twelve

years, no one ever knew or inquired who was the author."

He hears in a theatre a singer substitute a last verse of his own for the original one.

"It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored; and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as anybody. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night, that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar. Another anecdote concerning this song I may mention; and I do it with no little pride, as it is a proof of the popularity of Donald M'Donald among a class, to inspire whom with devotion to the cause of their country was at the time a matter of no little consequence. Happening upon one occasion to be in a wood in Dumfries-shire, through which wood the high-road passed, I heard a voice singing; and a turn of the road soon brought in sight a soldier, who seemed to be either travelling home upon furlough, or returning to his regiment. When the singer approached nearer, I distinguished the notes of my own song of Donald M'Donald. As the lad proceeded with his song, he got more and more into the spirit of the thing, and on coming to the end,

'An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
The kilt, an' the feather, an' a'!'

in the height of his enthusiasm, he hoisted his cap on the end of his staff, and danced it about triumphantly. I stood ensconced behind a tree, and heard and saw all without being observed."

The "Skylark" he calls "a little pastoral song, worth half-a-dozen of the foregoing;" we agree with him, and present it to the reader, that he may also judge of its merits.

The Skylark.

"Bird of the wilderness;
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—

O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,

Far in the downy cloud,

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,

Where, on thy dewy wing,

Where art thou journeying?

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,

O'er moor and mountain green,

O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,

Over the cloudbelt dim,

Over the rainbow's rim,

Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,

Low in the heather blooms

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!

Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place—

O to abide in the desert with thee!"

"'The Broom sae green' is my greatest favorite at present,—probably because the air is my own, as well as the verses; for I find I have a particular facility in approving of such things."

The next is very characteristic:—

"'The Women Fo'k.'—The air of this song is my own. It was first set to music by Heather, and most beautifully set too. It was afterwards set by Dewar, whether with the same accompaniments or not, I have forgot. It is my own favorite humorous song, when forced to sing by ladies against my will, which too frequently happens; and, notwithstanding my wood-notes wild, it will never be sung by any so well again."

We think the Shepherd's resentment burns in the wrong quarter in the following note:

"'The Maid of the Sea' is one of the many songs which Moore caused me to cancel, for nothing that I know of, but because they ran counter to his. It is quite natural and reasonable that an author should claim a copyright of a sentiment; but it never struck me that it could be so exclusively his, as that another had not a right to contradict it. This, however, seems to be the case in the London law; for true it is that my songs were canceled, and the public may now judge on what grounds, by comparing them with Mr. Moore's. I have neither forgot nor forgiven it; and I have a great mind to force

him to cancel *Lalla Rookh* for stealing it wholly from the Queen's Wake, which is so apparent in the plan, that every London judge will give it in my favor, although he ventured only on the character of one accomplished bard, and I on seventeen. He had better have let my few trivial songs alone."

We apprehend Mr. Moore had nothing to do with it; the question was one of musical copyright.

Like most poets, he has a fair hit at the *Edinburgh Review*.

"*Donald McGillavry* ' was originally published in the *Jacobite Relics*, without any notice of its being an original composition; an omission which entrapped the *Edinburgh Review* into a high but unintentional compliment to the author. After reviewing the *Relics* in a style of most determined animosity, and protesting, over and over again, that I was devoid of all taste and discrimination, the tirade concluded in these terms: 'That we may not

close this article without a specimen of the good songs which the book contains, we shall select the one which, for sly, characteristic Scotch humor, seems to us the best, though we doubt if any of our English readers will relish it.' The opportunity of retaliating upon the reviewer's want of sagacity was too tempting to be lost; and the authorship of the song was immediately avowed in a letter to the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. 'After all,' said this avowal, 'between ourselves, *Donald McGillavry*, which he has selected as the best specimen of the true old Jacobite song, and as remarkably above its fellows for 'sly, characteristic Scotch humor,' is no other than a trifle of my own, which I put in to fill up a page!' I cannot help remarking here, that the *Edinburgh Review* seems to be at fault in a melancholy manner, whenever it comes to speak of Scottish songs.

My friend Mr. William Laidlaw's song, of *Lucy's Flitting*, appeared first in the *Forest Minstrel*,

and immediately became popular throughout Scotland. It was inserted in every future selection of Scottish songs, and of course found a place in Allan Cunningham's collection. Here it is to be supposed the *Edinburgh reviewer* saw and heard of it for the first time; and, with some words of praise, he most condescendingly introduced it to public notice, after it had been sung and appreciated from the cottage to the palace, for a space of nearly twenty years. This reminds me of an old gentleman, who, as he said, 'always liked to have people known to each other;' so one day he made a party, for the purpose of introducing two cousins, who had been brought up under the same roof. The company took the matter with gravity, and the joke passed off very well at the old gentleman's expense."

The next notes are very amusing.

"*'O'er the Ocean bounding,*' is another of the proscription list; but here, let them turn the blue bonnet wha can. Our forefathers had *cried down* songs, which all men and women were strictly prohibited from singing, such as *'O'er Boggie,*' and *'The wee Cock Chicken,*' &c., because Auld Nick was a proficient at playing them on the pipes. The London people have done the same with a number of mine; but I hereby cry them up again, and request every good singer in Britain and Ireland, and the East Indies, to sing the following song with full birr to the sweet air, *'Maid of the valley.'*"

"*'Mary, canst thou leave me?'* is finely set by Bishop to a melody of my own. I cannot aver that it is thoroughly my own; but if it is not, I know not where I heard it. But it is of no avail: since I think it is mine, it is equally the same as if it were so."

"*'O, weel befa' the maiden gay.'* This song was written at Ellery, Mr. Wilson's seat in Westmoreland, where a number of my very

best things were written. There was a system of competition went on there, the most delightful that I ever engaged in. Mr. Wilson and I had a *Queen's Wake* every wet day—a fair set-to who should write the best poem between breakfast and dinner; and if I am any judge, these friendly competitions produced several of our best poems, if not the best ever written on the same subjects before. Mr. Wilson, as well as Southey and Wordsworth, had all of them a way of singing out their poetry in a loud sonorous key, which was very impressive, but very ludicrous. Wilson at that period composed all his poetry, by going over it in that sounding strain; and in our daily competitions, although our rooms were not immediately adjoining, I always overheard what progress he was making. When he came upon any grand idea, he opened upon it full swell, with all the energy of a fine foxhound on a hot trail. If I heard many of these vehement aspirations, they weakened my hands and discouraged my heart, and I often said to myself, 'Gudfaith, it's a' ower wi' me for this day!' When we went over the poems together in the evening, I was always anxious to learn what parts of the poem had excited the sublime breathings which I had heard at a distance, but he never could tell me. There was another symptom. When we met at dinner-time, if Mr. Wilson had not been successful in pleasing himself, he was desperate sulky for a while, though he never once missed brightening up, and making the most of the subject. I never saw better sport than we had in comparing these poems. How manfully each stood out for the merits of his own! But Mrs. Wilson generally leaned to my side, nominally at least. I wrote the 'Ode to Superstition' there, which, to give Mr. Wilson justice, he approved of

most unequivocally. He wrote 'The Ship of the Desert' against it—a thing of far greater splendor, but exceedingly extravagant."

"'I'll no wake wi' Annie.' I composed this pastoral ballad, as well as the air to which it is sung, whilst sailing one lovely day on St. Mary's Loch; a pastime in which, above all others, I delighted, and of which I am now most shamefully deprived. Lord Napier never did so cruel a thing, not even on the high seas, as the interdicting of me from sailing on that beloved lake, which if I have not rendered classical, has not been my blame. But the credit will be his own,—that is some comfort."

"'The Moon was a-waning' is one of the songs of my youth, written long ere I threw aside the shepherd's plaid, and took farewell of my trusty colley, for the bard's perilous and thankless occupation. I was a poor shepherd half a century ago, and I have never got farther to this day; but my friends would be far from regretting this, if they knew the joy of spirit that has been mine. This was the first song of mine I ever heard sung at the piano, and my feelings of exultation are not to be conceived by men of sordid dispositions. I had often heard my strains chanted from the ewe-bught and the milking-green, with delight; but I now found that I had got a step higher, and thenceforward resolved to cling to my harp, with a fondness which no obloquy should diminish,—and I have kept the resolution."

If ever novels showed "man as he is," these entertaining snatches speak Hogg himself.

We think the present volume will greatly raise the poet in the estimation of the public, who are too apt to mistake him for a *Noctesian* roisterer, and, though an imaginative, a sometimes coarse prose writer,

THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

IN this matter-of-fact age of the world, when the Schoolmaster is abroad and useful knowledge is diffused, and the public yearns only for facts and science, it is pleasant, and we own we think not unuseful to the mind, to turn aside occasionally from the practical proceedings of life, with its dull round of daily business, to wander in the wild wood, or dwell for a season in the fairy-land of fiction and the enchanted regions of tradition and romance. It has been remarked, perhaps a thousand times, but it is not the less true for being trite, that with all the march of intellect and the advanced progress of knowledge, we often look back with a feeling of undefinable regret to the memory of those shadowy superstitions, which in the days of our innocent and blissful ignorance warmed our imagination and touched our heart. The actual results and philosophical demonstrations of science case our mind, to be sure, with a clear, cold canopy, like the ice of winter crusting the surface of a limpid lake; but we cannot help sometimes reflecting with a sigh on the times when fancy was allowed to people the busy brain with unsubstantial visions that varied with brighter hues the monotony of life, like a breeze stealing over the lake aforesaid in spring-time, rippling its tranquil surface, and causing it to—

“Break into dimples, and laugh in the sun.”

We confess we think that the prevailing tendency of the present time is to regard too much the storing up of physical facts, and cultivating the reasoning faculties, to the exclusion of the powers of feeling and imagination. If there be truth in Spurzheim—and the man is, at least, an able physiologist—the portion of the human brain allotted to the functions of the feelings is far greater than that assigned to the operations of those faculties which are usually considered more strictly

intellectual; and it is an obvious practical conclusion, from which the Doctor does not shrink, that a larger supply of mental food, and a greater degree of attentive cultivation, are due to the former than to the latter—that, to use the popular language, it is much more important to educate the heart than the head—to form the disposition than to instruct the mind.

Though the era of imaginative darkness has passed away, and “the elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,” no longer people the paths of even country life, but “are melted into air, into thin air,” it does seem somewhat strange, and somewhat, too, to be regretted, that in this wondrous spread of enlightenment, by which we have learned to be so much wiser and sadder men than our fathers, matter seems rather to be gaining the vantage-ground over spirit. The stones and clay, the dust and ashes of the physical world, are explored and explained with far more willing readiness, more curious scrutiny, than the diviner essence which animates the inner man, or which rules and regulates external nature. Men live in cities, cooped up from year to year in brick and mortar, and rarely looking on the glad some face of the green earth or the bright sky; or, “sitting under the blossom that hangs on the tree,” they catch no inspiration from the free air, and the fresh stream, and the mountain steep, which taught the untutored Indian to “see God in clouds, and hear him in the wind,” and which ought to bring home to Christian bosoms a livelier sense of the perpetual presence of the Being who pervades all space, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. We own, we turn from the materialized speculations of civilized philosophers, to habits of mental spiritualization, even in a savage, with elevation and gladness of heart, and

feel disposed to regard almost with favor and affection the glimmering faith of the Indian, which quickens all the grand, and glorious, and beautiful appearances of the visible universe with the vitality of the Great Spirit which pervades it, while the sublime imagery of nature in which he clothes these lofty thoughts, renders his language, like himself, noble, and bold, and free.

It is strange, too, and very pitiful, to think of a mighty race of warriors, who, as it were but yesterday, owned half a world, which they had possessed undisturbed for ages, hunted by their fellow-men down to the grave, and their memorial perished with them. We may call them red-skins and savages, and dwell upon their atrocious acts of infernal ferocity as we will, but still it must be remembered that the pale-faces found them a free and happy people,—

“Roaming at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps! Regions consecrate
To olden time.”

And they made them, by that oppression which drives wise men, as well as simple savages, mad, those fierce and unrelenting demons whom the blood of infants and women could not satiate, and to whom death was as dust in the balance compared with the pleasure and the glory of revenge.

With the desolating incursions of the native North Americans upon the peaceful settlements of the Whites in later times, history has long since made us familiar, in all their horrible and revolting details; but for much that is deeply interesting, and well calculated by skillful and graphic delineation to make us more intimately acquainted with the character and habits of the Red Indians, as well as to convey a vivid image of the dangers and privations encountered by our ancestors in reducing the country to its present state of security and plenty, we are indebted to the good taste, judgment, and industry, which have

recently been exerted by several talented American writers.

It is pleasant, too, we had almost said ennobling, to trace the progress of those hardy English settlers who first went forth to seek in the wilderness that rest for their souls which they despaired of finding at home. The magnitude of their enterprise, the terrific obstacles they encountered and overcame, and their familiarity with mighty Nature in her awful forms, in those lonely solitudes in which they dwelt, doubtless contributed in no slight degree to heighten the solemnity and moral grandeur which seems to have naturally belonged to their grave and thoughtful characters. Forsaking home, and all that men cling to fastest and most fondly, in order to enjoy the privilege of worshipping God according to the conviction of their own consciences, they never for a moment forgot, even in the minutest occurrences of daily life, that they were—

“Dwelling in their great taskmaster’s eye,”

and they lived as men whose heart and treasure were in a better and a more abiding dwelling-place. It is well observed by the annalist of the first settlements in Massachusetts, that in the quiet possession of the blessings these first religious pilgrims have transmitted, their descendants are perhaps in danger of forgetting or undervaluing the sufferings by which they were obtained—of forgetting how these men lived and what they endured. When they came to the wilderness, they said truly, though quaintly, that they turned their backs on Egypt; they did virtually renounce all dependence on earthly supports; they left the land of their birth, of their homes, of their fathers’ graves; they sacrificed ease, and honors, and preferment, and all the delights of sense—and for what? To open for themselves an earthly paradise?—to dress their bowers of pleasure, and rejoice with their wives, their little ones, and their cattle? No:

they came not for themselves, they lived not to themselves. An exiled and suffering people, they came forth in the dignity of servants of the Lord, to open the forests to the sunbeam and to the light of the Sun of Righteousness ; to restore man to civil and religious liberty and equal rights ; to bring down the hills and make smooth the rough places, and prepare in the desert a highway for the Lord. What was their reward ? Fortune, distinctions, the sweet charities of home ? —No : but their feet were planted on the mount of vision, and they saw with sublime joy a multitude of people where the solitary savage roamed the desert. The forest vanished, and pleasant villages and busy cities appeared ; the tangled footpath expanded to the thronged highway ; the consecrated church they beheld planted on the rock of idol sacrifice !

That their descendants might realise this vision, might enter into this promised land of faith, they endured hardships and braved death ; deeming, as said one of their company, that “ he is not worthy to live at all who, for fear of danger or of death, shunneth his country’s service or his own honor—since death is inevitable, but the fame of virtue immortal.”

Their “ plain-living and high-thinking,” their toil and carefulness, so curiously mingled with humble reliance on the wisdom and complete submission to the will of Providence, contrast most forcibly and favorably with the luxurious habits, the insatiate thirst for wealth, and the disregard of everything that does not contribute to “ creature-comforts,” which characterise our degenerate age. It does one good to be reminded, too, so powerfully and effectually as is ever done by a detailed practical example, of the simplicity of man’s real wants when he has learned to be satisfied with “ what Nature craves and will not be denied ;” and how independent human happiness is of riches, and

the enjoyment of artificial tastes, when health and hardihood, and a clear conscience, sweeten the mingled cup of life. The high-minded and enlightened Englishmen who first conceived the idea of establishing settlements in North America, steadily persevered until they had overcome the disheartening difficulties they had to conquer ; they carried with them the vigor and intelligence of their parent state, and gradually gained dominion over a territory as boundless in extent as stupendous in the grandeur of its natural features.

It has been alleged with great bitterness, and perhaps not altogether without reason, by our critical brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, that the tone of criticism adopted towards all productions of American literature by British reviewers is captiously and abusively severe, more indicative of the spiteful spirit of a step-mother than of the kindly feelings of a natural parent, anxious to foster the infant efforts of her offspring. In such a spirit as that complained of, we certainly do not participate. We hail with delight every advance in knowledge and intellectual improvement made by a people who are destined to spread our name, our institutions, our thoughts, our principles and feelings, with “ our land’s language,” over a youthful world, where they will live, and prove the quickening source of thought, and sympathy, and joy, to millions upon millions of human beings, with like hearts and passions and weaknesses to ourselves, when it may be that chance and change shall have consigned our little “ island home ” to other masters, speaking a different tongue. It is curious that the most important English dictionary, with the most profound and accurate investigation of the origin and principles of our native language, published in the present day, should be the production of an American ; and not less curious, or to us, who are genuine lovers of science and the

general diffusion of useful knowledge, less gratifying, that of the two English translations and commentaries upon the profoundest mathematical work of the nineteenth

century — we mean La Place's "*Mécanique Celeste*" — one should be from the pen of a Transatlantic professor, the other from that of a tutor of the Irish University.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

It is only in compliance with the established forms of biographical notices that we commence the few particulars we have to give of this distinguished Frenchman, by stating that he inherited, on the female side, illustrious blood, and was descended on the male from a noble line of military characters, amongst whom are the names of a Coligni, and a Constant de Rebecque, who saved the life of Henri Quatre at the battle of Coutras. The biographer of Benjamin Constant may well be excused for passing hastily over the subject of his family, since he avoided himself anything like reference to his origin, and relied entirely on his talents and public conduct for obtaining the estimation of his country. On one occasion, however, when a political opponent in the Chamber of Deputies threw out a doubt as to his qualifications as a Frenchman, Constant was obliged to produce evidence of his parentage, and from that time forward he was treated with increased deference by the aristocrats of the "*côté droit*." The memory of this eminent statesman, orator, and patriot, will be immortal. His attachment to freedom was ardent and sincere. That noble object was always his; and neither the seductions of power or of fortune, nor the perils he had to encounter in its defence, ever induced him to relinquish it. His whole life was a struggle against all the principles and interests that are adverse to the people. Writer, deputy, citizen, he attacked, during thirty years, despotism in every shape, and did more than any other man in France

to crush it. Constant had all that weakness of human nature which thirsts for occasions of excitement; he sought the gratification of that desire sometimes in the boudoirs, sometimes at the chances of the gaming-table, but never with more ardor than in the tumult of public affairs and the stirring events of political life. The storms of the tribune had peculiar charms for him, and he loved the animating excitement of parliamentary contests. Never was orator more ingenious; never was a keener or more resistless logic displayed in the senate. He seemed to sport with the difficulties of style and thought; he understood what Bacon calls "the edge and the weight of words;" his speeches, therefore, always commanded attention, and elicited from his enemies a reluctant admiration. No man ever labored more indefatigably. The extent of his works, if they were collected, would be prodigious. It is said, that during the debates of the Chambers, he was often engaged in writing on the most abstruse subjects; and that in this way he composed much of his valuable work upon religion.* But he possessed the rare faculty of rapidly transferring the energies of his mind from one object to another; and would frequently emerge from the abstraction of the writer, and take an able and effective part in the discussion. In society, the conversation of Constant was original and striking; in general ironical; seldom serious. It was remarked, that, though sedate even to sternness in public business, and grave and studious in the closet, it

* It appears that he was barely enabled to complete this work before his death. It is stated to be a most interesting and important production.

was difficult to engage him in serious conversation. He retained not only in manhood, but in age, a fondness for the sports of boyhood. It is scarcely ten years since, at the villa of Baron Davillers, he followed the leadership of some young lads in leaping to the bottom of a sand-pit, and fractured his thigh. He had a tedious confinement, and a great deal of suffering, which he bore with cheerfulness and resignation. The intimacy which subsisted between Constant and Madame de Staël is well known. That celebrated lady had an unbounded friendship for him. He has left a disconsolate widow, but no children. The maiden name of Madame Constant was Hardenburg; she was first married to General Dutertre, from whom she was divorced; and M. Dutertre was several years colleague or co-deputy of M. Constant. The latter lived with his lady on terms of the warmest attachment. Their establishment, suited to their small and even contracted fortune, was of the plainest description: they occupied a "troisième étage;" Constant was used to write in a small closet, his amiable wife at his side, and on his knee his favorite cat, an animal for which, in common with Chateaubriand, he entertained an affection. Constant was tall; his hair fair; his features mild and interesting; his gait careless: only two years ago he had a certain air of youth, particularly when in the tribune. His two last years were painful; he became daily more attenuated, and his body exhibited the symptoms of a rapid decay. Several times he was observed in the Chamber to be overcome with sleep, and twice he fainted. We regret to add, that mental vexations clouded his latter days. After the mighty event of last summer, he was appointed Vice-President of the Council of State. The superior place was filled by his friend and pupil the Duke de Broglie, and this circumstance induced Constant to acquiesce easily in the arrangement; but when M. Merilhon suc-

ceeded the Duke, the case was altered, and Constant refused to hold office under that Minister—a refusal not to be wondered at, when it is considered that the latter was scarcely known in politics, while the former was a veteran statesman of the most brilliant reputation. All the arts of persuasion were tried, but Constant was high-minded and proud, and notwithstanding the embarrassing mediocrity of his private income, he remained firm in his resolution not to take place. It has been said, we know not with what truth, that he accused himself, in common with his political friends, of having been wanting to his country in the transactions which followed the "three days;" and that the feeling that measures sufficiently energetic had not been adopted by the popular party, when everything was in their hands, preyed upon his spirits, and accelerated the dissolution of his already shattered frame.

We have given but a few traits of an eventful and interesting life. His country, letters, civilization, and humanity, will mourn the death of Benjamin Constant. France laments him, as the best and greatest, or amongst the best and greatest, of her citizens. Europe laments him as a man whose great principles of freedom and philanthropy were not confined by the borders of his country, but embraced, in an exalted and extended patriotism, the interests of every enslaved and afflicted people.

The *Journal des Debats* says—"The Chamber and the French nation will lose in him an orator, an eloquent defender of constitutional principles, a writer who added to a powerful display of sound logic, the ornaments of an enlivened, striking, and original style. It is not six days since his voice was heard in the Legislative Assembly, where the news of his death excites, even now, feelings of the most painful regret, which must be shared by every friend of public liberty, no matter what nation gave him birth."

There is a discrepancy in the

statements given of the age of this illustrious individual; some accounts representing him as having reached his sixty-fifth, others only his fifty-sixth year. He died of a chronic disorder in the stomach. His death was sudden, and, owing to his having accustomed his friends to see him in a lingering state, was rather unexpected. It is several years since he met with a serious accident in descending from the tribune. The fall obliged him to use crutches. The want of exercise, and those unpleasant circumstances which he explained to the Chamber of Deputies a few days before his decease, besides a constant application to political and literary occupations, had greatly injured his health, which was naturally good. An alteration soon manifested itself, but did not diminish his exertions; the strength of his mind overcame his bodily infirmities, so that he was one of the most diligent and attentive members of the Chamber. He died in the Protestant faith.

B. Constant had a presentiment of his approaching end. "We have not forgotten," says the Constitutionnel, "the last words he uttered in the tribune. 'Permit me,' said he, 'to implore your indulgence, not for my principles, but for the imperfections of a refutation drawn with haste. Naturally weak, and in bad health, I feel a sadness I cannot overcome: this sadness, gentlemen, it is not in my power to explain. I cannot account for it, but have endeavored to surmount these obstacles in the discharge of my

duty, and my intention, at least, is worthy your indulgence.'

"These words marked a most impressive melancholy, and produced in the Chamber and on the public a deep sensation. The unfortunate foreboding is verified. The great citizen, the great *publiciste*, is no more, and his death will be for France and all Europe the subject of mourning. Literature will respect his name, civilization shed tears, the Academie Francaise regret him."

Among the eulogiums which were pronounced at the funeral of M. B. Constant, which took place on the 13th of December, that of Napoleon Czapki, a Polonese patriot, is worthy of particular notice, on account of the extremely critical situation in which Poland is at present placed, as well as the warmth and affection of his remarks. "I, also," he said, "am his fellow-citizen. The most devoted friend to liberty—the eloquent advocate of the rights of every people—M. B. Constant belongs to all mankind. . . . If thy generous voice could still be raised at the tribune, thou wouldst say to France, the cause of Poland is yours; that she never consented to the division of her provinces—an odious political crime, disavowed by the conscience of every nation. Thou wouldst say, that she has never ceased to be a nation. How useful would thy eloquence have been to my country! Thy popular voice would have reminded the Great Nation of the torrents of blood shed on all points of the globe for the French standard."

MR. MOORE'S HOMILY ON HUSBANDS.

Shepherd.—MR. MOORE, in his Life of Lord Byron, says—"The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shown themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life." Hoots—hoots! Toots—hoots! Hoots—hoots! Toots—hoots!

North.—You are severe, James, but your strictures are just.

Shepherd.—The worst apothegm that ever was kitted in the shape o' a paradox; and then, sir, the expresslon's as pair's the thoct. The cawm affections—if by them Mr. Muir means a' the great natural affections, and he can mean naething

else—are no the “cement” merely o’ domestic life, but they are its Sowle, its Essence, its Being, Itsell ! Cement’s a sort o’ lime or slime——

North.—I should not quarrel with the words, James, if their meaning——

Shepherd.—But I do quarrel wi’ the words, sir, and they deserve to hae their noses pou’d for leears. I recollect the passage perfectly weel, and its as easy to rend it intil flinders, as to tear t’ rags a rotten blanket left by some gypsy on a nyewuck by the roadside. Tak you the byeuck, sir—for you’re amaisht as gude an eleccionist as Mr. Knowles himsell. You’re twa natural readers—wi’ a’ your art—therein you’re aboot equal—but in action and gesture, sir, he beats you sair.

North. — “However delightful may be the spectacle of a man of genius, tamed and domesticated in society, taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties, and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves, we must, nevertheless, in the midst of our admiration, bear in mind that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for, or won. The poet thus circumstanced, may be popular, be loved ; for the happiness of himself, and those linked with him, he is in the right road—but not for greatness. The marks by which Fame has always separated her great martyrs from the rest of mankind, are not upon him, and the crown cannot be his. He may dazzle, may captivate the circle; and even the times in which he lives, but he is not for hereafter !”

Shepherd.—What infernal folly’s that ye’re taukin’, sir ? I wuss ye mayna hae beeh drinkin’ in the forenoon owre mony o’ thae wicked wee glasses o’ hoyau, or sherry-brandy, or ither leecures in confectionary shops, and that’s the effects o’t breakin’ out upon you the noo, sae sune after supper, in a heap

o’ havers, just like a verra rash on the face o’ a patient in the measles. Eh ?

North.—The words are Mr. Moore’s. My memory, James, is far from being tenacious, yet sentences of extreme absurdity will stick to it——

Shepherd.—Like plaguy burrs to the tails o’ a body’s coat walkin’ through a spring wood, alive wi’ sweet-singing birds, and sweet-smelling flowers, whase balm and beauty’s amaisht a’ forgotten as sune’s he comes out again into the open every-day warld, and appear faint and far off, like an unassured dream, while thae confounded realities, the burrs, are stickin’ as if they had been shued on by the tailor, or rather incorporated by the wicked weaver wi’ the verra original wab o’ the claeth, sae that ye canna get rid o’ the inextricable cloggs, without clipping the bit oot wi’ the shears, or ruggin’ them aff angrily wi’ baith hauns, as if they were sae mony waur than useless buttons.

North.—An apt and a picturesque illustration. When Mr. Moore speaks of the spectacle of a man of genius “tamed and domesticated in society,” he must have been thinking——

Shepherd.—O’ the lauchin’ hye-na.

North.—No, James, not the laughing hyena, for he adds, “taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties ;” and, I believe, neither the laughing nor the weeping hyena—neither the Democritus nor the Heraclitus of the tribe—has ever been made to submit his shoulders to the yoke—nor, indeed, have I ever heard of any attempt having been made to put him into harness.

Shepherd.—Mr. Muir’s been thinkin’ o’ the Zebra, or the Quagga, sir.

North.—But then, James, he goes on to say forthwith, “and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves.”

Shepherd.—Ay, there Mr. Muir forgets the kind o’ animal he set oot

wi', and whether he was a laughing hyena, as I first surmised, or a zebra, or quagga, why, by a slip o' the memory or the imagination, he's transmogrified either intil a star or a watchman, "enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves,"—maist probably a star; for a watchman does disturb "the sphere in which he moves," by ever and anon crawin' oot something about the hour—at least folk hae telt me that it's about the hour, and the divisions o' the hour, that the unhappy somnambulists are scrauching;—whereas, as to enlightening the sphere which he disturbs, what can you expeck, sir, frae a sawrthin cawnle? It maun be a star, sir, that Mr. Muir means. Tak ma word for't, sir, it's a star.

North.—But, James, Mr. Moore adds, "that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for or won."

Shepherd.—There again, sir, you see the same sort o' slip o' the memory or the imagination; sae that, no to be severe, the hail sentence is mair like the maunderin' o' an auld wife, sittin' half asleep and half paralectic, and aiblins rather a bit wee fou frae a chance drappie, at the ingle-cheek, lecturin' the weans how to behave theirsells.

North.—I fear, James, the star won't do either. For Mr. Moore inditeth, that "for the happiness of himself [the Poet aforesaid] and those linked with him, he is on the right road," which is not the language men use in speaking of a star, or even a constellation. And in the sentence that follows, he is again a good Christian; but not one of "the great martyrs separated by Fame from the rest of mankind," as may be known from her "marks not being to be found upon him," (he is no witch, James,) and from the want of a crown on his temples. Still, whether a laughing hyena, a zebra, a quagga, a star, or a watchman, he "may dazzle," Mr. Moore tells us, "may captivate the circle, and even the TIMES in

which he lives, [Mr. Moore himself, I believe, does so,] but he is not for hereafter;" and this, James, is a specimen of fine writing in the philosophy of human life!

Shepherd.—O hoch! hoch! hoch! O hoch! hoch! hoch!

North.—You are not ill, my dear James?

Shepherd.—Just rather a wee quawmish, sir. I can stammach as strange nonsense as maist men; but then there's a peculiar sort o' wersh fuzionless nonsense that's gotten a sweaty sweetishness aboot it, no unlike the taste o' the puirest imaginable frost-bitten parsnip eaten alang wi' yesterday's sowens, to some dregs dribbled oot o' an auld treackle bottle that has been staunin' a' the season on the window-sole catchin' flees,—that I confess does mak me fin' as gin I was gaun to bock. That sentence is a sample o't.

North.—Besides, James, how can Mr. Moore pretend to lay down an essential distinction between the character of those men of genius, who are born to delight the circle in which they move, and to be at once good authors and good men, delightful poets and admirable husbands, and those who are born to win a crown of immortality as bards, and as Benedicts to go to the devil? According to this creed, Poets born to delight their circles must always be trembling on the brink of marriage misery.

Shepherd.—And mony o' them tumble ower, even according to Mr. Muir's ain theorem. For the difference—if there be ony—can only be a difference o' degree—Sae wha's safe?

North.—Pope, it seems, once said, that to follow poetry, as one ought, "one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone." This was not very reverent in Pope, perhaps a little impious or so—at all events not a little self-conceited; but while it might be permitted to pass without blame, or even notice, among the many clever things so

assiduously set down in Pope's letters, it must be treated otherwise when brought forward formally by a brother bard to corroborate a weak and worthless argument on the nature of genius and virtue, by which he would endeavor to prove that they are hostile and repugnant.

Shepherd.—I aye pity Pop.

North.—In these few words are pointed out, says Mr. Moore, "the sole path that leads genius to greatness. On such terms alone are the high places of fame to be won—nothing less than the sacrifice of the entire man can achieve them!"

Shepherd.—Sae to be a great poet, a man maun forget—bonny feedy forget—mind no in the scriptural sense, for o' that neither Pop nor Muir seem to hae had ony recollection, or aiblins they would hae qualified the observe, or omitted it—father and mother, sisters and brothers, treens and sweethearts, wife and weans, and then, after havin' obleeterated their verra names frae the tablets o' his memory, he is to set down and write a poem worthy an immortal crown! Oh the sinner! the puir, paltry, pitifu', contemptible, weak, worthless, shamefu', sowleless, heartless, unprincipled, and impious atheist o' a sinner, for to pretend, for the length o' time necessar to the mendin' the slit in the neb o' his pen, to forget a' that—and be a—POET.

North.—James—James—James—be moderate—

Shepherd.—I'll no be moderate, sir. A' sorts o' moderation hae lang been ma abhorrence. I hate the verra word—and, for the year being, I aye dislike the menister that's the Moderator o' the General Assembly.

North.—But be merciful on Mr. Moore, James. Do not extinguish altogether the author of Lalla Rookh.

Shepherd.—I wadna extinguish, sir, the maist minute cretur in the shape o' a poet, that ever twinkled, like a wee bit tiny inseck in the summer sun. I wad rather put ma

haun' intil the fire, sir, than to claught a single ane o' the creturs in ma neeve, as ane might a butterfly wi' its beautifu' wings expanded, wavering or steadfast in the air or on a flower, and crush his mealy mottledness intil annihilation. Na—na—let the bit variegated ephemeral dance his day—his hour—shining in his ain colors sae multifarious and so bonny blent, as if he had dropped doon alang wi' the lavenderock frae the rainbow.

North.—What? Thomas Moore!

Shepherd.—I'm no speakin' the noo o' Tammas Muir—except by anither kind o' implication. Sin I wudna harm a hair on the gaudy wings o' an ephemeral, surely I wudna pu' a feather frae them o' ane o' the Immortals.

North.—Beautiful—James.

Shepherd.—Mr. Muir's a true poet, sir. But true poet though he be, he maunna be alloo'd to publish pernicious nonsense in prose about Poets and Poetry, without gettin't across the knuckles till baith his twa hauns be as numb as lead. Let you and me convict him o' nonsense by the Socratic method. Begin the Sorites, sir.

North.—The Sorites, James! A good Poet must be a good man—a great Poet must be a great man.

Shepherd.—Is the law universal in nature?

North.—It is, and without exception. But sin steals or storms its way into all human hearts—and then farewell to the grander achievements either of genius or virtue.

Shepherd.—A man canna imagine a' the highest and holiest affections o' the heart, without having felt them in the core—can he, sir?

North.—No.

Shepherd.—A man, therefore, maun hae felt a' that man ought to feel, afore he—

North.—Yes.

Shepherd.—Can what?

North.—Can be enrolled among the

"Phæbo digna locuti!"

Shepherd.—But can a man who has once enjoyed the holiest affections o' natur, in his ain heart, ever cease to cherish them in its inmost recesses ?

North.—Never.

Shepherd.—But is it possible to cherish them far apart, and aloof frae their natural objects ?

North.—Impossible.

Shepherd.—But can they be cherished, even among their natural objects, without being brocht into active movement towards them, without cleaving to them, as yo' may see bees cleaving to the flowers as they keep sook, sookin' intil their verra hearts ?

North.—They cannot.

Shepherd.—Then Mr. Muir's dished. For colleck a' thae premises, inferences, conclusions, admissions, axioms, propositions, co-

rollaries, maxims, and apothegms intil ae GREAT TRUTH, and in it, beside a thousan' ithers, will be found this ane——

North.—"The sacrifice o' the entire man is the sacrifice o' the entire poet."

Shepherd.—Or, in other words, the man withouten a human heart, humanly warmed by the human affections, may as weel think o' becoming a poet, as a docken a sun-flower. Mr. Muir's dished.

North.—Mr. Moore forgets, that without the practice of virtue, virtue

"Languishes, grows dim, and dies;"

and that, without the indulgence of action, so do the highest and holiest feelings; so that the poet who neglects, disregards, shuns, or violates the duties of life, is forsaken of inspiration, and dies a suicide.

THE BANK OF HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

You say, my friend, throughout the year
Something still seems my heart to cheer,
That, though beneath misfortune's stroke,
More like the willow than the oak,
It oft has been my lot to bend,
Yet, should one cheering beam descend,
Unharm'd again I raise my head,
And round a soothing shadow spread;
That, though in deep retirement placed,
With but few marks of fashion graced,
Content is there—my house looks gay,
And those who call incline to stay!

The source of this, I now confess,
Is a rich treasure I possess;
Say—do you wish to own the prize?
Seems it of value in your eyes?
Behold the plan you must pursue—
Study—and if you please—review!
Whilst still a child, a thought arose,
That Sorrow and Mankind were foes!
And so, her influence to repress,
I oped a Bank of Happiness!

For Happiness?—the thought was strange!
Did any there their draughts exchange?
The plan, no doubt, was new and rare—
Did any place their treasure there?

Yes!—there was treasure—ample store,
Placed by the wealthy and the poor;
The king has sent it from his throne,
The beggar made it more my own;
The dog, the bird, the wandering bee,
The blossoms blushing on the tree,
The sportive lambs, which gaily play'd

The dams reposing 'neath the shade,
The foul that midst the daisies lies,
The sportive dance of summer flies,
The "milky mothers," standing cool
'Mid the o'er-shaded crystal pool,
The laboring steeds, turn'd out to graze,
The feather'd choirs' melodious lays,
The jocund sound of harvest horn,
As in is borne the ripen'd corn;
The loaded groups of gleamers gay,
At eve pursuing home their way;
And when frost's influence keen was found,
And snow lay deep and thick around,
The shelter'd homestead snug and warm,
Fill'd with the tenants of the farm;
The sprightly robin's lively note,
Which swell'd in gratitude his throat;
The genial hearth's enlivening blaze,
The oft told tales of ancient days,
The deep discourse of lofty minds,
The thoughts which music's spell unbinds,
Wealth's costly sports, its pleasures gay,
The peasant's rustic holiday,
The placid brow of reverend age,
As bending o'er the sacred page;
The hopes of manhood—its success,
Its plans, its hazards, its address;
The glowing thoughts of early youth,
Its feelings warm, its artless truth;
And childhood's prattle wild and free,
Its guileless sports, its harmless glee—
From all that's good or fair or kind,
All that could bliss or pleasure find—
From all—where aid I could bestow
To those who pain or suffering know,

In the rich treasure seem'd to flow.
Treasure?—yes, treasure most refined,
Joy to the heart—balm to the mind,
That bade the throb of sorrow cease,
And fill'd my soul with hope and peace.

Learn but of everything below
To shun the joy, relieve the woe ;

Then shall the simplest scene have power
To give to thee a pleasant hour ;
All that thou see'st of good be thine,
For thee Earth's fairest beauties shine ;
And to the realms of endless day
Thou this rich treasure may'st convey,
Where all may join, crown'd with success,
In one vast Bank of Happiness.

A TALE OF MARVELS.

WHOEVER professes to love nature for her own sake—for the sake of that surpassing loveliness which, in claiming the full homage of its votary, confers a delight so pure, so unalloyed, as to leave no after-regrets—whoever would seek her in her own sacred haunts of mountain, lake, and valley, must spare no toil, halt not for privation ; he must, in a word, devote himself wholly to a pursuit which amply rewards the genuine, unfaltering aspirant. The impression seems to be gaining ground that to effect this asks those means only which nature hath herself provided, namely, a stout untiring pair of legs, as her “greenest spots” not unfrequently bar the approach of a wheel-carriage, and even of a solitary horse. This doctrine, inasmuch as it places the man of little wealth on a footing with the inheritor of broad lands, or broad pieces, may be termed of a leveling kind ; but it is at least too harmless to call for any more serious reprobation than a shrug or a frown, from rich and titled tourists, when they are elbowed by their less fortunate, but perhaps not less gifted, brethren—(we speak of taste only)—those who, in their fervor of enthusiasm, laugh over the misadventures which become a subject of serious grievance to their more affluent compatriots.

Our tale accompanies an enthusiast of the poorer class, who, with his portfolio slung at his back by the side of a bag containing a change or two of linen, was traversing a wild and beautiful district of our highly-favored isle. It possessed an additional charm in the eyes of

one who, somewhat fastidious in his tastes, exulted in the absence of those tourists, who, with a sketch-book in one hand and a commonplace book in the other, are perpetually on the watch to appropriate the wonders of animate or inanimate nature. In a word, it was not a show-country, and the comparative loneliness of its silent grandeur, a loneliness unbroken save by the peasantry of the district, or those denizens of the field and forest that harmonize so beautifully with their native scenery, more than atoned to our wanderer for the privations inseparable from a long sojourn where inns—by courtesy so called—are “few and far between.” Nature, however, among other excellences, numbers that of conferring on her votaries a keen appetite, which, though awhile postponed, becomes but the mere urgent at last ; and such an appetite did our traveller possess at the close of a very fine day, when the gathering shades of evening formed an additional incentive to sharpen his exploratory faculties. Long did he look, and anxiously, through the clear blue ether, for that lovely object to more than one sense, the curling vapor that rises from a wood-fire, an object which at this moment would have seemed the loveliest feature of the landscape. It appeared at last : backed by a mountain half covered with fern, now brightened by autumn into leaves of gold, it rose, as clear and silvery a vapor as ever gladdened the gaze of a foot-sore and hungry pedestrian. A grotesque sign of a sow discoursing music, sweet or otherwise, on the bagpipes,

invited him to enter, and a few minutes installed him in a parlor, which, if its dimensions forbade the equivocal pastime of swinging the hostess's cat, was in its neatness and cleanliness more than a match for apartments of greater pretension. And here our wanderer, albeit he had eschewed a dinner which he had no means of obtaining, ordered that which should be the order of every way-worn pedestrian, dinnerless or not, if he wishes to be truly refreshed after long toil and travel—tea. Whatever adjunct his fancy may suggest or his quarters afford, tea, tea, is the one needful article, that can in no case be dispensed with. “And be so kind, my good lady, as to make it for me,” cried the traveller, unslinging his portfolio with somewhat more care than the bag which had dropt unheeded to the floor—“I have too great a respect for your fine country not to wish to secure friends where, if fate so willed, I could be well content to wear out my life.”

“Why, then, it must be so,” said the landlady, who had been regarding him attentively through her spectacles, “and you are the very gentleman that has been looked for.”

“Looked for!” exclaimed the traveller, hastily gulping down his tea and handing the empty cup to the hostess, “has the second sight traveled hither from Scotland, that you know beforehand what guests you are to entertain?”

“I know more by hearing than by sight, Heaven help me!” replied the dame, taking off her glasses with a sigh, and wiping them carefully, “for my eyes will not carry me far now-a-days; but yet I can see that your honor is slow of speech, and you may be right enough at first, for the ’Squire is an odd man, and there is no telling how you may set your horses.”

“Horses, good woman!—why I came a-foot. I have no money to waste on four legs when two will serve;” chinking a purse but slenderly filled as he spoke.

“Yet that may be as full as you could wish,” rejoined the persevering landlady, “if you can but please our ’Squire; for money is but dirt to him, as well it may be, seeing that he is going to throw it away, as I may say, on sticks and stones.”

“But I,” returned the traveller, smiling, “am neither stick nor stone, hostess.”

“You are as close as either,” replied the dame, sharply.

“Close, good woman!” repeated the traveller, staring.

“Why, ay,” responded the hostess; “and for such a handsome, good-humored looking gentleman as you—”

“Too sweet by half, goody;” pushing the cup towards her; “there now, it runs over!”

“And will you deny that you are going up to that great house?”

“What, that fine old mansion among the trees yonder?—egad, I desire nothing better.”

“And that you are not hired, as I may say, to go a stone-picking with the old ’Squire?—and a queer fancy it is to come into an old gentleman’s head! Why I heard him call some of them plum-puddings, and in my poor mind it was a sin and a shame even for so good a man to compare the best of food, as they are when made after my own receipt, with what would break a body’s teeth at the first bite!”

“Ah! I begin to comprehend—the ’Squire then, as you call him, is a geologist, and I—”

“Ay, sure, you are to help him! I know very well what you are come about, though you are so close like.”

“Well, well, t’other dish, landlady, and you shall tell me all about it.”

“Tell you!—ay, you want to know what sort of folk you are going to live with, and right enough—though your coming in this sort of blind way is not just what was expected; and then to bring so little with you, as if you had determined not to like it, yet it may be

that your trunks are coming by the fly, or (in a softer tone) that you are none so well provided, and if so, why I can always dab out a shirt for you at an hour's notice, and none the wiser but us two, now we are so well acquainted as I may say. 'Squire Chiverton then is main rich—ay, and kind too in his way, but very odd like ! At times he seems as if something heavy lay at his heart, yet what it is that can trouble so good a man no one can guess ; but certain it is that he is not like other folk, and that, we all think, puts him on such sort of whims, as routing among the old rocks and hills, and taking stones for plum-puddings ; but never doing anything that can harm living creature—Harm ! why he is the making of us all—he and dear Miss Emma."

"O ho !" cried the traveller, smiling, "there is a fair lady in the case then ?"

"Ay indeed is there," replied the hostess ; "and such a lady as neither this county nor the next to it—no, nor all England to boot, can match !—she is the fairest, virtuest"—

"Discreetest, best !" continued her guest, laughing—

"Ay, that she is," rejoined the dame, looking sharply on him ; "and yet were I her father I should think twice before I opened my door once to a handsome young fellow, like you, whose looks, for aught I know, may be better than your heart !—and yet why should I say so, Heaven help me, when, if looks may be trusted, you are as good as she ! Nay, but that cannot be—yet you seemed so well disposed that, right or wrong, I must caution you to take care of your heart !"

"Spare your cares, goody," cried the traveller, laughing yet louder, "I am cold, as ice, and, though you have penetrated my secret, be assured that not even this lovely Emma shall penetrate my heart."

"This is a most extraordinary

affair," exclaimed the chance-elected geologist, as he discussed the subject with himself the following morning in his little chamber, "yet it has an air of romance infinitely agreeable to my fancy. It seems certain that the destined assistant of those geological researches has either repented of his engagement, or is at least indifferent to its fulfilment. Meanwhile I, who know as little of the study as the strata which it seeks, may at least puzzle a country squire, while I contemplate man as it would seem in one of his most interesting varieties, and woman in her fairest loveliness. It is but to plead dissatisfaction or want of skill, in a few days, when my frolic is gratified, and leave the field open to the real Simon Pure, of whose arrival, should it take place, I shall doubtless have timely notice from my loquacious hostess, or at least to some one better qualified to discharge the duties of the office than an unscientific itinerant like myself. And yet, is there not something dishonorable in thus stealing into a family under false pretences ? I must think further of this." While he was thinking, however, the landlady was acting, having in good earnest sent word to the Hall, that the stone-picker, as she termed him, was arrived ; while he, not ill-pleased perhaps that the hostess had cut the knot which he was only endeavoring to loose, determined without further hesitation to present himself at Chiverton Hall in the character with which she had so precipitately invested him.

On his way thither these compunctious visitings became yet stronger, but the landlady, in the excess of her officiousness, having followed unasked with his slender stock of valuables, he was ashamed to recede ; and to avow the truth was an effort beyond his powers of nerve. His descent from an ancient and respectable family, though an ill-fated father who atoned his errors by an early and violent death

had impoverished its fortunes, rose before him, as if in reproach of his unworthy artifice. "One lapse," said he, mentally, "leads to a thousand others, yet a feigned name is not worse than a fictitious character, and I know not that I can do better (or worse perhaps) than borrow the name of one too good-natured to reproach me with the theft, should it ever become known to him. Poor Marvell! I question whether thy hard fortune might not render such a post desirable, nor could I perhaps make the *amende honorable* more worthily than by endeavoring to instal thee in a birth of which I foresee I shall soon be weary. Strip away the romance, and what remains?—a whimsical old fellow and a pretty simpleton of a daughter!" I can't think what could induce me to fall in with this ridiculous mistake of a yet more ridiculous woman!"

"Why la! now," exclaimed the unconscious object of his reprobation, in the midst of his reverie, "if there is not the 'Squire himself and Miss Emma too, I declare."

Marvell (so we shall call him for the present) looked up and beheld, not, as he had prefigured, a crack-brained philosopher, and a ruddy-faced country-girl, but a gentleman declining into the vale of life, in whose clear eye and expressive countenance strong intellect shone conspicuous through a tinge of melancholy, deeply marked in every lineament of his fine face; while his companion, beautiful as she was in her first blush of womanhood, owed more to the interest, the eloquence, of her form, than to mere faultlessness of feature or symmetry of shape. To look on such beings was to feel the deep humiliation of presenting himself in his assumed character; but it was too late to retract, and Mr. Chiverton, ascribing his evident embarrassment to diffidence, hastened to re-assure him by those delicate yet pointed attentions which are so grateful to the sensitive feelings of youth and inex-

perience. "Mr. Marvell," he cried, when they were seated in the library, for the lovely vision had vanished as soon as they reached the house, "make no further excuses, I pray you, for your lack of skill in geological research. I embrace the pursuit rather as a refuge from thought than from any deeper interest, and a sensible and sympathizing rather than a scientific companion is what I have long looked for and hope to find in you. There is something in your countenance, young gentleman, which seems to assure me you have a feeling heart. I am a man of many sorrows—the cause of them"—and his light blue eye seemed at the moment excited by strong emotion—"the cause of them must ever remain buried here. In solitude my mind preys as it were on itself. I cannot task my child, good, and kind, and dutiful as she is, to a constant attendance on my gloomy and distempered fancies. I look to you, therefore, as the frequent partner of my walks, the sharer in my avocations, my follies mayhap they may be termed. If I am gloomy you must bear with me, and I think from your eye you will do so; and yet, now I look again, there is something in that eye which, had I seen it earlier—nay, nay, I distrust you not, but yet it hath awakened a pang that only slumbers—alas, it will never die!" He struck his hand violently on his forehead as he spoke, and precipitately quitted the apartment.

If the embarrassment of Marvell was great before this interview, it was now much increased. He felt all the shame and humiliation of his deception on a man of so high a character as Mr. Chiverton, while, added to the difficulty of retreating, he felt a growing interest in the fortunes of his patron, which seemed involuntarily to bind him to the part he had assumed. Shall we say also, that the sight, transient as it was, of Mr. Chiverton's lovely daughter had realized all those poetic dreams of female loveliness

which had often floated across his fancy, as visions never to be verified in an earthly form! Yet love—oh no, he felt secure that the disparity of their fortunes, no less than his long boasted insensibility, was a barrier not to be overpassed. He would look on her as on a beautiful statue that, commanding the most devoted admiration, excludes every warmer sentiment.

Days, weeks, passed on, and the least of Marvell's thoughts or wishes was to leave a spot endeared to him yet more and more by each succeeding hour. Mr. Chiverton's knowledge of geology, though not extensive, was sufficient to detect the deficiencies of his self-constituted assistant, but a benevolent smile was the only consequence of the discovery. He found in Marvell those qualities which he had desired rather than hoped to find in a scientific companion—talent without assumption, learning devoid of pedantry, a well regulated temper, and a heart overflowing with the kindest and best of human sympathies. The old gentleman became attached to him in no common degree, and Marvell, on his part, could not but feel highly grateful to, and deeply interested for, one who seemed to possess every virtue under heaven, save that which virtue fails not to confer—a calm and self-approving conscience. His young friend indeed more than suspected that a mind, sensitive even to a morbid excess which verged on aberration of intellect, ascribed to some long-past error a deeper shade of atrocity than it might justly bear. But, to touch on this was to awake a jarring string that vibrated through every nerve, and he was warned, not less by the excitement it produced on his benefactor than its recoiling influence on his own mind, to abstain from the subject altogether.

Meanwhile Emma Chiverton, the frequent companion of their walks, and the devoted admirer of an art in which she possessed little less skill

than Marvell, that of perpetuating by the pencil those beauties of nature by which they were encompassed—Emma, whose harp called forth the accompaniment of Marvell's voice, which not unfrequently blended with her own clear notes—Emma sunk deeply into a heart which, hitherto unsusceptible to mere beauty, yielded to the influence of charms, of virtues, felt rather than studied, and imbibed imperceptibly at moments when danger was forgotten. The discovery had not perhaps been made but for an unexpected invitation to his old quarters at the Sow and Bagpipes, where he beheld, with not less astonishment than dismay, the very identical Marvell whom he had personated, in a towering rage with the presumption of his landlady, who had in good set terms disputed his right and title to his own name. "But here comes Mr. Marvell himself," exclaimed the irate dame, "who will give you your own, with a murrain to you, as becomes him"—lifting up at the moment a huge birch broom, as if to take summary vengeance on the luckless intruder.

"And I desire nothing but my own," retorted the real Simon Pure—"but eh! what!"

"George!"—"Harry!"—escaped from the lips of each at the same instant.

"Why, what part of the play are you acting here, Harry?" cried the true Marvell, bursting into a loud fit of laughter, "but no matter—mum's the word—say only that you wish to remain my double, my better self, and I am off like a shot."

"Nay, then, but I'll be shot before the 'Squire shall be so bamboozled;" interrupted the incensed landlady: "one or both of you must be at your tricks, that is certain, so I shall e'en up to the Hall and tell all I know!"

"No, no, hostess," returned the false Marvell, "the office must be mine to set this matter right."

"And a difficult office, too, I should guess," said the real Marvell.

"My dear George," continued his friend, "you shall know anon my motive, or rather no-motive, for thus strangely assuming your name and avocation, unconscious however that I was trespassing on your manor. Stay but till I can doff my borrowed plumes and invest you."

"Not I, Harry," exclaimed the other; "since the truth must out, know that I come to resign, not to accept, an office which, desirable enough a month since, were now out of the question for a man of two thousand per annum—nay, never stare, Harry—my great-grand aunt is dead, and has left me all those golden hoards, of which she would not have spared me one piece in her life-time to save me from starving, and which are now not more mine than yours; if, as I fear from this odd step, your means are scant."

"No, no," replied his companion, wringing his hand, "my object, if I had one, was anything rather than gain; and wealth were now more than ever valueless to one whom fortune delights to persecute—wait, my friend, but till I have avowed my disgrace, and expiated my almost involuntary offence by tearing from my heart the sweetest, fondest hope—hope did I say?—no, no, not that—and we will depart together."

The false Marvell returned to the Hall, oppressed by conflicting passions that almost deprived him of utterance, when he found himself once more in the presence of his patron. The news of his deception, however, had traveled thither before him, and the frown that hovered over the brow of the benevolent Chiverton deeply attested his sense of the indignity practised on him. "I ask but one thing, Mr. Marvell, or whatever else you choose to be called," cried he, interrupting the broken vindication of his late adherent—"your motive?—yet why should I ask that which is but too evident?"

"I understand you not, sir," replied his auditor; "the best, the

only motive I can assign is, I fear, but curiosity, or a weak desire not to contradict the self-authorized assumption of my well-intentioned but mistaken landlady."

"This is but trifling with my feelings, sir," replied Chiverton, with a deeper frown; "my daughter, sir,—my Emma, can you deny that you have presumed to lift your thoughts to one—oh, heaven! can I believe that she has forgotten her duty, her principles, so far as to yield her affection—and yet am I not most to blame, who exposed her to a dangerous influence which my own heart withstood not!"

"It cannot be that Emma, that Miss Chiverton I mean, loves me!" exclaimed his companion, gasping for breath.

"I said it not," replied Chiverton, in a tone of grave rebuke; "and, even were it thus, my daughter is too high-minded, too observant of her duty, not to subdue so ill-placed, so unworthy a passion. Oh, heaven, Marvell," he continued, bursting into a flood of tears, "how cruelly have you practised on the credulity of one who loved you, valued you, as the prop and stay of his declining age! I would have pledged my soul for your faith—I believed your heart to be the seat of every virtue—how deeply I am disappointed! I know not what led to this strange deception; if poverty, I will relieve it—you shall not have the plea of necessity for continuing in courses so unbecoming your talents and attainments—but, as you value my peace, my favor, never let me see you more!"

"No, sir," exclaimed his companion in a firmer tone, "that I have erred it were vain to deny, but the force of circumstances, rather than any preconceived idea of deception, led me into a situation which I cannot sufficiently lament. On my soul, I had no thought, no hope, of gaining the affection of Miss Chiverton, whom I had not even seen when I entered your domain! I knew not that I loved her

until this discovery awakened me to the truth, and though I now feel that in quitting her I leave happiness forever, believe me my deepest regret will be that I have occasioned even a moment's uneasiness to those to whom I would die to serve. I have been the victim of misfortune from my birth, and the measure of my woes is now full ! ”

“ I would fain believe you, Marvell,” cried Mr. Chiverton, in a milder tone ; “ Marvell !—alas, I know not what else to call you.”

“ The name was assumed,” replied his auditor, strongly affected by his change of manner, “ to conceal that of a family unsullied till now in the person of their descendant. My birth was honorable, though an ill-fated father bequeathed me little save his evil fortunes, and his name of Woodford ! ”

“ Woodford ! ” exclaimed Chiverton, starting from his chair, almost convulsed by emotion, “ not the son of Colonel Woodford, who fell in a duel in Flanders ! ”

“ It was even thus,” returned the wondering youth, “ that my unhappy father perished—but what means this !—my friend, my benefactor, restrain yourself, or this agitation will be fatal ! ”

He hastened to sprinkle water on the face of the almost expiring Chiverton, whose daughter, alarmed by the elevation of her parent's voice, suddenly entered the apartment and hung over him in speechless agony. He recovered to behold Woodford chafing his temples, while Emma, with a trembling hand, applied restoratives to revive animation. Looking wildly towards her, “ My child,” he cried, “ you have been ever dutiful—say, will you yield to the dearest wish of a fond, a doting parent, and give your hand to him who stands beside me ? ”

“ My father ! ” exclaimed Emma, gazing anxiously on him, as though she feared his senses were wandering.

“ Woodford, you have owned that

you love her, and I—I think—Emma will you pleasure me ?—Woodford, will you take her ? ”

“ Take her !—my friend, my father ! ” cried Harry, sinking at his feet in a transport of bliss.

He looked on both with an expressive eye and silently joined their hands—Emma, while she stood in speechless astonishment, scarcely resisting her father's wish.

“ It must not be ! ” he exclaimed, separating their hands as suddenly as he united them—“ it must not be—the truth, the dreadful truth is yet to be divulged—Woodford speak, would you wed the daughter of him who murdered your father ? ”

Woodford started to his feet—“ I see how it is,” cried the old man, wildly, “ I see your abhorrence in your looks—oh, Woodford, deeply, deeply have I sinned, and deeply has that sin been avenged by remorse so dire, that for long, long years, existence has been a burden—yet you may pity, though you cannot forgive, and I—I was not wholly guilty, since the challenge was forced on me by those horrid laws of honor to which man yields himself, alas, a willing slave. If there be expiation for such a crime as mine, I would have atoned the fatal deed by a gift the most precious in my power to bestow ; yet, though you reject the alliance of one stained with your father's blood, do not withhold pardon from him whose repentance is not less than his sin ! ”—and the poor old gentleman sunk down on his knees as he spoke.

“ My father,” cried Woodford, eagerly attempting to raise him—“ my father, if I may indeed call you so, too long have you reproached yourself with an involuntary act. From my angel mother, who in her deprivation did justice to that cruel necessity which raised your hand against her husband's life—from her lips I long since learned this mournful tale, and was taught to think kindly and tenderly of one whose name alone was concealed from me.”

"And will you then—will you be my son?"

"Will I, my father?"

"And you, Emma?"

Miss Chiverton, dissolved in tears, answered not, save by a silent motion of the hand, which her parent placed in that of Woodford.

"Heaven bless you, my children!—my sin is absolved—my last wish on earth is accomplished!"

"Harry, Harry, are you ready?" said the true Marvell, breaking into the room, "I can't stay a moment longer with this foolish old woman, who, though it was all her own mistake, insists on it that you are no better than you should be, and I a little matter worse."

"What! mine hostess of the Sow and Bagpipes!" exclaimed the 'Squire, smiling through his tears, "yours shall be no mistake for yourself, since it has led to so happy a conclusion—henceforth, dame, your house is your own—see that a good dinner is provided at my expense for all the neighborhood to-

morrow, and bonfires at night to celebrate the marriage of my daughter and heiress."

"What, with that gentleman!" cried the hostess; "well I always said this was the true man, and that the rogue."

"And I always said," rejoined the true Marvell, "that Harry Woodford would one day be requited for all the past, though I looked not for so bright, so lovely a reward, as this lady, even for my inestimable friend! And now, Harry, I suppose, I may depart alone!"

"Not so, sir," said Mr. Chiverton, smiling, "the name of Marvell is dear to me, even for the sake of a very dear impostor; and as he will now probably have other than geological pursuits, I must even press your friendship into the service of an old whimsical fellow, who is more than ever disposed to find

"—tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A DRESS of green *gros des Indes*, the *corsage* high behind, with a square falling collar, and crossing in folds before. The upper part of the sleeve is excessively large; it is arranged from the elbow to the wrist in three *bouffants* of different sizes. Two flounces put very close, so that the one falls over upon the other, go round the bottom of the skirt; the upper flounce is headed with a *ruche*. The hair is arranged in two soft and moderately-sized bows on the crown of the head; it is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in full clusters of curls at the sides. The bonnet is of canary yellow *peluche*, trimmed with *nœuds* of ribbon, striped blue, and a new shade of red intermixed with sprigs of myrtle. The scarf is cachemire, bordered and fringed at the ends.

EVENING DRESS.

A gown of *ponceau* velvet, *corsage à la Sévigné*; the back part of the bust is finished by a double fall of white blond lace, which is brought round the arm-hole in front, so as to form *epaulettes*. *Beért* sleeve, finished *en manchette* with blond lace. A bias band of the same material as the dress, cut in irregular *dents*, goes round the bottom of the skirt, and is surmounted by another, which reaches as high as the knee. Blond lace *chemisette*. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in two plaited bands, arranged something in the style of a coronet on the crown of the head; knots of straw-colored gauze ribbon, lightly striped with black, are inserted in this ornament; one is placed upright, the other on the left side. Gold earrings and brooch, pearl necklace,

THE GATHERER.

" Little things have their value."

Cholera Morbus.—The rapid advance of the cholera morbus, which comes from the extremity of India, and the certain fact, that it always follows the migration of large bodies of men, such as the march of armies and caravans, should warn Western Europe of the near invasion of this dreadful scourge. Two Russian divisions, which have advanced to the frontiers of Poland, come from the governments of Koursk and Cherson, where this epidemic rages. M. Moreau de Jonnès, on the 22d November, read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris a report of considerable interest, respecting this new species of plague. "Will the cold," asks M. Moreau de Jonnès, "extinguish the cholera morbus this year? But has cold done so during the fifteen years it has ravaged Asia? Did it even at Orenbourg, under a latitude more northern than Paris? Besides, we forget too easily the memorable plague which desolated Wallachia and Russia from 1769 to 1771. It was imported into Moscow during the autumn, and continued its fearful career during three very severe winters. Will this scourge reach Poland, Germany, and, at last, France? We dare not dwell on these fearful thoughts: we shudder when we remember that the cholera morbus, engendered in India, has already stretched to the north, far beyond the latitude of Paris and the principal states of Europe—and nothing has stopped its progress." M. Moreau de Jonnès adds also some new facts. Already has this pestilent disease thrice advanced towards Europe by different routes. Imported in the year 1819 from Bengal into the Isles of France and Bourbon, it threatened to arrive on our shores by some of the many ships belonging to France or England. Precaution taken at the Cape of Good Hope prevented this misfortune. In 1821 the communication between Bombay and the ports in the Gulf of Arabia, brought the cholera morbus to Bassora: it ascended the Euphrates, crossed Mesopotamia, and following step by step the commercial communications, it arrived in Syria. There it yielded to the cold during the winter, but re-appeared in the spring with redoubled force, and during three years decimated the population. It spread into most of the cities situated on the Mediterranean. In the spring of 1825 it appeared at Bukara, and continued its ravages towards Moscow, where it penetrated on the 23th of September last. M. Moreau de Jonnès is of opinion that in the provinces of the Russian empire which lie between 45 deg. and 57 deg., the cold of winter will stop the progress of the contagion; but from experience, it is probable that it will re-appear in the spring with all its activity and violence; and he fears its descent into the

milder climates of Europe, where its ravages will be more terrible, as the population is more dense, and communications more rapid and more numerous.

Home.—No marvel that poets have chosen home and the native land, as grateful themes of song. In themselves, the words are full of melody; in their associations they form exquisite music. It is a blessed thing to have a haven of rest where love lights its beacon and keeps its vigils to greet the returning wanderer, weary of a cheerless pilgrimage by flood or field. God help those for whom every country wears a foreign aspect—who avert their steps from the dwelling of their fathers, banished by the clouds of discord, or the rank weeds of desolation!

Chinese Justice.—In order to celebrate weddings in China, they used to fix a day on which all the young men and girls who wished to marry repaired to a place destined for that purpose. The young men gave a statement of their wealth; after which they were divided into three classes—the rich, the middling, and the poor. The girls were also divided into three classes—the fine, the tolerable, and the ugly ones. Then the fine girls were given to the rich young men, who paid for them; the tolerable ones to the second class of young men, who did not pay; and the ugly ones to the poor, who had with them the money paid by the rich.

Area of Europe.—The surface of the different European states in geographic square miles, is as follows:—Russia, 375,174; Austria, 12,153 1-2; France, 10,086; Great Britain, 5,535; Prussia, 5,040; the Netherlands (Belgium) 1,196; Sweden, 7,335 1-2; Norway, 5,798; Denmark, 1,019 3-4; Poland, 2,293; Spain, 8,446; Portugal, 1,722; Two Sicilies, 1,987; Sardinia, 1,363; the Pope's Territory, 811; Tuscany, 395 9-25ths; Switzerland, 696 1-3; European Turkey, 10,000; Bavaria, 1,383; Saxony, 348; Hanover, 695; Wurtemberg, 359; Baden, 276; Hesse Darmstadt, 185; Hesse Cassel, 208.

State of Medicine in Turkey.—Zagoria, a district not far from Ioanina, is famous throughout the Levant for its breed of itinerant quacks. The male population consists solely of M. D.'s; Zagoriot and doctor being synonyms; and indeed, the medical profession becomes, in their hands, so lucrative, as entirely to supersede the necessity of any other. An idea of their wealth may be formed from their houses, which are well built, spacious, and the best furnished in Turkey. When at home, they live like gentlemen at large. It may not prove uninteresting to those who wish to ascertain the state of medicine in Turkey,

to hear some particulars relative to the education and qualification requisite to obtain a degree at this singular university. The first thing taught to the young men is the professional language; a dissonant jargon composed purposely to carry on their business, hold consultations, &c. without being understood by any being in existence but themselves. They are then taught reading sufficiently to decipher the pages of their manuscript, containing a selection of deceptive formulæ, for all possible diseases incident to human nature. When a candidate has given before the elders proofs of his proficiency in these attainments, they declare him to be *dignus entrare in docto nostro copore*; and he then prepares to leave Zagori. The Zagorioti generally travel about Turkey in small bands, composed of six or eight different individuals, each of whom has a separate part to perform, like strolling players. One is the *signor dottore*. He never enters a town but mounted on a gaudy-comparisoned horse, dressed in long robes, with a round hat and neckcloth; never opening his mouth but *ex cathedra*, his movements are performed with due professional gravity, and he is at all times attended by his satellites. One is the apothecary; the second the dragoman; for it is the doctor's privilege not to comprehend a syllable of any other language but the Zagoriot; a third is the herald, who, endued with a surprising volubility of tongue, announces through the streets and in the public squares, the arrival of the incomparable doctor; enumerates the wonderful cures he has performed; and entreats the people to avail themselves of this providential opportunity: for, not only does he possess secrets for the cure of actual diseases, but of insuring against their future attacks. He possesses the happy talent too of ingravitating the barren, and leaves it to their choice to have male or female, &c. &c. He is skilled in the performance of operations for the stone, cataracts, hernia, dislocations, &c. Two others, who pass under the denomination of servants, employ their time in going from house to house in quest of patients; and as, from their menial employment, they are thought to be disinterested, credit is more easily given to their word. Thus they journey from town to town, hardly ever remaining more than a fortnight in any place. After a tour of five or six years, they return for a while to their families, and divide in equal shares the gains of their charlatanism. On a second journey, they all change parts, in order to escape detection. The *dottore* yields his dignity to the servant, and he does the same office he was wont to receive; the dragoman becomes herald, the herald apothecary, &c.

Snakes.—M. Duverney, one of the professors of the Strasburg Academy, lately read to the French Academy a very curious paper on the anatomical distinctions

between venomous and non-venomous snakes; in which he showed that salivary and lachrymal had been frequently mistaken for venomous glands; and that much of the mortal character of venomous snakes depended upon the position of the fangs.

The Sabbath.—Putting a future state wholly out of the question, there is nothing in the social system of more value to the body of the people, than a due observance of this day. Neither body nor mind can bear continual toil, and both require a seventh day of rest to keep them in health and vigor; the abolition of it would considerably reduce the demand for labor, and a vast portion of the working classes would have to labor seven days instead of six for the wages they now receive: to this must be added the loss these classes would sustain, in respect of cleanliness, intercourse with friends, and the means of instruction. Looking beyond its religious objects, the Sabbath may be regarded as a merciful concession to human nature, an invaluable boon to the poor—a divine interposition to give that protection to the health, comforts, and privileges of the mass of mankind, which, perhaps, nothing else could bestow. The workman who establishes the precedent for making it a day of labor, attacks the best temporal interests of himself and his brethren.

Titian.—The anecdote of Charles's having twice picked up this great artist's pencil, and presented it to him, saying, "To wait on Titian was service for an emperor," is well known; but we do not remember to have met with the following: "Titian had painted the portrait of Charles several times, but now being called to the court of that prince, he for the last time painted his portrait, just as it then appeared in the latter part of his life; and this picture also much pleased the renowned emperor. Certain it is, that the very first portrait Titian drew of him so struck him with admiration, that he would never after sit to any other artist; and for every portrait Titian took of him he gave him a thousand crowns in gold. Titian in all painted three portraits of the emperor; and when he last sat to him, at the conclusion of the picture, Charles said with emphasis,—'This is the third time I have triumphed over death.'"

Greek Women.—Their feet and ankles, which, by the by, rather correspond to Grecian than to modern ideas of beauty, are completely hid by the folds of trousers, that are tied like a purse just below the knee. This gives a woman, when walking, completely the appearance of a feathered-paw pigeon. This is the more striking, as Grecian coquettes affect as much as possible to imitate the walk of a bird. "You walk like a goose," "like a duck," however impertinent in the ear of an English belle, are the most flattering compliments that can be whispered in those of a Greek one.

Spirit

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THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

IT would appear that the death-hour of despotism is at hand. Hardly have we time to express our admiration of popular heroism in one country, ere in another it puts forth fresh claims to wonder and homage. Its latest manifestation in Poland is peculiarly calculated to delight the lovers of rational liberty ; for no nation on earth has been more hardly dealt with, or has struggled with more heroic devotedness for all that is dear to a people, than have the Poles. Enthusiastically attached to their native country, its institutions and recollections, they have at all times evinced a proportionate detestation of foreign interference, and especially of that of Russia. There are few instances on record, of a more deep-rooted animosity between two nations, than between the Poles and Russians—an animosity not to be accounted for by any signal difference in language, manners, or customs ; in all of which, they greatly resemble each other. This natural antipathy has, we may conceive, been materially increased by the dismemberment and long oppression of Poland by her more powerful neighbor. The measure of the partition of Poland was worthy of the cruel and reckless ambition of Catherine, but its adoption by the Empress of Austria and the King of Prussia, must be considered a lasting stain on the characters of those two sovereigns.

The first partition, which divided one half of the kingdom among the just-mentioned powers, was soon followed by a second, and Poland, as a nation, was blotted from the map of Europe, Russia obtaining the great sweep. Warsaw and its adjacent provinces were, by this partition, given to Prussia ; but at the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon raised Prussian Poland into an independent duchy, under the sovereignty of the King of Saxony. On the downfall of the French emperor, the Great Powers, at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, gave the Duchy of Warsaw to Russia, an equivalent being afforded to Prussia in the Rhenish provinces and an important part of the Saxon kingdom. The Emperor Alexander made Poland a separate kingdom, and gave it a national representative diet, the first meeting of which was opened by his Imperial Majesty in person, and the present Grand Duke, Constantine, was returned a Polish representative by the suburb of Praga. The constitution granted by the emperor, established a Chamber of Deputies, elected by the people, and a senate answering to our House of Peers. The government was carried on by a Viceroy and a responsible ministry, appointed by the Emperor.

Though it is not to be supposed, that the despot of all the Russias had any real intention of giving

constitutional liberty to a vanquished people, while his own subjects were in the most abject slavery, still the act itself was so spontaneous, so unexpected, that the Poles, dazzled thereby, believed they had really obtained a free constitution. They were soon undeceived: the Grand Duke, appointed commander-in-chief of the Polish army, was not slow in throwing off the mask. Every method by which disregard and contempt for national feelings could be conveyed, was adopted by him, in open violation of the principle of that constitution which his imperial brother had given to the Poles. Into the Polish army he introduced corporal punishment, which he often inflicted with his own hands. Self-destruction in some instances followed such intolerable outrage. Excesses, indignities, barbarities of all kinds, were committed under various pretences, by this miserable scion of despotism, who being deemed unfit to rule in his own country, was thought well calculated to crush the spirit of the Polish people. But at length this trampled spirit turned, and with a moderation which we can hardly admire, they have suffered the brutal mimic of manhood to escape, without wreaking vengeance on him, for his oppression and murder of their long-suffering countrymen.

On the 29th of November an affray broke out between the Russian guards and the pupils of the military school. The flame spread rapidly, and, as at Paris, armed women and youths distinguished themselves by a devoted heroism, which, if tyranny were to be taught at all, might teach it that a spirit too mighty for oppression—a spirit strengthening the feeble with unconquerable energy, has roused the nations to an assertion of their rights. We regret that this heroism on the part of the Poles has not been marked by that moderation which so nobly distinguished the glorious struggle in Paris. But it should be remem-

bered that the French rose to shake off a despotism, it is true, but not a foreign one; that they had no festering wounds from the galling chains of a foreign yoke, to sting them to maddened fury; and that the driveling dolt whom they hurled from his throne, however despicable and deeply sinning, was *y* their countryman, and the descendant of an illustrious family, which their ancestors had delighted to honor. For, always excepting the sanguinary period of the first revolution, France has ever been distinguished by a most loyal attachment to the person and family of the reigning sovereign. But in the recent—the *actual* case of Poland, not only was there nothing to call for similar sympathies, but every possible inducement to the adoption of measures of stern retributive justice; and we think a dispassionate observer will rather find cause to wonder at their forbearance, than to censure the momentary impetuosity by which some of their oppressors were sacrificed.

The Provisional Government issued a proclamation acknowledging the authority of Nicholas, but requiring, on his part, that the Constitution granted by Alexander be preserved, and administered according to its original and true interpretation—that the States be kept separate—that no foreign troops be admitted into Poland—and that the old Polish provinces, formerly separated from the kingdom, and added to Russia, be now restored to Poland. That these demands were deemed extravagant by an autocrat schooled in the doctrines of despotism, and flushed with the success of recent and important victories, was to be expected. But we are willing to hope that even he and those of his order may perceive—we know that they shortly *must* be taught—that there is a right prior and more indefeasible than their own, and that no longer can it be thwarted or oppressed. A Manifesto has since been issued,

which proclaims their wrongs in a dignified and feeling manner, and their enthusiastic determination to remedy them. An immediate levy of 200,000 men has been decreed, and that invaluable force, the Burgher Guard, has been formed. The whole population will arm, and, if war must decide the question, it will be war to the knife.

There is every reason to hope that Galicia and Posen will respectively shake off the trammels of Austrian and Prussian dominion. With all our conviction of the bigoted despotism by which the courts of Vienna and Berlin are guided in their estimate of popular rights, we are yet disposed to believe that they will have enough to do at home for some time to come. And at St. Petersburg too, the capital of that imperial philanthropist, who is reported to have sworn with ungovernable rage, that the rascally Poles should return to his benevolent guardianship, or he would slay every man of them—even at St. Petersburg certain indications have appeared of a nature to alarm his fatherly solicitude. We see that the government have found it necessary to issue a proclamation against young men of rank, and of no rank, for combining together for the purpose of—what think you, reader?—of *breaking the windows*. This care on the part of the executive, proves, as the Petersburgians are told in the proclamation, how watchful the government are for their welfare, and for the preservation of order. To us it proves something more—namely, that in the present convulsion of the political world, the autocratic thrones begin to totter, and that, while Nicholas and Metternich, and the Prussian state-pilot, are gnashing their idle rage at the movement they would fain control in Poland, their immediate efforts may be required in Petersburg, in Austrian Italy, and among the often bamboozled patriots of Berlin. In this latter city, a convulsion is expected, and, may we not say hoped?

“High deeds, O Germans, we expect from you!”

And we doubt not that you will find better work for his Prussian Majesty than looking after Posen.

We are no lovers of revolutions. We know their almost necessary evil, their fearful summoning of the fiercer passions of our nature, the sullen, civil hatred by which brother is armed against brother, the long ordeal of furious license, giddy anarchy, and promiscuous slaughter! Of all this we are fully aware. The crime of the man who lets loose the revolutionary *plague*, for revenge, love of gain, or love of power, is beyond all measure and all atonement.

The first revolution of France, in 1789, was an abhorred effort of an ambition which nothing could satiate, and nothing could purify. The late revolution was a thing of strong necessity, less an assault on the privileges of royalty, than a vindication of human nature. The people who could have succumbed under so base and insolent a violation of kingly promises, would have virtually declared themselves slaves, and fit for nothing but slaves. The Polish revolution is justified by every feeling which makes freedom of religion, person, and property, dear to man. Poland owes no allegiance to Russia. The bayonet gave, and the bayonet will take away. So perish the triumph that scorns justice, and so rise the holy claim of man, to enjoy unfettered the being that God has given him.

Nothing in history is equal in guilty and ostentatious defiance of all principle to the three Partitions of Poland. The pretences for the seizure of the Polish provinces were instantly the open ridicule of all Europe. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria had the power; they scorned to wait for the right; they as profligately scorned to think of the torrents of blood that must be poured out in the struggle by the indignant Poles. Thousands of gallant lives sacrificed in the field; tens of thousands destroyed by the more

bitter death of poverty, exile, the dungeon, and the broken heart; the whole productive power of a mighty kingdom extinguished for half a century; fifteen millions of human beings withdrawn from the general stock of European cultivation, and branded into hewers of wood and drawers of water, the helots of the modern world! were a price that the remorseless lust of dominion never stopped to contemplate. Its armies were ordered to march, and the fire and sword executed the law. If the late French Revolution could justify but slight difference of opinions among sincere men, the Polish Revolution can justify none.

It is a rising, not of the people against their monarch, but of the oppressed against the oppressor, of the native against the stranger, of the betrayed against the betrayer, of the slave against the tyrant; of a nation, the victim of the basest treachery and the most cruel suffering in the annals of mankind, against the traitor, the spoiler, the remorseless author of their suffering. Their cause is a triumph in itself; and may the great Being who "hateth iniquity, and terribly judgeth the oppressor," shield them in the day of struggle, and give a new hope to mankind by the new victory of their freedom!

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy, and indeed against all science,—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is and must be the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd, and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry, and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of

strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable.

He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of

the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character. But while we thus vindicate the study of natural philosophy from a charge at one time formidable from the pertinacity and acrimony with which it was urged, and still occasionally brought forward to the distress and disgust of every well-constituted mind, we must take care that the testimony afforded by science to religion, be its extent or value what it may, shall be at least independent, unbiased, and spontaneous. We do not here allude to such reasoners as would make all nature bend to their narrow interpretations of obscure and difficult passages in the sacred writings: such a course might well become the persecutors of Galileo and the other bigots of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but can only be adopted by dreamers in the present age. But, without going these lengths, it is no uncommon thing to find persons earnestly attached to science, and anxious for its promotion, who yet manifest a morbid sensibility on points of this kind,—who exult and applaud when

any fact starts up explanatory (as they suppose) of some scriptural allusion, and who feel pained and disappointed when the general course of discovery in any department of science runs wide of the notions with which particular passages in the Bible may have impressed themselves. To persons of such a frame of mind it ought to suffice to remark, on the one hand, that truth can never be opposed to truth; and, on the other, that error is only to be effectually confounded by searching deep and tracing it to its source. Nevertheless, it were much to be wished that such persons, estimable and excellent as they for the most part are, before they throw the weight of their applause or discredit into the scale of scientific opinion on such grounds, would reflect, first, that the credit and respectability of *any* evidence may be destroyed by tampering with its *honesty*; and, secondly, that this very disposition of mind implies a lurking mistrust in its own principles, since the grand and indeed only character of truth is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of *fair* discussion."

OJEDA'S ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WHEN Ojeda sailed on his second voyage to America, in 1502, the Spanish Government granted him power to "colonise Coquibacoa, and, as a recompense, he was to enjoy one half of the proceeds of its territory, provided the half did not exceed 300,000 maravedies: all beyond that amount was to go to the crown. A principal reason, however, for granting this government and those privileges to Ojeda, was that, in his previous voyage, he had met with English adventurers on a voyage of discovery in the neighborhood of Coquibacoa, at which the jealousy of the sovereigns had taken the alarm. They were anx-

ious, therefore, to establish a resolute and fighting commander like Ojeda upon the outpost; and they instructed him to set up the arms of Castile and Leon in every place he visited, as a signal of discovery and possession, and to put a stop to the intrusions of the English."

Ojeda's whole career is beyond a romance. Proceeding as above directed, he landed on the coast of Carthagená; and "when the friars had read a pious manifesto, Ojeda made signs of amity to the natives, and held up glittering presents. They had already suffered, however, from the cruelties of white men, and were not to be won by kindness.

On the contrary, they brandished their weapons, sounded their conchs, and prepared to make battle. Juan de la Cosa saw the rising choler of Ojeda, and knew his fiery impatience. He again entreated him to abandon these hostile shores, and reminded him of the venomous weapons of the enemy. It was all in vain: Ojeda confided blindly in the protection of the Virgin. Putting up, as usual, a short prayer to his patroness, he drew his weapon, braced his buckler, and charged furiously upon the savages. Juan de la Cosa followed as heartily as if the battle had been of his own seeking. The Indians were soon routed, a number killed, and several taken prisoners; on their persons were found plates of gold, but of an inferior quality. Flushed by this triumph, Ojeda took several of the prisoners as guides, and pursued the flying enemy four leagues into the interior. He was followed, as usual, by his faithful lieutenant, the veteran La Cosa, continually remonstrating against his useless temerity, but hardly seconding him in the most hare-brained perils. Having penetrated far into the forest, they came to a strong hold of the enemy, where a numerous force was ready to receive them, armed with clubs, lances, arrows, and bucklers. Ojeda led his men to the charge with the old Castilian war-cry, 'Santiago!' The savages soon took to flight. Eight of their bravest warriors threw themselves into a cabin, and plied their bows and arrows so vigorously, that the Spaniards were kept at bay. Ojeda cried shame upon his followers to be daunted by eight naked men. Stung by this reproach, an old Castilian soldier rushed through a shower of arrows and forced the door of the cabin, but received a shaft through the heart, and fell dead on the threshold. Ojeda, furious at the sight, ordered fire to be set to the combustible edifice; in a moment it was in a blaze, and the eight warriors perished in the

flames. Seventy Indians were made captive and sent to the ships, and Ojeda, regardless of the remonstrances of Juan de la Cosa, continued his rash pursuit of the fugitives through the forest. In the evening they arrived at a place called Yurbaco, the habitations of which had fled to the mountains with their wives and children, and principal effects. The Spaniards, imagining that the Indians were completely terrified and dispersed, now roved in quest of booty among the deserted houses, which stood distant from each other, buried among the trees. While they were thus scattered, troops of savages rushed forth, with furious yells, from all parts of the forest. The Spaniards endeavored to gather together and support each other, but every little party was surrounded by a host of foes. They fought with desperate bravery; but for once their valor and their iron armor were of no avail; they were overwhelmed by numbers, and sank beneath war-clubs and poisoned arrows. Ojeda on the first alarm collected a few soldiers, and enclosed himself within a small enclosure, surrounded by palisades. Here he was closely besieged, and galled by flights of arrows. He threw himself on his knees, covered himself with his buckler, and being small and active, managed to protect himself from the deadly shower; but all his companions were slain by his side, some of them perishing in frightful agonies. At this fearful moment the veteran La Cosa, having heard of the peril of his commander, arrived, with a few followers, to his assistance. Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades, the brave Biscayan kept the savages at bay until most of his men were slain, and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojeda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. La Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with

the remnant of ^{the} men in an Indian cabin; the straw roof of which he aided ^{them} to throw off, lest the enemy ^{should} set it on fire. Here he defended himself until all his ^{men} but one, were destroyed. ^{The} poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he ^{fell} to the ground. Feeling death ^{near} hand, he called to his only surviving companion. 'Brother,' said he, 'since God hath protected thee from harm, sally forth and fly, and if ever thou shouldst see Alonzo de Ojeda, tell him of my fate!' Thus fell the hardy Juan de la Cosa, faithful and devoted to the very last; nor can we refrain from pausing to pay a passing tribute to his memory. He was acknowledged by his contemporaries to be one of the ablest of those gallant Spanish navigators who first explored the way to the New World. But it is by the honest and kindly qualities of his heart that his memory is most endeared to us; it is, above all, by that loyalty and friendship displayed in this his last and fatal expedition. Warmed by his attachment for a more youthful and a hot-headed adventurer, we see this wary veteran of the seas forgetting his usual prudence and the lessons of his experience, and embarking heart and hand, purse and person, in the wild enterprises of his favorite. We behold him watching over him as a parent, remonstrating with him as a counsellor, but fighting by him as a partisan; following him, without hesitation, into known and needless danger, to certain death itself, and showing no other solicitude in his dying moments, but to be remembered by his friend."

Ojeda alone escaped; and afterwards being joined by Nicuesa, took a terrible revenge on the unfortunate natives.

"The two governors, no longer rivals, landed four hundred of their men and several horses, to set off with all speed for the fatal village. They approached it in the night, and, dividing their forces into two

parties, gave orders that not an Indian should be taken alive. The village was buried in deep sleep, but the woods were filled with large parrots, which, being awakened, made a prodigious clamor. The Indians, however, thinking the Spaniards all destroyed, paid no attention to these noises. It was not until their houses were assailed, and wrapped in flames, that they took the alarm. They rushed forth, some with arms, some weaponless, but were received at their doors by the exasperated Spaniards, and either slain on the spot, or driven back into the fire. Women fled wildly forth with children in their arms; but at sight of the Spaniards glittering in steel, and of the horses, which they supposed ravenous monsters, they ran back, shrieking with horror, into their burning habitations. Great was the carnage, for no quarter was shown to age or sex. Many perished by the fire, and many by the sword. When they had fully glutted their vengeance, the Spaniards ranged about for booty. While thus employed, they found the body of the unfortunate Juan de la Cosa. It was tied to a tree, but swollen and discolored in a hideous manner by the poison of the arrows with which he had been slain. This dismal spectacle had such an effect upon the common men, that not one would remain in that place during the night. Having sacked the village, therefore, they left it a smoking ruin, and returned in triumph to their ships."

But at last the bold adventurer fell into distress, and died at St. Domingo, his death serving as a wholesome comment on his life.

"He died so poor, that he did not leave money enough to provide for his interment; and so broken in spirit, that, with his last breath, he entreated his body might be buried in the monastery of San Francisco, just at the portal, in humble expiation of his past pride, *'that every one who entered might tread upon his grave.'*"

CRUTHERS AND JONSON ; OR, THE OUTSKIRTS OF LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

WHAT feeling of our nature is so universally approved, as that of Friendship ? Unlike all others, it appears to be capable of no excess, and to unite every suffrage in its favor : the more vehement, the more enthusiastic it is, we applaud it the more ; and men of all climes and habitudes, the saint, the savage, and the sage, unite in our applauses. It is, in fact, the great balsam of existence, "the brook that runneth by the way," out of which the wearied sons of Adam may all drink comfort and refreshment to nerve them in the toils of life's parched and dusty journey. It communicates a dignity and calm beauty to the humblest lot ; and without it the loftiest is but a shining desert.

I myself like friendship as well as any man likes it, and I feel a pleasure in reflecting that the story I am now to write will afford one well authenticated instance of that noble sentiment. Not that by this remark I mean to excite unfounded expectation, nor that I have aught very marvellous to say either about passions of the mind or exploits displaying them. I have, in truth, no moving tragedy to set forth ; no deed of heroism or high adventure ; nothing of your Pythias and Damon, your Theseus and Pirithous. My heroes were not Kings of Athens or Children of the Cloud ; but honest Lairds of Annandale. They never braved the rage of Dionysius dooming them to die, never went down to Hades that they might flirt with Proserpine, or slaughter the mastiff Cerberus : yet they were true men "in their own humble way ;" men tried in good and evil hap, and not found wanting ; their history seems curious enough, if I can tell it rightly, to deserve some three minutes of attention from an idle man ; especially in times so stupid and prosaic as these ; times

of monotony and safety, and matter of fact, where affections are measured by the tale of guineas, where people's fortunes are exalted, and their purposes achieved by the force, not of the arm or the heart, but of the spinning-jennie and the steam-engine. I proceed with my narrative.

In the early part of the last century, the parish school-house of Hoddam, a low squat building by the Edinburgh highway side, could number among its daily visitants two boys of the names of Cruthers and Jonson, who at first agreed in nothing, except in the firm determination shown by each to admit of no superior. Such a principle, maintained by one individual, might possibly have led to very pleasing results, in so far as that one was concerned : maintained by two, it led to nothing but constant broils and bickerings, hard words and harder blows. Without end or number were their squabbles. In every feat of scholarship or mischief, whether it were to expound the venerable Dilworth's system of arithmetic within doors, or to work some devilry without ; to lead the rival gangs of "Englishmen and Scots," to clank the old kirk-bell, or venture on the highest and brittlest boughs of the ash-trees and yews that grew around, still these two were violent competitors, and by their striving far outstripped the rest. Frequently, of course, they came to sparring, in which they would exhibit all the energy and animation of Entellus and Dares, or even of Molyneux and Crib. The boy Cruthers was decidedly the better boxer ; he was stronger than Jonson, could beat him whenever he chose ; and in time came to choose it very often. Jonson had more of the Socratic than of the Stoic philosopher in his turn of mind : he could not say "thou

mayest beat t^h case of Jonson—himself thou canst not reach ;” on the contrary, he felt too clearly that himself was reached, and as all his attempts to remedy the evil but made it worse, the exasperation of his little heart was extreme. On one occasion, when the fortune of battle had again declared against him, and Cruthers was thrashing his outward man with more than usual vigor, poor Jonson started from his grasp all covered with bruises, and clenching his fist in the face of his enemy, he swore, with the tears streaming from his eyes, and in a voice half-choked by sobs, that before the sun went down Cruthers should rue this. So threatening he went away.

It was morning when this occurred, and the comments on it did not cease till the arrival of the redoubted Mr. Scroggs, the gaunt and sallow-visaged Dominic, in whose presence all jarring passions died into a timid calm. I know not what feelings Cruthers had while the hours rolled on, or whether he had any ; but apparently they were forgotten, when, at mid-day, Jonson’s absence had not been inquired into, and the hot cabin vomited forth its exulting population to frolic their gamesome hour beneath the clear summer sky. Of the boys, some arranged themselves for pitch-and-toss, some preferred marbles, others shinty ; the girls produced their skipping-ropes, or set to pile their bits of crockery into a “ dresser ;” in short the whole “ green ” was swarming with a noisy throng of little men and little women, all bustling because each corner of the earth was yet full of motives to allure them ; all happy because they had not yet been smitten with the curse of passions or the malady of thought. The grim carrier, as he drove his groaning wain past them, and trailed his own weary limbs over the burnt highway along with it, wondered why the deuce they did not go to sleep when they were allowed time. The laird him-

self, as he whirled by in a cloud of dust, with his steeds, his beef-eaters, and his paraphernalia, looked out from his yellow chariot upon them, then within upon his own sick and sated soul, and would have cursed the merry brats, had he not consoled himself by recollecting that, in a few years, want, and hardship, and folly, would make them all as wretched as plenty, and pleasure, and folly, had made him. In fact, it was a scene which Mr. Wordsworth would have gone some miles to see ; would have whined over for a considerable time ; and most likely would have written a sonnet or two upon.

But nothing earthly is destined to continue : the flight of a given number of minutes would have put an end to all this revelry at any rate ; an unexpected incident put an end to it more effectually and sooner. The game was at the hottest ; chuck-farthing waxed more interesting every moment, rope-skipping was become a rage, shinties were flying in fragments, shins were being broken, all was tumult, happiness, and hurly-burly, when all at once the vanquished Jonson appeared upon the Green, with a fierce though sedate look upon his countenance, and what was worse—a large horse pistol in his hand ! All paused at sight of him ; the younger boys and all the girls uttered a short shrill shriek, and Cruthers grew as pale as milk. What might have been the issue is uncertain, for the sudden silence and the short shriek had in them something strange enough to alarm the vigilance of Mr. Scroggs—busy at the time within doors, expounding to the Ecclefechan exciseman some more abstruse departments of the mystery of guaging. Throwing down his text-book, that invaluable compend, *The Young Man’s Best Companion*, he forthwith sallied from his noontide privacy, and solemnly inquired what *was* the matter. The matter was investigated, the pistol given up, and after infinite higgling the truth flashed out as clear as day. The Dominic’s

jaw sank a considerable fraction of an ell ; his color went and came ; he said, with a hollow tone, " The Lord be near us ! " and sat down upon a stone by the wall-side, clasping his temples with both his hands, and then stooping till he grasped the whole firmly between his knees, to try if he could possibly determine what was to be done in this strange business. He spoke not for the space of three minutes and a half ; the whole meeting was silent except for whispers ; the rivals did not even whisper.

By degrees, however, when the first whirl of terror and confusion had a little subsided, the dim outlines of the correct decision began to dawn upon the bewildered soul of Mr. Scroggs. He saw that one of the boys must leave him ; the only question now was which. He knew that Cruthers's father was a staunch yeoman, Laird of Brecon-hill, which he ploughed indeed with his own hands—but in a way that made him well to pass in money matters, that enabled him on Sundays to ride forth upon a stout sleek nag, to pay his way on all occasions, and to fear no man. He knew at the same time that Jonson's father was likewise a Laird, and one that disdained to plough ; but also that though his rank was higher, his purse was longer in the neck ; that, in short, Knockhill was but a spendthrift ; that he loved to hunt and gamble ; and that his annual consumpt of whisky was very great. Mr. Scroggs was a gentleman that knew the world ; he had learned to calculate the power of men and their various influences upon himself and the public ; he felt the full force of that beautiful proposition in arithmetic, that one and one make two ; he at length made up his mind. " You, Jonson," said he, rising gradually, " you have broken the peace of the school ; you have been a quarrelsome fellow, and when Cruthers got the better of you, in place of yielding or complaining to me, you have gone home privily

and procured fire-arms, with intent, as I conceive, to murder, or at least mortally affright, a fellow Christian, an honest man's child ; which, by the law of Moses, as you find in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and also by various acts of Parliament, is a very heinous crime ; you likewise owe me two quarters of school-wages, which I do not expect you will ever pay ; you cannot be here any longer. Go your ways, sirrah, and may all that's ill among us go with you ! "

Apparently this most frank statement excited no very definite idea in Jonson's mind ; at least he stood motionless on hearing it, his eyes fixed and tearless, his teeth clenched, his nostrils dilated, all his frame displaying symptoms of some inward agony by which his little mind was torn, but indicating no settled purpose of acting either this way or that. Most persons would have pitied him ; but Mr. Scroggs was free from that infirmity : he had felt no pity during many years for any but himself. Cruthers was younger and more generous : touched to the quick at his adversary's forlorn situation, he stepped forward, and bravely signified that himself was equally to blame, promising, moreover, that if the past could be forgiven, he would so live with Jonson as to give no cause for censure in the future. " Let us both stay," he said, " and we will never quarrel more." Tears burst from Jonson's eyes at this unexpected proposal ; the Dominie himself, surprised and pleased, inquired if he was willing to stand by it ; for answer he stretched out his hand and grasped that of Cruthers in silence. " Well ! blessed are the peacemakers," observed Mr. Scroggs, " blessed indeed—see that it be so—see that, &c. &c. Boys," continued he, " this is a braw business certainly ; these two callants (gallants) have done very manfully—hem !—you shall have this afternoon in holiday to—." A universal squeal returned him loud and shrill ac-

claim ; the sun-burnt urchins capered, pranced, and shouted ; in their souls they blessed the two rivals, danced round them for a few minutes, then darted off by a hundred different paths ; while the Dominie, with his raw-boned pupil, Mr. Candlewick, the gauger, returned to their studies with fresh alacrity.

Not so Cruthers and Jonson. They were left together, glad as any other pair, but with a more serious gladness. They were not in haste to go home, having much to tell each other. Two grown-up persons would have felt very different in their place ; would have hemm'd and haw'd, and said a great many insipidities, attempting, perhaps honestly, to break the ice of ceremony, but in vain—sincerely desirous to be reconciled, yet obliged to part chagrined and baffled, and praying mutually that they might never meet again. The boys managed better. In a moment they got over head and ears in each other's confidence ; proposed an afternoon's nesting together ; strolled over the green fields and copses, recapitulating all the while their former feuds and conflicts, each taking the whole blame upon himself—communicating, too, their little hopes and projects, admiring each other heartily, and feeling the pleasure of talking increase every moment. Wearied, at length, by wandering in many a shady dingle, many a sunny holm, they sat down upon a bright green hillock, in the midst of what is now called the Duke's Meadow, and agreed that it would soon be time to part.

It was a lovely evening, as I have been told, and the place itself is not without some charms. Around them lay an undulating tract of green country, sprinkled with trees and white cottages, hanging on the sunny sides of the declivities. Cattle lowing afar off in the closes ; ploughmen driving home their wearied teams ; and columns of blue peat-smoke, rising from every chimney within sight, gave notice that the good-wives were cooking their husbands'

frugal supper. In front, the Annan rolled to the eastward, with a full and clear current, a shrill, quiet, rushing tone, through woods of beech and sycamore, all glancing and twinkling in the evening sheen. On the left rose Woodcockair, to which the rook was making wing, and Repentance Hill, with its old Border watch-tower, now inhabited by ghosts and pigeons ; while to the right, and far away, the great red disc of the sun, among its curtains of flaming cloud, was hanging over the shoulder of Criffel, and casting a yellow, golden light athwart the whole frith of Solway ; on the other side of which, St. Bees' Head, with all the merry ports and granges of Cumberland, swelled gradually up into the hills, where Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, and a thousand nameless peaks, towered away into the azure vault, and shone as if they had been something far better than they were.

These boys were no poets. Indeed, except the author of Lagg's elegy and Macnay, whose ode, beginning with

" A joiner lad has ta'en a trip
Across the Atlantic in a ship,"

—(not a cart, or washing-tub, the usual method of conveyance)—has been much admired by the literary world, Annandale has had few poets of note, and no philosopher but " Henderson *On the Breeding of Swine* ;" yet the beauty of such a scene, the calm, rich, reposing loveliness of nature, will penetrate into the dullest heart. These poor fellows felt its influence, though they knew it not ; disposing them to peace and friendliness, and generous purposes, beyond the low rudeness of their customary way of life. They took each other's hands—the right in the right, the left in the left, crosswise, though they had no leaning to Popery—and there promised solemnly that they would ever be friends, would back each other out in every quarrel, assist each other in purse and person while they lived ; and, to close all,

they added a stipulation, that when one died, the other, if within seas at the time, should see his comrade quietly laid in earth, and their friendship, never broken in this world, consigned devoutly to the prospects of a better. It is not recorded, that any thunder was heard in the sky to ratify this vow—any flight of eagles to the right hand or to the left—or any flight of anything—except, indeed, the flapping, staggering, hovering half-flight of an old and care-worn goose, busily engaged in hatching nine addle eggs by the side of a neighboring brook, and just then issuing forth with much croaking, and hissing, and blustering—less, I fear, to solemnize their engagement, than to seek her evening ration, of which, at that particular date, she felt a strong and very urgent need. It were pity that no such prodigy occurred ; for the promise was made in singular circumstances, and, what is stranger still, was faithfully observed. Cruthers and Jonson “never quarreled more.”

I lament exceedingly that my ambition of minuteness and fidelity has led me to spin out this history of half a solar day into a length so disproportionate. I lament still more, that the yawning of my readers warns me how needful it is to be more concise in future. I would willingly illustrate by examples, and otherwise dilate upon, the friendship of these two youths, having no brothers by relationship, but now more than brothers to each other. A multitude of battles fought side by side—of wild passages by flood and field—of pranks, and gallantry, and roysterings within doors and without, which the faithful records of tradition still keep note of, are rising on my fancy ; but I must waive them all. Suffice it to conceive, that, through the usual course of joy and sorrow, of rustic business, rustic pleasure—now in sunshine, now in storm—the two striplings had expanded into men ; had each succeeded to his father’s inheri-

tance ; had each assumed the features of the character and fortune he was like to bear through life.

Cruthers looked upon himself as a fortunate person. He had found a thriving farm, a well-replenished purse awaiting him ; he possessed an active, hardy spirit, and “four strong bones ;” and, having no rank to maintain, no man’s humor but his own to gratify, he felt a certain sufficiency and well-providedness about him, out of which it was natural that a sort of careless independence and frank self-help should spring and find their nourishment. He was, in fact, a ruddy-faced, strong-limbed, large, good-natured, yet indomitable fellow. There was nothing of the lion in his aspect ; yet if you had looked upon his broad Scotch countenance, bespeaking so much force and shrewdness, and unwearied perseverance, the substantial snugness of his attire, the attitude of slow, unpretending fearlessness with which he bore himself—there was none you would have hesitated more to injure, none whose enmity and friendship would have seemed more strongly contrasted. He had lately married a buxom, nut-brown maid of the neighborhood ; had given up all his frolics, and was now become a staid and solid yeoman. He speculated little upon what are called general subjects. He knew nothing of the “political relations of Europe,” or the “balance of the British constitution ;” but he understood the prices of grain and farm produce at all the markets of the county, and could predict the issue of Brough-hill and St. Faith’s cattle fairs with a spirit which resembled that of prophecy. He considered little what might be the foundation of morals, or the evidence for the immortality of the soul ; but he paid his teinds duly, and went to church every Sunday. He loved his wife and dependents with a strong and honest, though a rude affection ; and would have lent his friend a score or two of guineas as willingly as any man.

With Jonson again all this was different. Heir to a dilapidated fortune and a higher title, his first effort was to retrieve the one that he might support the other. Baffled in this laudable attempt, baffled after long and zealous perseverance, he experienced a chagrin, which but for the honest cordiality of his nature, would have made him a misanthropist. It grieved him to look upon the bright glades and meadows of Knockhill, to think that he had received them from a long line of ancestors, and most probably must transmit them to the auctioneer. He had aimed at many high and adventurous objects ; had meant to be a soldier, a man of the sea, or at least a rich and happy squire. He now saw himself condemned to be a nameless thing—perhaps a bankrupt and a beggar. These thoughts galled him sorely, they had vexed him to the very heart : yet what was to be done ? Zeno would have counseled him to *suffer and abstain* ; Jonson determined to do neither. Unprepared to meet and vanquish the spectre Care, he studied to avoid it : he hunted, rode, and visited ; let debts and mortgages accumulate as they would ; he talked, and trifled, and frolicked, studying to still uneasy thoughts by every method in his power. Yet unsuccessfully. He had a keen and sensitive, though volatile and gamesome mind within him ; an active longing temper, and an aimless life. It is hard to exist in quietness without a purpose ; hard to cast away anticipation when you have nothing to hope ; harder still when you have everything to fear. Jonson could not keep himself at peace in idleness, and he had naught to do. It seemed probable that he would take to whisky, and the seduction of serving maids at last, and men who looked upon him grieved at this. He was in truth a tall, stately, gallant-looking person as you could have seen ; his dark thick locks, his smooth and mild yet proud and spirit-speaking face ; his quick blue eyes, through which the

soul “peeped wildly,” speaking to the careless but of gaiety and wit, and young cheerfulness,—but to others, speaking of a deep and silent pool of sorrow, over which mirth was playing only as a fitful sunbeam to gild, not to warm ; all this inspired you at first sight with an interest in him, which his courteous, though quaint and jestful manners, his affectionate and generous temper, converted into permanent good will. He was accordingly a universal favorite ; yet he lived unhappily as unprofitably ; restless yet inactive ; ever gay without—yet ever dreary, often dark within. His disposition and his fortune seemed quite at variance : men of prudence and worldly wisdom would shake their heads whenever you pronounced his name.

Such was the state of matters at the beginning of the memorable year 1745. It appears strange, that the conduct of Maria Theresa and the elector of Bavaria should have influenced the conduct of the Laird of Knockhill : yet so it was, for all things are hooked together in this world. Mathematicians say you cannot let your penknife drop without moving the entire solar system ; and I have heard it proved by logicians, who distinguished strongly between what was imperceptible and what was null, that you could not tie your neckcloth well or ill, without in time communicating some impressions of it to all the generations of the world. So much for *causes and effects* ; concerning which see the metaphysicians of Edinburgh, who have illuminated this matter, in my humble opinion, with a philosophic precision for which the world cannot be too grateful. Jonson knew or cared nothing about metaphysics : but the echo of the Highland bagpipe, screwing forth its wild tune, “Welcome Royal Charlie,” was to him what the first red streak of the morning is to a man, who being unfortunately overtaken with liquor over night, has wandered long, long through bogs

and quagmires, and scraggy moors ; and thought the day was not intending to break at all. Jonson was but half a Jacobite ; but he was wholly sick of idleness. Beyond a kind of natural partiality for the descendant of his *own* kings—increased too and purified in his eyes by hereditary feelings, and the preference of a bold heroic character, like Charles Edward, to the “lumpish thick-headed German Laird” whom they had made a sovereign of at London—he cared little about Guelf or Stewart : but he thought there would be cutting and slashing in abundance, before the thing was settled ; he longed to put in his sickle in this stormy harvest, and to gather riches and renown, or fierce adventure and a speedy fate along with the rest. So he stored his purse with all the guineas he had in the world ; put a few articles of dress in his saddle bags, a pair of pistols in his bow ; begirt himself with an old Ferrara of his grandfather’s, mounted his best horse, and arrived in Edinburgh the same day with Prince Charles.

No doubt the “modern Athens” showed a curious face on that occasion. Would that I might describe the look things had ! the odd mixture of alarm, astonishment, inquisitiveness, and caution ; the flight of Duncan Forbes and the public functionaries, with all their signets, mares, wigs, and rolls, tag-rag and bobtail ; the burghers shutting up their shops, and hastily secreting their goods and chattels ; the rabble crowding every street, intent on witnessing the show, as they could lose nothing by it ; the wild, rusty, withered red shanks of the mountaineers mingled with them, wonder-struck at the sight of slated houses, and men with clothes on, yet ever mindful of their need of *prog*—seeking snuff, and brimstone, and herrings, in tones which you would have supposed mere human organs incapable of uttering, but with looks which told their meaning well enough ; horses, carts, and coaches rushing on ; men, women, and chil-

dren, gaping, gazing, wondering, hurrying ; bugles, cannons, bagpipes, drums ; tumult, uproar, and confusion worse confounded ! But I must forbear dilating on these matters : it is enough for me that Jonson was received with pleasure as a volunteer ; presented with the Prince’s hand to kiss, and enrolled among his troop of horse, in which certainly there was no more hopeful cavalier to be discovered from one end to the other.

Jonson never liked to speak much about Prestonpans : he felt a natural reserve on that point. Once or twice, however, he was known to compare notes on the affair with the Ecclefechan barber, a long-necked, pursed-mouthed, tall, thin lath of a man, who had been there also as a private soldier on the other side. The barber candidly admitted, that he knew little of the matter : he was aroused from his grassy bed, early in a cold raw morning, by a furious shriek of the Highlanders, and a desire from his own sergeant (accompanied by a kick on the side) that he would “stand to his arms ;” which he, though little zealous in the cause, yet making shift to gather his long spider limbs together, did at length accomplish ; he fired twice, though without taking aim, indeed the second time without loading : being a good deal struck by the grandeur of the scene, and the whirling and screaming of the Celts on that side ; but looking round to see what was going on in the rear, he clearly discerned across the open space his beloved general, galloping as fast as four feet could carry him, in the direction not of the rebels but of Dunbar, and right against the wind as it seemed, for his tie wig with all its tails, and bobs, and tassels, was to be seen floating out behind him with a most free expansion of all its parts. Whereupon the barber, mindful of the precept he had learned at school, *militum est suo duci parere*, followed after his commanding officer, to get orders, I suppose, throwing down his gun that

he might go the faster. They talked of hanging or shooting him for this afterwards ; but fate was kinder to him than he thought : he returned unhurt to his own country, where he brayed out church-music every Sunday, and shaved or flayed some hundred sandy beards every Saturday for many years.

Jonson on the other hand declared, that it was rather frightful, but *very* grand to see the fire of the red coats rolling and flashing through the grey dawn : the first volley killed his right hand man ; and the whole mass stood so compactly, and seemed to act so simultaneously, it was almost like some immense fiery serpent of the nether abyss, spitting forth a quick destruction in the faces of all who approached it. But he soon lost heed of it : the irregular shots and volleys bursting from his own party, the scream of a hundred bagpipes between whiles, the tramp of horse and foot, the jostling, crushing, shouting, yelling, soon made him mad as any of them ; and he dashed against the enemy, in a sort of phrensy, forgetful of all moments and all places but the present. Of his deeds and sufferings in the fight he seldom spoke : but there is one incident which I learned from another quarter, and must not here omit. The Prince's or Pretender's cavalry being in the very hottest of the *melee*, came upon the volunteer troop of Glasgow fusiliers, which still maintained their ground, partly because they were too heavy for running well. The colonel of this gallant corps, mounted on a huge stalking Sleswic horse, and wrapt up in the folds of a large felt great coat, rode out and struck about him furiously, not in the *etocado* and *passado* way, but in circles and curves, to the right and to the left, above him and below, so that his iron seemed every where and no where ; and had his strength continued, he might have beggared all attack, and formed a kind of living *cheval-de-frise*. His weapon struck Jonson on the head, with a force

which assured the latter that his skull was fractured ; whereupon aiming a dreadful blow at the manufacturer, he hewed off as it seemed a whole flank from him, and sent his horse, on which he still stuck as if by miracle for a few seconds, to the remotest corner of the field. The Glasgow fusiliers set up a doleful cry, and then laid down their arms. Jonson did not fall, but found his hat had lost half the crown, and the whole right side of the brim ; and the Glasgow colonel's left quarter proved to be in truth the left pocket and skirt of his felt great coat, smitten off at the expense of his horse's ribs and of Jonson's blade, and found to enwrap in it three sandwiches, some five or six black puddings, one tobacco box, and a very superior flask of Antigua rum. The colonel lived long after, making muslin and drinking cold punch ; but his surtout was rendered altogether useless, and his steed halted to its dying day.

Jonson proceeded with the left division of the Celts into England, where was much harrying and spoiling, much hardship inflicted and sustained ; till, in the county of Derby, they turned their backs on London, and Jonson began to reckon himself a broken man. Some gloomy thoughts he had, no doubt, but there existed in his mind a native elasticity which kept him far from desponding : besides he was enured to suffering, had walked all his life in thorny ways ; he found in active hardship, and bold though unsuccessful hazard, even a kind of pleasure, when contrasted with the cold abstraction, the eating care, under which he had pined so long already. At any rate he believed that dark reflection was a misery itself, that come what come might, a merry heart would meet it best. So he "took no thought for the morrow ;" but laughed and jeered, and held along, telling his companions pleasant stories as they rode, enjoying good cheer whenever it came, which indeed was seldom, and comforting himself and others with the

hopes of it, when it did not come. At Clifton Moor, his last sole faithful servant, his "gallant grey," sank down and bit the earth, by the bullet of an English carbine: Jonson would have hewed the thief that shot it into fragments, could he have found him; but he could not; so he walked onward to Carlisle, with as much contentedness as he could muster. Here he found the Celts in very low spirits, all higgling about who should be left in the "garrison," as they called it. Each of them was willing to be hanged last. Jonson volunteered immediately to stay: he liked not traveling on foot, and wished at any rate to see the end of the business as soon as might be. Four brick walls, said to have been built by the worthy Prince *Luel*, in this his *caer*, or fortress, about the time of Solomon, King of Israel,—four walls so old, and three venerable honey-combed guns, which but for the date of Swarz the Monk, might have looked equally old; the whole manned by some five and forty meagre, blear-eyed Highlandmen, without enough of powder, and destitute of snuff or whisky, could be expected to make no mighty stand against the Duke of Cumberland and his German Engineers. Accordingly they did not. That mighty prince, so venerated for his clemencies in the north country, and after for his firmness of soul at Klostensieben, got cannon out of Whitehaven, and battered the old ugly brick-kiln of a castle on every side. Jonson, with a few of his comrades, thought to make some answer to these vollies, and stood flourishing their linstocks over their three loaded rusty pieces of artillery: but the issue proved unfortunate; one burst into fragments like a potsherd, knocking out an eye and breaking a leg of the ill-fated gunner; the other fired indeed, and sent a twelve pound shot into the very heart of a neighboring peat-stack, but sprang back from its carriage at the same instant, and overturning a spavined baggage-horse

by the way, plunged far into the mud of the deep castle well, where it has never been since heard of; while Jonson's, with a smaller effort, fired also, but through the touch-hole, discharging not the ball, or even the wad, but a whirlwind of smoky flame, which seared and begrimed the bystanders, leaving Jonson himself unburnt certainly, but black as a raven, and desperate of saving the place. So they yielded, as needs men must who cannot resist any longer: they beat the chameduly, and before night were all safely accommodated with cells in the donjon, there to await the decision of an English jury, and his Majesty's commission of oyer and terminer, which followed in the rear of the victors.

Johnson bore his imprisonment and the prospect of his death with fortitude. Weaker men than he have found means to compose themselves, and meet the extremity of fate without complaint. There seems, indeed, to be something in the idea of grim necessity, which silences repining; when you know that it *must* be, your sole resource is, *let it be*. Jonson had not read *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, or either of Mr. Coleridge's *Lay Sermons*; but he had a frank and cheery spirit in him, and a stubborn will, and these were better. Of course he experienced a certain overshadowing of the soul, when they fettered him with irons, and first locked up his dungeon; some dreary yearnings when he thought of free skies and fields, and merry life, himself shut up the while, and never more to see the sun, except when it should light him to his doom. Solitude and silence gave birth to feelings still more painful. The visions of early hope again dawned in all their brightness, when the day of their fulfilment was cut off forever. He felt it hard that one so young, so full of life, should perish miserably; hard, with the fierce consciousness of what he might have done, might still do; hard, that the purposes,

the powers, the boiling ardor of his soul, the strong cry of its anguish, should be smothered alike, and closed in by dead impediments which could not, could not be passed over. But what availed its hardness? Who would help him? Who would deliver? He almost wept when he thought of childish carelessness and sports, and the green sunny braes of his native Annandale, and of his mother; how she used to wrap him in his little bed at nights, and watch over him, and shield him from every danger. Gone now to the land of night and silence! and he, her luckless boy, clutched in the iron grasp of fate, to meet his stern doom, alone, unpitied, uncared for; the few true hearts that still loved him, far away. And then, *to die!* to mingle with the gloomy ministers of the unseen world, whose nature he knew not, but whose shadowy manifestations he viewed with awe unspeakable! All this he thought of, and it was vain to think of it—vain to gaze and ponder over the abysses of eternity, the black and shoreless ocean into which he must soon be launched. No ray would strike across the scene—or only with a fitful glimmer which but made it ghastlier and more dubious; but showed it to be a place of dreariness and doubt, and haggard desolation, to which he must soon enter, and whence he would never return.

A prey to these and worse disquietudes, poor Jonson felt all the misery of his forlorn situation. Often he would sit for long hours immersed in thought, till he became almost unconscious of external things. By times he would stamp quickly and sternly across the damp pavement of his dungeon—by times he would pause, and, grasping his iron gyves, his countenance would darken with a scowl which spoke unutterable things. Of immeasurable agony it spoke. But of craven yielding to it, or of weak despair? No! he never yielded to it—never dreamt of yielding. What good

was it to yield? To be self-despised—to be triumphed over—to be *pitied* of the scurvy rabble that watched him! This would have stung him worse than all. He could not make his heart insensible, or cleanse it of “that perilous stuff” which weighed upon it; but he could keep it *silent*, and his only consolation was in doing so. His spirit was strong and honest, if not stainless—his life had not been spent on down—he had long been learning to endure. So he locked up his thoughts, whatever they were, within himself—his own mind was the only witness of his conflicts. He talked as carelessly, and seemed to live as calmly, even gaily, as man could talk and live.

Thus Jonson passed his days till the Judges arrived, and the work of death began to proceed with vigor. Already many of his comrades had gone forth to Harribee, and bowed their necks beneath the axe of the headsman; when he, in his turn, was haled before the bar. Of the crowded court, some gloomed upon him; others pitied the tall and gallant fellow who was soon to lie so low; the most looked quietly on as at a scenic spectacle, which was very solemn and interesting—which might be hard for some of the actors, but nothing save a show for *them*. The guards escorted him—the men of law went through their formularies. At length the presiding Judge inquired, *what* he had to say why sentence should not pass against him? Jonson answered, that he had little or nothing to say; he believed he had broken their regulations—they had the upper hand at present, and he saw not why they should not work their will. He was accordingly condemned to lose his head within three days; and sent back to prison with many admonitions, (which he received with great composure and civility,) to prepare for his last removal.

How different was the state of Cruthers in the mean time. A stranger to all these scenes of peril

and adventure, tilling the clayey acres of Breconhill, he cared not for the rise or fall of dynasties. He had never meddled for the Celtic rebels, or against them, with his will—had quietly seen their ragged gipsy host move over the Cowdens height within a furlong of his door—had grumbled and cursed a little when their rear-guard stole three sheep from him—and heartily wished them at the devil when they seized upon himself as a man of substance that might benefit their cause, and carried him down with them to Ecclefechan, threatening to kill him if he would not join with them, or pay well for a dispensation. Whisky, the great solvent of nature, delivered him from this latter accident. He fairly drank five of them beneath the table of Curlie's change-house, and felled the remaining three to the earth, with a fist large as the head of an ox, and potent as the hammer of Thor ; then sprang to the street—to the fields—to the moors—and ran like "the hind let loose," and never saw them more.

This storm blown over, Cruthers betook him to his usual avocations, and went out and came in as if there had been no rebellion in the land. He was planted by his clean hearth one evening, before a bright blazing fire, with his youngest boy upon his knee, the goodwife and her tidy maids all spinning meanwhile, "studious of household good," when a neighbor sauntered in, and told, by way of news, that "Knockhill" was tried and sentenced at Carlisle. The heart of Cruthers smote him ; he had been too careless in the day of his friend's extreme need. He felt a coldness within when he remembered their youthful passages—their *promise*, and how it was to be fulfilled. He arose, and gave orders to have a horse ready for him by the earliest dawn. The goodwife attempted to dissuade him, by talk about difficulties, dangers, and so forth ; but she persisted not—knowing that his

will, once fairly spoken, was like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.—Next morning, by daybreak, he was on the road to Carlisle.

It was late at night when he gained admittance to the prison. Obstacles he had met with, delays and formalities without number. These at length adjusted, he penetrated into the place—tired and jaded, as well as sad. The bolts and doors which croaked and grated as they moved, the low winding passages and the pale and doubtful light which a few lamps shed over them, sickened his free heart still more. In fine, he was admitted to the cell of his comrade. The soul of the rude yeoman melted at the sight ; he took Jonson's hand in silence, and the tears trickled down his hard visage as he looked round upon the apparatus of captivity, and thought of what had brought him to view it. Jonson was not less moved : this look of genuine sympathy, the first shown towards him for many days, had well-nigh overpowered him ; it broke in upon the harsh and stubborn determinations with which he had meant to meet the catastrophe of to-morrow ; it was like to make a girl of him too. He hastened to begin speaking ; and succeeded, by degrees, in dispelling the gloom of his companion's mind, and restoring the serenity of his own. After a hundred questions and replies, and rejoinders, from both parties, about old occurrences and late, about home and friends and freedom from the one ; about foes and durance and a prison from the other, when the night was already waning, Jonson paused, and, looking at his friend, "My good William," he said, "this is indeed very kind of you ; it shows me that you are a true man ; long afterwards your own mind will reward you for it : nevertheless, it may not be : these bloodhounds will mark you if you look after me to-morrow, or show any symptoms of care for me ; they will bring you

into trouble for it, and it cannot come to good. I recollect our promise well—what a bright evening that was!—but never mind; the official people will find a place to lay me in—what matters it where or how I lie? You shall stay with me two hours here; then mount—and home, while the way is clear. Nay, I insist upon it!” Cruthers stoutly rejected this command, declared that he would never leave him in this extremity, he cared not what might come of it; he absolutely would not go. Jonson was obliged to acquiesce in his companion’s honest wilfulness; he consented, though reluctantly, and the conversation proceeded as before. Cruthers felt amazed at his mood of mind: there was no sign of drooping or despondency in him; but heartiness and cheerfulness as if the morrow had been to be for him a mere common day. Nothing seemed to cloud his spirits—he seemed to have balanced his accounts with this world and the next, and to be now abiding his stern appointment without wavering. In fact, his mind felt a sort of exultation—a pride in what it had already endured, in the certainty of what it could still endure; and this feeling shed a degree of splendor over his cloudy horizon—gilded with a kind of hope the lowering whirlwind of his thoughts, which had well-nigh mastered him at first, but now was sunk into a “grim repose”—to awake and rage but once, for a few short moments of mortal agony, and then be hushed forever. He had roused his spirit to its noblest pitch to meet that fierce, though brief extremity: he knew that he could meet it rightly—and then his task was done. So he felt a sullen calmness within, a fixed intensity of purpose; over which a cheerful composure with those that loved him, a bitter contempt for those that hated him, had alike some room to show themselves, and thus to decorate with a fit of moving interest

the parting hour of a brave, though unhappy, man.

The former disposition he was now exhibiting; the latter he had soon occasion to exhibit. While yet speaking, they were interrupted by a bustle in the passage. Presently the door opened; and the turnkey, a rough lean savage of the country, entered, escorting two undertakers with a coffin: it was to lie there till wanted. Jonson viewed it with a smile; was afraid it would be too short: “you see,” said he, “I am six feet two, or thereby.” “Short?” said the turnkey, “six feet two!—recollect, friend, that your head is to be cut off to-morrow, and stuck upon a pike over the gates.” “Very just, my dear Spoonbill,” replied the prisoner, “*that alters the case entirely*. You are a judicious man, Captain Spoonbill: I might have forgot that. Heaven keep you, my beloved Spoonbill! You have done here?” “Yes!” “Then bless us with your absence, noble captain! retire—evacuate—vanish!—there!—peace be with you, best of all the Spoonbills!”

In spite of this interruption, their conversation continued as before. Jonson loaded his companion with commissions and memorials for friends and dependants; explained his own ideas about death and immortality—connecting both very strangely with recollections of the world he was just about to quit, and spreading over all a coloring of native stout-heartedness and good humor, which astonished Cruthers, and deepened the sorrow of his rude but kindly heart, as he thought that so frank, and true, and brave a spirit, must never hold communion with him more. It was far in the morning when Jonson laid himself upon his hard bed—to seek, for the last time on earth, an hour’s repose.

Cruthers watched, meanwhile; gathered himself within his thick surtout, squeezed on his hat, and sat crouched together in the drea-

riest of all possible moods. He looked upon the dungeon, upon the coffin ; he listened in the deep and dead silence of the place—nothing was heard but the breathing of his friend, now sunk in sweet forgetfulness,—and the slow ticking of the great prison clock, each heavy beat of which seemed to be striking off a portion of the small barrier that yet separated the firm land of time from the great devouring ocean of eternity. He shuddered at the thought of this ; he tried to meditate upon the hopes of another life : dim shadows floated before his mind ; but the past and the present intermingled with the future—each fleeting image chased away by one as fleeting—the wrecks and fragments of all thoughts and feelings hovering in his fancy—and overcasting them all, a sad and sable hue proceeding from the secret consciousness of what he strove to banish from his contemplations. He sank at length into a kind of stupor—that state where pain or pleasure continues, but their agitations cease—where feeling is no longer shapen into thought, but the mind rolls slowly to and fro, like some lake which the tempest has just given over breaking into billows, but still, though abated, keeps in motion. He had not slept, but he had been for some time nearly unconscious of external things, when his reverie was broken in upon by a loud noise at the door of the cell. Starting to his feet in a paroxysm of horrible anticipation, as the bolts gave way, his eye lighted on the gaoler and another person, with boots and spurs, and a toil-worn aspect. Surely they were come to lead his friend to Harribee ! Without waiting to investigate their purposes, he seized both, scarce knowing what he did, and would have knocked their heads together, and then against the floor, had not the wail they made and the noise of their entrance roused Jonson from his pallet ; who forthwith interposing, inquired what the matter was, and if the hour was come ? “ Yes,”

said Spoonbill, “ t’oor’s coom, but thou’s neet to.”—“ I bring you joyful news,” said the other, “ you are saved from death ! Observe his gracious Majesty’s will and pleasure !—Read ! ”

Who shall describe the joy of these two friends ? None can describe it, or need, for all can conceive it well. Cruthers blessed the King a thousand times ; capered and stamped, and exclaimed, and raved for about an hour ; then paused a little to inquire about the circumstances, and see what yet remained to be done. The circumstances were quite simple. The court of London had ceased to fear, and grown tired of shedding useless blood : Jonson, with several others, was snatched from the executioner, their sentence being changed from death into a forfeiture of all their property, and a loss of country—which they were ordered to quit without delay.

Behold the prisoner then again set free—again about to mingle in the rushing tide of life, from which a little while ago he seemed cut off forever. His first sensation was gladness—vivid and unmingled as a human mind can feel : his next was gladness still, but dashed by cares which brought it nearer to the common temper. However, he was now unshackled ; he saw regrets and useless pains behind him, difficulty and toil before ; but he had got back the consciousness of vigorous and active existence, he felt the pulse of life beat full and free within him, and that was happiness of itself.

At any rate his present business was not to muse and speculate, but to determine and to do. In about a week after his deliverance, you might have seen him busied about many tangible concerns, bustling to and fro for many purposes ; and at length hurrying along the pier of Whitehaven to step on board of a stout ship bound for the island of Jamaica. Cruthers left him—not without tears, or till he had forced

upon him all the money in his purse ; then mounted the stairs of the lighthouse, waved his hat as the vessel cleared the head of the battlements, and turned his face sorrowfully towards home. Jonson felt a bitter pang as he parted from his last earthly friend, and saw himself borne speedily away into a far clime, with so very few resources to encounter its difficulties, and gain a footing in it. He was not of a sentimental humor : but he did sigh when he saw, mellowed and azured in the distance, the bright fields of his native land ; the very braes, as he thought, which his fathers had held, and from which he was now driven like an outcast, never to behold them more. But reflections and regrets were unavailing : he had left the old world, no matter how—the only question was what plan he should adopt to get a living in the new. A question hard to answer ! All was obscure and overcast : he knew not what to think. He used to walk the deck alone, when they were out in the main sea, at nights, in the clear moonshine ; now looking over the vast blue dome of the sky, the wide and wasteful solitude of the everlasting ocean ; now listening to the moaning of the wind, the crackling of the cordage, or the ship's quick ripple as she ploughed the trackless deep ; now catching the rough chorus of the seamen in the galley on the watch, or their speech subdued into a kind of rude solemnity by the grandeur and perils of the scene ; now thinking of his own dreary fate, and striving to devise some remedy for it. All in vain ! He reached the shore of Kingston without any plan or purpose—save only to live in honesty, by some means, of what sort he knew not.

Such a state of mind was little favorable for enjoying the beautiful phases which the island successively assumed as they approached it. Jonson noticed it, indeed, when it rose like a bright shining wedge, at the rim of the ocean, sailing, as

it seemed, upon a fleecy continent of clouds, spread all around ; he watched it as it grew higher and bluer, till the successive ridges of its mountains became revealed to him—rising each above the other, with a purer, more aerial tint, all cut with huge rents and crags and airy torrent-beds, all sprinkled with deep and shadowy foliage, all burning in the light of a tropical sun ; houses and lawns and plantations near the shore ; and, higher, forests and rocks, and peaks and beetling cliffs, winding—winding up into the unfathomable depths of air. All this he saw, and not without some feeling of its grandeur ; but humbler cares engaged him, cares which he could not satisfy, and could not silence. It grieved him when they came to land, to see the bustle and gladness of every other but himself ; every other seemed to have an object and a hope ; he had none. There was not even the cold welcome of an inn to greet him ; Jamaica had no inns in those days : the mate had gone to find him lodgings, but he was not yet returned ; he had not where to lay his head.

Already had he been kicking the pebbles of the beach, up and down for half an hour, when a pleasant-looking, elderly person of a prosperous appearance, came up and ventured to accost him. This was Councillor Herberts, a merchant and planter of the place, come out to take his evening stroll. Jonson looked upon the man—there was something in his aspect which attracted—an appearance of easy circumstances and green old age—of calm judgment, and a certain grave good-nature ; they entered into conversation. The wanderer admitted that he was not happy—that, in fact, it was ebb tide with him, at present ; but he had a notion things would mend. The planter invited him to come and eat bread in his house, which stood hard by ; and where, he said, his daughter would be happy to receive them.

Talking as they went, they got deeper into each other's confidence. The fair Margaret welcomed her father's guest with a bewitching smile, and the father himself grew more satisfied with him the longer they conversed. He inquired, at length, if his new friend wrote well ? Jonson asked for paper, and, without delay, in a fine flowing hand, set down this venerable stanza of Hebrew poetry.

“ Blessed is he that wisely doth
The poor man's case consider ;
For, when the time of trouble is,
The Lord will him deliver.”

The worthy planter perused it with a smile—seemed to think a little—then told Jonson that he was in want of such a person, and proposed to employ him as a clerk. The day was when Jonson would have spurned at such an offer, but misfortune had tamed him now. He grasped at this, almost as gladly as at any ever made him—as even at that of life within the prison of Carlisle. He sat down to his legers next day.

In this new capacity I rejoice to say that Jonson acquitted himself manfully. He was naturally of an active indefatigable turn ; he had a sound methodical judgment, and a straight forward, thorough going mode of action, which here found their proper field. Besides, he daily loved the planter and his household more, the more he knew of them ; and gratitude, as well as interest, called upon him for exertion. In the counting-rooms and warehouses, accordingly, he soon became an indispensable. It would have done any one's heart good, to see how he would lay about him there—concluding bargains, detecting frauds, devising ways and means, dashing every obstacle to the right and left, advancing to his object with a steady progress and infallible certainty. These were the solid qualities of his mind and habitudes ; the more superficial but scarcely less important were of an equally valuable sort. I have already called him

good-natured and courteous, as well as firm and fearless. We have seen that he was of a temper disinclined to sadness and whining : thought might have hold of him, and keenly, but he never yielded to it, he made a point to cast his sorrows from him altogether ; or, if that might not be, to hide them beneath a veil of mockery and mirth ; therefore he seldom and sparingly drew upon the sympathies of others, but rather by his sprightly conversation, and his bold determined method of proceeding, gained over them a sure dominion, which his goodness of heart ever kept him from abusing. His adventures, too, and irregular mode of life, had given a dash of wildness to his speech and conduct, which enhanced the interest people took in him. He had still at hand some stroke of gaiety, some wily quip, wherewith to meet every emergency, which at once indicated an unknown depth of energy and self-possession, and resources, and gave to it a peculiarly frank and unpretending aspect. In short, he grew a universal favorite, at once respected and loved. The good planter promoted him through every grade, to the highest in his establishment, and at length admitted him to be a partner in the trade.

Thus Jonson went along—increasing in esteem, in kindness, and good will, with all that knew him. With his patron, the Councillor Herberts, who had alike obliged him and been obliged in return, he stood in the double relation of the giver and receiver of gratitude, and therefore could not wish to stand much better : but with the Councillor's young and only daughter, the beautiful and lively Margaret ? How did *she* like him ? Bright airy sylph ! Kind, generous soul ! I could have loved her myself if I had seen her. Think of a slender delicate creature—formed in the very mould of beauty—elegant and airy in her movements as a fawn ; black hair and eyes—jet black ; her face mean-

while as pure and fair as lilies—and then for its expression—how shall I describe it? Nothing so changeable, nothing so lovely in all its changes: one moment it was sprightly gaiety, quick arch humor, sharp wrath, the most contemptuous indifference—then all at once there would spread over it a celestial gleam of warm affection, deep enthusiasm;—every feature beamed with tenderness and love, her eyes and looks would have melted a heart of stone; but ere you had time to fall down and worship them—poh! she was off into some other hemisphere—laughing at you—teasing you—again seeming to flit round the whole universe of human feeling, and to sport with every part of it. Oh! never was there such another beautiful, cruel, affectionate, wicked, adorable, capricious little gipsy sent into this world for the delight and the vexation of mortal man.

My own admiration is, how in the name of wonder Jonson ever got her wooed!—I should have thought it the most hopeless task in nature. Perhaps he had a singular skill in such undertakings: at any rate he thrived. The cynosure of neighboring eyes, the apple of discord to all bachelors within many leagues—richer many of them and more showy men than Jonson—preferred Jonson to them all. Perhaps, like Desdemona, she loved him for the dangers he had passed: at all events, she loved him—loved him with her whole soul, the little cozener—though it was many a weary day before he could determine whether she cared one straw for him or not. Her father saw and blessed their mutual attachment. They were wedded; and Jonson felt himself the happiest of men.

Good fortune now flowed on Jonson. His father-in-law was scarce gathered in extreme old age to his final rest, when news arrived from Britain, that another king had mounted the throne, that Jacobitism had now ceased to be a persecuted creed, that it would be safe for Jonson, if he chose it, to return. The

estate of his ancestors moreover was, at that very time, exposed to sale. What inducements! His fair Creole had lost with her last parent the only hold that bound her firmly to Jamaica: they sold their property, and embarked for Europe. Knockhill was purchased for them, and they reached it in safety. What a hubbub was there at the brave *Laird's* home-coming! What bonfires burnt! What floods of ale and stingo! What mirth and glee and universal jubilee! He had left it poor and broken and sick at heart, and going down to death; he returned rich, powerful, happy, and at his side “the fairest of the fair.” The rude peasants blessed his lovely bride, she herself was moved with their affection. Jonson felt himself at last within the port: he collected all the scattered elements of enjoyment, which fortune had spared around him, and found that they sufficed. He was tired of wandering, glad of rest; he built a stately mansion which still adorns the place; he planted and improved; he talked and speculated, loved and was beloved again. The squires around him coveted his company more than he did theirs. The trusty Cruthers, who had stood by him in the hour of peril and distress, was the first to hail him in the season of prosperity. Many a long night did they two drive away, in talking of old times, of moving accidents, of wild adventures, feuds and hair-breadth ‘scapes. In the fervor of their recollections, Jonson would fall upon his knees before the lady he loved best, and swear that she was dearer to him still than life, or aught contained in it; that she had found him a homeless wanderer—had made him all he was: if he ever ceased to serve her and cherish her in his heart of hearts, he should be the veriest dog upon the surface of the earth. She would smile at this, and ask him not to ruffle the carpet, not to soil his knees. Cruthers owned that it made his eyes water.

Here, however, I must end. Do

you ask what followed farther ? Where these people now are ? Alas ! they are all dead : this scene of blessedness and peace, and truth of heart, is passed away ; it was beautiful, but, like a palace of clouds in the summer sky, the north wind has scattered it asunder and driven it into emptiness and air. The noble Margaret died first ; Jonson shortly followed her, broken down with years and sorrow for his loss. Cruthers shed a tear over his coffin as he lowered it into a native grave. Cruthers, too, is dead ; he sank like a shock of corn fully ripe ; a specimen of the "olden worth," of fearless candor and sturdy, bold integrity, to his latest day. Moss-grown stones lie above these friends, and scarcely tell the passer by who lie below. They

sleep there in their ever silent bed of rest ; the pageant of their history is vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. The scene which they once peopled and adored, is now peopled by others. Has it gained by the change ? I sigh when I look at the representative of Cruthers, his grandson, a sot whom he despised. Jonson never had a grandchild—his father's fields have passed into the hands of land-jobbers and paltry people who knew not Joseph. I look on the woods he planted, and the houses which he built, and muse upon the vast and dreary vortex of this world's mutability. It is weak to do so :—

" Muojono lo citta, muojono i regni,
Cope i fasti e la pompe arena ed arba ;
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni ;
O nostra mente cupida e superba ! "

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

[From the new Poem with this title by the Author of "Pelham."]

THE third day after they had enter'd
London, of Nash and Cash the boast,
Hodges this paragraph advertised
(As herald) in the "Morning Post."

"We hear the famous Mr. Hodges,
Who wrote of Tactoo the description,
Is just arrived in town, and lodges
At present in the hall Egyptian.

With him two wondrous creatures he
Has brought, we understand, from Siam,
Which all the world will flock to see,
And much the sight will edify 'em.
Two boys that have together grown,
Across the breast join'd by a bone ;
Of the faculty, invited gratis,
Each gentleman we beg to state is ;
Already Messrs. Cooper, Brodie, Gee,
Lawrence, and Vance, have seen the prodigy—

Declared it can be no deceit,
And sworn the sight was quite a treat.
This—notice towards them to divert is
meant,

See for particulars advertisement.
N. B. In such a way they're join'd,
As not to shock the most refined."

* * * * *

Meanwhile with every day increases

The fashion of the brother pair ;
Fashion, that haughty quean that fleeces
Her lovers with so high an air.

I think on earth that Jove did drop her, a
Danseuse from the Olympian opera ;
Sent first to glitter and to gladden us ;
Next to attract, allure, and madden us ;

Thirdly, to ruin each beginner
In life, content with that—to win her !
But when he's bought the jade's caresses,
He finds the charm was—in the dresses !
While Jove, on high, beholds, methinks,
The new-blest suitor's melancholy,
Applauds the cunning of the minx,
And chuckles at the green-horn's folly.

* * * * *

We've said in some one of our pages,
That Chang had lately conn'd our sages.
But most of all the books commanding
His thoughts, was Locke on Understand-

ing ;
That great name spoke hard by—he heard,
He turn'd—enraptured at the word,
And L——k' (the handsome captain) took
For the young author of the book ;
Accordingly he strait address'd him,
With compliments in thousands press'd
him—

Swore that no man he so admired,
And humbly where he lived inquired.
Quoth he, "The human mind is found,
Having in all climes the same faults."
He ceased—the captain looking round,
Saw him whirl'd off into a waltz.

For Ching, who liked those giddy dances,
Was now engaged to Lady Frances—
Sweet lady, daughter to Lord Connor,
And fairest of the maids of honor.
Meanwhile the smiling lady mother
Steps up, and whispers in her ear,
"I hope it is the *elder* brother,
And not 'the detrimental,' dear."

* * * * *

Alas! in vain in every shore,
 For something never won, we yearn,
 Why needs this waste of toil before
 Life's last yet simplest truth we learn?
 Oh! that our early years would own
 The moral of our burial-stone:
 The true to *kalon* of the breast—
 The *elixir* of the earth is—*Rest!*

As birds that seek, athwart the main,
 Strange lands where happier seasons reign,
 Where to soft airs the rich leaf danceth,
 And laughs the gay beam where it glanceth,
 Glancing o'er fruits whose purpling sheen
 May court the rifling horde unseen;
 For there earth, air, and sun conspire
 To curb, by sating, man's desire—
 And man, half careless to destroy,
 May grant ev'n weakness to enjoy.
 So Hope allures the human heart,
 So shows the land and spreads the chart;
 So wings the wishes of the soul,
 And colors, while we seek, the goal!

How holy woman's youth—while yet
 Its rose with life's first dew is wet—
 While hope most pure is least confess'd,
 And all the virgin in the breast!
 O'er her white brow, wherein the blue
 Transparent vein seem'd proud to bear
 The warm thoughts of her heart—unto
 The soul so nobly palaced there!
 O'er her white brow were richly braided

The tresses in a golden flow;
 But *darkly* slept the lash that shaded
 Her deep eye, on its lids of snow.
 What could that magic eye inspire?
 Its very light was a desire;
 And each blue wandering of its beam
 Call'd forth a worship and a dream;
 The soft rose on her softest cheek
 Had yet the sun's last smile to win;
 But not the less each blush could speak
 How full the sweetness hived within.
 The rich lip in its bright repose
 Refused above its wealth to close.

O Woman! day-star of our doom,
 Thy dawn our birth—thy close our tomb,
 Or if the mother or the bride,
 Our fondest friend and surest guide;—
 And yet our folly and our fever,
 The dream—the meteor—the deceiver—
 Still, spite of sorrow—wisdom—years—
 And those, Fate's sternest warners, tears—
 Still clings my yearning heart unto thee,
 Still knows no wish like those which woo
 thee,
 Still in some living form essays
 To clasp the bright clond it portrays;—
 And still as one who waits beside,
 But may not ford, the faithless tide—
 It wears its own brief life away—
 It marks the shining waters stray—
 Courts every change that glads the river—
 And finds *that* change it pines for—never!

VISIT TO THE TOMBSTONE REPOSITORY IN PARIS.

MADAM DUVEL, the wife of an eminent Parisian citizen, had the misfortune to lose her only daughter, in consequence of the unhappy prejudice which she had conceived against inoculation. She shed tears of poignant grief and unavailing regret over the corpse of her beloved child. Being herself unable to give directions for the interment of the youthful victim, Madam Duvel requested a tried friend of the family to undertake this duty, and gave directions for a marble monument to be erected in memory of the deceased, with an inscription, declaratory of the cause of her early death, that it might serve as a useful warning to parents laboring under the influence of prejudices similar to her own. This friend, desirous of executing the wishes of Madam Duvel, hastened to the Tombstone Repository established in Paris;

and he relates the circumstances attending his visit as follows:—

“On my arrival, I found the proprietor engaged in conversation with two gentlemen who had stepped in a few minutes before me. One of them asked for a tombstone for a middle-aged gentleman, lately deceased. ‘Please to follow me,’ said the proprietor, who either did not observe me, or was desirous to display the splendor of his establishment before a stranger, ‘I’ll conduct you into the Gentleman’s Repository; there you will find what you are in want of.’ We entered into a large saloon, crowded with tombstones of various descriptions, to each of which an explanatory ticket was attached. ‘Was the deceased married?’ said the proprietor. ‘He was,’ was the reply: ‘he has left a widow inconsolable for his loss.’ ‘Very good,’ answered

the man ; ' here stand the married men.' ' He has also left several children.' ' Children !—so he had a family ; that alters the case—the family men are all on the other side ;' and so saying, he led us to another part, to view several monuments of various sizes. During the time his workmen were employed in placing them in the proper light, that we might more easily read the inscriptions, I addressed the proprietor, and complimented him upon the order which was visible in his establishment. ' I find it answer exceedingly well,' replied he ; ' commissions of *this* description must be executed with the *utmost despatch* ; I have often experienced the unpleasant consequences of delay in these cases. A monument is generally bespoken by weeping eyes, and epitaphs by broken hearts ; but it is by no means an unfrequent case, that on delivery, the price agreed upon is disputed, the smallest fault in the execution made a pretence for wrangling and making deductions ; and several times I have even been under the disagreeable necessity of keeping eulogiums on deceased persons for my *own account*, the heirs having begun to discover that they had been rather premature in their panegyrics. In order to obviate these inconveniences, I have adopted the plan of having *ready-made* monuments, furnished with inscriptions for every imaginable virtue, and to meet all possible family circumstances. I have loving husbands and excellent fathers, at all prices, sincere friends of all sizes, dutiful children in gold and black letters, virtuous mothers in common stone, and faithful wives in marble ; with or without ornaments, according to the taste of the mourners. I am happy to say my Repository is choicely stocked, and I am able to serve all customers agreeably to their wishes. I take care to leave a blank for the christian and surname, as well as for the rank and titles, which may have ennobled the defunct. At the foot I

leave a small space, for any peculiar virtues which the survivors may wish to immortalize, and these are paid for, so much a letter.' During our conversation, the gentlemen had selected two inscriptions, which appeared to meet their wishes—the one on marble, the other on common stone. The proprietor complimented them on their taste, and demanded for the marble slab, the beauty and whiteness of which he highly extolled, five hundred francs, and for the one in stone one hundred and fifty francs, exclusive of the letters, which cost one franc each. The strangers were probably only distant relatives of the deceased, as they considered the price excessively high. ' I never overcharge,' said the proprietor, who observed that the monuments were too dear for the purchasers, and endeavored to direct their attention to some of less value. ' A marble slab with gold letters is certainly very pretty,' continued he ; ' at the same time, splendor is no criterion of the sincerity of grief ; a modest token of remembrance in common stone answers the purpose equally well. This for instance is smaller than the others, and would probably suit ; the epitaph is pithy and pretty—*To the best of fathers and tenderest of husbands*. The letters are large and distinct ; one may read the epitaph at full gallop.' ' You are in the right,' replied the purchaser ; ' but these very letters form an obstacle. The number of them, to which the name of the deceased must be added, nearly doubles the price of the stone. As executors of the will of our departed friend, and taking a great interest also in the welfare of his widow and children, we should be glad to hit upon something which would at once combine our regard for the dead with the economy due to the living.' ' It appears to me,' said his companion, ' that we might very well leave out one of the lines descriptive of the virtues of the departed, as they are far too long. *To the best of fathers*

appears to me somewhat assuming ; and one must confess that love to his children was not a predominant virtue in our poor friend—the want of education which his sons evince is a sufficient proof ; and an excessive panegyric on this score would appear like a stinging epigram.’ ‘You are quite right,’ replied his companion ; ‘and I was just about to propose to leave out the words, *to the tenderest of husbands* ; for between ourselves, our poor friend was not distinguished for his conjugal virtues, as the hourly disputes with his wife, and the circumstance that the deed of separation was already drawn out, sufficiently proved. There must be no lie in an epitaph.’ ‘Why did you not say so at first ?’ interrupted the proprietor, peevishly ; ‘in yonder corner stands exactly what you want—just look.’ *Here lies* (the space for the name is open) ; *he was an inoffensive husband, and a well-meaning man.*—‘Pon my honor, it is hardly possible to write less over the grave of any poor devil.’ After debating a long time on the choice of the letters which were to perpetuate the name and titles of the deceased, they finally agreed that the former should be one, and the latter two inches long. The price was fixed at a hundred francs, and the proprietor conducted them to the door, observing on his return, that an order like that was not worth the trouble and time he had expended. He had hardly concluded, when a gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, stepped out of a splendid carriage and entered the Repository. I followed him into the Ladies’ Saloon. Here I found the same regularity and order, and far more elegance ; the monuments were ornamented with uncommon taste, and loaded with virtues of all

sorts—there was not one that could not boast of at least half-a-dozen qualities ; the words *Fidelity, Tenderness, Affection, Wisdom, Modesty, &c.* were everywhere eminently conspicuous. The proprietor remarked, very judiciously, that it is true we do not always find all these virtues united in real life, but the group looks vastly pretty on a monument, and reads so smoothly. The stranger looked around him with a dissatisfied air : none of the inscriptions did justice to the wife he had had the misfortune to lose. At last the proprietor pointed out to him a slab just finishing, upon which the list of every imaginable virtue appeared to be exhausted. The purchaser was in ecstasies. ‘Please add to this,’ said he, ‘the words, *from her inconsolable husband*, and send in the slab this evening, that I may find it on my return from the Opera. I am going to-morrow into the country, to a *fête champêtre*, and I should like before I go to see how my wife’s monument looks, and if it will be likely to *take*.’ So saying, he paid the sum demanded, and took his leave. Being now left with the proprietor, I communicated to him the occasion of my visit. He confessed that he had no monument of the sort ready made ; but having read the desired inscription which I put into his hand, exclaimed—‘Really this idea of Madam Duvel’s is most excellent, and deserves to be held up as a model. If we were to write on the monuments of all deceased persons the causes of their deaths, they would serve as awful warnings to the living, and inculcate the necessity of those precautions which we are too apt to neglect ; and,’ added he, smiling, ‘the epitaphs would be so much the longer, and pay the better !’”

THE TWO WIDOWS.

HAVING passed a considerable part of the summer in a tour among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmore-

land, and having been detained there till the end of September by the fascinations of the beautiful and

romantic scenery in their neighborhood, I resolved on passing the month of October at Harrowgate, which I reached in the morning of a most lovely autumnal day ; I proceeded to the principal hotel or boarding-house, and, having secured my bed-room, and made a few necessary arrangements, I set out for the Wells, intending to join the party at the *table d'hôte*, at the usual dinner hour. On my return I perceived at the door of the hotel a handsome barouche and four, from which servants were taking the luggage, and, on my nearer approach, I recognised, in a gentleman who was just descending from it, an old school-fellow, with whom I had for the last few years revived our ancient friendship. Sir William Etherington was, when I first knew him, the second son of a baronet of ancient family, but small estate ; and, having remained at the school at which we were together till he was sixteen, he was, through the interest of a friend, presented with a writership, and went to India, where he was eminently successful, and had already amassed a very considerable fortune, when the death of his father and elder brother, within a few days of each other, recalled him, at the age of fifty, to take possession of the title and estate ; but he had brought back a ruined constitution, an enervated mind, and depressed spirits ; so that when, some few years previous to the period of which I am now writing, I met him at Bath, I had difficulty to trace, in the peevish, emaciated, and melancholy invalid, the slightest vestige of the laughing, joyous, and animated boy, who had shared my school pleasures, and sympathised in my juvenile distresses. Since this meeting we had frequently met, and occasionally corresponded, and I was glad now to see him, for, however altered by time, we naturally feel a sort of regard for those who have been the chosen companions of that jocund season of gay feelings, delightful anticipa-

tions, and transient sorrows,—that happy period,

The April of existence, when the eye
Is bright, and unacquainted with a tear,
Save such as Hope can in an instant dry.

We entered the hotel together, and at the dinner table we were, according to rule, placed next to each other. The company was numerous, and, as is usual, afforded infinite variety, consisting of some beautiful girls and fine young men, with the accustomed number of grey or bald-headed old gentlemen, ancient maidens, comely wives, dashing widows, and rouged and flaxen-wigged dowagers, with a large proportion of quizzes and nondescripts. Exactly opposite to Sir William and myself were placed two ladies : the elder, who seemed to be about fifty, had nothing remarkable in her appearance ; she was fat, and had a good-humored countenance : the other lady (her friend) might be about thirty ; she was extremely handsome, and finely formed ; and her majestic figure and noble cast of countenance were shown to advantage by her becoming, though singular, attire, which was a flowing dress of black crape, embroidered round the edge with branches of cypress. On her hair, which was beautiful and braided across her forehead, was placed a black veil, similar to that worn by nuns, which was suffered to flow down on each side till it nearly reached the ground. A chain of jet, to which was affixed a locket containing hair, was passed round her neck, and bracelets of the same material completed her dress. After having been seated for a few minutes at dinner, I perceived her to fix her eyes intently on Sir William, and exhibit signs of the most alarming agitation ; she took out her essence bottle, called for water, and appeared to make every effort to recover herself, and at length whispered to her friend, who seemed anxiously to persuade her to endeavor to remain at table. Sir William, who could not avoid no-

ting her distress, recommended a glass of wine rather than water, and requested the honor of taking some with her ; at the sound of his voice she started, trembled, and, after apparently making a violent effort to conquer her feelings, burst into tears, and, accompanied by her friend, quitted the room.

"This," said I, "is very extraordinary ; the illness of the lady appeared to be partly occasioned by the sight of you, Sir William : have you ever met before ?"—"Never in my life, to my knowledge," said he, "but I do not care how soon we meet again : she is a beautiful creature, and I feel curious to know the occasion of this attack, which, as you say, did seem to be brought on by looking at me."

After sitting the usual time at our wine, we adjourned to the drawing-room, where all the ladies and several of the gentlemen were assembled, and, perceiving our fair invalid and her friend on a sofa together, we approached them and inquired after the health of the former ; she thanked us in a musical voice, and with a sweet smile professed herself much better, and, after a little general conversation, I entered into talk with her on the subject of the Lakes, which I told her I had just left, and which she professed her intention of visiting in the course of the following summer. Sir William and the friend were in the meantime deeply engaged in a conversation, the whole of which I was prevented from hearing, by the sound of so many other voices near us, but I could occasionally catch a few words from the lady, such as "a charming woman—variety of offers—but so devoted—can never expect such happiness again—memory—refinement—luxury of grief," &c. &c. &c., to which my friend, Sir William, replied in short sentences, such as "Indeed !—very true — really !—very uncommon, indeed !—so little of that feeling in these days," &c. &c. &c.

In the course of the evening I

found an opportunity to ask some of the party who these ladies were, and was informed that the younger was a Mrs. Morton, the widow of an officer, that she was much admired by the gentlemen, but was not at all a favorite with the ladies ; that she had been seen a great deal at public places, and had received particular attentions from several gentlemen, but seldom any of a serious nature, which was not wonderful, as my informant added that she appeared to have a great turn for expense, and was supposed to be in possession of only a slender income ; her singularity in still continuing to wear the colors and the emblems of woe, while her dress exhibited proofs of the most fantastic vanity, had been much ridiculed, and the reality of her deeply-seated grief for the loss of her husband was much doubted, especially by those of her own sex. The other lady was a Mrs. Sims, her aunt and constant companion everywhere ; she was the constant puffer and flatterer also of her fair niece, and they appeared to be well known in all places which were the resort of the gay and the idle.

In the course of the day, however, I noticed that Sir William was a constant attendant on the fair widow, his whimsicalities and his complaints seemed forgotten while he was conversing with her, and, having, before a week was completed, heard him, at her suggestion, gravely propose mounting the coach-box, and driving her himself in his barouche to visit some of the neighboring villages, I became really uneasy, and seizing the opportunity at an hour in which I knew the ladies were otherwise engaged, I invited him to take a walk with me, to which he consented very readily. When we had proceeded a little way, "Pray," said I, "how is it that you and I are almost strangers ? I do not think I have had an hour's conversation with you since the first day that you came here. Have the charms of the beautiful widow entire-

ly fascinated you?"—"Ah, Medley," said he, "I thought I should not escape your observation, but I am really not sorry that you have yourself introduced the subject, as it is always an awkward one for a man to begin himself; but to tell you the truth I am more pleased with Mrs. Morton than I ever was before with any woman." "She is certainly very handsome," said I, "and beauty—" "That is not her attraction in my eyes," said Sir William; "I have gazed on beauty unmoved, and, though it may have excited my admiration, it would never have gained my love. The charm of Mrs. Morton in my eyes is her devoted attachment to the memory of her husband; her aunt has told me such instances of her love for him while living, and her fond remembrance of him now that he is dead, that I venerate and admire her, and could not have thought the female mind capable of cherishing such constant recollection and fidelity." "How, then," said I, "can you encourage yourself in an attachment which, if reciprocal, must deprive her of that meritorious constancy which has made so deep an impression on your mind?"—"You shall hear," said he, "and when you have listened to what I have to relate, you will find those feelings not so incompatible as they may now appear to you. You noticed that Mrs. Morton was taken ill on the first day we met her, at dinner, and Mrs. Sims told me that the occasion of it was my wonderful likeness to her late husband, which she said was quite supernatural; my face and my form she thought the exact prototype of his, and when I spoke, the voice was so similar that it produced the effect you witnessed." "Mrs. Morton's husband must then have been much older than herself," said I, significantly; "I understand that he has been dead for several years." "That," replied Sir William, peevishly, "I did not ask, but she herself says that not only do I exactly resemble him in

person, but that in our manners, as well as our sentiments and opinions, on every subject, there is the same almost miraculous coincidence; and that there is not another human being in existence to whom she would be prevailed on to give her hand, but that in marrying me she shall feel as if reunited to her beloved husband, and will not consider it as any breach of the vow of fidelity that she pledged herself to observe to his memory."—"It is altogether," said I, "a very extraordinary circumstance; but how very sudden is this resolution of yours! I never thought that, having lived to the age of sixty unmarried, as well as myself, you would have altered your mode of life at so advanced a period of it." "I never," said he, "preferred a life of celibacy; the only circumstance that has kept me single has been the difficulty of making a prudent choice; I saw multitudes of our countrywomen in India, but they came thither purposely to gain establishments, and that of itself was quite sufficient to disgust me." "Ladies in England," said I, interrupting him, "sometimes prefer a journey to Harrowgate, Bath, or Cheltenham." "That," said he, "is nothing to the purpose. I wish you would hear me without interruption; I was going to observe that my feelings are peculiarly delicate, and that I should be entirely wretched if I thought that I was chosen only for the rank and wealth which it is in my power to bestow upon a wife. I am not coxcomb enough to suppose that, at my age, and with my broken constitution and irascible temper, I should be likely to gain the affection of a young and lovely woman: but this is a very peculiar case; and Mrs. Morton, the first moment she saw me, felt an immediate impression on her mind that, from my surprising resemblance to her husband, I was destined to supply his place, and to dry those tears that she had shed without ceasing since his death; and this you will observe must have been on her part

a real and disinterested feeling, for, as I had but just arrived, she could hardly have known even my name, much less whether I was rich or poor."—"You forget," said I, "your barouche and four, which remained for nearly half an hour at the door of the hotel, and I cannot quite comprehend, as this lady has shed such oceans of tears, why she should select Harrowgate, Bath, Scarborough, &c. for the scene of these lachrymals, for I am credibly informed that these are the retreats in which she has chosen to pass the melancholy years of her widowhood; but I beg pardon, I forgot that I had promised not to interrupt you, pray proceed."—"Her having been a frequent visiter at these places," said Sir William, "has been entirely against her own wishes or inclination, and merely in compliance with the desire of her aunt, who was really fearful of the effect that solitude might have on her mind in such a state of suffering; but her natural disposition is of the most retired and domestic kind; she would never by choice leave home; she is quite devoted to reading and sedentary amusements, and is so excellent a nurse, and so fond of the duty of attending and watching the sick, that Mrs. Sims says, so far from my infirm state of health being any objection with her niece, she is sure that she would infinitely prefer it, for she was so much in the habit of devoting herself to the comfort and amusement of her husband, who was always sickly and complaining, that she would not feel herself half so useful, and consequently not half so happy, with a healthy one, and I really think that, as my good fortune has thrown so fine a young woman in my way, with so strong a prepossession in my favor, and with tastes and feelings that would render her so charming a companion for a poor invalid like myself, I should be greatly to blame to let the opportunity escape me. She is not rich, but that is of no sort of consequence; I have

money enough for both, and I am sure that you will think so too, and I am therefore glad of this opportunity of asking your advice."—"Which," said I, "will I suppose be valued and followed in the exact proportion in which it may happen to accord with your own opinion, for that, I believe, is the usual criterion in matrimonial consultations; but, pray tell me, have you made your proposals, and is the affair settled past retracting?"—"I have only yet," replied he, "spoken to herself in general terms: all the information that I have been giving you respecting her proceeded from the aunt, who is a most discreet and sensible woman."—"Let me entreat you," said I, "to do nothing rashly; your acquaintance is yet but a few days' standing: take time to see and hear a little more, and do not commit yourself by speaking decisively to her for at least a fortnight. Promise me this, I beg of you."—"Well," said he, "I can, I think, venture to promise you as much as that, but mind, you only stipulate for a fortnight, for you know I have not much time to lose, though you are mistaken in thinking me sixty; I am only fifty-nine, and perhaps, if I had a comfortable home and somebody to amuse me and to care for me, I might recover my health and spirits and be as well as ever."—"Perhaps so," said I, "but I see a party approaching who will put an end to our conference, so we will resume it at some future time, but remember your promise."

For a week after this, all went on smoothly; my poor friend was completely in a fool's paradise; he rode on horseback, wore fashionable boots, sent to town for a coat of the most stylish cut, and talked very seriously of sporting a Brutus wig, and I was afraid it was all over with him. The widow was demure, cautious, and sentimental, seldom spoke louder than in a whisper, and assented to all that was said, appearing to have neither will nor opinion of her own, and I perceived that

Sir William was impatient for the expiration of the time which his promise to me bound him to wait before he made his proposals in form. A few days only before this period would have arrived, I happened to be at one of the inns when the London coach arrived, and, among the passengers, I perceived Freeman, who has been for many years my stockbroker, and is a very honest as well as a very wealthy man, though not exactly a gentleman either in appearance or manner, being very short, very fat, and very florid, and having a purple nose, which speaks of the devotion of its master, not to the purple light of love, but to the purple juice of the grape, to the free use of which, added to the usual city indulgences in turtle and venison, he is indebted for sundry humors which show themselves in the form of pimples, to remove some of which was probably the occasion of his visit to Harrowgate. "Ah, Mr. Medley," said he—"glad to meet you here—left the Bear garden, you see, for a little Yorkshire physic—won't stay longer than I can help though—making money like dirt in London, but no use without health; doctor told me a fortnight at Harrowgate would set me up again; offered him five hundred pounds to cure me without leaving town—should make double the money by staying, but he says it won't do, so left home and lots of invitations to venison dinners, and claret and hock, and am sent down here with orders to eat mutton and drink Harrowgate water. Ha! ha! ha!"

The next morning I met him at the well, and joined him in the walk, having just parted from Sir William and the widow, who were proceeding homewards. "Ah," said he, "I see you know Mrs. Morton—a widow still, hey! fine woman though, but old birds, you know, (winking his eye) are not caught with chaff."—"The lady," said I, "is still a widow, but not likely long I fancy to remain so: the gentleman who is walking with her pays

her particular attention, and, I believe, is likely to succeed."—"What!" said Freeman, "forgot the dear departed, hey!"—"Not altogether," said I, "for though I understood that many others have failed, yet this gentleman will owe his success, and his admission into her good graces, entirely to his astonishing resemblance to her late husband, which affected her most alarmingly the first day she saw him in this place." Here the little stockbroker burst out into so violent a shock of laughter, that every eye was turned on him, and, having in his convulsion dropped his glass of water on the ground, in order to prevent himself from following it he caught hold of the shawl of a young lady, who stood near him, and who, with looks of extreme terror, left it in his hand and made her escape, probably thinking that he was seized with hydrophobia. I had enough to do to apologize and restore order, but it was not till after a second burst of laughter, and sundry chuckles and contortions of mirth, that he could compose himself sufficiently to explain to me the cause of the uproar.

"Do you really," said he, "mean to say that the widow has placed her affections on that tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, on whose arm she was leaning when she left the walk, and that it is in consequence of his resemblance to her late husband?"—"Exactly so," said I. "Why," resumed he, after another convulsion of laughter, "I was once very near being taken in by this very Mrs. Morton myself; I met her two years ago at Margate, and she was struck at the sight of me in the same manner: I was the express image of her departed love, I spoke like him, laughed like him, and had exactly his free and joyous temper, and she told me that though he had been something too much of a *bon-vivant*, he was one of the best-natured fellows on earth, and always the life of the company, just as I was. Well, all this made some im-

pression on me ; not that I should have cared a pin for it, if I had heard it in London, where I am always busy from morning till night ; but when one leaves business and comes to a watering-place, one is always somewhat disposed to fall in love, from having nothing on earth else to do—and then the women all look so pretty, and are so well dressed, and make themselves so agreeable, that I have more than once felt disposed to make a fool of myself, and this time I really had a narrow escape, for I thought such a handsome and loving wife as she would be likely to make, I might not meet with again in a hurry ; but, by the greatest chance in the world, I met one of my customers or clients, as our agents call them, who had formerly been in the army, and, as he had come into a good sum of money by the death of a relation, I had transacted a great deal of business for him in our line. He immediately recollected Mrs. Morton, whose husband had been a lieutenant in the same regiment with him, and he told me that he was a little, mean-looking, broken-spirited, contemptible fellow, despised by most of the officers, but by no one so much as by his wife, whose insolence to him was noticed by everybody. They lived the life of a cat and dog, and her shameful neglect of him in the illness which terminated his life had exposed her to the severest reprehension. She was the daughter of a country shop-keeper, had not sixpence of fortune, but had every disposition to spend a large one. This account was quite enough for me ; I took French leave, set off by the steam-packet, and got to town in time for a six-o'clock dinner, and I ate my roasted duck, and drank my bottle of port wine, with double relish, from the thought that I was still my own man.”—“ You will,” said I, “ have no objection to repeat to Sir William what you have just now said to me.”—“ Not in the least,” replied he, “ I will readily do a good turn

for him, as my friend at Margate did for me, and really this trick of resemblance is too barefaced, and will soon be as common as ring or money-dropping.”

On our return to the hotel, I communicated to Sir William all that I had heard, and introduced to him the little stockbroker, who confirmed it. Sir William's eyes were opened ; he thanked us both with great sincerity, and the next morning the barouche and four was at the door at an early hour, and, while we were at breakfast, it was announced by some of the company that Sir William Etherington had taken his departure from Harrogate without any intention of returning to it the present season.

A few days afterwards, I fell in with General Lumley, who is, like myself, a frequent visiter to this place. I was relating the above anecdote to him, and we were making ourselves very merry with this and similar stories, of which we could, each of us, recollect more than one. “ Medley,” said he at length, “ I do not think it quite fair that we should be so universal in our satire : there are good and bad of all sorts ; there are many hundreds of artful scheming women, like the one of whom we have been speaking ; but there are also many whose virtues and retiring excellencies shed a lustre on their own characters, and would redeem the faults and follies of their sex : but women of this estimable character are comparatively but little known ; they do not exhibit themselves to the public view, but it is in retirement, in the bosoms of their families, that we must seek them. I can introduce you to a widow whose constancy has been unshaken, and whose affection has survived the object of it through the changes of half a century of widowhood. “ Well,” said I, laughing, “ if that is the case, I may visit her without danger ; but when you first spoke I was fearful you were going to expose me to the temptation of some

beautiful Ephesian matron.”—“The lady of whom I speak,” said the general, “has been known to me from my earliest years ; she is now nearly eighty years of age, and, when I was a mere boy, she was a beautiful and admired woman. She was an heiress and an orphan, and at about the age of twenty, was situated near that of my father, in this county. I can remember, when at home for the holidays, being taken to visit at Shirley Park, and never have I seen any living creature so beautiful as was then Lady Shirley, and I have heard my father say that he never witnessed a union which seemed to afford such perfect happiness. Her whole idea of earthly felicity seemed centred in her husband ; his wish was a law ; his sentiments became hers ; she formed her character on the model of his, and the result was as perfect domestic bliss, and as perfect excellence of conduct, as are to be attained by mortals in this world of error. But this was not to last ; a fever, brought on by over-fatigue, and cold taken after a day of riding, terminated the life of Sir Robert, eight years after his marriage, and he left his wife, at the age of about eight-and-twenty, possessed of perfect beauty, a splendid fortune at her own disposal, and the reputation of having made her husband the happiest man in the county. For one month after his death she was seen by no one ; the answer to all inquiries was that she was not dangerously ill, but too unwell to receive the visits even of her most intimate friends. At the end of that period she again appeared, but how changed !—it seemed that the events of a few weeks had done the work of years. Beautiful she still was, though in grief, and beautiful she is even now in old age ; neither sorrow nor time can destroy the perfect symmetry of her form, and the matchless harmony of her features ; but the face was no longer radiant with happiness, the eyes no longer sparkled in the

light and sunshine of her felicity ; the smile of welcome was no more ; no more did she advance with light and joyous step to meet those who loved her and wished her well, but she stood like a monumental figure, on the tomb of the dead, as pale, as cold, and almost as lifeless. She spoke not of her feelings herself, but she did not avoid the subject when introduced by another. At the mention of her husband, a slight convulsive spasm, passing across her face, showed how her heart vibrated to the name ; but hers was not the grief to find relief in words, and those who came with the wish to console her found that the greatest kindness they could show her was to be silent. There was no parade or affectation of any sort about her, and none was shown in her mourning garb, or in the time of wearing it. She wore the dress of a widow as long, and no longer, than is usual, and when she discontinued it, her appearance was, as it had ever been, marked by simplicity and elegance, without show or splendor. At this period she was surrounded by lovers ; few women, I should think, have ever had more, or more advantageous offers, than she received. She might have added riches to her own wealth, and exchanged her own title for some that ranked high in the peerage, but to all her answer was the same—polite, but decisive ; every one felt that it was final, and, though disappointed, few were offended. One of her admirers, the Nimrod of the county, a man of rough manners and exuberant spirits, was rallied at a public dinner on his dismissal by the beautiful widow, and advised not to give up the chase so easily, and reminded of his own frequently-given opinion on the stability of woman, but he emphatically declared that such calm determination, with such unaffected sweetness and gentleness of manner, he had never before witnessed ; that the man must be worse than a savage who

could give her a moment's uneasiness by persevering in a suit that she had declared fruitless, and that if he knew any one who did so, he would willingly horsewhip him with his own hand.

"Her resolution to remain single became generally known, and she was freed from the annoyance of lovers, but she converted them into friends, who would have died to serve her, and admirers and venerated of her consistent and excellent character.

"She has now passed rather more than fifty years in her state of widowhood, and has never been twenty miles from her own house in all that time: she spends her noble fortune entirely in acts of beneficence, friendship, and charity. You will not hear of her at Bible-meetings, but it is not her fault if any cottager, within ten miles of her estate, has not a Bible in his possession: you will not see her name enrolled in the list of subscribers to Missionary Societies; but she throws all around her, and on all who are within the sphere of her influence, the light of Christianity, while in her own conduct and character she holds forth a brilliant example of all that a christian ought to be.

"All the power over others that she derives from her wealth, her rank, and her understanding, has been ever uniformly exerted to promote the cause of religion and virtue: she has established extensive schools in her neighborhood, and

she has settled considerable stipends on more than one worthy and pious clergyman, who visit the cottages for miles around, and while, with no sparing hand, they distribute the liberal bounty of their benefactress, inform the ignorance, reprove the vices, and encourage the virtues, they meet with. She reads a great deal, and mostly, perhaps now exclusively, books of devotion; but she enters into no controversial reading or deep discussion: she believes in the truths of the Gospel as firmly as she believes in her own existence, or in the presence of the sun when he gives her light and warmth; but she leaves nice points of doctrine to those who have had more opportunity to make them their study, and satisfies herself with endeavoring, as far as it is possible, to conform to the rules and practise the precepts of her divine master. If you are so disposed, we will ride over some morning and call on her; the park is not more than a morning's drive from hence, and my brother, who lives within a mile of her, will give us a dinner and a bed."

[We find our limits will not permit us to copy the writer's account of this interesting visit. For the gratification of the reader whose admiration has been excited by the preceding sketch, we will however mention that the personal interview confirmed the visitor in his belief of all that had been said respecting the excellent character of the kind and venerable widow Shirley.]

MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

THE Public is a monster. We are afraid that is all that can be said upon the subject. But the monster must be fed. Anecdotes, private histories, biographies of the weak, the wicked, the merry, or the wise, are its favorite food; and it *will* find feeders as long as there are those who can make pence or popularity by the office; and food, as long as there are noble lords, or

fallen statesmen, royal dukes, or clever actresses, in the world. A part of this is according to a law of nature—and must therefore be submitted to as to any other necessity. But a part of it belongs to that law by which a man sometimes thinks himself entitled to make money in any mode that he can; a law which we punish in the case of highwaymen, the keepers of Faro-banks,

quacks, and impostors of all kinds. The *quocunque modo rem* has been the code of those active classes from time immemorial, and they have been hanged, dungeoned, and banished accordingly. We by no means desire to see the Biographical School extinguished, though unquestionably its prevalence in the present day must make many an honest man shiver at the thought of what is to become of him, when he falls into the hands of his *friends* a week or two after he has lost the power of bringing an action for defamation in this world. What is life good for, unless it be an easy life? and what life can be easy while a man is perfectly convinced that some literary undertaker is waiting only for the moment the breath is out of his body to pounce upon his "Remains;" run away with his "Recollections;" and by advertising his "Life," the dearer part of him, his reputation, justify a regret that the sufferer had not adopted the anticipatory justice of taking *his*? The whole process tends to the treason against human nature, of giving an additional care to the catalogue of human cares. All life is at best but a field of battle, and what soldier goes into the battle more cheerfully by knowing that he has, in the rear of the line, a sutler who follows him with no

other purpose than to make the most of him when he is down, to strip him of coat and waistcoat, and sell everything saleable about him to the best bidder? The crime is one clearly of *lèse majesté*, and we must so far denounce it as worthy of the severest penalties of Parnassus. But this anecdote trade does more than torment the easy part of mankind. It maddens the ambitious. The whole tribe of those living nuisances, the wits by profession, the "enliveners," the "embellishers," the laborious students of the art of shining, the inveterate getters-by-heart of accidental good things, the whole prepared-impromptu, dull-brilliant, and painstaking idle race, who flourish through literary dinners, and are announced as the lamps and lustres of conversaziones, are absolutely encouraged in their pernicious practices by the belief that somebody or other may yet embalm them in a biography; that even at the moment of delivering his most obsolete absurdity, some man of the "ever-pointed pencil and asses' skin" may be glean- ing their words; that their "Life and Sayings" may be already half way through the press, and that they may live in three octavo volumes with all their *bons-mots* in full verdure round them at the first blush of the "publishing season."

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

IF Defoe be comparatively unknown as a politician, as a novelist and writer of fiction he has the rare merit of having witched all Europe. His inimitable "Robinson Crusoe" has been translated into every continental language, and has even kindled the enthusiasm of the Arabs, as they listened outside their tents to its incidents, rendered into the vernacular by the skill of the traveller Burkhardt. By more discriminating and fastidious judges it has been equally well received. It warmed the unsocial heart of Rous-

seau, and taught him to feel that there were other things in nature worthy consideration besides himself; relaxed the cynical frown of Johnson; delighted Blair and Beattie; and in our own days has received the unqualified commendation of such men as Scott, Lamb, and Hazlitt. Public opinion, split into a thousand nice distinctions on other literary topics, has been unanimous on the subject of "Robinson Crusoe." It has received the suffrages and interested the feelings of all ages and grades in socie-

ty, of the school-boy and the man, of the peer and the peasant. The reason of this is obvious. Crusoe is nature herself speaking in her own language on her own most favorite and intelligible topics. Art is no where present, she is discarded for matters of higher and more general interest. While the poet and the scholar appeal to the select few, Defoe throws himself abroad on the sympathies of the world. His subject, he feels, will bear him out; the strongest instincts of humanity will plead trumpet-tongued in his favor. Despite the extraordinary moral and intellectual changes that a new fashion of society, a new mode of writing and thinking, have wrought in England, "Robinson Crusoe" still retains (though partially dimmed) his reputation, and the reader who can unmoved peruse his adventures, may assure himself that the fault of such indifference lies with him; Defoe is wholly guiltless.

For ourselves, the bare recollection of this tale brings before our minds sympathies long since resigned, and which otherwise might be altogether forgotten. We remember, as though it were an event of yesterday, our first perusal of "Robinson Crusoe." We remember the sloping green in front of the grey abbey wall, where we sate thrilled with wonder and a vague sense of horror, at the print of the unknown savage's feet on the deserted island, which the solitary mariner discovered in one of his early wanderings. We remember the strong social sympathies that sprung up within us—the birth, as it were, of a new and better existence—as we read how from being utterly desolate, Robinson Crusoe gradually found himself the companion of one or two associates, rude indeed, and uncultivated, but men like himself, and therefore the fittest mates of his solitude. We remember (and how few tales beloved in boyhood can bear the severe scrutiny of the

man!) the generous warmth with which he entered into the feelings of the sailor, as he saw his little colony—including the goats, who were grown so tame that they would approach at his call and suffer him to penn them at night in their fold—gradually augmenting round him, and at last springing up into a limited monarchy, of which he was the head. We remember too—for no gratification is without its alloy—we remember the acute regret we experienced when feuds and ambitious feelings began to spring up within the bosom of that colony, where Astræa, driven from all other parts of earth, should have taken up her abode, and Peace sate throned as on a sepulchre. Will it be believed that this tale, so perfect in its descriptions—so affecting in its simplicity—so entirely and incorruptibly natural—was refused by almost every bookseller in the metropolis? Yet strange as it may seem, this was actually the fact. "Robinson Crusoe" was hawked about through the trade as a work of neither mark nor livelihood, and at last accepted, as a proof of especial condescension, by an obscure retail bookseller. It is singular, but not less true—and we leave our readers to draw their own inference from the fact—that almost every book of any pretensions to originality has been similarly neglected. "Paradise Lost" with difficulty found a publisher, while the whole trade vied with each other in their eagerness to procure the works of such dull mechanical writers as Blackmore and Glover; "Gulliver's Travels" lay ten years in MS. for want of due encouragement from the booksellers; and in our own times, and in a lighter branch of literature, the "Miseries of Human Life," and the still more ingenious "Rejected Addresses," were refused by the trade with indifference, if not contempt. To crown the list of works thus misunderstood, Sir W. Scott has left it on record

that "Waverley" was actually declined three several times by the acutest publisher of his day ; and at last ushered into the world, after it had lain twelve years unnoticed in its author's desk, with doubt, hesitation, and indifference. *Credite posteri !*

It was objected to "Robinson Crusoe," on its publication, when to doubt its other merits was impossible, that it had no claims to originality ; that, in fact, it was a mere transcript of the "Adventures of Alexander Selkirk." Of all objections to books of value, none are more common, none more vulgar than this. True originality lies not in the mechanical invention of incident and circumstance—else who more original than a high-flown startling melodramatist?—but in creating new matter for thought and feeling ; in exploring the untried depths of the heart ; in multiplying the sources of sympathy. Whoever

excites a new emotion ; whoever strikes a chord in the world's heart never struck before ; he is the only Inventor, the only sterling Original. It is in this sense that we style Shakespeare—for all his plots, and the ground-work of the majority of his characters, are borrowed—a creator ; in this sense also we give Wordsworth, and Scott, among the moderns, credit for that same high attribute. To invent is to look into oneself, to draw from one's own heart materials for the world's sympathy. This Defoe has done throughout his "Robinson Crusoe." The "Adventures of Alexander Selkirk" are the mere pegs on which he has hung his painting ; the grouping on the canvass itself—the light and shade of character and description—the development of incident—the fine tone of feeling and simplicity that pervades and mellows the entire composition—these are all essentially his own.

BLOOMFIELD.

THE frequency of the development of literary talent among shoemakers has often been remarked. Their occupation being a sedentary and comparatively noiseless one, may be considered as more favorable than some others to meditation ; but, perhaps, its literary productiveness has arisen quite as much from the circumstances of its being a trade of light labor, and therefore resorted to, in preference to most others, by persons in humble life who are conscious of more mental talent than bodily strength.—Partly for a similar reason, literary tailors have been numerous. We may mention the Italian writer Gelli, our learned countrymen Hill and Wild, &c. ; and to these we might add many others, as, for example, George Ballard, author of "Memoirs of Learned British Ladies," and who made himself a good Sax-on scholar while practising his trade ; the antiquaries Stow and

Speed, who both flourished in the sixteenth century, the former the author of "The Survey of London," and other very elaborate works, and the latter of a valuable History of Great Britain ; and the late celebrated mathematician, Jean Henri Lambert, who, when young, after working all day with his father, who was a tailor, used often to spend the greater part of the night in reading, and in this manner, by the assistance of an old work which came by chance into his possession, instructed himself in the elements of mathematical science. Of literary shoemakers again, or persons who have contrived to make considerable progress in book-learning, while exercising that handicraft, we may notice, among others, Benedict Baudouin, Anthony Purver, Joseph Pendrell, Gifford, and Holcroft. We may add to the list that extraordinary character Jacob Behmen, the German mystic, of whose works

we have an English translation, in two volumes quarto, and who continued a shoemaker all his life. But Bloomfield, before entering upon the exercise of this trade, had had the education of his faculties begun while following the equally contemplative, and much more poetical occupation of a keeper of sheep—a condition, the leisure and rural enjoyment of which had fed the early genius of the painter Giotto, the logician Ramus, the mechanician Ferguson, the linguist Murray, and many others of the lights of modern literature and art, as in the ancient world it is said to have done that of the poet Hesiod. Bloomfield's literary acquirements, however, with the exception of his acquaintance with the mere elements of reading and writing, appear to have been all made during the time he was learning the business of a shoemaker, and afterwards while he worked at the same business as a journeyman.

It was while he sat plying his trade in his garret, in Bell Alley, with six or seven other workmen around him, that Bloomfield com-

posed the work which first made his talents generally known, and for which principally he continues to be remembered, his "Farmer's Boy." It is a curious fact, that, notwithstanding the many elements of disturbance and interruption in the midst of which the author must in such a situation have had to proceed through his task, nearly the half of this poem was completed before he committed a line of it to paper. This is an instance of no common powers, both of memory and of self-abstraction. But these faculties will generally exist in considerable strength when the mind feels a strong interest in its employment. They are faculties also which practice is of great use in strengthening. Bloomfield's feat, on this occasion, appears to have amounted to the composing and recollecting of nearly six hundred lines without the aid of any record; and the production of all this poetry, in the circumstances that have been mentioned, perhaps deserves to be accounted a still more wonderful achievement than its retention.

THE GATHERER.

"Little things have their value."

Sir Humphry Davy.—WHENEVER he was deeply absorbed in a chemical research, it was his habit to hum some tune, if such it could be called, for it was impossible for any one to discover the air he intended to sing: indeed Davy's music became a subject of raillery amongst his friends; and Mr. Children informs us, that during an excursion, they attempted to teach him the air of *God save the King*; but their efforts were perfectly unavailing. "It may be a question," continues his biographer, "how far the following fact with which I have just been made acquainted, admits of explanation upon this principle (want of ear). On entering a volunteer infantry corps, commanded by a Captain Ocnam, Davy could never emerge from the awkward squad; no pains could make him keep the step; and those who were so unfortunate as to stand before him in the ranks, ought to have been heroes invulnerable in the heel. This incapacity, as may be readily supposed, occasioned him considerable annoyance; and he engaged a

sergeant to give him private lessons; but all to no purpose. In the platoon exercise he was not more expert; and he whose electric battery was destined to triumph over the animosity of nations, could never be taught to shoulder a musket in his native town."

Anti-Slavery Petitions.—If we had more respect for the Anti-Slavery politicians than we can bring ourselves to feel, it would be prodigiously diminished by their incessant attempts to make "the ladies" ridiculous. We speak of the "*politicians*;" for we fully believe that there are many well-intentioned people involved in these applications. Our aversion is for the demure gentlemen who turn these honest people into instruments for purposes as worldly as ever passed through the brain of a Treasury whipper-in. But their efforts to make the women of England parties in their roguery, are intolerable; and while we declare that a "female president, treasurer, and secretary," are a combination of monstrosities in our eyes,

hardly less startling than the three heads of Cerberus, yet this offensive foolery is urged on in every village where half a dozen spinsters can be conglomerated over their tea; they fancy themselves into public characters, and in due time forth comes an address, painted by the last pupil of the drawing-school, and pinned up in silver paper by the dowager saint of the sisterhood. Thus we learn that "the petition to the Queen from the ladies of Derby, praying her Majesty to extend her influence to procure the abolition of slavery in our colonies, has received about 1200 signatures. The petition is beautifully written, and enclosed between two richly-embossed card-boards. One of them is ornamented by the figure of a liberated female slave, in Indian ink, exquisitely executed by a young lady of that town." They ought to be put on a short allowance of rouge and flirtation for the next six months.

Superstition.—The following little anecdote shows that the great English chemist of the 19th century was not more exempt from a childish superstition on some occasions, than the great English lexicographer of the 18th century.

"Mr. Underwood informs me, that on the 17th Nov. (1813), he met Humboldt at dinner at Sir Humphry Davy's hotel; and adds: 'I do not know whether you are aware that Davy had a superstitious dislike at seeing a knife and fork placed crosswise on a plate at dinner, or upon any other occasion; but I can assure you such was the fact; and when it occurred in the company of his intimate friends, he always requested that they might be displaced: whenever this could not be done, he was evidently very uncomfortable.'"

Russia.—In one of the foreign scientific journals there is a calculation, according to which the Russian empire exceeds the terra firma in the moon by 123,885 square leagues. The diameter of the moon is 893 leagues; the surface is therefore 2,505,261 square leagues. If in the moon, as in our earth, the fluid part, which we call sea, covers two-thirds of the surface, only 835,087 square leagues remain for the terra firma. Now, according to calculations made in the year 1818, the Russian empire extends over a surface of 958,972 square leagues, the possessions in America included; consequently the excess remains as above stated. According to another calculation, the Russian empire extends over 174° of longitude, and 36 1-2° of latitude. It contains about 2-19th parts of the terra firma, the 14th part of our hemisphere, and the 28th part of our earth. Its population is about 45,271,469 souls; one million of savages, and 340,000 noblemen, not included.

A Generous Singer and a Generous Tailor.—Farinelli, the Italian opera-singer, whose voice and abilities seem to have

surpassed the limits of all anterior vocal excellence, having ordered a superb suit of clothes for a gala at court, when the tailor brought it home, he asked him for his bill. "I have made no bill, sir," says the tailor, "nor ever shall make one. Instead of money," continued he, "I have a favor to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have had the honor to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall require will be a song." Farinelli tried in vain to prevail on the tailor to take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the humble entreaties of the tradesman, and flattered perhaps more by the singularity of the adventure than by all the applause he had hitherto received, he took him into his music-room, and sung to him some of his most brilliant airs, taking pleasure in the astonishment of his ravished hearer; and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had done, the tailor, overcome with ecstasy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire. "No," said Farinelli, "I am a little proud; and it is perhaps from that circumstance that I have acquired some small degree of superiority over other singers; I have given way to your weakness, it is but fair that in your turn you should indulge me in mine;" and taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

Description of an Aide-de-Camp's Duties.—When carrying orders, let your eye be directed to the very point aimed at. You have nothing to do with the flying shots, if they have nothing to do with you. If you should lose your horse, travel on foot. If you should lose a leg, you must hop on one. If you should lose both, you must try how you can travel on the other extremity. But should you lose your head, you had better stop, for you cannot deliver a verbal message. Should an aide-de-camp have a sealed message, and find his escape from the enemy quite impossible, it is better that he should eat the written command, than that the enemy should digest it.

During one of the engagements I was in, says Shipp, with the 87th regiment, the bugler was ordered to sound a retreat. He replied, "I never learnt it, your honor." "And why?" said the captain. "Please your honor," was the answer, "the boys told me it would be of no use."

An Irish soldier, who was in the Duke of York's retreat from Dunkirk, being asked how they retreated, replied, "Sure we did not retreat at all, at all." "Well," said the gentleman, "how did you get to your shipping?" "Why, by an eschelon movement, *sideways!*"





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